



Cambridge IGCSE™

WORLD LITERATURE

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Paper 3 Set Text

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1 hour 30 minutes



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
 - Section A: answer **one** question.
 - Section B: answer **one** question.
- Your questions may be on **one** set text or on **two** set texts.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- All questions are worth equal marks.

This document has **16** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

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

As he helped Hatsue up, the boy remembered with shame how he had lain in wait for her a while ago, had given that whistled signal, had followed after her: even though his actions had been prompted by the circumstances, to him they still seemed to smack of evil. Making no move to repeat yesterday's caress, he brushed the dirt off the girl's clothing as gently as though he were her big brother. The soil here was mostly dry sand and the dirt brushed off easily. Luckily there was no sign of any damage. 5

Hatsue stood motionless, like a child, resting her hand on Shinji's strong shoulder while he brushed her. Then she looked around for the flashlight, which she had dropped. It was lying on the ground behind them, still throwing its faint, fan-shaped beam, showing the ground covered with pine needles. The island's heavy twilight pressed in upon this single area of faint light. 10

"Look where it landed! I must have thrown it behind me when I fell." The girl spoke in a cheerful, laughing voice.

"What made you so mad?" Shinji asked, looking her full in the face.

"All that talk about you and Chiyoko-san." 15

"Stupid!"

"Then there's nothing to it?"

"There's nothing to it."

The two walked along side by side, Shinji holding the flashlight and guiding Hatsue along the difficult path as though he were a ship's pilot. There was nothing in particular to say, so the usually silent Shinji began to talk stumblingly to fill in the silence: 20

"As for me, some day I want to buy a coastal freighter with the money I've worked for and saved, and then go into the shipping business with my brother, carrying lumber from Kishu and coal from Kyushu. ... Then I'll have my mother take it easy, and when I get old I'll come back to the island and take it easy too. ... No matter where I sail, I'll never forget our island. ... It has the most beautiful scenery in all Japan"—every person on Uta-jima was firmly convinced of this—"and in the same way I'll do my best to help make life on our island the most peaceful there is anywhere ... the happiest there is anywhere. ... Because if we don't do that, everybody will start forgetting the island and quit wanting to come back. No matter how much times change, very bad things—very bad ways—will all always disappear before they get to our island. ... The sea—it only brings the good and right things that the island needs ... and keeps the good and right things we already have here. ... That's why there's not a thief on the whole island—nothing but brave, manly people—people who always have the will to work truly and well and put up with whatever comes—people whose love is never double-faced—people with nothing mean about them anywhere. ..."

25 30 35

Of course the boy was not so articulate, and his way of speaking was confused and disconnected, but this is roughly what he told Hatsue in this moment of rare fluency.

She did not interrupt, but kept nodding her head in agreement with everything he said. Never once looking bored, her face overflowed with an expression of genuine sympathy and trust, all of which filled Shinji with joy. 40

Shinji did not want her to think he was being frivolous, and at the end of his serious speech he purposely omitted that last important hope that he had included in his prayer to the sea-god a few nights before.

There was nothing to hinder, and the path continued hiding them in the dense shadows of the trees, but this time Shinji did not even hold Hatsue's hand, much less dream of kissing her again. What had happened yesterday on the dark beach—to them that seemed not to have been an act of their own volition. It had been an undreamed-of event, brought about by some force outside themselves; it was a mystery how such a thing had come about. This time, they barely managed to make a date to meet again at the observation tower on the afternoon of the next time the fishing-boats could not go out.

45

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How does Mishima strikingly portray Hatsue and Shinji at this moment in the novel?

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

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

Yerma: Are you staying?

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Juan: No, but it can look like one.

In what ways does Lorca make this dialogue between Yerma and Juan so powerful?

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

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

It is the twelfth of August and Ruth is in the Cubbyhole, silent.

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the little girl who became her mother. It is for her grandmother, for herself, for

To what extent does Tan make this a satisfying ending to the novel?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4.

