



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:

‘David was boiling so much by then that when she took him from me my neck and chest were soaked with sweat. It was a quick movement, her hands darted out from the room’s darkness and then disappeared again with David. It was the last time I held him in my arms. The woman came out again, without David; she led me to the kitchen and poured me more tea. She said I’d have to wait right there. If I moved around the house, she said, I could shift other things by accident. In a migration, she said, only the things that are prepared to move should be in motion. And I clutched the teacup and leaned my head against the wall. She went back down the hall without another word. At no point did David call for me, nor did I hear him talk or cry. A few minutes later, I heard the door to the bedroom close. On a kitchen shelf across from me, the seven sons, now grown men, stared out at me the whole time from a large picture frame. Naked from the waist up, red beneath the sun, they were smiling and leaning on their rakes, and behind them was the big soy field, recently cut. And just like that, motionless, I waited for a long time. Maybe two hours, I’d say, without drinking the tea or ever taking my head from the wall.’

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‘Did you hear anything, in all that time?’

15

‘Nothing. Just the door opening once it was all over. I straightened up, pushed the tea aside, my whole body alert, but I couldn’t bring myself to get up. I didn’t know if I was still capable. I heard her footsteps, which by then I could recognize, but nothing else. The steps stopped halfway to the kitchen, before she came into view. And then she called to him. ‘Come on, David,’ she said. ‘I’m going to take you to your mother.’ I held on to the edge of my seat. I didn’t want to see him, Amanda, all I wanted was to escape. I wanted it desperately. I wondered if I could reach the front door before they got to the kitchen. But I couldn’t move. Then I heard his footsteps, very soft on the wood. Short and uncertain, so different from how my David walked. They stopped after every four or five steps; hers would stop as well while she waited for him. They were almost to the kitchen. His little hand, dirty now with dry mud or dust, fumbled over the wall as he leaned against it. Our eyes met, but I looked away immediately. She pushed him toward me and he took a few more steps, almost stumbling, and now he was leaning on the table. I think I’d stopped breathing for that entire time. When I started again, when he took another step toward me, this time of his own volition, I leaned away. He was very flushed, and sweating. His feet were wet; the damp prints he’d left behind him were already starting to dry.’

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‘And you didn’t pick him up, Carla? You didn’t hug him?’

How does Schweblin strikingly portray Carla at this moment in the novel?

[25]

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 2.

AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa*

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

OSAM: But don't other women leave their homes to go and marry?

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[As she gets up again, the lights die on the courtyard.]

In what ways does Aidoo make this moment in the play so powerfully dramatic?

[25]

FABIO GEDA: *In the Sea There are Crocodiles*

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

I remember I was in Nava, and it was snowing.

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It was a wonderful sunny day, and Sufi and I were together, in Iran.

Explore how Geda vividly portrays Enaiat at this moment in the novel.

[25]

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4.

ANTON CHEKHOV: *The Cherry Orchard*

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

[A room which is still known as 'the nursery'. One of the doors leads to ANYA's room. Dawn is breaking and the sun will soon be up. It is May. The cherry trees are in bloom, but it is cold and frosty in the orchard. The windows of the room are shut.]

Enter DUNYASHA carrying a candle, and LOPAKHIN with a book in his hand.]

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LOPAKHIN: The train's arrived, thank God. What time is it?

DUNYASHA: Nearly two o'clock. *[Blows out the candle.]* It's already light.

LOPAKHIN: How late was the train then? A couple of hours at least. *[Yawns and stretches himself.]* And a prize idiot I am, making an ass of myself like this. I come out here specially so I can go and meet them at the station, then suddenly fall asleep and wake up too late. Dropped off in the chair. What a nuisance. You might have woken me.

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DUNYASHA: I thought you'd gone. *[Listens.]* It sounds as if they're coming.

