
WORLD LITERATURE

0408/03

Paper 3: Set Text

May/June 2014

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 **13** printed pages, **3** blank pages and **1** insert.

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:

Jonas: (coming to attention). Jonas, your honour. B Company.

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We didn't reckon
a child could have done it, but the Corp kept the spade as evidence, just in
case.

How does Anouilh's writing make this both an amusing and serious moment in the play?

ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories*

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

Before the party she had made a list, faintheartedly, and marked off the items as they were dealt with, inexorably – cigarettes, soft drinks, ice, *kebabs* and so on. But she had forgotten to provide lights. The party was to be held on the lawn: on these dry summer nights one could plan a lawn party weeks in advance and be certain of fine weather, and she had thought happily of how the roses would be in bloom and of the stars and perhaps even fireflies, so decorative and discreet, all gracefully underlining her unsuspected talent as a hostess. But she had not realized that there would be no moon and therefore it would be very dark on the lawn. All the lights on the veranda, in the portico and indoors were on, like so many lanterns, richly copper and glowing, with extraordinary beauty as though aware that the house would soon be empty and these were the last few days of illumination and family life, but they did very little to light the lawn which was vast, a still lake of inky grass.

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Wandering about with a glass in one hand and a plate of cheese biscuits in another, she gave a start now and then to see an acquaintance emerge from the darkness which had the gloss, the sheen, the coolness but not the weight of water, and present her with a face, vague and without outlines but eventually recognizable. ‘Oh,’ she cried several times that evening, ‘I didn’t know you had arrived. I’ve been looking for you,’ she would add with unaccustomed intimacy (was it because of the gin and lime, her second, or because such warmth could safely be held to lead to nothing now that they were leaving town?). The guest, also having had several drinks between beds of flowering balsam and torenias before launching out onto the lawn, responded with an equal vivacity. Sometimes she had her arm squeezed or a hand slid down the bareness of her back – which was athletic: she had once played tennis, rather well – and once someone said, ‘I’ve been hiding in this corner, watching you,’ while another went so far as to say, ‘Is it true you are leaving us, Bina? How can you be so cruel?’ And if it were a woman guest, the words were that much more effusive. It was all heady, astonishing.

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It was astonishing because Bina was a frigid and friendless woman. She was thirty-five. For fifteen years she had been bringing up her children and, in particular, nursing the eldest who was severely spastic. This had involved her deeply in the workings of the local hospital and with its many departments and doctors, but her care for this child was so intense and so desperate that her relationship with them was purely professional. Outside this circle of family and hospital – ringed, as it were, with barbed wire and lit with one single floodlight – Bina had no life. The town had scarcely come to know her for its life turned in the more jovial circles of mah-jong, bridge, coffee parties, club evenings and, occasionally, a charity show in aid of the Red Cross. For these Bina had a kind of sad contempt and certainly no time. A tall, pale woman, heavy-boned and sallow, she had a certain presence, a certain dignity, and people, having heard of the spastic child, liked and admired her, but she had not thought she had friends. Yet tonight they were coming forth from the darkness in waves that quite overwhelmed.

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Now here was Mrs Ray, the Commissioner’s wife, chirping inside a nest of rustling embroidered organza. ‘Why are you leaving us so soon, Mrs Raman? You’ve only been here – two years, is it?’

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‘Five,’ exclaimed Bina, widening her eyes, herself surprised at such a length of time. Although time dragged heavily in their household, agonizingly slow, and the five years had been so hard that sometimes, at night, she did not know how she had crawled through the day and if she would crawl through another, her back almost literally broken by the weight of the totally dependent child and of the three smaller ones who seemed perpetually to clamour for their share of attention, which they felt they never got. Yet now these five years had telescoped. They were over. The Raman family was moving and their time here was spent. There had been the hospital, the girls’ school, the boys’ school, picnics, monsoons, birthday parties and measles. Crushed together into a

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handful. She gazed down at her hands, tightened around glass and plate. 'Time has flown,' she murmured incredulously.

Explore the ways in which Desai makes this such a fascinating introduction to Bina in *The Farewell Party*.

