



Cambridge IGCSE™

WORLD LITERATURE

0408/31

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.
- The number of marks for each question or part question is shown in brackets [].

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.

SAMANTA SCHWEBLIN: *Fever Dream*

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

Do you see them?
What?
The names, on the waiting room wall.
Are they the children who come to this room?
Some of them aren't children anymore. 5
But they all have the same handwriting.
It's the writing of one of the nurses. The people whose names these are, they can't write, almost none of them can.
They don't know how?
Some of them do, they learned how to write, but they can't control their arms anymore, or they can't control their own heads, or they have such thin skin that if they squeeze the markers too much their fingers end up bleeding. 10
I'm tired, David.
What are you doing? It's not a good idea for you to get up now. Not yet. Where are you going? Amanda. That door doesn't open from inside, none of our doors can be opened from inside. 15
I need you to stop. I'm exhausted.
If you focus, things happen faster.
Then they'll also end faster.
Dying isn't so bad. 20
And Nina?
That's what we want to know now, isn't it? Sit down. Please, Amanda, sit down.
My body hurts a lot, on the inside.
That's the fever.
It's not the fever, we both know it's not the fever. Help me, David. What's happening now at the stables? 25
Carla and Nina play for a while around the well.
Sometimes I open my eyes and see them. Carla hugs her constantly, and the rescue distance keeps tightening in my stomach, it wakes me up again and again. What's happening, David? Tell me what's happening in my body, please tell me. 30
I tell you over and over, Amanda, but it's hard if you always ask again.
It's as if I were dreaming.
Some time goes by, and at a certain point you gather your strength and sit up. They both look at you, surprised.
Yes. 35
They come over to you, and Carla caresses your forehead.
She has a very sweet perfume.
Nina looks at you without coming too close, maybe she's starting to realize you aren't well. Carla says she'll go get the car, she laughs to alleviate the situation, she tells herself out loud that this is all so she will finally have the courage to drive alone, and so you will finally come over to her house for a cool drink. She's going to give you a cold iced tea with lemon and ginger, and that will cure everything. 40

That won't cure anything.

No, it won't cure anything. But you're feeling a little better, the discomfort comes and goes, that's how it always is at first.

45

In what ways does Schweblin make this such an unsettling moment in the novel?

[25]

AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa*

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

Kofi Ako [*Quietly and with a frown*]: He says there is nothing wrong with you.

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And as much head!

How does Aidoo powerfully portray the relationship between Anowa and Kofi at this moment in the play? [25]

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

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

Precious Auntie flapped her hands for my attention.

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It was as if the old me was
looking at the new me, admiring how much I had changed.

Explore how Tan memorably depicts the conflict between LuLing and Precious Auntie at this moment in the novel. [25]

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4.

