
WORLD LITERATURE

0408/03

Paper 3 Set Text

October/November 2016

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, **4** blank 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:

The Singer: Then the Governor returned to his palace

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You no longer need an architect, a carpenter will do.

How does Brecht make this moment in the play so strikingly dramatic?

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

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

The buffalo was of medium size, but boasted an exceptionally long tail, which it swung vigorously from side to side as though determined to splatter its timid, inexperienced master with as much filth as possible. For all his efforts to dodge the relentless lashes, one split second of inattention was enough for Four-Eyes to receive a blow to the face from the buffalo's tail, which sent his spectacles hurtling through the air. He swore and dropped the reins from his right hand and the plough from his left. Clapping his hands over his eyes, he let out a stream of abuse as if he had been blinded. 5

He was so enraged that he didn't hear our jovial shouts of greeting. He was very short-sighted and was unable to distinguish us from the jeering peasants in the neighbouring paddy fields. 10

He bent over and plunged his arms into the water, groping around in the mud. The blank expression in his bulging eyes was disconcerting.

Four-Eyes had evidently aroused his buffalo's sadistic instinct. The creature halted, then heaved from side to side, trampling the muddy bed with vigour, as though intent upon crushing the submerged spectacles with its hooves or the lurching ploughshare. 15

I took off my shoes, rolled up my trousers and stepped into the paddy field, leaving Luo seated by the wayside. Four-Eyes was not eager for me to help search for his spectacles, fearing that I would be a hindrance, but in the end it was I who stepped on them inadvertently as I groped in the mud. Fortunately they were still in one piece. 20

His vision restored to its former clarity, Four-Eyes was shocked to see the state Luo was in.

'You look as sick as a dog!' he said. 25

As Four-Eyes couldn't abandon his work, he suggested we go to his place and take a rest until he returned.

He was lodged in the centre of the village. He had few personal belongings, and was so anxious to demonstrate his complete trust in the revolutionary peasants that he never used to lock his door. The building, an old grain storehouse, was on stilts, like ours, but it had a projecting porch supported by sturdy bamboo stakes, where cereals, vegetables and spices would be spread out to dry. Luo and I settled down on the porch to enjoy the sunshine. After a time the sun slid behind a mountain peak, and there was a chill in the air. Once the sweat on Luo's body had dried, he turned ice cold. I found an old pullover belonging to Four-Eyes and draped it over his back, tying the sleeves around his neck like a scarf. 30

Even though the sun reappeared, he continued to complain of the cold. I went inside again to fetch a quilt from the bed, and on my way there it occurred to me that there might be another pullover lying around somewhere. I took a look under the bed, where I discovered a large wooden packing crate. Piled on top was a jumble of old shoes and broken slippers encrusted with mud and dirt. 40

Pulling the crate into a beam of dust-dappled sunlight, I opened it and found that it contained more articles of clothing. I was fumbling around in the hope of finding a small pullover that would fit Luo's scrawny body when my fingers suddenly came upon something soft, supple and smooth to the touch, which made me think at once of a lady's doeskin shoe. 45

But it was not a shoe, it was a suitcase. A ray of light bounced off the glossy lid. It was an elegant suitcase, a little worn but made of fine leather, and it gave off a whiff of civilisation.

It seemed inordinately heavy in relation to its size, but I had no way of telling what was inside. It was fastened with locks in three places. 50

I waited impatiently for the evening, when Four-Eyes would be released from his daily struggle with the buffalo, so that I could ask him what sort of treasure he had so securely hidden away in his secret cache.

To my surprise he didn't answer my question. All the time we were cooking he was unusually quiet, and when he did speak he took care not to mention the suitcase.

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While we were eating our supper I broached the subject again. But still he said nothing.

How does Sijie make this moment in the novel so memorable?

MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career*

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

We left the pub in Yarnung at nine, and arrived at our destination somewhere about two o'clock in the afternoon.

I had waxed quite cheerful, and began to look upon the situation in a sensible light. It was necessary that I should stand up to the guns of life at one time or another, and why not now? M'Swat's might not be so bad after all. Even if they were dirty, they would surely be willing to improve if I exercised tact in introducing a few measures. I was not afraid of work, and would do many things. But all these ideas were knocked on the head, like a dairyman's surplus calves, when on entering Barney's Gap we descended a rough road to the house, which was built in a narrow gully between two steep stony hills, which, destitute of grass, rose like grim walls of rock, imparting a desolate and prison-like aspect. 5 10

