



Cambridge IGCSE™

WORLD LITERATURE

0408/33

Paper 3 Set Text

October/November 2021

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:

Chiyoko had come home, and by the next day was overcome with boredom. Not even Shinji came to see her. Finally a regular meeting of the etiquette class brought the village girls to the house.

There was an unfamiliar face among them. Chiyoko realized this must be the Hatsue of whom Yasuo had spoken, and she found Hatsue's rustic features even more beautiful than the islanders said they were. This was an odd virtue of Chiyoko's: although a woman with the slightest degree of self-confidence will never cease pointing out another woman's defects, Chiyoko was even more honest than a man in always recognizing anything beautiful about any woman except herself.

5

With nothing better to do, Chiyoko had begun studying her history of English literature. Knowing not a single one of their works, she memorized the names of a group of Victorian lady poets—Christina Georgina Rossetti, Adelaide Anne Procter, Jean Ingelow, Augusta Webster—exactly as though she were memorizing Buddhist scriptures. Rote memorization was Chiyoko's forte; even the professor's sneezes were recorded in her notes.

10

Her mother was constantly at her side, eager to gain new knowledge from her daughter. Going to the university had been Chiyoko's idea in the first place, but it had been her mother's enthusiastic support that had overcome her father's reluctance.

15

Her thirst for knowledge whetted by a life of moving from lighthouse to lighthouse, from remote island to remote island, the mother always pictured her daughter's life as an ideal dream. Never once did her eyes perceive her daughter's little inner unhappinesses.

20

On the morning of the storm both mother and daughter slept late. The storm had been building up since the evening before, and they had kept vigil most of the night with the lighthouse-keeper, who took his responsibilities most seriously. Very much contrary to their usual ways, their midday meal was also their breakfast. And after the table had been cleared, the three of them passed the time quietly indoors, shut in by the storm.

25

Chiyoko began to long for Tokyo. She longed for the Tokyo where, even on such a stormy day, the automobiles went back and forth as usual, the elevators went up and down, and the streetcars bustled along. There in the city almost all nature had been put into uniform, and the little power of nature that remained was an enemy. Here on the island, however, the islanders enthusiastically entered into an alliance with nature and gave it their full support.

30

Bored with studying, Chiyoko pressed her face against a windowpane and gazed out at the storm that kept her shut up in the house. The storm was a monotone of dullness. The roar of the waves came as persistently as the garrulity of a drunk man.

35

For some reason Chiyoko recalled the gossip about a classmate who had been seduced by the man she was in love with. The girl had loved the man for his gentleness and refinement, and had even said so openly. After that night, so the story went, she loved him for his violence and willfulness—but this she never breathed to anyone...

40

At this moment Chiyoko caught sight of Shinji descending the storm-swept stairs—with Hatsue snuggled against him.

Chiyoko was convinced of the advantages of a face as ugly as she believed her own to be: once such a face hardened in its mold, it could hide emotions far more cleverly than could a beautiful one. What she regarded as ugly, however, was actually only the plaster-of-Paris mask of self-preoccupied virginity.

45

She turned away from the window. Beside the sunken hearth her mother was sewing and her father was silently smoking his New Life. Outdoors was the storm; indoors, domesticity. Nowhere was there anyone to heed Chiyoko's unhappiness.

50

How does Mishima strikingly portray Chiyoko at this moment in the novel?