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

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

	[KHLESTAKOV, OSIP, <i>then</i> WAITER.]	
Khlestakov:	Well?	
Osip:	They're bringing lunch.	
Khlestakov	[<i>claps his hands and jigs up and down on his chair</i>]: They're bringing lunch! Hooray!	5
Waiter	[<i>with plates and a napkin</i>]: The landlord says it's the last time.	
Khlestakov:	The landlord can ... I spit on the landlord! What's that you've got there?	
Waiter:	Soup and roast.	
Khlestakov:	What – only two courses?	
Waiter:	That's it.	10
Khlestakov:	That's outrageous! I won't put up with that! You go and ask him what the devil he thinks he's doing! ... It's not enough!	
Waiter:	The landlord says it's too much.	
Khlestakov:	Why's there no gravy?	
Waiter:	There isn't any.	15
Khlestakov:	What d'you mean, there isn't any? I saw them making it when I went past the kitchen, oodles of it. And what about the salmon? There were two short little characters tucking into salmon and lots of other goodies this morning in the dining-room.	
Waiter:	Well, there is and there isn't, you might say.	20
Khlestakov:	What do you mean, there isn't?	
Waiter:	Just isn't any, that's all.	
Khlestakov:	No salmon, no fish, no rissoles?	
Waiter:	Well, there is, but only for proper customers.	
Khlestakov:	You stupid oaf!	25
Waiter:	Yes, sir.	
Khlestakov:	You horrible little pig ... Why should they be given the food and not me? I'm a guest of the hotel too, you know.	
Waiter:	Well, that's because they're different.	
Khlestakov:	What do you mean, different?	30
Waiter:	It's simple: they pay their bills.	
Khlestakov:	I'm not going to waste time talking to you, you idiot. [<i>Ladles out soup and eats.</i>] What's this? Call this soup? You've just poured dishwater into a cup: it's got no taste, it stinks. I don't want this, take it away.	
Waiter:	Certainly. The landlord says, if you don't like it you don't have to eat it.	35
Khlestakov	[<i>protecting the food with his hands</i>]: No, no, no, no, leave it there, you fool. You may be in the habit of treating your other guests like this, but I wouldn't advise you to try it with me, my friend, I'm a cut above them. [<i>Eats.</i>] God, what revolting soup! [<i>Continues eating.</i>] I doubt anyone else in the world has ever eaten such slop. Feathers floating in it instead of fat. [<i>Cuts chicken in soup.</i>] Good grief! You call that chicken? Let's try the roast. There's a bit of soup left, Osip, help yourself [<i>Carves roast.</i>] What in God's name is this? Not meat, that's for sure.	40

- Waiter:* Well, what is it then?
- Khlestakov:* Devil only knows, but it's most definitely not meat. They must have cooked the kitchen cleaver. [*Eats.*] Look at the rubbish they're feeding me! The scoundrels, one mouthful's enough to make your jaws ache. [*Picks his teeth.*] Rogues! It's just like bits of bark: look! – won't come out. It'll probably turn my teeth black. The brigands! [*Wipes his mouth with napkin.*] Well, what else is there? 45 50
- Waiter:* That's the lot.
- Khlestakov:* What! That's criminal! Not even any sauce or pastry. The scoundrels! Fleecing travellers, that's what it is!
[WAITER *clears up and exits with OSIP.*]

How does Gogol amusingly convey the dialogue between Khlestakov and the waiter? [25]

SONGS OF OURSELVES, Volume 2: from Part 2

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

The Spring

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
 Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
 Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
 Upon the silver lake or crystal stream:
 But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth, 5
 And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
 To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
 The drowsy cuckoo and the humble-bee.
 Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring,
 In triumph to the world, the youthful spring: 10
 The valleys, hills, and woods in rich array
 Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.
 Now all things smile: only my love doth lower,
 Nor hath the scalding noon-day sun the power
 To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold 15
 Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
 The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
 Into the stall, doth now securely lie
 In open fields; and love no more is made
 By the fire-side, but in the cooler shade. 20
 Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
 Under a sycamore, and all things keep
 Time with the season: only she doth carry
 June in her eyes, in her heart January.

(Thomas Carew)

In what ways does Thomas Carew strikingly portray the changing seasons in *The Spring*? [25]

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES, Volume 2*

- 6 Read this extract from *The Gold Watch* (by Mulk Raj Anand), and then answer the question that follows it:

The next day it happened as Srijut Sharma had anticipated.

He went in to see Mr Acton as soon as the Sahib came in, for the suspense of the week-end had mounted to a crescendo by Monday morning and he had been trembling with trepidation, pale and completely unsure of himself. The General Manager called him in immediately the peon Dugdu presented the little slip with the despatch clerk's name on it. 5

'Please, sit down', said Mr Acton, lifting his grey-haired head from the papers before him. And then, pulling his keys from his trousers' pocket by the gold chain to which they were adjusted, he opened a drawer and fetched out what Sharma thought was a beautiful red case. 10

