



Cambridge IGCSE™

WORLD LITERATURE

0408/32

Paper 3 Set Text

October/November 2020

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. 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:

Fortunately, my mother was determined in that year. She began to boil eggs, which she carried to the bus terminus and sold to passengers passing through. (This meant that we could not eat them.) She also took vegetables – rape, onions and tomatoes – extending her garden so that there was more to sell. Business was fair, and good during public holidays, when visitors from as far as Salisbury, Fort Victoria, Mount Darwin and Wankie would be tempted to buy a little extra to take home with them. In this way she scraped together enough money to keep my brother in school. I understood that selling vegetables was not a lucrative business. I understood that there was not enough money for my fees. Yes, I did understand why I could not go back to school, but I loved going to school and I was good at it. Therefore, my circumstances affected me badly.

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My father thought I should not mind. 'Is that anything to worry about? Ha-a-a, it's nothing,' he reassured me, with his usual ability to jump whichever way was easiest. 'Can you cook books and feed them to your husband? Stay at home with your mother. Learn to cook and clean. Grow vegetables.'

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His intention was to soothe me with comforting, sensible words, but I could not see the sense. This was often the case when my father spoke, but there had not before been such concrete cause to question his theories. This time, though, I had evidence. Maiguru was educated, and did she serve Babamukuru books for dinner? I discovered to my unhappy relief that my father was not sensible.

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I complained to my mother. 'Baba says I do not need to be educated,' I told her scornfully. 'He says I must learn to be a good wife. Look at Maiguru,' I continued, unaware how viciously. 'She is a better wife than you!'

My mother was too old to be disturbed by my childish nonsense. She tried to diffuse some of it by telling me many things, by explaining that my father was right because even Maiguru knew how to cook and clean and grow vegetables. 'This business of womanhood is a heavy burden,' she said. 'How could it not be? Aren't we the ones who bear children? When it is like that you can't just decide today I want to do this, tomorrow I want to do that, the next day I want to be educated! When there are sacrifices to be made, you are the one who has to make them. And these things are not easy; you have to start learning them early, from a very early age. The earlier the better so that it is easy later on. Easy! As if it is ever easy. And these days it is worse, with the poverty of blackness on one side and the weight of womanhood on the other. Aiwa! What will help you, my child, is to learn to carry your burdens with strength.'

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I thought about this for several days, during which I began to fear that I was not as intelligent as my Sub A performance had led me to believe, because, as with my father, I could not follow the sense of my mother's words. My mother said being black was a burden because it made you poor, but Babamukuru was not poor. My mother said being a woman was a burden because you had to bear children and look after them and the husband. But I did not think this was true. Maiguru was well looked after by Babamukuru, in a big house on the mission which I had not seen but of which I had heard rumours concerning its vastness and elegance. Maiguru was driven about in a car, looked well-kempt and fresh, clean all the time. She was altogether a different

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kind of woman from my mother. I decided it was better to be like Maiguru, who was not poor and had not been crushed by the weight of womanhood.

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Explore how Dangarembga vividly conveys Tambu's feelings at this moment in the novel.

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

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

	<i>[The front door-bell rings in the hall; a moment later, there is the sound of the front door being opened. NORA comes into the room, happily humming to herself. She is dressed in her outdoor things, and is carrying lots of parcels which she then puts down on the table, right. She leaves the door into the hall standing open; a PORTER can be seen outside holding a Christmas tree and a basket; he hands them to the MAID who has opened the door for them.]</i>	5
Nora:	Hide the Christmas tree away carefully, Helene. The children mustn't see it till this evening when it's decorated. <i>[To the PORTER, taking out her purse.]</i> How much?	10
Porter:	Fifty öre.	
Nora:	There's a crown. Keep the change. <i>[The PORTER thanks her and goes. NORA shuts the door. She continues to laugh quietly and happily to herself as she takes off her things. She takes a bag of macaroons out of her pocket and eats one or two; then she walks stealthily across and listens at her husband's door.]</i>	15
Nora:	Yes, he's in. <i>[She begins humming again as she walks over to the table, right.]</i>	
Helmer	<i>[in his study]:</i> Is that my little sky-lark chirruping out there?	20
Nora	<i>[busy opening some of the parcels]:</i> Yes, it is.	
Helmer:	Is that my little squirrel frisking about?	
Nora:	Yes!	
Helmer:	When did my little squirrel get home?	
Nora:	Just this minute. <i>[She stuffs the bag of macaroons in her pocket and wipes her mouth.]</i> Come on out, Torvald, and see what I've bought.	25
Helmer:	I don't want to be disturbed! <i>[A moment later, he opens the door and looks out, his pen in his hand.]</i> 'Bought', did you say? All that? Has my little spendthrift been out squandering money again?	
Nora:	But, Torvald, surely this year we can spread ourselves just a little. This is the first Christmas we haven't had to go carefully.	30
Helmer:	Ah, but that doesn't mean we can afford to be extravagant, you know.	
Nora:	Oh yes, Torvald, surely we can afford to be just a little bit extravagant now, can't we? Just a teeny-weeny bit. You are getting quite a good salary now, and you are going to earn lots and lots of money.	35
Helmer:	Yes, after the New Year. But it's going to be three whole months before the first pay cheque comes in.	
Nora:	Pooh! We can always borrow in the meantime.	
Helmer:	Nora! <i>[Crosses to her and takes her playfully by the ear.]</i> Here we go again, you and your frivolous ideas! Suppose I went and borrowed a thousand crowns today, and you went and spent it all over Christmas, then on New Year's Eve a slate fell and hit me on the head and there I was. ...	40
Nora	<i>[putting her hand over his mouth]:</i> Sh! Don't say such horrid things.	45