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

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

- Hally:* (After a delighted laugh) Penicillin and Sir Alexander Fleming! And the title of the book: *The Microbe Hunters*. (Delighted) Splendid, Sam! Splendid. For once we are in total agreement. The major breakthrough in medical science in the Twentieth Century. If it wasn't for him, we might have lost the Second World War. It's deeply gratifying, Sam, to know that I haven't been wasting my time in talking to you. (Strutting around proudly) Tolstoy may have educated his peasants, but I've educated you. 5
- Sam:* Standard Four to Standard Nine.
- Hally:* Have we been at it as long as that?
- Sam:* Yep. And my first lesson was geography. 10
- Hally:* (Intrigued) Really? I don't remember.
- Sam:* My room there at the back of the old Jubilee Boarding House. I had just started working for your Mom. Little boy in short trousers walks in one afternoon and asks me seriously: "Sam, do you want to see South Africa?" Hey man! Sure I wanted to see South Africa! 15
- Hally:* Was that me?
- Sam:* . . . So the next thing I'm looking at a map you had just done for homework. It was your first one and you were very proud of yourself.
- Hally:* Go on.
- Sam:* Then came my first lesson. "Repeat after me, Sam: Gold in the Transvaal, mealies in the Free State, sugar in Natal and grapes in the Cape." I still know it! 20
- Hally:* Well, I'll be buggered. So that's how it all started.
- Sam:* And your next map was one with all the rivers and the mountains they came from. The Orange, the Vaal, the Limpopo, the Zambezi . . . 25
- Hally:* You've got a phenomenal memory!
- Sam:* You should be grateful. That is why you started passing your exams. You tried to be better than me.
- (They laugh together. WILLIE is attracted by the laughter and joins them)
- Hally:* The old Jubilee Boarding House. Sixteen rooms with board and lodging, rent in advance and one week's notice. I haven't thought about it for donkey's years . . . and I don't think that's an accident. God, was I glad when we sold it and moved out. Those years are not remembered as the happiest ones of an unhappy childhood. 30
- Willie:* (Knocking on the table and trying to imitate a woman's voice) "Hally, are you there?" 35
- Hally:* Who's that supposed to be?
- Willie:* "What you doing in there, Hally? Come out at once!"
- Hally:* (To SAM) What's he talking about?
- Sam:* Don't you remember? 40
- Willie:* "Sam, Willie . . . is he in there with you boys?"
- Sam:* Hiding away in our room when your mother was looking for you.
- Hally:* (Another good laugh) Of course! I used to crawl and hide under your bed! But finish the story, Willie. Then what used to happen? You chaps would

give the game away by telling her I was in there with you. So much for friendship.

Sam: We couldn't lie to her. She knew.

Hally: Which meant I got another rowing for hanging around the "servants' quarters". I think I spent more time in there with you chaps than anywhere else in that dump. And do you blame me?

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In this passage, how does Fugard vividly reveal to you the relationship between Sam and Hally in the past and the present?

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

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

<i>Peter Stockmann:</i>	So I imagined. I hear my brother has become a prolific contributor to the "People's Messenger."	
<i>Hovstad:</i>	Yes, he is good enough to write in the "People's Messenger" when he has any home truths to tell.	
<i>Mrs. Stockmann:</i>	(to HOVSTAD). But won't you—? (Points to the dining-room.)	5
<i>Peter Stockmann:</i>	Quite so, quite so. I don't blame him in the least, as a writer, for addressing himself to the quarters where he will find the readiest sympathy. And, besides that, I personally have no reason to bear any ill will to your paper, Mr. Hovstad.	
<i>Hovstad:</i>	I quite agree with you.	10
<i>Peter Stockmann:</i>	Taking one thing with another, there is an excellent spirit of toleration in the town—an admirable municipal spirit. And it all springs from the fact of our having a great common interest to unite us—an interest that is in an equally high degree the concern of every right-minded citizen.	15
<i>Hovstad:</i>	The Baths, yes.	
<i>Peter Stockmann:</i>	Exactly—our fine, new, handsome Baths. Mark my words, Mr. Hovstad—the Baths will become the focus of our municipal life! Not a doubt of it!	
<i>Mrs. Stockmann:</i>	That is just what Thomas says.	20
<i>Peter Stockmann:</i>	Think how extraordinarily the place has developed within the last year or two! Money has been flowing in, and there is some life and some business doing in the town. Houses and landed property are rising in value every day.	
<i>Hovstad:</i>	And unemployment is diminishing.	25
<i>Peter Stockmann:</i>	Yes, that is another thing. The burden on the poor rates has been lightened, to the great relief of the propertied classes; and that relief will be even greater if only we get a really good summer this year, and lots of visitors—plenty of invalids, who will make the Baths talked about.	30
<i>Hovstad:</i>	And there is a good prospect of that, I hear.	
<i>Peter Stockmann:</i>	It looks very promising. Inquiries about apartments and that sort of thing are reaching us, every day.	
<i>Hovstad:</i>	Well, the doctor's article will come in very suitably.	
<i>Peter Stockmann:</i>	Has he been writing something just lately?	35
<i>Hovstad:</i>	This is something he wrote in the winter; a recommendation of the Baths—an account of the excellent sanitary conditions here. But I held the article over, temporarily.	
<i>Peter Stockmann:</i>	Ah,—some little difficulty about it, I suppose?	
<i>Hovstad:</i>	No, not at all; I thought it would be better to wait until the spring, because it is just at this time that people begin to think seriously about their summer quarters.	40
<i>Peter Stockmann:</i>	Quite right; you were perfectly right, Mr. Hovstad.	
<i>Hovstad:</i>	Yes, Thomas is really indefatigable when it is a question of the Baths.	45

