



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.
- 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:

They get up almost at the same time. My husband follows him outside. He sees him glance to both sides as he goes down the steps, maybe looking for you. He sees your father as a tall and strong man, he sees his large hands hanging down at his sides, open. He stops, not far from the house. My husband takes a few steps toward him. They are close together, close and at the same time alone in so much open land. Beyond the soy fields it looks green and bright under the dark clouds. But the ground they are walking on, from the road to the stream, is dry and hard.

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'You know,' says your father, 'I used to work with horses.' He shakes his head, maybe to himself. 'But do you hear my horses now?'

'No.'

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'Do you hear anything else?'

Your father looks around, as if he can hear the silence much farther away than my husband is capable of hearing. The air smells of rain and a damp breeze wafts up from the ground.

'You need to go,' says your father.

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My husband nods as if grateful for the instruction, or the permission.

'If it starts to rain you'll get stuck in the mud, you won't get out.'

They walk together toward the car, now with more distance between them. Then my husband sees you. You're sitting in the backseat. Your head barely clears the backrest. My husband approaches and looks in through the driver's-side window, determined to make you get out. He wants to leave right now. Upright against the seat, you look him in the eyes, as though begging him. I see through my husband, I see those other eyes in yours. The seat belt on, legs crossed on the seat. A hand reaching slightly toward Nina's stuffed mole, covertly, the dirty fingers resting on the stuffed legs as if trying to restrain them.

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'Get out, please,' says my husband. 'Get out right now.'

'As if he were going somewhere,' says your father, opening the back door of the car.

Eyes desperately seek out my husband's gaze. But your father unclasps the seat belt and pulls you out by the arm. My husband gets into the car, furious, while the two figures walk away, return to the house, distant. First one enters, then the other, and the door closes from inside. Only then does my husband start the car, drive down the hill, and take the gravel road. He feels like he's already wasted enough time. He doesn't stop in town. He doesn't look back. He doesn't see the soy fields, the streams that crisscross the dry plots of land, the miles of open fields empty of livestock, the tenements and the factories as he reaches the city. He doesn't notice that the return trip has grown slower and slower. That there are too many cars, cars and more cars covering every asphalt nerve. Or that the transit is stalled, paralyzed for hours, smoking and effervescent. He doesn't see the important thing: the rope finally slack, like a lit fuse, somewhere; the motionless scourge about to erupt.

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To what extent does Schweblin make this a satisfying ending to the novel?

[25]

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 2.

AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa*

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

[The HORNBLOWER stops on the stage while multitudes enter from the same direction and move away lower left.]

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You must be a witch, child.

How does Aidoo make this such a dramatic moment in the play?

[25]

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

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

When GaoLing went to the kitchen to prepare the last side dishes, Ruth followed.

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' Her shoulders slumped as she pondered this fact.

In what ways does Tan strikingly portray Ruth and GaoLing at this moment in the novel? [25]

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

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

SCENE 13

	[<i>The same, with ANNA ANDREEVNA.</i>]	
Anna Andreevna	[<i>seeing KHESTAKOV on his knees</i>]: Heavens! Quel spectacle!	
Khlestakov	[<i>rising</i>]: Damnation!	
Anna Andreevna	[<i>to her daughter</i>]: Well, young lady, what's the meaning of this? What kind of behaviour is this?	5
Maria Antonovna:	Mama, I ...	
Anna Andreevna:	Leave the room, do you hear! Go on, out! And don't dare show your face in here again. [<i>Exit MARIA ANTONOVNA in tears.</i>] Forgive me, but I must say, I am surprised, Your Excellency.	10
Khlestakov	[<i>aside</i>]: She's quite a tasty morsel, herself ... Hm ... not at all bad. [<i>Throws himself on his knees.</i>] Madame, you must know that I'm consumed with love.	
Anna Andreevna:	What are you doing on your knees? Dear me, do please stand up—the floor's not at all clean!	15
Khlestakov:	No, on my knees, I must be on my knees. I have to know what is to be my fate—whether life or death.	
Anna Andreevna:	Forgive me, but I'm afraid I don't quite take your meaning. If I'm not mistaken, you're making some sort of declaration about my daughter?	20
Khlestakov:	No, no, it's you I'm in love with—you! My life hangs by a thread. If you don't requite my undying love I shall be unworthy of earthly existence. With my bosom aflame I ask for your hand.	
Anna Andreevna:	But I must point out, I am—to some extent, that is ... a married woman.	25
Khlestakov:	Why, that doesn't matter! True love knows no barriers. The heart is a law unto itself, as Karamzin says. Together we'll flee—to the shade of a distant brook ... your hand, I beg you, your hand!	