- Helmer:* Yes, but supposing something like that did happen ... what then?
- Nora:* If anything as awful as that did happen, I wouldn't care if I owed anybody anything or not.
- Helmer:* Yes, but what about the people I'd borrowed from?
- Nora:* Them? Who cares about them! They are only strangers! 50
- Helmer:* Nora, Nora! Just like a woman! Seriously though, Nora, you know what I think about these things. No debts! Never borrow! There's always something inhibited, something unpleasant, about a home built on credit and borrowed money. We two have managed to stick it out so far, and that's the way we'll go on for the little time that remains. 55
- Nora* [*walks over to the stove*]: Very well, just as you say, Torvald.
- Helmer* [*following her*]: There, there! My little singing bird mustn't go drooping her wings, eh? Has it got the sulks, that little squirrel of mine? [*Takes out his wallet.*] Nora, what do you think I've got here? 60
- Nora* [*quickly turning round*]: Money!
- Helmer:* There! [*He hands her some notes*]. Good heavens, I know only too well how Christmas runs away with the housekeeping.
- Nora* [*counts*]: Ten, twenty, thirty, forty. Oh, thank you, thank you, Torvald! This will see me quite a long way. 65

How does Ibsen's writing make this such a revealing opening to the play?

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

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

Though it was a blazing November day, her fingers were cold, as she took off her hat and changed her white frock. 'For the last time,' she murmured: by which she meant, the last time in untarnished honour. And she folded and hung up her clothes, with a neatness that was foreign to her.

Classes were in full swing when she went downstairs; nothing could happen now till the close of morning school. But Laura signalled the beginning of her downfall, the end of her comet-like flight, by losing her place in one form after another, the lessons she had prepared on Friday evening having gone clean out of her head.

Directly half-past twelve struck, she ran to the top of the garden, and hid herself under a tree. There she crouched, her fingers in her ears, her heart thumping as if it would break. Till the dinner bell rang. Then she was forced to emerge—and no tottering criminal, about to face the scaffold, has ever had more need of Dutch courage than Laura, in this moment. Peeping round the corner of the path, she saw the fateful group: M. P. the pivot of four gesticulating figures. She loitered till they had scattered and disappeared; then, with shaking legs, she crept to the house. At the long tables, the girls still stood, waiting for Mr Strachey; and the instant Laura set foot in the hall, five pairs of eyes caught her, held her, pinned her down, as one pins a butterfly to a board. She was much too far gone to think of tossing her head and braving things out, now the crisis had come. Pale, guilty, wretched, she sidled to her seat. This was near Maria's, and, as she passed, Maria leant back.

'You *vile* little liar!'

'How's that shy little mouse of a girl we had here a month or so ago?' Mr Shepherd had inquired. 'Let me see—what was her name again?'

To which Miss Isabella had replied: 'Well, you know, Robby dear, you really hardly saw her. You had so much to do, poor boy, just when she was here. I think you were scarcely in the house. Her name was Laura—Laura Rambotham.'

And Mrs Shepherd gently: 'Yes, a nice little girl. But very young for her age. And so shy.'

'You wretched, little lying sneak!'

In vain Laura wept and protested.

'You made me do it. I should never had told a word, if it hadn't been for you.'

This point of view enraged them. 'What! You want to put it on us now, do you ... you dirty little skunk! To say we made you tell that pack of lies?—Look here: as long as you stay in this blooming shop, I'll never open my mouth to you again!'

'Someone ought to tell old Gurley and have her expelled. That's all she's fit for. Spreading disgusting stories about people who've been kind to her. They probably only asked her there, out of charity. She's as poor as dirt.'

