
WORLD LITERATURE

0408/31

Paper 3 Set Text

May/June 2017

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 **12** printed 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:

- Grusha:* Simon Chachava, I can never go back to Nukha. Something has happened.
- Simon:* What has happened?
- Grusha:* It so happened that I knocked down an Ironshirt.
- Simon:* Grusha Vachnadze will have had her reasons for that. 5
- Grusha:* Simon Chachava, my name is also no longer what it was.
- Simon* [*after a pause*]: I don't understand that.
- Grusha:* When do women change their names, Simon? Let me explain it to you: Nothing stands between us. Everything between us has remained as it was. You've got to believe that. 10
- Simon:* How can nothing stand between us and things be changed?
- Grusha:* How can I explain it to you? So fast and with the stream between us? Couldn't you cross that bridge?
- Simon:* Perhaps it's no longer necessary.
- Grusha:* It's most necessary. Come over, Simon. Quick! 15
- Simon:* Is the young lady saying that someone has come too late?
[GRUSHA looks up at him in despair, her face streaming with tears. SIMON stares before him. He picks up a piece of wood and starts cutting it.]
- The Singer:* 20
So many words are said, so many words are left unsaid.
The soldier has come. Whence he comes he doesn't say.
Hear what he thought but didn't say:
The battle began at dawn, grew bloody at noon.
The first fell before me, the second behind me, the third at my side. 25
I trod on the first, I abandoned the second, the captain sabred the third.
My one brother died by steel, my other brother died by smoke.
My neck was burnt by fire, my hands froze in my gloves, my toes in my socks.
For food I had aspen buds, for drink I had maple brew, for bed I had 30
stones in water.
- Simon:* I see a cap in the grass. Is there a little one already?
- Grusha:* There is, Simon. How could I hide it? But please don't let it worry you. It's not mine.
- Simon:* They say: Once the wind begins to blow, it blows through every crack. 35
The woman need say no more.
[GRUSHA lowers her head and says no more.]

The Singer:

There was great yearning but there was no waiting.
 The oath is broken. Why was not disclosed. 40
 Hear what she thought, but didn't say:
 While you fought in the battle, soldier
 The bloody battle, the bitter battle
 I found a child who was helpless
 And hadn't the heart to do away with it. 45
 I had to care for what otherwise would have come to harm
 I had to bend down on the floor for breadcrumbs
 I had to tear myself to pieces for what was not mine
 But alien.
 Someone must be the helper. 50
 Because the little tree needs its water
 The little lamb loses its way when the herdsman is asleep
 And the bleating remains unheard.

Simon: Give me back the cross I gave you. Or better, throw it in the stream.
 [*He turns to go.*] 55

Grusha: Simon Chachava, don't go away. It isn't mine, it isn't mine! [*She hears the children calling.*] What is it, children?

Voices: Soldiers have come!—They are taking Michael away!
 [*GRUSHA stands aghast as two Ironshirts, with MICHAEL between them, come towards her.*] 60

How does Brecht make this such a moving moment in the play?

MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career*

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

My hair was grey with dust, so I washed all over, arrayed myself in a cool white dress, and throwing myself in a squatter's chair in the veranda, spread my hair over the back of it to dry. Copies of Gordon, Kendall, and Lawson were on my lap, but I was too physically content and comfortable to indulge in even these, my sworn friends and companions. I surrendered myself to the mere joy of being alive. How the sunlight blazed and danced in the roadway—the leaves of the gum-trees gleaming in it like a myriad gems! A cloud of white, which I knew to be cockatoos, circled over the distant hilltop. Nearer they wheeled until I could hear their discordant screech. The thermometer on the wall rested at 104 degrees despite the dense shade thrown on the broad old veranda by the foliage of creepers, shrubs, and trees. The gurgling rush of the creek, the scent of the flower-laden garden, and the stamp, stamp of a horse in the orchard as he attempted to rid himself of tormenting flies, filled my senses. The warmth was delightful. Summer is heavenly, I said—life is a joy. 5

Aunt Helen's slender fingers looked artistic among some pretty fancy-work upon which she was engaged. Bright butterflies flitted round the garden, and thousands of bees droned lazily among the flowers. I closed my eyes—my being filled with the beauty of it all. 10

I could hear Grannie's pen fly over the paper as she made out a list of Christmas supplies on a table near me.