LOPAKHIN: *[listening]* No, they're not. There's the luggage to be got out and all that. *[Pause.]* Mrs Ranevsky's been living abroad for five years and I've no idea what she's like now. She was always such a nice woman, unaffected and easy to get on with. I remember when I was a lad of fifteen and my father – he's not alive now, but he kept the village shop in those days – punched me in the face and made my nose bleed. We'd come round here for something or other and he had a bit of drink inside him. Mrs Ranevsky – I can see her now – was still quite a slip of a girl. She brought me over to the wash-stand here in this very room, the nursery as it was. 'Don't cry, little peasant,' she said. 'You'll soon be right as rain.' *[Pause.]* Little peasant. It's true my father was a peasant, but here am I in my white waistcoat and brown boots, barging in like a bull in a china shop. The only thing is, I am rich. I have plenty of money, but when you really get down to it I'm just another country bumpkin. *[Turns the pages of his book.]* I was reading this book and couldn't make sense of it. Fell asleep over it. *[Pause.]*

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DUNYASHA: The dogs have been awake all night, they can tell the family are coming.

LOPAKHIN: What's up with you, Dunyasha?

DUNYASHA: My hands are shaking. I think I'm going to faint.

LOPAKHIN: You're too sensitive altogether, my girl. You dress like a lady and do your hair like one too. We can't have that. Remember your place.

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[YEPIKHODOV comes in carrying a bunch of flowers. He wears a jacket and brightly polished high boots which make a loud squeak. Once inside the room he drops the flowers.]

YEPIKHODOV: *[picking up the flowers]* The gardener sent these, says they're to go in the dining-room. *[Hands the flowers to DUNYASHA.]*

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LOPAKHIN: And you might bring me some kvass.

DUNYASHA: Yes sir. *[Goes out.]*

YEPIKHODOV: There are three degrees of frost this morning and the cherry trees are in full bloom. I can't say I think much of our climate. *[Sighs.]* That I can't. It isn't exactly co-operative, our climate isn't. Then if you'll permit a further observation, Mr Lopakhin, I bought these boots the day before yesterday

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and, as I make so bold to assure you, they squeak like something out of this world. What could I put on them?

LOPAKHIN: Leave me alone. I'm tired of you.

YEPIKHODOV: Every day something awful happens to me. Not that I complain, I'm used to it. Even raise a smile. 50

[DUNYASHA *comes in and hands LOPAKHIN the kvass.*]

YEPIKHODOV: I'll be off. [*Bumps into a chair and knocks it over.*] You see. [*With an air of triumph.*] There you are, if you'll pardon my language, that's just the kind of thing I mean, actually. Quite remarkable really. [*Goes out.*] 55

In what ways does Chekhov make this such an intriguing opening to the play? [25]

Selection from *Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2: from Part 2*

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

The Darkling Thrush

I leant upon a coppice gate
 When Frost was spectre-grey,
 And Winter's dregs made desolate
 The weakening eye of day.
 The tangled bine-stems scored the sky 5
 Like strings of broken lyres,
 And all mankind that haunted nigh
 Had sought their household fires.
 The land's sharp features seemed to be
 The Century's corpse outleant, 10
 His crypt the cloudy canopy,
 The wind his death-lament.
 The ancient pulse of germ and birth
 Was shrunken hard and dry,
 And every spirit upon earth 15
 Seemed fervourless as I.
 At once a voice arose among
 The bleak twigs overhead
 In a full-hearted evensong
 Of joy illimited; 20
 An aged thrush, frail, gaunt and small,
 In blast-beruffled plume,
 Had chosen thus to fling his soul
 Upon the growing gloom.
 So little cause for carolings 25
 Of such ecstatic sound
 Was written on terrestrial things
 Afar or nigh around,
 That I could think there trembled through
 His happy good-night air 30
 Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
 And I was unaware.

(Thomas Hardy)

Explore how Thomas Hardy creates vivid impressions of nature in *The Darkling Thrush*. [25]

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 6 Read this extract from *The Paper Menagerie* (by Ken Liu), and then answer the question that follows it:

Having a relative in Hong Kong meant we were spies and enemies of the people, and we had to be struggled against in every way. Your poor grandmother – she couldn't take the abuse and threw herself down a well. Then some boys with hunting muskets dragged your grandfather away one day into the woods, and he never came back.