'Wants her bottom smacked—that's what I say!' Thus Maria, and with her, Kate Horner.

Tilly was paler, and more bitter. 'I was a dashed fool ever to believe a word. I might have known her little game. She! Why, when I took her to see my cousin Bob, she was afraid to say boo to a goose. He laughed about her afterwards, like anything; said she ought to have come in a perambulator, with a nurse. *You* make anyone in love with you—you!' And Tilly spat, to show her disdain.

'What have they been saying to you, Laura?' whispered Chinky, pale and frightened. 'Whatever's the matter?'

'Mind your own business, and go away!' sobbed Laura.

How does Richardson vividly convey Laura's fear and humiliation at this moment in the novel?

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SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

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

<i>Jocasta:</i>	Have you no sense? Poor misguided men, such shouting—why this public outburst? Aren't you ashamed, with the land so sick, to stir up private quarrels?	[To OEDIPUS.]	5
	Into the palace now. And Creon, you go home. Why make such a furor over nothing?		
<i>Creon:</i>	My sister, it's dreadful ... Oedipus, your husband, he's bent on a choice of punishments for me, banishment from the fatherland or death.		10
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Precisely. I caught him in the act, Jocasta, plotting, about to stab me in the back.		
<i>Creon:</i>	Never—curse me, let me die and be damned if I've done you any wrong you charge me with.		
<i>Jocasta:</i>	Oh god, believe it, Oedipus, honor the solemn oath he swears to heaven. Do it for me, for the sake of all your people.		15
	[The CHORUS begins to chant.]		
<i>Chorus:</i>	Believe it, be sensible give way, my king, I beg you!		20
<i>Oedipus:</i>	What do you want from me, concessions?		
<i>Chorus:</i>	Respect him—he's been no fool in the past and now he's strong with the oath he swears to god.		
<i>Oedipus:</i>	You know what you're asking?		
<i>Chorus:</i>	I do.		25
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Then out with it!		
<i>Chorus:</i>	The man's your friend, your kin, he's under oath— don't cast him out, disgraced branded with guilt on the strength of hearsay only.		
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Know full well, if that is what you want you want me dead or banished from the land.		30
<i>Chorus:</i>	Never—		
	no, by the blazing Sun, first god of the heavens! Stripped of the gods, stripped of loved ones, let me die by inches if that ever crossed my mind. But the heart inside me sickens, dies as the land dies and now on top of the old griefs you pile this, your fury—both of you!		35
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Then let him go, even if it does lead to my ruin, my death or my disgrace, driven from Thebes for life. It's you, not him I pity—your words move me. He, wherever he goes, my hate goes with him.		40
<i>Creon:</i>	Look at you, sullen in yielding, brutal in your rage— you will go too far. It's perfect justice:		45

	natures like yours are hardest on themselves.	
<i>Oedipus:</i>	Then leave me alone—get out!	
<i>Creon:</i>	I'm going. You're wrong, so wrong. These men know I'm right.	
	[Exit to the side. The CHORUS turns to JOCASTA.]	50
<i>Chorus:</i>	Why do you hesitate, my lady why not help him in?	
<i>Jocasta:</i>	Tell me what's happened first.	
<i>Chorus:</i>	Loose, ignorant talk started dark suspicions and a sense of injustice cut deeply too.	55
<i>Jocasta:</i>	On both sides?	
<i>Chorus:</i>	Oh yes.	
<i>Jocasta:</i>	What did they say?	
<i>Chorus:</i>	Enough, please, enough! The land's so racked already or so it seems to me ... End the trouble here, just where they left it.	60
<i>Oedipus:</i>	You see what comes of your good intentions now? And all because you tried to blunt my anger.	
<i>Chorus:</i>	My king, I've said it once, I'll say it time and again— I'd be insane, you know it, senseless, ever to turn my back on you. You who set our beloved land—storm-tossed, shattered— straight on course. Now again, good helmsman, steer us through the storm!	65 70

In what ways does Sophocles make this such a powerful moment in the play?

Songs of Ourselves Volume 1: from Part 3

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

Full Moon and Little Frieda

A cool small evening shrunk to a dog bark and the clank
of a bucket –

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That points at him amazed.

(Ted Hughes)

What striking impression does Hughes create of the father and daughter in *Full Moon and Little Frieda*?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 6 Read this extract from *Journey* (by Shirley Geok-Lin Lim), and then answer the question that follows:

She was glad to climb down from the bus, yet there was a curious uncertainty as to where she was to go, a strong reluctance to move away from the stand. She thought if she stood there long enough, the bus would surely return on its journey back and bring her home. She did not have to go anyway. Or she could take a walk, pretending she was going home to her family. There were numerous lanes branching off the little junction, numerous houses sitting under fat protective trees, hiding behind fences and shut gates. There was the pleasant joy of choosing your own little lane, your own snug house.