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

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

	[KHLESTAKOV <i>and</i> WARDEN OF CHARITIES, <i>standing stiffly, hand on sword.</i>]	
<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	May I have the honour of presenting myself, Excellency? Warden of Charities, Aulic Councillor Zemlyanika.	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	How d'you do. Sit down please.	5
<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	I recently had the honour to receive you personally at the charitable institutions under my supervision.	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	So you did. I remember. Splendid lunch you gave us.	
<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	It is an honour to be able to exert oneself in the service of one's country.	10
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	I must admit, I have a great weakness for <i>haute cuisine</i> . Tell me, weren't you a little shorter yesterday?	
<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	Quite possibly. [<i>Brief silence.</i>] I never spare myself in the performance of my duty. [<i>Edges closer with his chair, and talks in hushed voice.</i>] Which is more than can be said for the postmaster here; he never lifts his finger. There are the most fearful delays in the postal service. You may feel it warrants an investigation. And the judge too, who was here just before me, he spends his whole time hunting hares, keeps dogs in the court-house, and his private life, if I dare mention such things in your presence—and indeed I must, for the sake of the nation, for all that he may be a friend and a relative—his private life is simply scandalous. There's one landowner here, Dobchinsky by name— Your Excellency has met him, I believe—well, the moment Dobchinsky leaves his house the judge pops in to see his wife—it's true, I swear... Try and have a look at the children; not one of them looks like Dobchinsky: they're all, even the girl, the spitting image of the judge.	15
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	You don't say! I'd never have thought it!	20
<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	And as for our school inspector... I simply don't know how the authorities could have appointed him. He's worse than a Jacobin, and he fills our children's heads with such subversive ideas that I couldn't even bring myself to tell you about them! Perhaps Your Excellency would prefer me to put this down in writing?	25
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Yes, do that. That's an excellent idea. I like to have something amusing to read when I'm bored... What's your name again? My memory, you know...	30
<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	Zemlyanika.	35
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Ah yes! Zemlyanika. And tell me, do you have any children?	
<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	Er... yes, five, Your Excellency, two already grown up.	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	You don't say! And what are they... er?...	
<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	Is Your Excellency so gracious as to be asking their names?	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Yes, what are they called?	40
<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	Nikolai, Ivan, Yelizaveta, Maria, and Peripeteia.	45

- Khlestakov:* Very nice too.
- Warden of Charities:* I shall not presume to trouble you further with my presence, and to take up your time, which is designated for sacred duties... [*Bowing his way out.*] 50
- Khlestakov* [*accompanying him*]: No, no, not at all, what you said was most entertaining. Please come another time... I should be delighted... [*Turns back and opening door, calls after him.*] Hey you! What did you say your name was? I didn't catch your first names. 55
- Warden of Charities:* Artemy Filippovich.
- Khlestakov:* Look here, Artemy Filippovich, you won't believe this but I'm cleaned out of ready cash. Haven't a copeck left on me. You couldn't lend me four hundred roubles?
- Warden of Charities:* Yes, of course. 60
- Khlestakov:* Well now, isn't that a stroke of luck! I'm most obliged to you.

In what ways does Gogol make this moment in the play amusing and revealing?

SONGS OF OURSELVES Volume 1: from Part 3

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

First Love

I ne'er was struck before that hour
 With love so sudden and so sweet
 Her face it bloomed like a sweet flower
 And stole my heart away complete
 My face turned pale a deadly pale 5
 My legs refused to walk away
 And when she looked what could I ail
 My life and all seemed turned to clay

And then my blood rushed to my face
 And took my eyesight quite away 10
 The trees and bushes round the place
 Seemed midnight at noon day
 I could not see a single thing
 Words from my eyes did start
 They spoke as chords do from the string 15
 And blood burnt round my heart

Are flowers the winters choice
 Is love's bed always snow
 She seemed to hear my silent voice
 Not loves appeals to know 20
 I never saw so sweet a face
 As that I stood before
 My heart has left its dwelling place
 And can return no more –

(John Clare)

Explore how Clare uses words and images to powerful effect in *First Love*.

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

from **STORIES OF OURSELVES** Volume 1

- 6 Read this extract from *At Hiruharama* (by Penelope Fitzgerald), and then answer the question that follows it:

Like most people who live on their own Brinkman continued with the course of his thoughts, which were more real to him than the outside world's commotion. Walking straight into the front room he stopped in front of the piece of mirror-glass tacked over the sink and looked fixedly into it.

'I'll tell you something, Tanner, I thought I caught sight of my first grey hairs this morning.'

