



Cambridge IGCSE™

WORLD LITERATURE

0408/33

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:

Lunchtime came. Jukichi dressed the flatheads on the engine-room hatch and cut them into slices. They divided the raw slices onto the lids of their aluminum lunchboxes and poured soy sauce over them from a small bottle. Then they took up the boxes, filled with a mixture of boiled rice and barley and, stuffed into one corner, a few slices of pickled radish. The boat they entrusted to the gentle swell.

5

"Say, what do you think about old Uncle Teru Miyata bringing his girl back?" Jukichi said abruptly.

"I didn't know he had."

"Me neither."

Both boys shook their heads and Jukichi proceeded with his story:

10

"Uncle Teru had four girls and one boy. Said he had more than enough of girls, so he married three of them off and let the other one be adopted away. Her name was Hatsue and she was adopted into a family of diving women over at Oizaki in Shima. But then, what do you know, that only son of his, Matsu, dies of the lung sickness last year. Being a widower, Uncle Teru starts feeling lonely. So he calls Hatsue back, has her put back in his family register, and decides to adopt a husband into the family for her, to have someone to carry on the name. ... Hatsue's grown up to be a real beauty. There'll be a lot of youngsters wanting to marry her. ... How about you two—hey?"

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Shinji and Ryuji looked at each other and laughed. Each could guess that the other was blushing, but they were too tanned by the sun for the red to show.

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Talk of this girl and the image of the girl he had seen on the beach yesterday immediately took fast hold of each other in Shinji's mind. At the same instant he recalled, with a sinking heart, his own poor condition in life. The recollection made the girl whom he had stared at so closely only the day before seem very, very far away from him now. Because now he knew that her father was Terukichi Miyata, the wealthy owner of two coasting freighters chartered to Yamagawa Transport—the hundred-and-eighty-five-ton *Utajima-maru* and the ninety-five-ton *Harukaze-maru*—and a noted crosspatch, whose white hair would wave like lion whiskers in anger.

25

Shinji had always been very level-headed. He had realized that he was still only eighteen and that it was too soon to be thinking about women. Unlike the environment of city youths, always exploding with thrills, Utajima had not a single pin-ball parlor, not a single bar, not a single waitress. And this boy's simple daydream was only to own his own engine-powered boat some day and go into the coastal-shipping business with his younger brother.

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Surrounded though he was by the vast ocean, Shinji did not especially burn with impossible dreams of great adventure across the seas. His fisherman's conception of the sea was close to that of the farmer for his land. The sea was the place where he earned his living, a rippling field where, instead of waving heads of rice or wheat, the white and formless harvest of waves was forever swaying above the unrelieved blueness of a sensitive and yielding soil.

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Even so, when that day's fishing was almost done, the sight of a white freighter sailing against the evening clouds on the horizon filled the boy's heart with strange

emotions. From far away the world came pressing in upon him with a hugeness he had never before apprehended. The realization of this unknown world came to him like distant thunder, now pealing from afar, now dying away to nothingness.

45

A small starfish had dried to the deck in the prow. The boy sat there in the prow, with a coarse white towel tied round his head. He turned his eyes away from the evening clouds and shook his head slightly.

In what ways does Mishima make this such a revealing and significant moment in the novel?

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

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

YERMA starts to leave but meets VICTOR as he enters.

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[Exit YERMA.]

Explore how Lorca makes this such a moving and dramatic moment in the play.

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

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

Precious Auntie was born in a bigger town down in the foothills, a place called Zhou's Mouth of the Mountain, named in honor of Emperor Zhou of the Shang Dynasty, whom everyone now remembers as a tyrant.

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And the secret of the exact location was also a family heirloom, passed from generation to generation, father to son, and in Precious Auntie's time, father to daughter to me.

Explore the ways in which Tan makes this moment in the novel so revealing.

