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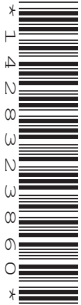
WORLD LITERATURE

0408/32

Paper 3 Set Text

May/June 2020

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. Blank pages are indicated.

SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

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

'Ho-o-re!' groaned my father. 'You speak the truth, *Mukoma*, but today we are overwhelmed by jealous spirits. The boy was bright, doing well. Why should he go unless something was sent to take him? Ha! I did not think such things would happen!' He put his face in his hands. 'What else can I say, *Mukoma*? It is difficult to know what to say at these times. But I know you looked after the boy as if he were yours. Those in the heavens know why he was taken. We can only accept that it has happened.' He stood up. 'I will go down the road to Samhungu's homestead. They will carry the news to the others.' Tears wet his face. He did not wipe them away.

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Seeing my father cry, seeing my mother moan and rock in Maiguru's arms, hearing Netsai cry in fear as well as in grief, and Rambanai, wailing, whimper and whine, a little of my armour cracked. I was sad for them rather than anguished over any loss of mine, because my brother had become a stranger to me. I was not sorry that he had died, but I was sorry for him because, according to his standards, his life had been thoroughly worth living.

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'There is nothing to be done,' my aunt was saying to my mother, 'except to bear the pain until it passes. You must endure the pain of his passing as you endured the pain of his coming.'

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'I cannot endure it,' my mother moaned. 'Maiguru, hold me. I too am going to die.'

The body was fetched the next day from the mission and buried in the family burial ground beside my grandmother and other ancestors. After a decent length of time had passed, Babamukuru again raised the question of the emancipation of my father's branch of the family. 'It is unfortunate', he said, 'that there is no male child to take this duty, to take this job of raising the family from hunger and need, Jeremiah.'

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'It is as you say,' my father agreed. 'Tambudzai's sharpness with her books is no use because in the end it will benefit strangers.'

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'You are correct, Jeremiah', observed my uncle, 'but I will not feel that I have done my duty if I neglect the family for that reason. Er – this girl – hey, Tambudzai – must be given the opportunity to do what she can for the family before she goes into her husband's home.'

30

'Exactly!' agreed my father. 'She must be given the opportunity.'

My mother was grief stricken when my father told her what he and Babamukuru had decided.

'You, Jeremiah,' she said, and she called him Jeremiah infrequently. 'You, Jeremiah, are you mad? Have you eaten some wild shrub that has gone to your head? I think so, otherwise how could you stand there and tell me to send my child to a place of death, the place where my first living child died! Today you are raving! She will not go. Unless you want me to die too. The anxiety will kill me. I will not let her go.'

35

'But what will she do?' persuaded my father. 'She has finished her Standard Three. Tell me, is there a Standard Four at Rutivi? Kuedza is too far to walk. Where will she do her Standard Four?'

40

'Don't try to make a fool out of me,' my mother retorted. 'Do you think I haven't heard that they are starting the Standard Four at that school? Enrol her at Rutivi, Jeremiah, because I am telling you, I will not let her go.'

My father did not pursue the matter, but I went to the mission all the same. My mother's anxiety was real. In the week before I left she ate hardly anything, not for lack of trying, and when she was able to swallow something it lay heavy in her stomach. By the time I left she was so haggard and gaunt she could hardly walk to the fields, let alone work in them.

45

'Is Mother ill?' whispered Netsai, frightened. 'Is she going to die too?'

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Netsai was frightened. I, I was triumphant. Babamukuru had approved of my direction. I was vindicated!

In what ways does Dangarembga make this moment in the novel so powerful?

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

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

Helmer: You loved me as a wife should love her husband.

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And I have never understood you,
either—until tonight.

How does Ibsen create striking impressions of Torvald Helmer at this moment in the play?