Six dogs, two pet lambs, two or three pigs, about twenty fowls, eight children which seemed a dozen, and Mrs. M'Swat bundled out through the back door at our approach. Those children, not through poverty—M'Swat made a boast of his substantial banking account—but on account of ignorance and slatternliness, were the dirtiest urchins I have ever seen, and were so ragged that those parts of them which should have been covered were exposed to view. The majority of them had red hair and wide hanging-open mouths. Mrs. M'Swat was a great, fat, ignorant, pleasant-looking woman, shockingly dirty and untidy. Her tremendous, flabby, stockingless ankles bulged over her unlaced hobnailed boots; her dress was torn and unbuttoned at the throat, displaying one of the dirtiest necks I have seen. It did not seem to worry her that the infant she held under her arm like a roll of cloth howled killingly, while the other little ones clung to her skirts, attempting to hide their heads in its folds like so many emus. She greeted me with a smacking kiss, consigned the baby to the charge of the eldest child, a big girl of fourteen, and seizing upon my trunks as though they were feather-weight, with heavy clodhopping step disappeared into the house with them. Returning, she invited me to enter, and following in her wake, I was followed by the children through the dirtiest passage into the dirtiest room, to sit upon the dirtiest chair, to gaze upon the other dirtiest furniture of which I have ever heard. One wild horrified glance at the dirt, squalor, and total benightedness that met me on every side, and I trembled in every limb with suppressed emotion and the frantic longing to get back to Caddagat which possessed me. One instant showed me that I could never, never live here. 15 20 25 30 35

Explore how Franklin makes this such an entertaining introduction to the M'Swat family.

Turn over for Question 4.

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

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

- Hedda:* But what do you think your husband will say when you go back?
- Mrs. Elvsted:* Back up there?
- Hedda:* Yes, yes.
- Mrs. Elvsted:* I'll never go back up there.
- Hedda* [*gets up, and goes closer to her.*]: Then you've really ... in all seriousness ... run away from it all? 5
- Mrs. Elvsted:* Yes. I didn't think there was anything else I could do.
- Hedda:* And then ... that you left so openly.
- Mrs. Elvsted:* Oh, there's no hiding that sort of thing, anyway.
- Hedda:* But what do you think people will say about you, Thea? 10
- Mrs. Elvsted:* Oh, they'll just have to say what they please. [*She sits depressed and exhausted on the sofa.*] I simply had to do what I did.
- Hedda* [*after a short pause*]: And what's going to happen to you now? What are you going to do with yourself?
- Mrs. Elvsted:* I don't know yet. I just know that I must live here, where Ejler Lövborg's living. ... If I have to live at all. 15
- Hedda* [*moves a chair across from the table, sits by her and strokes her hands*]: Tell me, Thea ... how did it come about, this ... this familiarity between you and Ejler Lövborg?
- Mrs. Elvsted:* Oh, it just happened, bit by bit. I got a sort of control over him. 20
- Hedda:* Really?
- Mrs. Elvsted:* He left off his old ways. Not because I asked him to. I never dared to do that. But he knew all right that I didn't like that sort of thing. And then he gave it up.
- Hedda* [*concealing an involuntary sneer*]: And so you've reclaimed the prodigal ... as they say ... little Thea. 25
- Mrs. Elvsted:* Well, that's what he says, anyway. And he ... for his part ... he's made me into a sort of real person. Taught me to think ... and to understand quite a lot of things.
- Hedda:* Did he give you lessons too, then? 30
- Mrs. Elvsted:* No, not lessons, like that. But he talked to me. Talked of so fantastically many things. And then came that beautiful, happy time, when I shared his work! Was allowed to help him!
- Hedda:* He let you help him?
- Mrs. Elvsted:* Yes! When he wrote anything, we always had to do it together. 35
- Hedda:* Like two good companions, then.
- Mrs. Elvsted* [*animated*]: Companions! Yes, imagine, Hedda ... that's what he used to say! ... Oh, I ought to be so wonderfully happy. But I can't be, quite. For I can't be sure that it will really last.
- Hedda:* Are you still so uncertain of him, then? 40
- Mrs. Elvsted* [*heavily*]: There's the shadow of a woman who stands between us.
- Hedda* [*looks at her with keen interest*]: Who might that be?

- Mrs. Elvsted:* Don't know. Someone or other from ... from his past. Someone he can't really forget.
- Hedda:* What has he told you ... about this? 45
- Mrs. Elvsted:* He's only ever once ... sort of indirectly ... touched on it.
- Hedda:* Well! And what did he say?
- Mrs. Elvsted:* He said that when they parted, she threatened to shoot him with a pistol.
- Hedda* [cold and collected]: Oh rubbish! People don't have such things here. 50
- Mrs. Elvsted:* No. And that's why I think it must be that red-haired singer, whom he once ...
- Hedda:* Yes, I suppose that's possible.
- Mrs. Elvsted:* Because I can remember someone telling me that she carried a loaded pistol. 55
- Hedda:* Oh well ... then it must be her, then.
- Mrs. Elvsted* [wringing her hands]: Yes but just think, Hedda ... now I hear that that woman ... she's in town again! Oh ... I'm quite distracted. ...
- Hedda* [glancing towards the back room]: Sh! Here's Tesman coming. [Gets up, and whispers.] Thea ... all this must be just between you and me. 60
- Mrs. Elvsted* [jumping up]: Oh yes ... yes! For God's sake ... !

