



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:

"Welcome back," said his mother.

Shinji liked to hand his pay envelope to his mother without saying anything. And, being a mother, she understood and always pretended to have forgotten that this was the tenth day, payday. She knew how much her son liked to see her look surprised.

Shinji ran his hand into the inner pocket of his jumper. The money was not there! He searched the pocket on the other side. He searched his trouser pockets. He even ran his hands down inside his trousers.

Surely he must have dropped it on the beach. Without a word, he ran out of the house.

Shortly after Shinji had left, someone came calling in front of the house. Shinji's mother went to the entry and found a young girl standing in the darkness of the alleyway.

"Shinji-san—is he at home?"

"He came home just a bit ago, but then he went out again."

"I found this on the beach. And since Shinji-san's name was written on it ..."

"Well, now that's truly kind of you. Shinji must have gone to look for it."

"Shall I go tell him?"

"Oh, would you? Much obliged, much obliged."

The beach was now completely dark. The meager lights of Toshi-jima and Sugashi-jima were glinting from across the sea. Fast asleep in the starlight, many fishing-boats were lined up, facing domineeringly out to sea.

Hatsue caught a glimpse of Shinji's shadow. But at that instant he disappeared behind a boat. He was stooping over, searching the sand, and apparently had not seen Hatsue. She came upon him face to face in the shadow of a boat, standing stock-still, in a rage.

Hatsue told him what had happened and that she had come to tell him his money was already safely in his mother's hands. She went on to explain that she had had to ask two or three people the way to Shinji's house, but had always satisfied their curiosity by showing them the envelope she had found, with Shinji's name on it.

The boy gave a sigh of relief. He smiled, his white teeth flashing handsomely in the darkness. The girl had come in a hurry and her breasts were rising and falling rapidly. Shinji was reminded of opulent dark-blue waves on the open sea. All the day's torment disappeared, and his spirits revived within him.

"I hear you're going to marry Yasuo Kawamoto. Is it true?" The words rushed out of the boy's mouth.

The girl burst out laughing. Her laughter gradually increased until she was choking with it.

Shinji wanted to stop her but did not know how. He put his hand on her shoulder.

His touch was light, but Hatsue dropped to the sand, still laughing.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" Shinji squatted down beside her and shook her by the shoulders.

At last the girl's laughter abated and she looked seriously into the boy's face. Then she broke into laughter again.

Shinji stuck out his face toward hers and asked:

"Is it true?"	
"Silly! It's a big lie."	45
"But that's what they're saying all right."	
"It's a big lie."	
The two had clasped their knees and were sitting in the shadow of the boat.	
"Oh, I hurt! I've laughed so much that I hurt—right here," the girl said, putting her hand over her breast.	50
The stripes of her faded work-clothes were moving and shifting where they crossed her breasts.	
"This is where it hurts," Hatsue said again.	
"Are you all right?" And without thinking Shinji put his own hand on the spot.	
"When you press it, it feels a little better," the girl said.	55
And suddenly Shinji's breast too was moving fast.	
Their cheeks came so close they were almost touching. They could plainly smell each other—it was a fragrance like that of salt water. They could feel each other's warmth.	
Their dry, chapped lips touched. There was a slight taste of salt.	60
"It's like seaweed," Shinji thought.	
Then the moment was past. The boy moved away and stood up, propelled by a feeling of guilt at this first experience in his life.	

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

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

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

When the curtain rises YERMA is asleep, a sewing-basket at her feet.

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Yerma [darkly]: Of course.

In what ways does Lorca make this such a dramatic and revealing opening to the play?

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

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

Dr Huey laughed.

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‘Well, if it is, you’ll have to tell her the antidepressants are ginseng or *po chai* pills.’

How does Tan vividly portray Ruth’s concern for her mother at this moment in the novel?

