



# Cambridge IGCSE™

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## WORLD LITERATURE

0408/31

Paper 3 Set Text

October/November 2022

1 hour 30 minutes



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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### 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 [ ].

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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:

The mistress of the lighthouse stood just inside the gloomy earthen-floored room of the Miyata house.

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adopting for Hatsue's husband." Shinji's the one I'm

In what ways does Mishima make the meeting between the women and Terukichi so dramatic? [25]

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

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

|                         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| <i>Dolores:</i>         | You'll have a child soon. Take my word for it.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| <i>Yerma:</i>           | I'll have a child because I have to have one, or the world makes no sense at all. Sometimes I'm convinced I never shall ... and a wave of fire rises from my feet, and everything around me seems empty. The men in the street, the bulls in the field, the solid stones ... they seem like cotton-wool. And I ask myself: what's the point of it all?                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 5  |
| <i>First old woman:</i> | A wife ought to have children, yes, but if she doesn't, why so desperate? Much better to take things as they come. I'm not picking fault, mind. You saw how I helped with the prayers. But tell me, can you offer your child good land, happiness, a silver spoon?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 10 |
| <i>Yerma:</i>           | I never think of tomorrow, just today. Because you're old, you see things as though in a book you've read already. What matters to me is this thirst, this lack of freedom. I want to hold my child in my arms so I can sleep in peace. Listen! And don't be scared by what I say. If my child made me suffer afterwards, started to hate me, even if he took my hair and dragged me through the streets, his birth would have been my pride and joy. Better to weep for someone of flesh and blood who brings us pain than this ghost that sits on my heart year after year. | 15 |
| <i>First old woman:</i> | You are too young to take advice. But while you wait for God's grace, take comfort in your husband's love.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 20 |
| <i>Yerma:</i>           | Don't press your finger into that wound in my flesh!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Dolores:</i>         | Your husband's a good man.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |    |
| <i>Yerma</i>            | [ <i>getting up</i> ]: Oh yes, he's good! So what? I wish he was bad. But no. He drives his sheep along the paths. He counts his money at night. He covers me and does his duty. But his body's cold, as if it's dead, and when I feel that, even though I've always hated hot and passionate women, I long to become a mountain of fire!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 25 |
| <i>Dolores:</i>         | Yerma!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| <i>Yerma:</i>           | I'm not a shameless woman! But I know that a woman needs a man to have a child. If only I could have one alone, I would!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 30 |
| <i>Dolores:</i>         | Don't forget your husband suffers too.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |    |
| <i>Yerma:</i>           | He doesn't. The truth is he doesn't want a child.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| <i>First old woman:</i> | How can you say that?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| <i>Yerma:</i>           | I can see it in his eyes. And because he doesn't want one, he doesn't give me one. I'm not in love with him, I'm not, but even so he's my only hope. For the sake of my honour and my family's good name. My only hope!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 35 |
| <i>First old woman</i>  | [ <i>frightened</i> ]: It'll soon be light. You should go home.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |    |
| <i>Dolores:</i>         | They'll be letting the sheep out soon. You mustn't be seen alone.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 40 |
| <i>Yerma:</i>           | I needed to say what I did. How many times should I say the prayers?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
| <i>Dolores:</i>         | The laurel prayer twice, the one to Santa Ana at midday. When you know you are pregnant, bring the bushel of wheat you promised.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| <i>First old woman:</i> | It's getting light over the hills. Be off with you!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |    |
| <i>Dolores:</i>         | Front doors will be opening. Go by the watercourse.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 45 |

Yerma [despairing]: Perhaps I shouldn't have come.

Dolores: Are you sorry you did?

Yerma: No, I'm not!

Dolores [uneasy]: I'll come to the corner if you're afraid.

First old woman [anxious]: It'll be light by the time you get home. 50

[Sound of voices.]

Dolores: Quiet!

[They listen.]

First old woman: There's no one there. God go with you.

[YERMA goes to the door. Someone knocks. The three women are still.] 55

How does Lorca make this such a memorable and significant moment in the play? [25]

**AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter***

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

'Give me her address, or I'll go to the authorities and tell them you aren't really sisters.

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Yet I felt so old.

In what ways does Tan make this such a tense moment in the novel?