"Helen, I suppose a hundredweight of currants will be sufficient?" 20

"Yes; I should think so."

"Seven dozen yards of unbleached calico be enough?"

"Yes; plenty."

"Which tea-service did you order?"

"Number two." 25

"Do you or Sybylla want anything extra?"

"Yes; parasols, gloves, and some books."

"Books! Can I get them at Hordern's?"

"Yes."

Grannie's voice faded on my ears, my thoughts ran on Uncle Jay-Jay. He had promised to be home in time for my birthday spread, and I was sure he had a present for me. What would it be?—something nice. He would be nearly sure to bring someone home with him from Cummabella, and we would have games and fun to no end. I was just seventeen, only seventeen, and had a long, long life before me wherein to enjoy myself. Oh, it was good to be alive! What a delightful place the world was!—so accommodating, I felt complete mistress of it. It was like an orange—I merely had to squeeze it and it gave forth sweets plenteously. The stream sounded far away, the sunlight blazed and danced, Grannie's voice was a pleasant murmur in my ear, the cockatoos screamed over the house and passed away to the west. Summer is heavenly and life is a joy, I reiterated. Joy! Joy! There was joy in the quit! quit! of the green-and-crimson parrots, which swung for a moment in the rose-bush over the gate, and then whizzed on into the summer day. There was joy in the gleam of the sun and in the hum of the bees, and it throbbed in my heart. Joy! Joy! A jackass laughed his joy as he perched on the telegraph wire out in the road. Joy! Joy! Summer is a dream of delight and life is a joy, I said in my heart. 30 35 40

How does Franklin vividly portray Sybylla's enjoyment of life at Caddagat at this moment in the novel?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 3.

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress***3** Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Introducing himself to the Little Seamstress, Luo told her about our encounter with her father in the fog and the rain, and he couldn't resist imitating and exaggerating the old man's funny English accent. She hooted with laughter. Luo was a born impersonator.

When she laughed I noticed an untamed quality about her eyes, which reminded me of the wild girls on our side of the mountain. Her eyes had the gleam of uncut gems, of unpolished metal, which was heightened by the long lashes and the delicate slant of the lids. 5

'You mustn't mind him,' she said. 'He's just an overgrown child.'

Her face clouded suddenly, and she lowered her eyes. She scratched the base of her sewing machine with a fingertip. 10

'My mother died far too young. Ever since her passing he has done exactly as he pleases.'

She had a glowing complexion and her features were fine, almost noble. Her face possessed an impressive, sensual beauty, which aroused in us an irresistible desire to stay and watch her work the treadle of her *Made in Shanghai*. 15

The room served as shop, work place and dining room all at once. The floorboards were grimy and streaked with yellow and black gobs of dried spittle left by clients. You could tell they were not washed down daily. There were hangers with finished garments suspended on a string across the middle of the room. The corners were piled high with bolts of material and folded clothes, which were under siege from an army of ants. The place lacked any sense of order or aesthetics, and emanated an atmosphere of complete informality. 20

I was surprised to see a book lying on a table, since the mountain people were mostly illiterate; it was an eternity since I had touched the pages of a book. I went to look at it at once, but was disappointed: it was an industrial catalogue of textile dyes. 25

'Can you read?' I asked.

'Not much,' she answered, unabashed. 'But you needn't think I'm a fool, because I enjoy talking to people who can read and write – the young people from the city, for instance. Didn't you notice that my dog didn't bark when you came in? He knows my tastes.' 30

She didn't seem to want us to leave just yet. She rose from her stool, lit the iron stove in the centre of the room, set a saucepan on the burner and filled it with water. Luo, who followed her every move with his eyes, asked: 'Are you intending to offer us tea or boiling water?' 35

'It'll be the latter.'

This was a sign that she had taken a liking to us. On this mountain an invitation to take a drink of water meant that your host would crack some eggs over the boiling pan and add sugar to make a soup.

'Did you know, Little Seamstress,' Luo said, 'that you and I have something in common?' 40

'Us two?'

'Yes, you want to bet?'

'What shall we bet?'

'Whatever you like. I'm quite sure I can prove to you that there's something we share.' 45

She reflected briefly.

'If I lose, I'll lengthen your trousers for free.'

'Fine,' said Luo. 'Now take off your left shoe and sock.'