SCENE 14

	[<i>The same, with MARIA ANTONOVNA, who suddenly rushes in.</i>]	30
Maria Antonovna:	Mama, papa says you're to ... [<i>Seeing KHESTAKOV on his knees, shrieks.</i>] Heavens! Quel spectacle!	
Anna Andreevna:	Why you ... well ... what do you think you're doing? Little flibberty-gibbet! Dashing in here like a scalded cat! And what are you so surprised about? I can't (imagine) what nonsense you've got in your head. Nobody would think you were 18 years old. You're just like a child of 3. When are you going to learn a bit of sense and start behaving like a properly brought-up young lady? When will you learn the rules of good conduct?	35
Maria Antonovna	[<i>through her tears</i>]: Mama, really, I didn't know ...	40
Anna Andreevna:	You have nothing between your ears, that's why! You're no better than those Lyapkin-Tyapkin girls. Why you always have to copy	

them, I can't imagine. There must be better examples you can find. Take your mother, for instance.

Khlestakov [grasping the daughter's hand]: Anna Andreevna, I beg you not to stand in the way of our happiness. Give your blessing to our constant love! 45

Anna Andreevna [astonished]: I don't ... You mean she's the one?

Khlestakov: Tell me at once. Is it life? ... or death?

Anna Andreevna: Now look what you've done, you little fool. All because of you, you little wretch, our distinguished guest goes down on his knees in front of me and you come dashing in like a mad thing. By rights I should say no. I ought to refuse my consent: you're not worthy of such happiness. 50

Maria Antonovna: I won't do it again, Mama, really I won't. 55

How does Gogol make these scenes in the play so amusing? [25]

SONGS OF OURSELVES Volume 2: from Part 2

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

The Storm-Wind

When the swift-rolling brook, swollen deep,
 Rushes on by the alders, full speed,
 And the wild-blowing winds lowly sweep
 O'er the quivering leaf and the weed,
 And the willow tree writhes in each limb
 Over sedge-beds that reel by the brim—

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The man that is staggering by
 Holds his hat to his head by the brim;
 And the girl as her hair-locks outfly,
 Puts a foot out, to keep herself trim,
 And the quivering wavelings o'erspread
 The small pool where the bird dips his head.

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But out at my house, in the lee
 Of the nook, where the winds die away,
 The light swimming airs, round the tree
 And the low-swinging ivy stem, play
 So soft that a mother that's nigh
 Her still cradle, may hear her babe sigh.

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(William Barnes)

In what ways does William Barnes create powerful impressions of the storm-wind in this poem?
 [25]

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

From **STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2**

- 6 Read this extract from *A Visit* (by Anna Kavan), and then answer the question that follows it:

Some time later, coming home at sunset, I was reminded of the young man of the sea by the sight of a pelican perched on the highest point of my roof. Its presence surprised me: pelicans did not leave the shore as a rule, I had never known one come as far inland as this. It suddenly struck me that the bird must be something to do with the leopard, perhaps bringing a message from him. To entice it closer, I found a small fish in the kitchen, which I put on the grass. The pelican swooped down at once, and with remarkable speed and neatness, considering its bulk, skewered the fish on its beak, and flew off with it. I called out, strained my eyes to follow its flight; but only caught a glimpse of the great wings flapping away from me over the jungle trees, before the sudden black curtain of tropical darkness came down with a rush.

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Despite this inconclusive end to the episode, it revived my hope of seeing the leopard again. But there were no further developments of any description; nothing else in the least unusual occurred.