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Still, she could not imagine herself belonging to any of these houses. Windows framed squares of light, curtains drawn to keep them in. Voices called out in a murmur of music. Sharp chinks of spoon against plate reminded her she had not eaten. In these houses were whole families unaware of her standing hungry, out in the dark. Whole families of mothers, fathers and children, living their daily meals and bedtime together, surrounded by their fenced-in gardens and their walls, unaware of her as much as though they and she were apart in separate worlds. She wondered whether her mother knew she was standing in front of these houses, and if she knew, whether she realised why and for what. It was not the same air she breathed in here, heavy with green smells of unknown shrubbery, delicate, sweet in her nostrils, fragrance of unseen flowers weighing their stems down and entwining their heads together in the night. The unfamiliar air as much as the disguising night made her, though she was uncertain whether it was so, or exactly why, frightened.

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Her mother's instructions were clear enough, and from being so often repeated, familiar: Walk down the path to your right. Houses on either side touched up the dark with light and hummed with sound. Dogs within their fenced yards ran up and down, barking abuse. One stepped out of shadow but left her timid legs alone. Seventh house to the left. She did not know what she had expected. It was one with the others around it. The gate opened unhesitatingly at her push; the garden was trim with bougainvillea and smelt of leaves. Now she was here, it seemed she had always known it would look like this. An altar faced the open door, unlighted candles placed before the household god, an inscrutable figure who sat and watched the domestic goings-on, always to be placated, never to be pleased, awful Lord of the destiny of furniture, food and family. A gold dragon paced along the sketch of a wall, snaking sinuously on its red paper, agleam with shining scales. Its predatory jaws yawned in eternal pursuit; its talons fiercely rode the air untiringly. When a man emerged out of a darkened interior room, she was embarrassed. There was the suggestion she had not been unexpected, yet he appeared ordinary, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, the way her father did after a meal. She told him what it was she had come for. He offered her a seat and went back into the room from which he had come. She sat down on a seedy wooden stool, then got up almost immediately, disliking to be discovered sitting down, for it appeared irrevocable, as if she had come and meant to stay for a long time. She was very hungry and anxious about catching the bus home. The gold dragonish contours swirled in their red field, jumped in the light, receded again into the red. She was tired of standing before he returned with the parcel. He took the money she gave him disinterestedly, yet she thought his eyes rifled her clothes and she was glad to leave. The little parcel, wrapped roughly in brown paper and tied with a rubber-band, crackled under the pressure of her fingers. It felt of dry leaves and twigs which crumbled even as she held it gently. As she went home, carefully aware that this time directions were reversed, she amused herself wondering what potent magic the parcel contained.

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Her mother had kept food for her. The rice was cold, but she had warmed the salty soup and fish for her so that she fell asleep contented. The baby boy was suffering from wind; eldest sister carried him in her arms, patting his back and crooning to him, 'Aii, aii,

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go to sleep, little boy, *aii, aii*, little man, strong man, sleep ...' She could hear her father in the next room with his friends, squatting on their chairs and throwing dice, now and again spitting out an expletive. On the other side of the room, the four boys lay on their mats, exhausted with their play in the streets, their arms and legs flung carelessly across each other. Next to her, Swee Lin slept, softly hiccuping in her sleep, crying even there; for she was second youngest, hardly three years old, and her mother had slapped her this evening. And their mother, strong big-boned mother who was not well and had taken those leaves and twigs and earth, medicine boiled into a black vile brew, lay scarcely a few feet away. She had joined the children after the last baby, and now even she could not remember when their mother had not slept with them. She was that presence in the night who had covered them with their blankets when rain pounded on the roof and hugged them when they started up from nightmares, whimpering. Her mother was not well, but she was strong and always there.

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How does Geok-Lin Lim make this moment in the story so memorable?

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

- 7 Explore the ways in which Dangarembga strikingly depicts married life in the novel.

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

- 8 Explore **one** moment in the play which Ibsen makes particularly disturbing for you.

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

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

- 9 Explore the ways in which Richardson memorably depicts life at the Ladies' College.

Do **not** use the extract in **Question 3** when answering this question.

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

- 10 How far does Sophocles encourage you to sympathise with Oedipus in the play?

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

Songs of Ourselves Volume 1: from Part 3

- 11 In what ways does Arnold vividly convey his thoughts and feelings in *Dover Beach*?

from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 12 How does the writer create a memorable ending for *At Hiruharama* (by Penelope Fitzgerald) **or** *The Taste of Watermelon* (by Borden Deal)?

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