



# Cambridge IGCSE™

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## WORLD LITERATURE

0408/33

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)

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### 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.

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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:

Babamukuru came home in a cavalcade of motor vehicles, sighted four miles away on the main road by three jubilant pairs of eyes. Netsai and I and little Shupikai, whose mother was one of the relatives gathered to celebrate the occasion of Babamukuru's return, watched as the cavalcade progressed, distressingly slowly, now disappearing behind clumps of trees, now reappearing hours later, or so it seemed, no more than a few hundred yards nearer. The vigil lasted twenty minutes. We watched from a rock on the hill behind the homestead until the cars disappeared for the last time into the home-stretch. Then we went wild. We slid off our rock, skinning elbows and knees on the way, scrambled oblivious through bushes that scratched our legs, dashed out on to the road and ran on. 'Ba-ba-mu-ku-ru! Ba-ba-mu-ku-ru!' we chanted, running and jumping and waving our skinny arms about all at the same time, skirts swirling, bottoms jutting as we capered. Shupikai, several yards behind, started to cry, still tottering along and chanting through her sobs, because we had left her behind and because she was excited. Her crisis was so inconvenient. I considered ignoring her, which could not be done. Dashing back, I snatched her up to continue the mad welcome with her perched on my hip.

My aunt Gladys, the one who is my father's womb-sister, older than him but younger than Babamukuru, came first, her husband behind the wheel of a gallant if rickety old Austin. They hooted long and loud. We waved and shouted and danced. Then came Babamukuru, his car large and impressive, all sparkling metal and polished dark green. It was too much for me. I could have clambered on to the bonnet but, with Shupi in my arms, had to be content with a song: '*Mauya, mauya. Mauya, mauya. Mauya, Babamukuru!*' Netsai picked up the melody. Our vocal cords vibrating through wide arcs, we made an unbelievable racket. Singing and dancing we ushered Babamukuru on to the homestead, hardly noticing Babamunini Thomas, who brought up the rear, not noticing Mainini Patience, who was with him, at all.

Slowly the cavalcade progressed towards the yard, which by now was full of rejoicing relatives. My father jumped out of Babamukuru's car and, brandishing a staff like a victory spear, bounded over the bumpy road, leaping into the air and landing on one knee, to get up and leap again and pose like a warrior inflicting a death wound. '*Hezvo!*' he cried 'Do you see him? Our returning prince. Do you see him? Observe him well. He has returned. Our father and benefactor has returned appeased, having devoured English letters with a ferocious appetite! Did you think degrees were indigestible? If so, look at my brother. He has digested them! If you want to see an educated man, look at my brother, big brother to us all!' The spear aimed high and low, thrust to the right, to the left. All was conquered.

The cars rolled to a stop beneath the mango trees. Tete Gladys disembarked with difficulty, with false starts and strenuous breathing; because she was so large, it was not altogether clear how she had managed to insert herself into her car in the first place. But her mass was not frivolous. It had a ponderous presence which rendered any situation, even her attempts to remove herself from her car, weighty and serious. We did not giggle, did not think of it. On her feet at last, Tete straightened herself, planted herself firmly, feet astride, in the dust. Clenched fists settling on hips, elbows jutting aggressively, she defied any contradiction of my father's eulogy. 'Do you hear?' she demanded, 'what Jeremiah is saying? If you have not heard, listen well. It is the truth he is speaking! Truly our prince

has returned today! Full of knowledge. Knowledge that will benefit us all! Purururu!' she ululated, shuffling with small gracious jumps to embrace my mother. 'Purururu!' They ululated. 'He has returned. Our prince has returned!' 45

Babamukuru stepped out of his car, paused behind its open door, removed his hat to smile graciously, joyfully, at us all. Indeed, my Babamukuru had returned. I saw him only for a moment. The next minute he was drowned in a sea of bodies belonging to uncles, aunts and nephews; grandmothers, grandfathers and nieces; brothers and sisters of the womb and not of the womb. The clan had gathered to welcome its returning hero. His hand was shaken, his head was rubbed, his legs were embraced. I was there too, wanting to touch Babamukuru, to talk, to tell him I was glad that he had returned. Babamukuru made his fair-sized form as expansive as possible, holding his arms out and bending low so that we all could be embraced, could embrace him. He was happy. He was smiling. 'Yes, yes,' he kept saying. 'It is good, it is good.' We moved, dancing and ululating and kicking up a fine dust-storm from our stamping feet, to the house. 50 55

How does Dangarembga make this such a memorable and significant moment in the novel?

**HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House***

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

*Krogstad:* Even if you stood there with the cash in your hand and to spare, you still wouldn't get your IOU back from me now.

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It's hopeless now!