'Mr Sharma, you have been a loyal friend of this firm for many years – and – you know, your loyalty has been your greatest asset here – because ... er ... Otherwise, we could have got someone, with better qualifications, to do your work! ... Now ... we are thinking of increasing the efficiency of the business all round! ... And, we, feel that you would also like, at your age, to retire to your native Punjab ... So, as a token of our appreciation for your loyalty to Henry King & Co., we are presenting you this gold watch' ... and he pushed the red case towards him. 15

Srijut Sharma began to speak, but though his mouth opened, he could not go on. 'I am fifty years old,' he wanted to say, 'and I still have five years to go.' His facial muscles seemed to contract, his eyes were dimmed with the fumes of frustration and bitterness, his forehead was covered with sweat. At least, they might have made a little ceremony of the presentation, he could not even utter the words: 'Thank you, Sir!' 20

'Of course, you will also have your provident fund and one month's leave with pay before you retire ...'

Again, Srijut Sharma tried to voice his inner protest in words which would convey his meaning without seeming to be disloyal, for he did not want to obliterate the one concession the Sahib had made to the whole record of his service with his firm. It was just likely that Mr Acton may remind him of his failings as a despatch clerk if he should so much as indicate that he was unamenable to the suggestion made by the Sahib on behalf of Henry King & Co. 25

'Look at the watch – it has an inscription in it which will please you,' said Mr Acton, to get over the embarrassment of the tension created by the silence of the despatch clerk. 30

These words hypnotised Sharma and, stretching his hands across the large table, he reached out for the gift.

Mr Acton noticed the unsureness of his hand and pushed it gently forward. 35

Srijut Sharma picked up the red box, but, in his eagerness to follow the Sahib's behests, dropped it, even as he had held it aloft and tried to open it.

The Sahib's face was livid as he picked up the box and hurriedly opened it. Then, lifting the watch from its socket, he wound it and applied it to his ear. It was ticking. He turned it round and showed the inscription to the despatch clerk. 40

Srijut Sharma put both his hands out, more steadily this time, and took the gift in the manner in which a beggar receives alms, he brought the glistening object within the orbit of his eyes, but they were too dimmed to smile, however, and, then with a great heave of his head, which rocked his body from side to side, he pronounced the words:

'Thank you, Sir ...' 45

Mr Acton got up, took the gold watch from Srijut Sharma's hands and put it back in the socket of the red case. Then he stretched his right hand towards the despatch clerk, with a brisk shake-hand gesture and offered the case to him with his left hand.

Srijut Sharma instinctively took the Sahib's right hand gratefully in his two sweating

hands and opened the palms out to receive the case.

50

‘Good luck, Sharma,’ Mr Acton said, ‘come and see me after your leave is over. And when your son matriculates let me know if I can do something for him ...’

Dumb, and with bent head, the fumes of his violent emotions rising above the mouth which could have expressed them, he withdrew in the abject manner of his ancestors going out of the presence of feudal lords.

55

Mr Acton saw the danger to the watch and went ahead to open the door, so that the clerk could go out without knocking his head against the door or fall down.

As Srijut Sharma emerged from the General Manager’s office, involuntary tears flowed from his eyes and his lower lip fell in a pout that somehow controlled him from breaking down completely.

60

The eyes of the whole office staff were on him.

How does Mulk Raj Anand make this such a powerful moment in the story?

[25]

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

SAMANTA SCHWEBLIN: *Fever Dream*

- 7** Explore the ways in which Schweblin vividly portrays the relationship between Amanda and Nina. [25]

AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa*

- 8** In what ways does Aidoo create memorable impressions of the marriage of Badua and Osman? [25]

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

- 9** How far does Tan encourage you to admire Ruth? [25]

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

- 10** In what ways does Gogol memorably convey attitudes towards morality in the play? [25]

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

SONGS OF OURSELVES, Volume 2: from Part 2

- 11** Explore how Alice Oswald creates such fascinating impressions of eels in *Eel Tail*. [25]

from **STORIES OF OURSELVES, Volume 2**

- 12** How does Jhumpa Lahiri create such a sad portrait of Mrs Sen in her story *Mrs Sen's*? [25]

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