After a moment's hesitation the Little Seamstress's curiosity got the better of her. Her foot, more timid than she but no less sensual for that, gradually revealed itself. A small foot, tanned, translucent, veined with blue, with toenails that gleamed. 50

Luo planted his bony, mud-encrusted foot alongside hers, and it was true, there was a resemblance: their second toes were longer than the others.

Explore how Sijie makes the meeting between the boys and the Little Seamstress so memorable.

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

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

<i>Hedda:</i>	In your power, all the same. Subject to your will and your demands. No longer free! [<i>She gets up violently.</i>] No! That's a thought that I'll never endure! Never.	
<i>Brack</i>	[<i>looks at her half tauntingly</i>]: One generally acquiesces in what is inevitable.	5
<i>Hedda</i>	[<i>returns the look</i>]: Perhaps you're right. [<i>She crosses to the writing desk.</i>]	
<i>Hedda</i>	[<i>suppresses an involuntary smile, and imitates TESMAN's intonation</i>]: Well? Is it going to work out, Jörgen? Eh?	
<i>Tesman:</i>	Heaven knows, my love. At any rate it's going to take us months.	10
<i>Hedda</i>	[<i>as before</i>]: Well, think of that! [<i>She passes her fingers lightly through MRS. ELVSTED's hair.</i>] Isn't this strange for you, Thea? Now you're sitting here together with Tesman ... as you used to sit with Ejlert Lövborg.	
<i>Mrs. Elvsted:</i>	Oh yes, oh God ... if only I could inspire your husband in the same way.	15
<i>Hedda:</i>	Oh, I expect it will come ... in time.	
<i>Tesman:</i>	Yes, d'you know what, Hedda ... it really does seem to me that I'm beginning to feel something of the sort. But you go and sit down again, now, with Mr. Brack.	20
<i>Hedda:</i>	And is there nothing I can do to help you two?	
<i>Tesman:</i>	No, nothing at all. [<i>Turns his head.</i>] We'll just have to rely on you, dear Mr. Brack, to keep Hedda company!	
<i>Brack</i>	[<i>with a look to HEDDA</i>]: It will be a pleasure indeed.	
<i>Hedda:</i>	Thank you. But tonight I'm tired. I'm going to go in and lie down a bit on the sofa.	25
<i>Tesman:</i>	Yes, you do that my dear. Eh? [<i>HEDDA goes into the inner room and pulls the curtains together behind her. A short pause. Suddenly she is heard to play a wild dance tune on the piano.</i>]	30
<i>Mrs. Elvsted</i>	[<i>starts up from her chair</i>]: Oh ... what's that!	
<i>Tesman</i>	[<i>runs to the doorway</i>]: But Hedda, my dear ... don't play dance music, not tonight! Do think of Aunt Rina! And of Ejlert, too!	
<i>Hedda</i>	[<i>puts her head out between the curtains</i>]: And of Auntie Julle. And of all the rest of them. ... I shall be silent in future. [<i>She draws the curtains together again.</i>]	35
<i>Tesman</i>	[<i>at the desk</i>]: I don't think it's good for her to see us at this melancholy task. I'll tell you what, Mrs. Elvsted ... you'll have to move in to Aunt Julle's. Then I'll come up in the evenings. And then we can sit and work there. Eh?	40
<i>Mrs. Elvsted:</i>	Yes, perhaps that would be the best. ...	
<i>Hedda</i>	[<i>from the inner room</i>]: I can hear what you're saying, Tesman. And how am I supposed to survive the evenings out here?	

<i>Tesman</i>	<i>[leafing through the papers]</i> : Oh, I expect Mr. Brack will be kind enough to look in now and again.	45
<i>Brack</i>	<i>[in the armchair, shouts cheerfully]</i> : I'll gladly come every single evening, Mrs. Tesman! Don't you worry, we'll have a fine time out here together!	
<i>Hedda</i>	<i>[clearly and distinctly]</i> : Yes, you're looking forward to that, aren't you, Mr. Brack? Yourself as the only cock in the yard. ... <i>[A shot is heard within. TESMAN, MRS. ELVSTED, and BRACK all start to their feet.]</i>	50
<i>Tesman:</i>	Oh, now she's playing about with those pistols again. <i>[He pulls the curtains aside and runs in. MRS. ELVSTED follows. HEDDA lies stretched out dead on the sofa. Confusion and shouting. BERTE, in alarm, comes in from the right.]</i>	55
<i>Tesman</i>	<i>[yelling at BRACK]</i> : Shot herself! Shot herself in the temple! Think of that!	
<i>Brack</i>	<i>[half prostrate in the armchair]</i> : But, good God Almighty ... people don't do such things!	60

In what ways does Ibsen make this such a powerful ending to the play?