Explore how Ibsen makes this such a dramatic and significant moment in the play.

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

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

Warrenega

Sunday.

My dear Laura

We were very glad to get your letters which came this morning. Your postcard written the day after you arrived at the College told us little or nothing. However Godmother was good enough to write us an account of your arrival so that we were not quite without news of you. I hope you remembered to thank her for driving in all that way to meet you and take you to school which was very good of her. I am glad to hear you are settling down and feeling happy and I hope you will work hard and distinguish yourself so that I may be proud of you. But there are several things in your letters I do not like. Did you really think I shouldnt read what you wrote to Pin. You are a very foolish girl if you did. Pin the silly child tried to hide it away because she knew it would make me cross but I insisted on her showing it to me and I am ashamed of you for writing such nonsense to her. Maria Morell must be a very vulgar minded girl to use the expressions she does. I hope my little girl will try to only associate with nice minded girls. I didnt send you to school to get nasty ideas put into your head but to learn your lessons well and get on. If you write such vulgar silly things again I shall complain to Mrs Gurley or Mr Strachey about the tone of the College and what goes on behind their backs. I think it is very rude of you too to call Mrs Gurley names. Also about the poor governess who has to wear false teeth. Wait till all your own teeth are gone and then see how you will like it. I do want you to have nice feelings and not grow rough and rude. There is evidently a very bad tone among some of the girls and you must be careful in choosing your friends. I am sorry to hear you are only in the lowest class. It would have pleased me better if you had got into the second but I always told you you were lazy about your sums—you can do them well enough if you like. You dont need stays. I have never worn them myself and I dont intend you to either. Your own muscles are quite strong enough to bear the weight of your back. Bread and water is not much of a supper for you to go to bed on. I will send you another cake soon and some jam and I hope you will share it with the other girls. Now try and be sensible and industrious and make nice friends and then I shant have to scold you

your loving mother

J. T. R.

P. S. Another thing in your letter I dont like. You say you tell your governess you have finished your lessons when you have not done so. That is telling an untruth and I hope you are not going to be led away by the examples of bad girls. I have always brought you children up to be straightforward and I am astonished at you beginning fibbing as soon as you get away from home. Fibbing soon leads to something worse.

P. P. S. You must have written your letter in a great hurry for your spelling is anything but perfect. You are a very naughty girl to meddle with your hat. Pin has written a letter which I enclose though her spelling is worse than ever.

In what ways does Richardson make this letter from Laura's mother such an amusing part of the novel?

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4.**

**SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King***

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

[*Groping for ANTIGONE and ISMENE, who approach their father cautiously, then embrace him.*]

*Oedipus:*

Come to these hands of mine,  
your brother's hands, your own father's hands  
that served his once bright eyes so well—  
that made them blind. Seeing nothing, children,  
knowing nothing, I became your father,  
I fathered you in the soil that gave me life.

5

How I weep for you—I cannot see you now ...  
just thinking of all your days to come, the bitterness,  
the life that rough mankind will thrust upon you.  
Where are the public gatherings you can join,  
the banquets of the clans? Home you'll come,  
in tears, cut off from the sight of it all,  
the brilliant rites unfinished.

10

And when you reach perfection, ripe for marriage,  
who will he be, my dear ones? Risking all  
to shoulder the curse that weighs down my parents,  
yes and you too—that wounds us all together.  
What more misery could you want?  
Your father killed his father, sowed his mother,  
one, one and the selfsame womb sprang you—  
he cropped the very roots of his existence.

15

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Such disgrace, and you must bear it all!  
Who will marry you then? Not a man on earth.  
Your doom is clear: you'll wither away to nothing,  
single, without a child.

[*Turning to CREON.*]

25

Oh Creon,  
you are the only father they have now ...  
we who brought them into the world  
are gone, both gone at a stroke—  
Don't let them go begging, abandoned,  
women without men. Your own flesh and blood!  
Never bring them down to the level of my pains.  
Pity them. Look at them, so young, so vulnerable,  
shorn of everything—you're their only hope.  
Promise me, noble Creon, touch my hand!

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[*Reaching toward CREON, who draws back.*]

You, little ones, if you were old enough  
to understand, there is much I'd tell you.  
Now, as it is, I'd have you say a prayer.  
Pray for life, my children,  
live where you are free to grow and season.  
Pray god you find a better life than mine,  
the father who begot you.