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

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

<i>Mayor:</i>	Well I just wanted to bring it to your attention. And as for my private arrangements, and what Chmykhov calls 'little sins' in his letter—I have nothing to say on that score. There's no such thing as a man with no sins on his conscience. That's the way God Himself has arranged things, despite what the Voltaireans say.	5
<i>Judge:</i>	But what do you consider to be 'little sins', Anton Antonovich? I mean, there are sins and sins. I'm quite prepared to admit that I take bribes—but what sort of bribes? Borzoi puppies. They don't really count.	10
<i>Mayor:</i>	Oh yes they do: puppies or whatever, they're still bribes.	
<i>Judge:</i>	Come now, Anton Antonovich. What about when someone accepts a 500-rouble fur coat, or a shawl for his wife?...	
<i>Mayor:</i>	All right: so maybe you do only take borzoi puppies. But then you don't believe in God and you never go to church. At least I'm a devout, church-going man. But you... I know all about you: when you start talking about the creation of the world it's enough to make one's hair stand on end.	15
<i>Judge:</i>	Well, that's the way I thought it out, for myself.	
<i>Mayor:</i>	If you ask me, it would be better not to think at all than to think too much. Anyway, I just thought I'd mention the courthouse, but to tell the truth, no one's likely to go in there: you're in an enviable position, it must be under divine protection. As for you, Luka Lukich, as inspector of schools you really must do something about your teachers. I realize that they're learned men, and went to various colleges, but their behaviour is extremely odd, which I suppose is only to be expected with all that learning. But there's one of them now, the one with the fat face... I don't recall his name. He can't get up behind his desk without pulling the most frightful faces, like this (<i>pulls a face</i>) and then putting his hand under his cravat and stroking his beard. Of course, when he pulls these faces in front of his pupils it may not matter much, it may even be necessary, I'm no judge of these things, but just imagine what'll happen if he starts doing it in front of our visitor? The Government Inspector may take it as a personal affront. There could be one hell of a row.	20
<i>Inspector of schools:</i>	I ask you: what can I do with him? I've already spoken to him about it several times. Why, just the other day, when the Marshal came into the classroom, he pulled a face the like of which I've never seen. I know he does it out of the kindness of his heart, but then I get choked off for filling the heads of the young with free-thinking ideas.	25
<i>Mayor:</i>	Then there's the history master. You can see he's a man of learning, and he knows his subject inside out, but he gets so carried away with it that he quite forgets himself. I listened to him once—so long as he was talking about the Assyrians and Babylonians he was fine, but the moment	30
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How does Gogol make this moment in the play so comical?

SONGS OF OURSELVES Volume 1: from Part 3

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

Time

I am the nor'west air nosing among the pines
 I am the water-race and the rust on railway lines
 I am the mileage recorded on the yellow signs.

I am dust, I am distance, I am lupins back of the beach
 I am the sums the sole-charge teachers teach
 I am cows called to milking and the magpie's screech.

5

I am nine o'clock in the morning when the office is clean
 I am the slap of the belting and the smell of the machine
 I am the place in the park where the lovers were seen.

I am recurrent music the children hear
 I am level noises in the remembering ear
 I am the sawmill and the passionate second gear.

10

I, Time, am all these, yet these exist
 Among my mountainous fabrics like a mist,
 So do they the measurable world resist.

15

I, Time, call down, condense, confer
 On the willing memory the shapes these were:
 I, more than your conscious carrier,

Am island, am sea, am father, farm, and friend,
 Though I am here all things my coming attend;
 I am, you have heard it, the Beginning and the End.

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(Allen Curnow)

In what ways does Curnow use words and images to striking effect in this poem?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

from **STORIES OF OURSELVES** Volume 1

- 6 Read this extract from *The Custody of the Pumpkin* (by P G Wodehouse), and then answer the question that follows it:

He was about to hail a taxicab from the rank down the street when there suddenly emerged from the Hotel Magnificent over the way a young man. This young man proceeded to cross the road, and, as he drew near, it seemed to Lord Emsworth that there was about his appearance something oddly familiar. He stared for a long instant before he could believe his eyes, then with a wordless cry bounded down the steps just as the other started to mount them. 5

'Oh, hullo, guv'nor!' ejaculated the Hon. Freddie, plainly startled.

'What – what are you doing here?' demanded Lord Emsworth.

He spoke with heat, and justly so. London, as the result of several spirited escapades which still rankled in the mind of a father who had had to foot the bills, was forbidden ground to Freddie. 10

The young man was plainly not at his ease. He had the air of one who is being pushed towards dangerous machinery in which he is loath to become entangled. He shuffled his feet for a moment, then raised his left shoe and rubbed the back of his right calf with it. 15

'The fact is, guv'nor'—

'You know you are forbidden to come to London.'

'Absolutely, guv'nor, but the fact is'—

'And why anybody but an imbecile should want to come to London when he could be at Blandings'— 20

'I know, guv'nor, but the fact is —' Here Freddie, having replaced his wandering foot on the pavement, raised the other, and rubbed the back of his left calf. 'I wanted to see you,' he said. 'Yes. Particularly wanted to see you.'