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

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 5 Read this extract from *My Greatest Ambition* (by Morris Lurie), and then answer the question that follows it:

Then we fell into another of these silences with which this appointment seemed to be plagued. Mr Randell scratched his neck. A truck just outside the window started with a roar and then began to whine and grind. It's reversing, I thought. My face felt stiff from smiling, but somehow I couldn't let it go.

Then the man whose name was Jim said, 'This is your first comic strip, Mr Lurie?' 5

'Yes,' I said. My reply snapped across the room like a bullet. I was a little bit embarrassed at its suddenness, but, after all, wasn't this what I had come to talk about?

'It's very professional,' he said. 'Would you like to see one of our comic-strips?' 10

'Certainly,' I said.

He reached down behind the desk and brought out one page of a comic they were running at the moment (I had seen it in the shop when I'd gone to check up on *Boy Magazine's* address), *The Adventures of Ned Kelly*.

Now, Ned Kelly is all right, but what I like about comics is that they create a world of their own, like, say, *Dick Tracy*, a totally fictitious environment, which any clear thinking person knows doesn't really exist, and Ned Kelly, well, that was real, it really happened. It wasn't a true comic-strip. It was just history in pictures. 15

But naturally I didn't say any of this to Jim. All I did was lean forward and pretend to study the linework and the inking in and the lettering, which were just so-so, and when I thought I'd done that long enough, I leaned back in my chair and said, 'It's very good.' 20

'Jim,' said Mr Randell, who hadn't spoken a word during all this, 'maybe you'd like to take Mr Lurie around and show him the presses. We print *Boy Magazine* right here,' he explained to me. 'Would you like to see how a magazine is produced?' 25

'Yes,' I said, but the word sounded flat and awful to me. I hated, at thirteen, being shown round things. I still do. How A Great Newspaper Is Produced. How Bottles Are Made. Why Cheese Has Holes And How We Put Them In.

And the rest of it, the job, the core of the matter? But everyone was standing up and Mr Randell's hand was stretched out to shake mine and Jim was saying, 'Follow me,' and it was all over. 30

Now I'm not going to take you through a tour of this factory, the way I was, eating an ice cream which Jim had sent a boy out to buy for me. It lasted for hours. I climbed up where Jim told me to climb up. I looked where he pointed. I nodded when he explained some involved and highly secret process to me. 'We use glue, not staples,' he explained to me. 'Why? Well, it's an economic consideration. Look here,' and I looked there, and licked my ice cream and wondered how much more there was of it and was it worth going to school in the afternoon or should I take the whole day off? 35

But like all things it came to an end. We were at a side door, not the one I had come in through. 'Well, nice to meet you,' Jim said, and shook my hand. 'Find your way back to the station okay? You came by train? It's easy, just follow your nose,' and I rode home on the train not caring a damn about how many stations I was going through, not looking out of the window, not even aware of the shortness of the trousers of my ridiculous Good Suit. 40

Yes, my comic-strip appeared and my friends read it and I was a hero for a day at school. My father held the cheque up to the light and said we'd know in a few days if it was any good. My mother didn't say much to me but I heard her on the phone explaining to all her friends what a clever son she had. Clever? That's one word I've never had any time for. 45

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I didn't tell a soul, not even Michael Lazarus, about that awful tour of the factory. I played it very coolly. And a week after my comic-strip came out in print, I sat down and drew another comic story and wrapped it up and sent it to them, and this time, I determined, I would do all my business over the phone. With that nice Miss Gordon.

Weeks passed, nearly a whole month. No reply. And then, with a sickening crash, the postman dumped my new comic into our letterbox and flew on his merry way down the street, blowing his whistle and riding his bicycle over everyone's lawns.

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There was a letter enclosed with my comic. It said that, unfortunately, *Boy Magazine* was discontinuing publication, and although they enjoyed my comic 'enormously', they regretted that they had no option but to return it.

60

My father had a field day over the whole business but no, no, what's the point of going over all that? Anyhow, I had decided (I told myself) that I didn't want to be a comic-strip artist after all. There was no future in it. It was risky and unsure. It was here today and gone tomorrow. The thing to be was a serious painter, and I set about it at once, spreading new boxes of water colours and tubes of paint all over the dining-room table and using every saucer in the house to mix paint. But somehow, right from the start, I knew it was no good. The only thing that was ever real to me I had 'grown out of'. I had become, like everyone else, a dreamer.

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Explore how Lurie makes this a satisfying ending to 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*

- 6 In what ways does Brecht make Azdak such a compelling character?

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

- 7 In what ways does Sijie vividly convey the narrator's growing maturity in the novel?

MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career*

- 8 How does Franklin memorably portray the relationship between Sybylla and her Aunt Helen?

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

- 9 Explore the ways in which Ibsen memorably portrays the relationship between Hedda and Tesman.

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 10 Explore the ways in which the writer makes **one** of the stories you have studied particularly disturbing for you.

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