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*Creon:*

Enough.  
You've wept enough. Into the palace now.

|                 |                                                                                                           |    |
|-----------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Oedipus:</i> | I must, but I find it very hard.                                                                          |    |
| <i>Creon:</i>   | Time is the great healer, you will see.                                                                   |    |
| <i>Oedipus:</i> | I am going—you know on what condition?                                                                    | 50 |
| <i>Creon:</i>   | Tell me. I'm listening.                                                                                   |    |
| <i>Oedipus:</i> | Drive me out of Thebes, in exile.                                                                         |    |
| <i>Creon:</i>   | Not I. Only the gods can give you that.                                                                   |    |
| <i>Oedipus:</i> | Surely the gods hate me so much—                                                                          |    |
| <i>Creon:</i>   | You'll get your wish at once.                                                                             | 55 |
| <i>Oedipus:</i> | You consent?                                                                                              |    |
| <i>Creon:</i>   | I try to say what I mean; it's my habit.                                                                  |    |
| <i>Oedipus:</i> | Then take me away. It's time.                                                                             |    |
| <i>Creon:</i>   | Come along, let go of the children.                                                                       |    |
| <i>Oedipus:</i> | No—                                                                                                       | 60 |
|                 | don't take them away from me, not now! No no no!                                                          |    |
|                 | <i>[Clutching his daughters as the guards wrench them loose and take them through the palace doors.]</i>  |    |
| <i>Creon:</i>   | Still the king, the master of all things?                                                                 |    |
|                 | No more: here your power ends.                                                                            | 65 |
|                 | None of your power follows you through life.                                                              |    |
|                 | <i>[Exit OEDIPUS and CREON to the palace. The CHORUS comes forward to address the audience directly.]</i> |    |
| <i>Chorus:</i>  | People of Thebes, my countrymen, look on Oedipus.                                                         |    |
|                 | He solved the famous riddle with his brilliance,                                                          | 70 |
|                 | he rose to power, a man beyond all power.                                                                 |    |
|                 | Who could behold his greatness without envy?                                                              |    |
|                 | Now what a black sea of terror has overwhelmed him.                                                       |    |
|                 | Now as we keep our watch and wait the final day,                                                          |    |
|                 | count no man happy till he dies, free of pain at last.                                                    | 75 |
|                 | <i>[Exit in procession.]</i>                                                                              |    |

In what ways does Sophocles make this such a dramatic ending to the play?

***Songs of Ourselves Volume 1: from Part 3***

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

*Song to the Men of England*

|                                                                                                                                                                 |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| I                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| Men of England, wherefore plough<br>For the lords who lay ye low?<br>Wherefore weave with toil and care<br>The rich robes your tyrants wear?                    |    |
| II                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,<br>From the cradle to the grave,<br>Those ungrateful drones who would<br>Drain your sweat – nay, drink your blood?        | 5  |
| III                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| Wherefore, Bees of England, forge<br>Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,<br>That these stingless drones may spoil<br>The forced produce of your toil?            | 10 |
| IV                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,<br>Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?<br>Or what is it ye buy so dear<br>With your pain and with your fear?                     | 15 |
| V                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| The seed ye sow, another reaps;<br>The wealth ye find, another keeps;<br>The robes ye weave, another wears;<br>The arms ye forge, another bears.                | 20 |
| VI                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| Sow seed, – but let no tyrant reap;<br>Find wealth, – let no impostor heap;<br>Weave robes, – let not the idle wear;<br>Forge arms, – in your defence to bear.  |    |
| VII                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells;<br>In halls ye deck another dwells.<br>Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see<br>The steel ye tempered glance on ye. | 25 |
| VIII                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,<br>Trace your grave, and build your tomb,<br>And weave your winding-sheet, till fair<br>England be your sepulchre.     | 30 |

(Percy Bysshe Shelley)

How does Shelley convey powerful ideas in *Song to the Men of England*?

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.**

**from *Stories of Ourselves***

- 6 Read this extract from *Sandpiper* (by Ahdaf Soueif), and then answer the question that follows:

I suppose I should have seen it coming. My foreignness, which had been so charming, began to irritate him. My inability to remember names, to follow the minutiae of politics, my struggles with his language, my need to be protected from the sun, the mosquitoes, the salads, the drinking water. He was back home, and he needed someone he could be at home with, at home. It took perhaps a year. His heart was broken in two, mine was simply broken.

5

I never see my lover now. Sometimes, as he romps with Lucy on the beach, or bends over her grazed elbow, or sits across our long table from me at a dinner-party, I see a man I could yet fall in love with, and I turn away.

I told him too about my first mirage, the one I saw on that long road to Maiduguri. And on the desert road to Alexandria the first summer, I saw it again. 'It's hard to believe it isn't there when I can see it so clearly,' I complained.

10

'You only think you see it,' he said.

'Isn't that the same thing?' I asked. 'My brain tells me there's water there. Isn't that enough?'