- Peter Stockmann:* Well – remember, he is the Medical Officer to the Baths.
- Hovstad:* Yes, and what is more, they owe their existence to him.
- Peter Stockmann:* To him? Indeed! It is true I have heard from time to time that some people are of that opinion. At the same time I must say I imagined that I took a modest part in the enterprise. 50
- Mrs. Stockmann:* Yes, that is what Thomas is always saying.
- Hovstad:* But who denies it, Mr. Stockmann? You set the thing going and made a practical concern of it; we all know that. I only meant that the idea of it came first from the doctor.
- Peter Stockmann:* Oh, ideas yes! My brother has had plenty of them in his time— 55
unfortunately. But when it is a question of putting an idea into practical shape, you have to apply to a man of different mettle, Mr. Hovstad. And I certainly should have thought that in this house at least . . .
- Mrs. Stockmann:* My dear Peter— 60

How does Ibsen make this early moment in the play so revealing?

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 5 Read this extract from *Sandpiper*, and then answer the question that follows it:

I lean against the wall of my room and count: twelve years ago, I met him. Eight years ago, I married him. Six years ago, I gave birth to his child.

For eight summers we have been coming here; to the beach-house west of Alexandria. The first summer had not been a time of reflection; my occupation then had been to love my husband in this – to me – new and different place. To love him as he walked towards my parasol, shaking the water from his black hair, his feet sinking into the warm, hospitable sand. To love him as he carried his nephew on his shoulders into the sea, threw him in, caught him and hoisted him up again; a colossus bestriding the waves. To love him as he played backgammon with his father in the evening, the slam of counters and the clatter of dice resounding on the patio while, at the dining-room table, his sister showed me how to draw their ornate, circular script. To love this new him, who had been hinted at but never revealed when we lived in my northern land, and who after a long absence, had found his way back into the heart of his country, taking me along with him. We walked in the sunset along the water's edge, kicking at the spray, my sun-hat fallen on my back, my hand, pale bronze in his burnt brown, my face no doubt mirroring his: aglow with health and love; a young couple in a glitzy commercial for life insurance or a two-week break in the sun.

My second summer here was the sixth summer of our love – and the last of our happiness. Carrying my child and loving her father, I sat on the beach, dug holes in the sand and let my thoughts wander. I thought about our life in my country, before we were married: four years in the cosy flat, precarious on top of a roof in a Georgian square, him meeting me at the bus-stop when I came back from work, Sundays when it did not rain and we sat in the park with our newspapers, late nights at the movies. I thought of those things and missed them – but with no great sense of loss. It was as though they were all there, to be called upon, to be lived again whenever we wanted.

I looked out to sea and, now I realise, I was trying to work out my co-ordinates. I thought a lot about the water and the sand as I sat there watching them meet and flirt and touch. I tried to understand that I was on the edge, the very edge of Africa; that the vastness ahead was nothing compared to what lay behind me. But – even though I'd been there and seen for myself its never-ending dusty green interior, its mountains, the big sky, my mind could not grasp a world that was not present to my senses – I could see the beach, the waves, the blue beyond, and cradling them all, my baby.