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

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

	<i>[The same, with POSTMASTER breathless, clutching a letter with its seal broken.]</i>	
Postmaster:	I say, everyone—a most extraordinary thing! The man we thought was a government inspector was no such thing.	
All:	What do you mean, no such thing?	5
Postmaster:	He's not a government inspector at all, it's all revealed in this letter.	
Mayor:	What? What d'you mean? What letter?	
Postmaster:	This letter. He wrote it himself. It was like this: they brought a letter down to the post office. I looked at the address and it says 'Post Office Street'. I was petrified. 'That's it,' I thought, 'he's found something wrong with our postal department and he's sent in a report.' So I took it and opened it.	10
Mayor:	How could you do such a thing?	
Postmaster:	Honestly, I really don't know. I was impelled by some supernatural force. I was on the point of calling the courier to send it off by special express delivery, but I was overcome with a curiosity such as I've never felt before. Just couldn't hold myself back. Couldn't stop myself. In one ear I could hear a voice telling me: 'Don't open it—it's more than your life's worth!' and in the other some devil kept on whispering: 'Go on, open it up!' The sealing wax was burning a hole in my hand—but when I opened it I felt myself freeze, honest to God. My hands trembled and my head started to swim.	15 20
Mayor:	But how dare you open the mail of such a powerful, important personage?	
Postmaster:	But that's the whole point! He's not at all powerful, or important. He's not even a personage!	25
Mayor:	Well, what is he then, according to you?	
Postmaster:	He's a nobody... a little squirt, that's all.	
Mayor:	<i>[angrily]</i> : How dare you call him a nobody, a little squirt, how dare you? I'll have you arrested.	30
Postmaster:	Who, you?	
Mayor:	Yes, me.	
Postmaster:	You haven't got the authority.	
Mayor:	You are clearly not aware that he is to marry my daughter, whereupon I shall be a dignitary myself and I shall pack you off to Siberia!	35
Postmaster:	I'd forget about Siberia if I were you, Anton Antonovich. Siberia's a long way from here! I think I'd better read you the letter. Shall I read the letter, ladies and gentlemen?	
All:	Yes, yes, read it!	40
Postmaster:	<i>[reads]</i> : 'My dear Tryapichkin, I must write and tell you the incredible things that have been happening to me. On my way out here I was completely fleeced by an infantry captain, so I was stranded, and on the point of being chucked in gaol by the innkeeper, when suddenly, on account of my Petersburg clothes	45

and looks, the whole town took me for some Governor-General. So here I am at the Mayor's, living off the fat of the land, chasing after his wife and daughter—the only trouble is, I can't decide who to go for first... maybe I should begin with the mother, because she looks the accommodating type...

50

'Remember that time when we were both down on our luck, scrounging and sponging, and that pastry cook threw me out of his shop because I charged my pies to the king of England? It's a different tune here, I can tell you! They all lend me as much money as I want. You'd die laughing—they're such buffoons. You write those literary titbits, you should stick this lot in a story. Take the mayor for instance, stupid as a cart horse...'

55

Mayor: Rubbish, you're making it up.

Postmaster [*showing letter*]: Read it yourself then.

Mayor [*reads*]: '... stupid as a cart horse.' It's impossible! You wrote it yourself!

60

Postmaster: Come on, how could I have written it?

How does Gogol make this such a dramatic and entertaining moment in the play?

SONGS OF OURSELVES Volume 1: from Part 3

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

Monologue

I like working near a door. I like to have my work-bench close by, with a locker handy.	
Here, the cold creeps in under the big doors, and in the summer hot dust swirls, clogging the hose. When the big doors open to admit a lorry-load of steel, conditions do not improve. Even so, I put up with it, and wouldn't care to shift to another bench, away from the big doors.	5
As one may imagine this is a noisy place with smoke rising, machines thumping and thrusting, people kneading, shaping, and putting things together. Because I am nearest to the big doors I am the farthest away from those who have to come down to shout instructions in my ear.	10
I am the first to greet strangers who drift in through the open doors looking for work. I give them as much information as they require, direct them to the offices, and acknowledge the casual recognition that one worker signs to another.	15
I can always tell the look on the faces of the successful ones as they hurry away. The look on the faces of the unlucky I know also, but cannot easily forget.	20
I have worked here for fifteen months. It's too good to last. Orders will fall off and there will be a reduction in staff. More people than we can cope with will be brought in from other lands: people who are also looking for something more real, more lasting, more permanent maybe, than dying.... I really ought to be looking for another job before the axe falls.	25 30
These thoughts I push away, I think that I am lucky to have a position by the big doors which open out to a short alley leading to the main street; console myself that if the worst happened I at least would have no great distance to carry my gear and tool-box off the premises.	35
I always like working near a door. I always look for a work-bench hard by – in case an earthquake occurs and fire breaks out, you know?	40

Explore how Tuwaha vividly captures the speaker's feelings about his workplace in *Monologue*.

from **STORIES OF OURSELVES** Volume 1

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

I lean against the wall of my room and count: twelve years ago, I met him. Eight years ago, I married him. Six years ago, I gave birth to his child.