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

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

Thus she stood, sipping her water, and boring with her hard, unflagging eye, every girl that presented herself to it. Most shrank noiselessly away as soon as breakfast was over; for, unless one was very firm indeed in the conviction of one's own innocence, to be beneath this eye was apt to induce a disagreeable sense of guilt. In the case of Mrs Gurley, familiarity had never been known to breed contempt. She was possessed of what was little short of genius, for ruling through fear; and no more fitting overseer could have been set at the head of these half-hundred girls, of all ages and degrees: gentle and common; ruly and unruly; children hardly out of the nursery, and girls well over the brink of womanhood, whose ripe, bursting forms told their own tale; the daughters of poor ministers, at reduced fees; and the spoilt heiresses of wealthy woolbrokers and squatters, whose dowries would mount to many thousands of pounds. Mrs Gurley was equal to them all.

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In a very short time, there was no more persistent shrinker from the ice of this gaze than little Laura. In the presence of Mrs Gurley, the child had a difficulty in getting her breath. Her first week of school life had been one unbroken succession of snubs and reprimands. For this, the undue familiarity of her manner was to blame: she was all too slow to grasp—being of an impulsive disposition, and not naturally shy—that it was indecorous to accost Mrs Gurley off-hand, to treat her, indeed, in any way as if she were an ordinary mortal. The climax had come one morning—it still made Laura's cheeks burn, to remember it. She had not been able to master her French lesson for that day, and, seeing Mrs Gurley chatting to a governess, had gone thoughtlessly up to her and tapped her on the arm.

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'Mrs Gurley, please, do you think it would matter very much, if I only took half this verb today? It's *coudre*, and means to sew, you know, and it's so hard. I don't seem able to get it into my head.'

25

Before the words were out of her mouth, she saw that she had made a terrible mistake. Mrs Gurley's face, which had been smiling, froze to stone. She looked at her arm as though the hand had bitten her, and Laura's sudden shrinking did not move her, to whom seldom anyone addressed a word unbidden.

'How *dare* you interrupt me!—when I am speaking!'—she hissed; punctuating her words with the ominous headshakes and pauses. 'The first thing, miss, for you to do, will be, to take a course of lessons, in manners. Your present ones, may have done well enough, in the outhouse, to which you have evidently, belonged. They will not do, here, in the company, of your betters.'

30

Above the child's head, the two ladies smiled significantly at each other, assured that, after this, there would be no further want of respect; but Laura did not see them. The iron of the thrust went deep down into her soul: no one had ever yet cast a slur upon her home. Retreating to a lavatory, she cried herself nearly sick, making her eyes so red that she was late for prayers in trying to wash them white. Since that day, she had never, of her own free will, approached Mrs Gurley again, and had even avoided those places where she was likely to be found.

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What striking impressions of Mrs Gurley and Laura does Richardson create for you at this moment in the novel?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4.

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

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

[OEDIPUS *enters from the palace to address the CHORUS, as if addressing the entire city of Thebes.*]

Oedipus: You pray to the gods? Let me grant your prayers.
Come, listen to me—do what the plague demands:
you'll find relief and lift your head from the depths. 5

I will speak out now as a stranger to the story,
a stranger to the crime. If I'd been present then,
there would have been no mystery, no long hunt
without a clue in hand. So now, counted 10
a native Theban years after the murder,
to all of Thebes I make this proclamation:
if any one of you knows who murdered Laius,
the son of Labdacus, I order him to reveal
the whole truth to me. Nothing to fear,
even if he must denounce himself, 15
let him speak up
and so escape the brunt of the charge—
he will suffer no unbearable punishment,
nothing worse than exile, totally unharmed.