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

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

Yerma:	Aren't you from across the river?	
Pagan Woman:	That's right. By the mills. So who are your people?	
Yerma:	I'm Enrique the Shepherd's daughter.	
Pagan Woman:	Enrique the Shepherd, eh? I knew him well. Good people. Up at dawn, work all day, eat your bread, die in your bed. Nothing fancy there. Enjoyment was always for others. Very quiet people they were. I could have married one of your uncles. But there we are! I've always been one for a good time, skirts in the air, a nice piece of melon, a good party, a lovely piece of sticky tart. You know, I've often gone to the door in the night 'cos I thought I heard the sound of guitars. It was only the wind [<i>She laughs.</i>] You'll laugh at this. I've had two husbands and fourteen children, five of which died. But I've no cause for complaint. I want to go on living! Believe me! You see how long the fig-trees last, how long the houses go on standing! And there's us poor women ... going to pieces for no cause at all.	5 10 15
Yerma:	Can I ask you something?	
Pagan Woman:	Let's see. [<i>Looks at her.</i>] I know what you're going to ask. But there's nothing to be said. [<i>She gets up.</i>]	
Yerma	[<i>stopping her</i>]: Why not? Talking to you has cheered me up. For such a long time I've wanted to talk to someone like you. I want to understand, and you can tell me ...	20
Pagan Woman:	What?	
Yerma	[<i>lowering her voice</i>]: Why am I childless? Must I spend the best years of my life feeding the chickens or putting up curtains? No, I shan't! You have to tell me what I need to do. I'll do anything you say, even stick needles into my eyes.	25
Pagan Woman:	But I know nothing. All I did was lie on my back and sing. Children just come, like water. Now no one can say you don't have a beautiful body. When you go by, the horse neighs at the end of the road. But best leave it, girl! I'd rather say nothing than say too much.	30
Yerma:	Why won't you tell me? It's the only thing I talk to my husband about.	
Pagan Woman:	Tell me. Are you fond of him?	35
Yerma:	What do you mean?	
Pagan Woman:	I mean, do you love him? Do you want to be with him?	
Yerma:	I don't know.	
Pagan Woman:	Does he make you tremble when he stands close? Do you go weak at the knees when his lips touch yours? Answer me!	40
Yerma:	I've never felt like that, no.	
Pagan Woman:	Not even when you've danced with him?	
Yerma	[<i>recalling</i>]: There was one time... with Victor...	
Pagan Woman:	Go on!	
Yerma:	He took me by the waist. I couldn't speak. I was stuck for words. And another time ... I was fourteen and he was big and strong ... he picked me up to cross a stream, and I trembled so much my teeth were chattering. I was always so shy.	45

<i>Pagan Woman:</i>	And with your husband?	
<i>Yerma:</i>	That's different. My father arranged the marriage and I agreed. Gladly, believe me! The first day that we were engaged, I thought about ... having children. I looked at myself in his eyes, and I saw myself, so small, so helpless, as if I was my own little girl.	50
<i>Pagan Woman:</i>	Different from me, then. It's probably why you've not got pregnant. You see, girl, men like to have fun. They like to let our hair down and have us drink from their mouths. It's the way of the world.	55
<i>Yerma:</i>	For you, not me! Things go around in my head, lots of things, and I know that they'll all come true in my child. I gave myself to my husband for him, for my child, and I'll go on doing it to see if he comes. But never for pleasure.	60
<i>Pagan Woman:</i>	That's why you're empty.	
<i>Yerma:</i>	Not empty, no! I'm filling up with hate! Tell me if you think I'm to blame. Must I look in a man for nothing more than the man himself? If that's the case, what must I think when he turns away from me in bed and goes to sleep and leaves me staring sadly at the ceiling? Must I only think of him, or of the beautiful fruit this body of mine might produce? Tell me, for pity's sake! [<i>She falls to her knees.</i>]	65
<i>Pagan Woman:</i>	Oh, what an open flower you are! What a beautiful creature! But don't make me say any more! It's a matter of honour. And I shan't blacken anyone's name. You'll find out the truth. But you have to stop being so innocent.	70
<i>Yerma</i>	[<i>sadly</i>]: Girls brought up in the countryside, like me ... the doors are closed on us. A hint here, a wink there ... because they think there are things we shouldn't know. You are just the same. You won't speak, you turn your back on me with your know-all air. You know it all, but you refuse to help someone dying of thirst.	75
<i>Pagan Woman:</i>	I'd speak to someone who was calm. But not you. I know from experience.	

In what ways does Lorca make this conversation so revealing?

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

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

In the afternoon, Laura was again called on to prove her mettle. Her companion, on the daily walk, was Kate Horner. Kate had been one of the four, and did not lose this chance of beating up fresh particulars.

After those first few awkward moments, however, which had come well-nigh being a fiasco, Laura had no more trouble with her story. Indeed, the plunge once taken, it was astounding how easy it became to make up things about the Shepherds; the difficulty was, to know where to stop. Fictitious details crowded thick and fast upon her—a regular hotchpotch: she had only to stretch out her hand and seize what she needed. It was simpler than the five-times multiplication table, and did not need to be learnt. But, all the same, she was not idle: she polished away at her flimflams, bringing them nearer and nearer probability, never, thanks to her sound memory, contradicting herself or making a slip, and always able to begin again, from the beginning.

Such initial scepticism as may have lurked in her hearers was soon got the better of. For, crass realists though these young colonials were, and bluntly as they faced facts, they were nonetheless just as hungry for romance as the most insatiable novel-reader. Romance in any guise was hailed by them, and swallowed uncritically, though it was no more permitted to interfere with the practical conduct of their lives than it is in the case of just that novel-reader, who puts untruth and unreality from him, when he lays his book aside. Another and weightier reason was, their slower brains could not conceive the possibility of such extraordinarily detailed lying as that to which Laura now subjected them. Its very elaboration stood for its truth.