'I'm sorry to hear that.'

Brinkman looked round. 'I see the table isn't set.'

'I don't want you to feel that you're not welcome,' said Tanner, 'but Kitty's not well. She told me to be sure that you came in and rested a while, but she's not well. Truth is, she's in labour.'

'Then she won't be cooking dinner this evening, then?'

'You mean you were counting on having it here?'

'My half-yearly dinner with you and Mrs Tanner, yis, that's about it.'

'What day is it, then?' asked Tanner, somewhat at random. It was almost too much for him at that moment to realise that Brinkman existed. He seemed like a stranger, perhaps from a foreign country, not understanding how ordinary things were done or said.

Brinkman made no attempt to leave, but said; 'Last time I came here we started with canned toheroas. Your wife set them in front of me. I'm not sure that they had an entirely good effect on the intestines. Then we had fried eggs and excellent jellied beetroot, a choice between tea or Bovo, bread and butter and unlimited quantities of treacle. I have a note of all this in my daily journal. That's not to say, however, that I came over here simply to take dinner with you. It wasn't for the drive, either, although I'm always glad to have the opportunity of a change of scene and to read a little in Nature's book. No, I've come today, as I came formerly, for the sake of hearing a woman's voice.'

Had Tanner noticed, he went on, that there were no native songbirds in the territory? At that moment there was a crying, or a calling, from the next room such as Tanner had never heard before, not in a shipwreck – and he had been in a wreck – not in a slaughterhouse.

'Don't put yourself out on my account,' said Brinkman. 'I'm going to sit here until you come back and have a quiet smoko.'

The doctor drove up bringing with him his wife's widowed sister, who lived with them and was a nurse, or had been a nurse. Tanner came out of the bedroom covered with blood, something like a butcher. He told the doctor he'd managed to deliver the child, a girl, in fact he'd wrapped it in a towel and tucked it up in the washbasket. The doctor took him back into the bedroom and made him sit down. The nurse put down the things she'd brought with her and looked round for the tea-tin. Brinkman sat there, as solid as his chair. 'You may be wondering who I am,' he said. 'I'm a neighbour, come over for dinner. I think of myself as one of the perpetually welcome.' 'Suit yourself,' said the sister-in-law. The doctor emerged, moving rather faster than he usually did. 'Please to go in there and wash the patient. I'm going to take a look at the afterbirth. The father put it out with the waste.'

There Tanner had made his one oversight. It wasn't the afterbirth, it was a second daughter, smaller, but a twin. – But how come, if both of them were girls, that Mr Tanner himself still had the name of Tanner? Well, the Tanners went on to have nine more children, some of them boys, and one of those boys was Mr Tanner's father. That evening, when the doctor came in from the yard with the messy scrap, he squeezed it as though he was wringing it out to dry, and it opened its mouth and the colder air of the

kitchen rushed in and she'd got her start in life. After that the Tanners always had one of those tinplate mottoes hung up on the wall – Throw Nothing Away. You could get them then at the hardware store. – And this was the point that Mr Tanner had been wanting to make all along – whereas the first daughter never got to be anything in particular, this second little girl grew up to be a lawyer with a firm in Wellington, and she did very well.

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All the time Brinkman continued to sit there by the table and smoke his pipe. Two more women born into the world! It must have seemed to him that if this sort of thing went on there should be a good chance, in the end, for him to acquire one for himself. Meanwhile, they would have to serve dinner sometime.

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Explore the ways in which Fitzgerald makes this moment in the story so surprising.

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

- 7 In what ways does Mishima make Terukichi such a memorable character?

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

- 8 Explore the ways in which Lorca powerfully conveys contrasting attitudes towards having children.

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

- 9 How does Tan vividly portray the relationship between LuLing and GaoLing?

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

- 10 How far does Gogol encourage you to despise the Mayor?

SONGS OF OURSELVES Volume 1: from Part 3

- 11 How does Clarke create disturbing impressions of the natural world in *Lament*?

from STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 1

- 12 Explore how the writer vividly portrays characters from different backgrounds in **one** of the following stories:

- *A Horse and Two Goats* (by R K Narayan)
- *Sandpiper* (by Ahdaf Soueif)
- *The Third and Final Continent* (by Jhumpa Lahiri).

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