[OEDIPUS *pauses, waiting for a reply.*] 20

Next,
if anyone knows the murderer is a stranger,
a man from alien soil, come, speak up.
I will give him a handsome reward, and lay up
gratitude in my heart for him besides. 25

[*Silence again, no reply.*]

But if you keep silent, if anyone panicking,
trying to shield himself or friend or kin,
rejects my offer, then hear what I will do.
I order you, every citizen of the state 30
where I hold throne and power: banish this man—
whoever he may be—never shelter him, never
speak a word to him, never make him partner
to your prayers, your victims burned to the gods.
Never let the holy water touch his hands. 35
Drive him out, each of you, from every home.
He is the plague, the heart of our corruption,
as Apollo's oracle has just revealed to me.
So I honor my obligations:
I fight for the god and for the murdered man. 40

Now my curse on the murderer. Whoever he is,
a lone man unknown in his crime
or one among many, let that man drag out
his life in agony, step by painful step—

I curse myself as well ... if by any chance
 he proves to be an intimate of our house,
 here at my hearth, with my full knowledge,
 may the curse I just called down on him strike me! 45

These are your orders: perform them to the last.
 I command you, for my sake, for Apollo's, for this country 50
 blasted root and branch by the angry heavens.
 Even if god had never urged you on to act,
 how could you leave the crime uncleansed so long?
 A man so noble—your king, brought down in blood—
 you should have searched. But I am the king now, 55
 I hold the throne that he held then, possess his bed
 and a wife who shares our seed ... why, our seed
 might be the same, children born of the same mother
 might have created blood-bonds between us
 if his hope of offspring had not met disaster— 60
 but fate swooped at his head and cut him short.
 So I will fight for him as if he were my father,
 stop at nothing, search the world
 to lay my hands on the man who shed his blood,
 the son of Labdacus descended of Polydorus, 65
 Cadmus of old and Agenor, founder of the line:
 their power and mine are one.

Oh dear gods,
 my curse on those who disobey these orders!
 Let no crops grow out of the earth for them— 70
 shrivel their women, kill their sons,
 burn them to nothing in this plague
 that hits us now, or something even worse.
 But you, loyal men of Thebes who approve my actions,
 may our champion, Justice, may all the gods 75
 be with us, fight beside us to the end!

How does Sophocles make this speech by Oedipus dramatic and significant?

Songs of Ourselves Volume 1: from Part 3

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

Lament

For the green turtle with her pulsing burden,
in search of the breeding-ground.
For her eggs laid in their nest of sickness.

For the cormorant in his funeral silk,
the veil of iridescence on the sand,
the shadow on the sea.

5

For the ocean's lap with its mortal stain.
For Ahmed at the closed border.
For the soldier in his uniform of fire.

For the gunsmith and the armourer,
the boy fusilier who joined for the company,
the farmer's sons, in it for the music.

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For the hook-beaked turtles,
the dugong and the dolphin,
the whale struck dumb by the missile's thunder.

15

For the tern, the gull and the restless wader,
the long migrations and the slow dying,
the veiled sun and the stink of anger.

For the burnt earth and the sun put out,
the scalded ocean and the blazing well.
For vengeance, and the ashes of language.

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(Gillian Clarke)

In what ways does Clarke powerfully convey feelings of despair in *Lament*?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 Read this extract from *The Signalman* (by Charles Dickens), and then answer the question that follows:

‘Halloa! Below there!’

When he heard a voice thus calling to him, he was standing at the door of his box, with a flag in his hand, furred round its short pole. One would have thought, considering the nature of the ground, that he could not have doubted from what quarter the voice came; but instead of looking up to where I stood on the top of the steep cutting nearly over his head, he turned himself about, and looked down the Line. There was something remarkable in his manner of doing so, though I could not have said for my life what. But I know it was remarkable enough to attract my notice, even though his figure was foreshortened and shadowed, down in the deep trench, and mine was high above him, so steeped in the glow of an angry sunset that I had shaded my eyes with my hand before I saw him at all.

5

‘Halloa! Below!’

From looking down the Line, he turned himself about again, and, raising his eyes, saw my figure high above him.