And the days passed, and Laura had the happiest ideas. A strange thing about them was that they came to her quite unsought, dropping on her like Aladdin's oranges on his turban. All she had to do was to fit them into their niche in her fabrication.

At first, her tale had been chiefly concerned with the internal rift in Mr Shepherd's home life, and only in a minor degree with herself. But her public savoured the love story most, and hence, consulting its taste, as it is the tale-maker's bounden duty to do, Laura was obliged to develop this side of her narrative, at the expense of the other. And the more the girls heard, the more they wished to hear. She had early turned Miss Isabella into a staunch ally of her own, in the dissension she had introduced into the curate's household; and one day she arrived at a hasty kiss, stolen in the vestry after evening service, while Mr Shepherd was taking off his surplice. The puzzle had been, to get herself into the vestry; but, once there, she saw what followed, as if it had actually happened. She saw Mr Shepherd's arm slipped with diffident alacrity round her waist, and her own virtuous recoil; saw Maisie and Isabella waiting, sheep-like, in their pew, till it should please the couple to emerge; saw the form of the verger move about the darkening church, as he put the lights out, one by one.

But a success such as this incident brought her turned Laura's head, making her so foolhardy in what she said that Maria, who, for all her boldness of speech was at heart a prude like the rest, grew uneasy.

'You're not to go to that house again, kiddy. If you do, I'll peach to old Gurley.'

Explore how Richardson makes this moment in the novel both shocking and entertaining.

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4.

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

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

<i>Oedipus:</i>	And so, unknown to mother and father I set out for Delphi, and the god Apollo spurned me, sent me away denied the facts I came for, but first he flashed before my eyes a future great with pain, terror, disaster—I can hear him cry, “You are fated to couple with your mother, you will bring a breed of children into the light no man can bear to see— you will kill your father, the one who gave you life!” I heard all that and ran. I abandoned Corinth, from that day on I gauged its landfall only by the stars, running, always running toward some place where I would never see the shame of all those oracles come true. And as I fled I reached that very spot where the great king, you say, met his death. Now, Jocasta, I will tell you all. Making my way toward this triple crossroad I began to see a herald, then a brace of colts drawing a wagon, and mounted on the bench ... a man, just as you’ve described him, coming face-to-face, and the one in the lead and the old man himself were about to thrust me off the road—brute force— and the one shouldering me aside, the driver, I strike him in anger!—and the old man, watching me coming up along his wheels—he brings down his prod, two prongs straight at my head! I paid him back with interest! Short work, by god—with one blow of the staff in this right hand I knock him out of his high seat, roll him out of the wagon, sprawling headlong— I killed them all—every mother’s son! Oh, but if there is any blood-tie between Laius and this stranger ... what man alive more miserable than I? More hated by the gods? I am the man no alien, no citizen welcomes to his house, law forbids it—not a word to me in public, driven out of every hearth and home. And all these curses I—no one but I brought down these piling curses on myself! And you, his wife, I’ve touched your body with these, the hands that killed your husband cover you with blood. Wasn’t I born for torment? Look me in the eyes! I am abomination—heart and soul! I must be exiled, and even in exile never see my parents, never set foot on native ground again. Else I am doomed	5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45
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to couple with my mother and cut my father down ...
Polybus who reared me, gave me life. 50

But why, why?
Wouldn't a man of judgment say—and wouldn't he be right—
some savage power has brought this down upon my head?

Oh no, not that, you pure and awesome gods,
never let me see that day! Let me slip 55
from the world of men, vanish without a trace
before I see myself stained with such corruption,
stained to the heart.

Leader: My lord, you fill our hearts with fear.
But at least until you question the witness, 60
do take hope.

Oedipus: Exactly. He is my last hope—
I am waiting for the shepherd. He is crucial.

Jocasta: And once he appears, what then? Why so urgent?

Oedipus: I will tell you. If it turns out that his story 65
matches yours, I've escaped the worst.

Jocasta: What did I say? What struck you so?

In what ways does Sophocles make this such a dramatic and significant moment in the play?

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 3

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

The Listeners

'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,
 Knocking on the moonlit door;
 And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
 Of the forest's ferny floor.
 And a bird flew up out of the turret, 5
 Above the Traveller's head:
 And he smote upon the door again a second time;
 'Is there anybody there?' he said.
 But no one descended to the Traveller;
 No head from the leaf-fringed sill 10
 Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
 Where he stood perplexed and still.
 But only a host of phantom listeners
 That dwelt in the lone house then
 Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight 15
 To that voice from the world of men:
 Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
 That goes down to the empty hall,
 Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
 By the lonely Traveller's call. 20
 And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
 Their stillness answering his cry,
 While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
 'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
 For he suddenly smote on the door, even 25
 Louder, and lifted his head: –
 'Tell them I came, and no one answered,
 That I kept my word,' he said.
 Never the least stir made the listeners,
 Though every word he spake 30
 Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
 From the one man left awake:
 Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
 And the sound of iron on stone,
 And how silence surged softly backward, 35
 When the plunging hoofs were gone.