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

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

At the Bus Station

When you arrive at the bus station pull down your tie or remove the tie to prevent strangulation.	5
During the fight to board the bus, unfasten all buttons of the shirt and jacket to avoid losing the buttons.	10
During the battle to gain entry to the bus, tighten both shoelaces for, when you are hauled into the bus, you hang in the air and the shoes may come off, tighten your belt to avoid being undressed	15
during the scrambling at the door, remove your spectacles and hold tight to someone until you are in the bus.	20
During the climb pay no attention to human sounds, also bear in mind words lose meaning until you are inside the bus.	25
	30

(Julius Chingono)

How does Chingono memorably convey the speaker's thoughts in this poem?

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

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

She was alone now. For a few moments she sat swilling the water against her skin, perhaps as a means of buoying up her courage. Then resolutely she pulled out the plug, sat feeling the tide swirl and scrape at her skin and flesh, trying to draw her down, down into the earth; then the bathwater was gone in a soapy gurgle and she was naked and shivering and had not yet made the attempt to get out of the bath.

5

How slippery the surface had become! In future she would not clean it with kerosene, she would use the paste cleaner that, left on overnight, gave the enamel rough patches that could be gripped with the skin.

She leaned forward, feeling the pain in her back and shoulder. She grasped the rim of the bath but her fingers slithered from it almost at once. She would not panic, she told herself; she would try gradually, carefully, to get out. Again she leaned forward; again her grip loosened as if iron hands had deliberately uncurled her stiffened blue fingers from their trembling hold. Her heart began to beat faster, her breath came more quickly, her mouth was dry. She moistened her lips. If I shout for help, she thought, no one will hear me. No one in the world will hear me. No one will know I'm in the bath and can't get out.

10

She listened. She could hear only the drip-drip of the cold water tap of the washbasin, and a corresponding whisper and gurgle of her heart, as if it were beating under water. All else was silent. Where were the people, the traffic? Then she had a strange feeling of being under the earth, of a throbbing in her head like wheels going over the earth above her.

15

20

Then she told herself sternly that she must have no nonsense, that she had really not tried to get out of the bath. She had forgotten the strong solid chair and the grip she could get on it. If she made the effort quickly she could first take hold of both sides of the bath, pull herself up, then transfer her hold to the chair and thus pull herself out.

She tried to do this; she just failed to make the final effort. Pale now, gasping for breath, she sank back into the bath. She began to call out but as she had predicted there was no answer. No one had heard her, no one in the houses or the street or Dunedin or the world knew that she was imprisoned. Loneliness welled in her. If John were here, she thought, if we were sharing our old age, helping each other, this would never have happened. She made another effort to get out. Again she failed. Faintness overcoming her she closed her eyes, trying to rest, then recovering and trying again and failing, she panicked and began to cry and strike the sides of the bath; it made a hollow sound like a wild drum-beat.

25

30

Then she stopped striking with her fists; she struggled again to get out; and for over half an hour she stayed alternately struggling and resting until at last she did succeed in climbing out and making her escape into the kitchen. She thought, I'll never take another bath in this house or anywhere. I never want to see that bath again. This is the end or the beginning of it. In future a district nurse will have to come to attend me. Submitting to that will be the first humiliation. There will be others, and others.

35

How does Frame powerfully convey the woman's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the story?

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 In what ways does Brecht make the final scene such a satisfying ending to the play?

MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career*

- 8 To what extent do you think Franklin's writing makes Sybylla a likeable character?

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

- 9 How does Sijie vividly convey the impact that the re-education programme has on the boys in the novel?

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

- 10 Explore the ways in which Ibsen makes **one** moment in the play particularly disturbing for you.

NB: Do not refer to the extract from the end of the play printed in Question 4.

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

- 11 How does the poet portray wealthy people in **either** *Children of Wealth* (by Elizabeth Daryush) **or** *To a Millionaire* (by A R D Fairburn)?

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 12 Explore the ways in which Proulx makes *The Contest* so entertaining.

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