[25]

**NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector***

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

|             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |    |
|-------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Mayor:      | It is my duty, as the burgomaster of this town, to ensure that visitors and persons of rank are not in any way discommoded.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
| Khlestakov  | [ <i>stammering a bit at first, but speaking loudly by the end of his speech</i> ]: But what am I to do! It's not my fault ... I'll pay, I promise I will ... They'll send me some money from home. [BOBCHINSKY <i>peeps round door</i> .] The landlord's more to blame: the meat he serves up is as tough as old boots, and as for the soup ... God knows what he puts in the soup, I had to chuck it out of the window. The man lets me starve for days on end ... And the tea! Such extraordinary tea! It smells of fish. And then why should I ... I mean, fancy that!               | 5  |
| Mayor       | [ <i>timidly</i> ]: Please forgive me, I'm really not to blame. There's always fresh meat in the market, brought in by honest and sober tradesmen from Kholmogory. I really don't know where he could have got meat like that. But if things aren't to your liking ... Might I perhaps suggest that you come with me to other quarters?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 10 |
| Khlestakov: | No, I won't go! I know what you mean by other quarters, you mean gaol. You have no right, how dare you! ... I'm—I'm a government official from St Petersburg! [ <i>Blustering</i> .] I, I, I ...                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 15 |
| Mayor       | [ <i>aside</i> ]: Oh my God, he's in a rage! He's found out everything! Those blasted shopkeepers must have beaten me to it!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 20 |
| Khlestakov  | [ <i>gathering courage</i> ]: You can come here with a whole regiment, and I won't budge! I shall go straight to the Minister! [ <i>Thumps table</i> .] What do you think ... why should you ...                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| Mayor       | [ <i>trembling all over, stands to attention</i> ]: Please sir, have mercy, don't ruin me! I've a wife, small children ... Don't ruin us all.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 25 |
| Khlestakov: | I won't go! What's that got to do with it? I have to go to gaol because you've got a wife and children? I like that! [BOBCHINSKY <i>peeps round door and shrinks back, terrified</i> .] No, thank you humbly, I won't go!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |    |
| Mayor       | [ <i>trembling</i> ]: It was my inexperience, honest to God, it was only my inexperience. And my miserable salary. You can judge for yourself: my official pay is not even enough for tea and sugar. And if there were a few bribes, they were nothing of any consequence: something for the table, or a piece of cloth for a coat. As for that business with the sergeant's widow—the one who keeps a stall at the market—that I'm supposed to have flogged, it's slander, pure slander! Fabricated by my enemies. Those people! You wouldn't believe it ... I go in danger of my life. | 30 |
| Khlestakov: | So what? All that's got nothing to do with me. [ <i>Pensively</i> .] Why are you giving me all this stuff about enemies and sergeant's widows? Sergeant's widows are one thing, but don't you try and flog me. The very idea! Who do you think you are? I'll pay my bill, I'll pay it all. It's just that at the moment I've got no money! That's why I'm stuck here like this, because I haven't got a bean on me.                                                                                                                                                                      | 35 |
| Mayor       | [ <i>aside</i> ]: My, this is a sly one! He's cast his line all right ... but it's all so foggy you just don't know which way to take it. Well, we might as well take the plunge. What will be, will be. [ <i>Aloud</i> .] Sir, if you happen                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 40 |
|             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 45 |

to be in need of a temporary accommodation, allow me to be at your service. It's my duty to assist our visitors.

*Khlestakov:* Yes, I could do with a loan! Then I could pay off the landlord at once ... Two hundred roubles would do it, less, even. 50

*Mayor* [*producing banknotes*]: Here you are, here's two hundred exactly. Please don't trouble to count it.

*Khlestakov:* Much obliged. I'll send it back the moment I get to my estate. I always pay up on the nail ... I can see you are a real gentleman. Things will be quite different now. 55

*Mayor* [*aside*]: Well thank God for that! He took it. And I managed to slip him four hundred instead of two hundred.

Explore how Gogol makes this moment in the play so entertaining. [25]

## SONGS OF OURSELVES Volume 1: from Part 3

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

*Report To Wordsworth*

You should be here, Nature has need of you.  
 She has been laid waste. Smothered by the smog,  
 the flowers are mute, and the birds are few  
 in a sky slowing like a dying clock.  
 All hopes of Proteus rising from the sea  
 have sunk; he is entombed in the waste  
 we dump. Triton's notes struggle to be free,  
 his famous horns are choked, his eyes are dazed,  
 and Neptune lies helpless as a beached whale,  
 while insatiate man moves in for the kill.  
 Poetry and piety have begun to fail,  
 as Nature's mighty heart is lying still.  
 O see the wound widening in the sky,  
 God is labouring to utter his last cry.

5

10

(Boey Kim Cheng)

How does Boey Kim Cheng vividly convey a sense of despair in *Report to Wordsworth*?