Walter De La Mare

In what ways does De La Mare create a mysterious atmosphere in *The Listeners*?

From **STORIES OF OURSELVES**

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

Lord Emsworth had seen enough. He tottered away from the telescope, a shattered man. One of his favourite dreams was of some nice, eligible girl, belonging to a good family, and possessing a bit of money of her own, coming along some day and taking Freddie off his hands; but that inner voice, more confident now than ever, told him that this was not she. Freddie would not sneak off in this furtive fashion to meet eligible girls, nor could he imagine any eligible girl, in her right senses, rushing into Freddie's arms in that enthusiastic way. No, there was only one explanation. In the cloistral seclusion of Blandings, far from the Metropolis with all its conveniences for that sort of thing, Freddie had managed to get himself entangled. Seething with anguish and fury, Lord Emsworth hurried down the stairs and out on to the terrace. Here he prowled like an elderly leopard waiting for feeding-time, until in due season there was a flicker of white among the trees that flanked the drive and a cheerful whistling announced the culprit's approach. 5

It was with a sour and hostile eye that Lord Emsworth watched his son draw near. He adjusted his pince-nez, and with their assistance was able to perceive that a fatuous smile of self-satisfaction illumined the young man's face, giving him the appearance of a beaming sheep. In the young man's buttonhole there shone a nosegay of simple meadow flowers, which, as he walked, he patted from time to time with a loving hand. 10

'Frederick!' bellowed his lordship.

The villain of the piece halted abruptly. Sunk in a roseate trance, he had not observed his father. But such was the sunniness of his mood that even this encounter could not damp him. He gambolled happily up. 20

'Hullo, guv'nor!' he carolled. He searched in his mind for a pleasant topic of conversation – always a matter of some little difficulty on these occasions. 'Lovely day, what?'

His lordship was not to be diverted into a discussion of the weather. 25

He drew a step nearer, looking like the man who smothered the young princes in the Tower.

'Frederick,' he demanded, 'who was that girl?'

The Hon. Freddie started convulsively. He appeared to be swallowing with difficulty something large and jagged. 30

'Girl?' he quavered. 'Girl? Girl, guv'nor?'

'That girl I saw you kissing ten minutes ago down in the water-meadows.'

'Oh!' said the Hon. Freddie. He paused. 'Oh, ah!' He paused again. 'Oh, ah, yes! I've been meaning to tell you about that, guv'nor.'

'You have, have you?' 35

'All perfectly correct, you know. Oh, yes, indeed! All most absolutely correct-o! Nothing fishy, I mean to say, or anything like that. She's my fiancé.'

A sharp howl escaped Lord Emsworth, as if one of the bees humming in the lavender-beds had taken time off to sting him in the neck.

'Who is she?' he boomed. 'Who is this woman?' 40

'Her name's Donaldson.'

'Who is she?'

'Aggie Donaldson. Aggie's short for Niagara. Her people spent their honeymoon at the Falls, she tells me. She's American and all that. Rummy names they give kids in America,' proceeded Freddie, with hollow chattiness. 'I mean to say! Niagara! I ask you!' 45

How does Wodehouse make this moment in *The Custody of the Pumpkin* so amusing?

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 Explore the ways in which Mishima makes Yasuo such an unpleasant character.

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

- 8 How does Lorca dramatically contrast the characters of Juan and Victor?

HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON: *The Getting of Wisdom*

- 9 Explore the ways in which Richardson memorably portrays the impact **two** characters have on Laura.

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

SOPHOCLES: *Oedipus the King*

- 10 Explore **two** moments in the play which Sophocles makes particularly dramatic.

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

SONGS OF OURSELVES VOLUME 1: from Part 3

- 11 How does the poet memorably depict workers in **either** *Monologue* (by Hone Tuwhare) **or** *Song to the Men of England* (by Percy Bysshe Shelley)?

From STORIES OF OURSELVES

- 12 Explore how the writer strikingly portrays **one** of the following characters:

- the girl in *Journey* (by Shirley Geok-Lin Lim)
- Mrs Croft in *The Third and Final Continent* (by Jhumpa Lahiri)
- Isabella in *The Lady in the Looking Glass: A Reflection* (by Virginia Woolf).

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