15

'Yes,' he said, and shrugged. 'If all you want to do is sit in the car and see it. But if you want to go and put your hands in it and drink, then it isn't enough, surely?' He gave me a sidelong glance and smiled.

Soon, I should hear Lucy's high, clear voice, chattering to her father as they walk hand in hand up the gravel drive to the back door. Behind them will come the heavy tread of Um Sabir. I will go out smiling to meet them and he will deliver a wet, sandy Lucy into my care, and ask if I'm OK with a slightly anxious look. I will take Lucy into my bathroom while he goes into his. Later, when the rest of the family have all drifted back and showered and changed, everyone will sit around the barbecue and eat and drink and talk politics and crack jokes of hopeless, helpless irony and laugh. I should take up embroidery and start on those *Aubusson* tapestries we all, at the moment, imagine will be necessary for Lucy's trousseau.

20

Yesterday when I had dressed her after the shower she examined herself intently in my mirror and asked for a french plait. I sat behind her at the dressing-table blow-drying her black hair, brushing it and plaiting it. When Lucy was born Um Sabir covered all the mirrors. His sister said, 'They say if a baby looks in the mirror she will see her own grave.' We laughed but we did not remove the covers; they stayed in place till she was one.

30

I looked at Lucy's serious face in the mirror. I had seen my grave once, or thought I had. That was part of my Africa story. The plane out of Nigeria circled Cairo airport. Three times I heard the landing-gear come down, and three times it was raised again. Sitting next to me were two Finnish businessmen. When the announcement came that we were re-routing to Luxor they shook their heads and ordered another drink. At dawn, above Luxor airport, we were told there was trouble with the undercarriage and that the pilot was going to attempt a crash-landing. I thought, so this is why they've sent us to Luxor, to burn up discreetly and not clog Cairo airport. We were asked to fasten our seat belts, take off our shoes and watches, put the cushions from the backs of our seats on our laps and bend double over them with our arms around our heads. I slung my handbag with my passport, tickets and money around my neck and shoulder before I did these things. My Finnish neighbours formally shook each other's hands. On the plane there was perfect silence as we dropped out of the sky. And then a terrible, agonised, protracted screeching of machinery as we hit the tarmac. And in that moment, not only my head, but all of me, my whole being, seemed to tilt into a blank, an empty radiance, but lucid. Then three giant thoughts. One was of him – his name, over and over again. The other was of the children I would never have. The third was that the pattern was now complete: this is what my life amounted to.

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When we did not die, that first thought: his name, his name, his name became a talisman, for in extremity, hadn't all that was not him been wiped out of my life? My life, which once again stretched out before me, shimmering with possibilities, was meant to merge with his.

55

I finished the french plait and Lucy chose a blue clasp to secure its end. Before I let her run out I smoothed some after-sun on her face. Her skin is nut-brown, except just next to her ears where it fades to a pale cream gleaming with golden down. I put my lips to her neck. 'My Lucy, Lucia, *Lambah*,' I murmured as I kissed her and let her go. Lucy. My treasure, my trap.

60

Now, when I walk to the sea, to the edge of this continent where I live, where I almost died, where I wait for my daughter to grow away from me, I see different things from those I saw that summer six years ago. The last of the foam is swallowed bubbling into the sand, to sink down and rejoin the sea at an invisible subterranean level. With each ebb of green water the sand loses part of itself to the sea, with each flow another part is flung back to be reclaimed once again by the beach. That narrow stretch of sand knows nothing in the world better than it does the white waves that whip it, caress it, collapse onto it, vanish into it. The white foam knows nothing better than those sands which wait for it, rise to it and suck it in. But what do the waves know of the massed, hot, still sands of the desert just twenty, no, ten feet beyond the scalloped edge? And what does the beach know of the depths, the cold, the currents just there, there – do you see it? – where the water turns a deeper blue.

65

70

In what ways does Soueif make this ending to *Sandpiper* so moving?

## SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

**TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions***

- 7 How far does Dangarembga persuade you that Tambu's viewpoint is always right?

**HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House***

- 8 How far does Ibsen's portrayal of the Helmers' marriage persuade you that Nora is justified in leaving her family?

**HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom***

- 9 How does Richardson create a striking portrait of a girl who struggles to fit in at home and at school?

**SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King***

- 10 What does Sophocles' portrayal of the relationship between Oedipus and Tiresias contribute to the dramatic impact of the play?

***Songs of Ourselves Volume 1: from Part 3***

- 11 How does Tuwhare strikingly present the thoughts and feelings of the speaker in *Monologue*?

**from *Stories of Ourselves***

- 12 Explore the ways in which Wodehouse creates a memorably comic portrait of Lord Emsworth in *The Custody of the Pumpkin*.



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