It was still the season when the earth sweltered under a simmering sky. In the afternoons the welcome trade wind blew through the rooms and cooled them, but as soon as it died down the house felt hotter than ever. Hitherto I had always derived a nostalgic pleasure from recalling my visitor; but now the memory aroused more sadness than joy, as I had finally lost all hope of his coming back.

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At last the mosaic was finished and looked quite impressive, a noble animal with a fine spotted coat and a human head gazing proudly from the centre of the design. I decided it needed to be enclosed in a border of yellow shells, and made another expedition to the beach, where the sun's power was intensified by the glare off the bright green waves, sparkling as if they'd been sprinkled all over with diamonds. A hot wind whistled through my hair, blew the sand about, and lashed the sea into crashing breakers, above which flocks of sea birds flew screaming, in glistening clouds of spray. After searching for shells for a while I straightened up, feeling almost dizzy with the heat and the effort. It was at this moment, when I was dazzled by the violent colours and the terrific glare, that the young man I'd already seen reappeared like a mirage, the red of his flying cloak vibrating against the vivid emerald-green waves. This time, through a haze of shimmering brilliance, I saw that the leopard was with him, majestic and larger than life, moving as gracefully as if the waves were solid glass.

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I called to him, and though he couldn't have heard me above the thundering of the surf, he turned his splendid head and gave me a long, strange, portentous look, just as he had that last time in the jungle, sparkling rainbows of spray now taking the place of rain. I hurried towards the edge of the water, then suddenly stopped, intimidated by the colossal size of the giant rollers towering over me.

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I'm not a strong swimmer, it seemed insane to challenge those enormous on-coming walls of water, which would certainly hurl me back contemptuously on to the shore with all my bones broken. Their exploding roar deafened me, I was half-blinded by the salt spray, the whole beach was a swirling, glittering dazzle, in which I lost sight of the two sea-borne shapes. And when my eyes brought them back into focus, they had changed direction, turned from the land, and were already a long way off, receding fast, diminishing every second, reduced to vanishing point by the hard, blinding brilliance of sun and waves.

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Long after they'd disappeared, I stood there, staring out at that turbulent sea, on which I had never once seen any kind of boat, and which now looked emptier, lonelier, and more desolate than ever before. I was paralysed by depression and disappointment, and could hardly force myself to pick up the shells I'd collected and carry them home.

45

That was the last time I saw the leopard. I've heard nothing of him since that day, or of the young man. For a little while I used to question the villagers who lived by the sea, some of them said they vaguely remembered a man in a red cloak riding the water.

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But they always ended by becoming evasive, uncertain, and making contradictory statements, so that I knew I was wasting my time.

I've never said a word about the leopard to anyone. It would be difficult to describe him to these simple people, who can never have seen a creature even remotely like him, living here in the wilds as they do, far from zoos, circuses, cinemas and television. No carnivora, no large or ferocious beasts of any sort have ever inhabited this part of the world, which is why we can leave our houses open all night without fear.

55

The uneventful course of my life continues, nothing happens to break the monotony of the days. Sometime, I suppose, I may forget the leopard's visit. As it is I seldom think of him, except at night when I'm waiting for sleep to come. But, very occasionally he still enters my dreams, which disturbs me and makes me feel restless and sad. Although I never remember the dreams when I wake, for days afterwards they seem to weigh me down with the obscure bitterness of a loss which should have been prevented, and for which I am myself to blame.

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Explore the ways in which Anna Kavan makes this such a striking ending to 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 makes *Fever Dream* such a frightening novel. [25]

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

AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa*

- 8** How does Aidoo's presentation of traditional values contribute to the dramatic impact of the play? [25]

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

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

- 9** In what ways does Tan strikingly portray conflict between generations? [25]

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

- 10** How does Gogol strikingly portray the master–servant relationship between Khlestakov and Osip? [25]

SONGS OF OURSELVES Volume 2: from Part 2

- 11** In what ways does David Constantine create such a striking atmosphere in *Watching for Dolphins*? [25]

From STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 2

- 12** Explore the ways in which Ken Liu creates such a moving portrait of the mother in *The Paper Menagerie*. [25]

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