For eight summers we have been coming here; to the beach-house west of Alexandria. The first summer had not been a time of reflection; my occupation then had been to love my husband in this – to me – new and different place. To love him as he walked towards my parasol, shaking the water from his black hair, his feet sinking into the warm, hospitable sand. To love him as he carried his nephew on his shoulders into the sea, threw him in, caught him and hoisted him up again; a colossus bestriding the waves. To love him as he played backgammon with his father in the evening, the slam of counters and the clatter of dice resounding on the patio while, at the dining-room table, his sister showed me how to draw their ornate, circular script. To love this new him, who had been hinted at but never revealed when we lived in my northern land, and who after a long absence, had found his way back into the heart of his country, taking me along with him. We walked in the sunset along the water's edge, kicking at the spray, my sun-hat fallen on my back, my hand, pale bronze in his burnt brown, my face no doubt mirroring his: aglow with health and love; a young couple in a glitzy commercial for life insurance or a two-week break in the sun.

My second summer here was the sixth summer of our love – and the last of our happiness. Carrying my child and loving her father, I sat on the beach, dug holes in the sand and let my thoughts wander. I thought about our life in my country, before we were married: four years in the cosy flat, precarious on top of a roof in a Georgian square, him meeting me at the bus-stop when I came back from work, Sundays when it did not rain and we sat in the park with our newspapers, late nights at the movies. I thought of those things and missed them – but with no great sense of loss. It was as though they were all there, to be called upon, to be lived again whenever we wanted.

I looked out to sea and, now I realise, I was trying to work out my co-ordinates. I thought a lot about the water and the sand as I sat there watching them meet and flirt and touch. I tried to understand that I was on the edge, the very edge of Africa; that the vastness ahead was nothing compared to what lay behind me. But – even though I'd been there and seen for myself its never-ending dusty green interior, its mountains, the big sky, my mind could not grasp a world that was not present to my senses – I could see the beach, the waves, the blue beyond, and cradling them all, my baby.

I sat with my hand on my belly and waited for the tiny eruptions, the small flutterings, that told me how she lay and what she was feeling. Gradually, we came to talk to each other. She would curl into a tight ball in one corner of my body until, lopsided and uncomfortable, I coaxed and prodded her back into a more centred, relaxed position. I slowly rubbed one corner of my belly until *there*, aimed straight at my hand, I felt a gentle punch. I tapped and she punched again. I was twenty-nine. For seventeen years my body had waited to conceive, and now my heart and mind had caught up with it. Nature had worked admirably; I had wanted the child through my love for her father and how I loved her father that summer. My body could not get enough of him. His baby was snug inside me and I wanted him there too.

From where I stand now, all I can see is dry, solid white. The white glare, the white wall, and the white path, narrowing in the distance.

I should have gone. No longer a serrating thought but familiar and dull. I should have gone. On the swirl of amazed and wounded anger when, knowing him as I did, I first sensed that he was pulling away from me, I should have gone. I should have turned, picked up my child and gone.

In what ways does Soueif powerfully convey the narrator'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.

YUKIO MISHIMA: *The Sound of Waves*

- 7 In what ways does Mishima strikingly portray Shinji's mother?

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 1** in answering this question.

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

- 8 How far does Lorca encourage you to feel sympathy for Yerma?

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 2** in answering this question.

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

- 9 How does Tan vividly convey Precious Auntie's suffering?

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

- 10 Explore **two** moments in the play where Gogol amusingly reveals corruption.

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 4** in answering this question.

SONGS OF OURSELVES Volume 1: from Part 3

- 11 Explore the ways in which Shelley uses words and images to dramatic effect in *Song to the Men of England*.

from STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 1

- 12 How does Carver vividly convey the narrator's attitude to the members of his family in *Elephant*?

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