[25]

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.**

from **STORIES OF OURSELVES** Volume 1

- 6 Read this extract from *A Horse and Two Goats* (by R K Narayan), and then answer the question that follows it:

His fortunes had declined gradually, unnoticed. From a flock of forty which he drove into a pen at night, his stock had now come down to two goats which were not worth the rent of a half rupee a month the Big House charged for the use of the pen in their back yard. And so the two goats were tethered to the trunk of a drumstick tree which grew in front of his hut and from which occasionally Muni could shake down drumsticks. This morning he got six. He carried them in with a sense of triumph. Although no one could say precisely who owned the tree, it was his because he lived in its shadow.

5

She said, 'If you were content with the drumstick leaves alone, I could boil and salt some for you.'

'Oh, I am tired of eating those leaves. I have a craving to chew the drumstick out of sauce, I tell you.'

10

'You have only four teeth in your jaw, but your craving is for big things. All right, get the stuff for the sauce, and I will prepare it for you. After all, next year you may not be alive to ask for anything. But first get me all the stuff, including a measure of rice or millet, and I will satisfy your unholy craving. Our store is empty today. Dhal, chili, curry leaves, mustard, coriander, gingelly oil, and one large potato. Go out and get all this.' He repeated the list after her in order not to miss any item and walked off to the shop in the third street.

15

He sat on an upturned packing case below the platform of the shop. The shopman paid no attention to him. Muni kept clearing his throat, coughing, and sneezing until the shopman could not stand it any more and demanded, 'What ails you? You will fly off that seat into the gutter if you sneeze so hard, young man.' Muni laughed inordinately, in order to please the shopman, at being called 'young man'. The shopman softened and said, 'You have enough of the imp inside to keep a second wife busy, but for the fact the old lady is still alive.' Muni laughed appropriately again at this joke. It completely won the shopman over; he liked his sense of humour to be appreciated. Muni engaged his attention in local gossip for a few minutes, which always ended with a reference to the postman's wife who had eloped to the city some months before.

20

The shopman felt most pleased to hear the worst of the postman, who had cheated him. Being an itinerant postman, he returned home to Kritam only once in ten days and every time managed to slip away again without passing the shop in the third street. By thus humouring the shopman, Muni could always ask for one or two items of food, promising repayment later. Some days the shopman was in a good mood and gave in, and sometimes he would lose his temper suddenly and bark at Muni for daring to ask for credit. This was such a day, and Muni could not progress beyond two items listed as essential components. The shopman was also displaying a remarkable memory for old facts and figures and took out an oblong ledger to support his observations. Muni felt impelled to rise and flee. But his self-respect kept him in his seat and made him listen to the worst things about himself. The shopman concluded, 'If you could find five rupees and a quarter, you would pay off an ancient debt and then could apply for admission to swarga. How much have you got now?'

25

'I will pay you everything on the first of the next month.'

'As always, and whom do you expect to rob by then?'

Muni felt caught and mumbled, 'My daughter has sent word that she will be sending me money.'

30

'Have you a daughter?' sneered the shopman. 'And she is sending you money! For what purpose, may I know?'

'Birthday, fiftieth birthday,' said Muni quietly.

'Birthday! How old are you?'

35

40

45

Muni repeated weakly, not being sure of it himself, 'Fifty.' He always calculated his age from the time of the great famine when he stood as high as the parapet around the village well, but who could calculate such things accurately nowadays with so many famines occurring? The shopman felt encouraged when other customers stood around to watch and comment. Muni thought helplessly, My poverty is exposed to everybody. But what can I do? 50

'More likely you are seventy,' said the shopman. 'You also forget that you mentioned a birthday five weeks ago when you wanted castor oil for your holy bath.' 55

'Bath! Who can dream of a bath when you have to scratch the tank-bed for a bowl of water? We would all be parched and dead but for the Big House, where they let us take a pot of water from their well.' After saying this Muni unobtrusively rose and moved off. 60

In what ways does Narayan strikingly portray Muni at this moment in the story? [25]

**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 how Mishima vividly contrasts Shinji and Yasuo. [25]

**FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma***

- 8 How far does Lorca encourage you to admire Victor? [25]

**AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter***

- 9 How does Tan strikingly portray the relationship between Ruth and Art? [25]

**NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector***

- 10 In what ways does Gogol vividly portray the Mayor's wife and daughter? [25]

**SONGS OF OURSELVES Volume 1: from Part 3**

- 11 Explore how Lamb memorably captures the speaker's feelings about his past life in *The Old Familiar Faces*. [25]

**from STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 1**

- 12 How does Lahiri memorably portray the relationship between the narrator and his wife in *The Third and Final Continent*? [25]



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