‘Is there any path by which I can come down and speak to you?’ He looked up at me without replying, and I looked down at him without pressing him too soon with a repetition of my idle question. Just then there came a vague vibration in the earth and air, quickly changing into a violent pulsation, and an oncoming rush that caused me to start back, as though it had force to draw me down. When such vapour as rose to my height from this rapid train had passed me, and was skimming away over the landscape, I looked down again, and saw him refurling the flag he had shown while the train went by.

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I repeated my inquiry. After a pause, during which he seemed to regard me with fixed attention, he motioned with his rolled-up flag towards a point on my level, some two or three hundred yards distant. I called down to him, ‘All right!’ and made for that point. There, by dint of looking closely about me, I found a rough zigzag descending path notched out, which I followed.

20

The cutting was extremely deep, and unusually precipitate. It was made through a clammy stone, that became oozy and wetter as I went down. For these reasons, I found the way long enough to give me time to recall a singular air of reluctance or compulsion with which he had pointed out the path.

30

When I came down low enough upon the zigzag descent to see him again, I saw that he was standing between the rails on the way by which the train had lately passed, in an attitude as if he were waiting for me to appear. He had his left hand at his chin, and that left elbow rested on his right hand, crossed over his breast. His attitude was one of such expectation and watchfulness that I stopped a moment, wondering at it.

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I resumed my downward way, and stepping out upon the level of the railroad, and drawing nearer to him, saw that he was a dark sallow man, with a dark beard and rather heavy eyebrows. His post was in as solitary and dismal a place as ever I saw. On either side, a dripping-wet wall of jagged stone, excluding all view but a strip of sky; the perspective one way only a crooked prolongation of this great dungeon; the shorter perspective in the other direction terminating in a gloomy red light, and the gloomier entrance to a black tunnel, in whose massive architecture there was a barbarous, depressing, and forbidding air. So little sunlight ever found its way to this spot, that it had an earthy, deadly smell; and so much cold wind rushed through it, that it struck chill to me, as if I had left the natural world.

45

Before he stirred, I was near enough to him to have touched him. Not even then removing his eyes from mine, he stepped back one step, and lifted his hand.

This was a lonesome post to occupy, I said, and it had riveted my attention when I looked down from up yonder. A visitor was a rarity, I should suppose; not an unwelcome rarity, I hoped? In me, he merely saw a man who had been shut up within narrow limits

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all his life, and who, being at last set free, had a newly-awakened interest in these great works. To such purpose I spoke to him; but I am far from sure of the terms I used; for, besides that I am not happy in opening any conversation, there was something in the man that daunted me.

He directed a most curious look towards the red light near the tunnel's mouth, and looked all about it, as if something were missing from it, and then looked at me.

55

That light was part of his charge? Was it not?

He answered in a low voice, 'Don't you know it is?'

The monstrous thought came into my mind, as I perused the fixed eyes and the saturnine face, that this was a spirit, not a man. I have speculated since, whether there may have been infection in his mind.

60

In my turn I stepped back. But in making the action, I detected in his eyes some latent fear of me. This put the monstrous thought to flight.

'You look at me,' I said, forcing a smile, 'as if you had a dread of me.'

'I was doubtful,' he returned, 'whether I had seen you before.'

65

'Where?'

He pointed to the red light he had looked at.

Explore how Dickens makes this such a mysterious introduction to the story.

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 7 In what ways does Dangarembga make Nyasha such a memorable and significant character?

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

- 8 How does Ibsen powerfully convey the way Krogstad treats women in the play?

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

- 9 Explore the ways in which Richardson vividly conveys the relationship between Laura and her mother.

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

- 10 In what ways does Sophocles make Creon such a memorable and significant character?

Songs of Ourselves Volume 1: from Part 3

- 11 Explore how the poets present powerful feelings in *First Love* (by John Clare) **and** in *The Voice* (by Thomas Hardy).

from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 12 How does Narayan vividly convey the misunderstanding between Muni and the American in *A Horse and Two Goats*?

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