I sat with my hand on my belly and waited for the tiny eruptions, the small flutterings, that told me how she lay and what she was feeling. Gradually, we came to talk to each other. She would curl into a tight ball in one corner of my body until, lopsided and uncomfortable, I coaxed and prodded her back into a more centred, relaxed position. I slowly rubbed one corner of my belly until *there*, aimed straight at my hand, I felt a gentle punch. I tapped and she punched again. I was twenty-nine. For seventeen years my body had waited to conceive, and now my heart and mind had caught up with it. Nature had worked admirably; I had wanted the child through my love for her father and how I loved her father that summer. My body could not get enough of him. His baby was snug inside me and I wanted him there too.

From where I stand now, all I can see is dry, solid white. The white glare, the white wall, and the white path, narrowing in the distance.

I should have gone. No longer a serrating thought but familiar and dull. I should have gone. On that swirl of amazed and wounded anger when, knowing him as I did, I first sensed that he was pulling away from me, I should have gone. I should have turned, picked up my child and gone.

Explore the ways in which Soueif movingly captures the woman's thoughts and feelings

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YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

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

The water in the cove was clear and blue, and when the waves were still one could plainly see the round rocks on the bottom, covered with red seaweed and looking as though they were floating close to the surface. Actually, however, they were deeply submerged. The waves swelled large at this point, throwing shadows of their patterns and refractions of froth over the rocks on the ocean floor as they passed over them. Then, no sooner had a wave risen full than it smashed itself to pieces on the beach. Thereupon a reverberation like that of a deep sigh would overflow the entire beach and drown out the women's singing.

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An hour later the boat returned from the eastern side of the island. Many times more exhausted than usual because of the competition, the eight divers sat silent in the boat, leaning against one another, each staring out toward whatever direction her eyes happened to fancy. Their wet, disheveled hair was so tangled together that it was impossible to tell one diver's hair from that of her neighbors. Two of them were hugging each other to keep warm. All their breasts were covered with goose flesh, and in the too-brilliant sunshine even their naked, sunburned bodies seemed to turn pale, making them look like a group of pallid, drowned corpses.

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The noisy reception they received from the beach was out of keeping with the quietness of this boat that moved so soundlessly forward. The moment they were on land the eight women collapsed on the sand around the fire and would not even speak.

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The peddler checked the contents of the buckets he had collected from the divers. When he was done, he called out the results in a loud voice:

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"Hatsue-san is first—twenty abalone! And the mistress of the Kubo family is second—eighteen!"

The winner and the runner-up, Hatsue and Shinji's mother, exchanged glances out of tired, bloodshot eyes. The island's most expert diver had been bested by a girl who had learned her skill from the divers of another island.

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Hatsue got to her feet in silence and went around the rock to receive her prize. And the prize she returned with was the brown, middle-aged handbag, which she pressed into the hands of Shinji's mother.

The mother's cheeks flushed red with delight.

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"But . . . why? . . ."

"Because I've always wanted to apologize ever since my father spoke so rudely to Auntie that day."

"She's a fine girl!" the peddler shouted, and when everyone joined in with unanimous praise of Hatsue, urging the older woman to accept the girl's kindness, Shinji's mother took the brown handbag, wrapped it carefully in a piece of paper, clasped it under a bare arm, and spoke quite casually:

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"Why, thanks."

The mother's simple, straightforward heart had immediately understood the modesty and respect behind the girl's gesture. Hatsue smiled, and Shinji's mother told herself how wise her son had been in his choice of a bride. . . . And it was in this same fashion that the politics of the island were always conducted.

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Explore the ways in which Mishima makes this such a vivid and memorable 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 In what ways does Anouilh make Haemon's relationship with Antigone so striking for you?

ANITA DESAI: *Games at Twilight and Other Stories*

- 8 In what ways does Desai vividly convey to you the thoughts and feelings of the accompanist in *The Accompanist*?

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

- 9 In what ways does Fugard make Sam such an admirable character?

HENRIK IBSEN: *An Enemy of the People*

- 10 How far does Ibsen encourage you to feel sympathy for Dr Stockmann?

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 11 In *The Enemy*, how does Naipaul's portrayal of the mother and father make you feel about them?

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

- 12 What do you find memorable and significant about Mishima's portrayal of the lighthouse and the family living there?

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