This was not strictly accurate. The last thing in the world which the Hon. Freddie wanted was to see his parent. He had come to the Senior Conservative Club to leave a carefully written note. Having delivered which, it had been his intention to bolt like a rabbit. This unforeseen meeting had upset his plans. 25

'To see me?' said Lord Emsworth. 'Why?'

'Got – er – something to tell you. Bit of news.'

'I trust it is of sufficient importance to justify your coming to London against my express wishes.' 30

'Oh, yes. Oh, yes, yes-yes. Oh, rather. It's dashed important. Yes – not to put too fine a point upon it – most dashed important. I say, guv'nor, are you in fairly good form to stand a bit of a shock?' 35

A ghastly thought rushed into Lord Emsworth's mind. Freddie's mysterious arrival – his strange manner – his odd hesitation and uneasiness – could it mean –? He clutched the young man's arm feverishly.

'Frederick! Speak! Tell me! Have the cats got at it?'

It was a fixed idea of Lord Emsworth, which no argument would have induced him to abandon, that cats had the power to work some dreadful mischief on his pumpkin and were continually lying in wait for the opportunity of doing so; and his behaviour on the occasion when one of the fast sporting set from the stables, wandering into the kitchen garden and finding him gazing at the Blandings Hope, had rubbed itself sociably against his leg, lingered long in that animal's memory. 40

Freddie stared. 45

'Cats? Why? Where? Which? What cats?'

'Frederick! Is anything wrong with the pumpkin?'

In a crass and materialistic world there must inevitably be a scattered few here and there in whom pumpkins touch no chord. The Hon. Freddie Threepwood was one of these. He was accustomed to speak in mockery of all pumpkins, and had even gone 50

so far as to allude to the Hope of Blandings as 'Percy'. His father's anxiety, therefore, merely caused him to giggle.

'Not that I know of,' he said.

'Then what do you mean?' thundered Lord Emsworth, stung by the giggle. 'What do you mean, sir, by coming here and alarming me – scaring me out of my wits, by Gad! – with your nonsense about giving me shocks?'

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The Hon. Freddie looked carefully at his fermenting parent. His fingers, sliding into his pocket, closed on the note which nestled there. He drew it forth.

'Look here, guv'nor,' he said nervously. 'I think the best thing would be for you to read this. Meant to leave it for you with the hall-porter. It's – well, you just cast your eye over it. Goodbye, guv'nor. Got to see a man.'

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And, thrusting the note into his father's hand, the Hon. Freddie turned and was gone. Lord Emsworth, perplexed and annoyed, watched him skim up the road and leap into a cab. He seethed impotently. Practically any behaviour on the part of his son Frederick had the power to irritate him, but it was when he was vague and mysterious and incoherent that the young man irritated him most.

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He looked at the letter in his hand, turned it over, felt it. Then – for it had suddenly occurred to him that if he wished to ascertain its contents he had better read it – he tore open the envelope.

The note was brief, but full of good reading matter.

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DEAR GUV'NOR,

Awfully sorry and all that, but couldn't hold out any longer. I've popped up to London in the two-seater and Aggie and I were spliced this morning. There looked like being a bit of a hitch at one time, but Aggie's guv'nor, who has come over from America, managed to wangle it all right by getting a special licence or something of that order. A most capable Johnny. He's coming to see you. He wants to have a good long talk with you about the whole binge. Lush him up hospitably and all that, would you mind, because he's a really sound egg, and you'll like him.

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Well, cheerio:

Your affectionate son,
FREDDIE

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P.S. – You won't mind if I freeze on to the two-seater for the nonce, what? It may come in useful for the honeymoon.

How does Wodehouse amusingly convey the relationship between father and son 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 How does Mishima memorably portray the relationship between Chiyoko and her mother?

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

- 8 Explore how Lorca vividly depicts the traditional roles of men and women in the play.

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

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

- 9 How far does Tan encourage you to admire GaoLing?

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

- 10 Explore how Gogol makes **two** moments in the play particularly dramatic for you.

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

SONGS OF OURSELVES Volume 1: from Part 3

- 11 How does the poet strikingly capture the voice of the speaker in **one** of the following poems?

Song to the Men of England (by Percy Bysshe Shelley)

Monologue (by Hone Tuwhare)

Lament (by Gillian Clarke)

from STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 1

- 12 How does Lim movingly portray the girl and her family in *Journey*?

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