There I was, a ten-year-old orphan. The only relative I had in the world was my uncle in Hong Kong. I snuck away one night and climbed onto a freight train going south.

Down in Guangdong Province a few days later, some men caught me stealing food from a field. When they heard that I was trying to get to Hong Kong, they laughed. 'It's your lucky day. Our trade is to bring girls to Hong Kong.'

They hid me in the bottom of a truck along with other girls and smuggled us across the border.

We were taken to a basement and told to stand up and look healthy and intelligent for the buyers. Families paid the warehouse a fee and came by to look us over and select one of us to 'adopt.'

The Chin family picked me to take care of their two boys. I got up every morning at four to prepare breakfast. I fed and bathed the boys. I shopped for food. I did the laundry and swept the floors. I followed the boys around and did their bidding. At night I was locked into a cupboard in the kitchen to sleep. If I was slow or did anything wrong I was beaten. If the boys did anything wrong I was beaten. If I was caught trying to learn English I was beaten.

'Why do you want to learn English?' Mr Chin asked. 'You want to go to the police? We'll tell the police that you are a mainland illegally in Hong Kong. They'd love to have you in their prison.'

Six years I lived like this. One day, an old woman who sold fish to me in the morning market pulled me aside.

'I know girls like you. How old are you now, sixteen? One day, the man who owns you will get drunk, and he'll look at you and pull you to him and you can't stop him. The wife will find out, and then you will think you really have gone to hell. You have to get out of this life. I know someone who can help.'

She told me about American men who wanted Asian wives. If I can cook, clean, and take care of my American husband, he'll give me a good life. It was the only hope I had. And that was how I got into the catalog with all those lies and met your father. It is not a very romantic story, but it is my story.

In the suburbs of Connecticut, I was lonely. Your father was kind and gentle with me, and I was very grateful to him. But no one understood me, and I understood nothing.

But then you were born! I was so happy when I looked into your face and saw shades of my mother, my father, and myself. I had lost my entire family, all of Sigulu, everything I ever knew and loved. But there you were, and your face was proof that they were real. I hadn't made them up.

Now I had someone to talk to. I would teach you my language, and we could together remake a small piece of everything that I loved and lost. When you said your first words to me, in Chinese that had the same accent as my mother and me, I cried for hours. When I made the first zhezhi animals for you, and you laughed, I felt there were no worries in the world.

You grew up a little, and now you could even help your father and I talk to each other. I was really at home now. I finally found a good life. I wished my parents could be here, so that I could cook for them and give them a good life too. But my parents were no longer around. You know what the Chinese think is the saddest feeling in the world? It's for a child to finally grow the desire to take care of his parents, only to realize that they were long gone.

Son, I know that you do not like your Chinese eyes, which are my eyes. I know that you do not like your Chinese hair, which is my hair. But can you understand how much joy your very existence brought to me? And can you understand how it felt when you stopped talking to me and won't let me talk to you in Chinese? I felt I was losing everything all over again.

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Why won't you talk to me, son? The pain makes it hard to write.

The young woman handed the paper back to me. I could not bear to look into her face.

Without looking up, I asked for her help in tracing out the character for *ai* on the paper below Mom's letter. I wrote the character again and again on the paper, intertwining my pen strokes with her words.

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The young woman reached out and put a hand on my shoulder. Then she got up and left, leaving me alone with my mother.

Following the creases, I refolded the paper back into Laohu. I cradled him in the crook of my arm, and as he purred, we began the walk home.

In what ways does Ken Liu make this moment in *The Paper Menagerie* so moving?

[25]

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

SAMANTA SCHWEBLIN: *Fever Dream*

- 7 In what ways does Schweblin powerfully depict Amanda's state of mind?

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 1** in answering this question. [25]

AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa*

- 8 How far does Aidoo's portrayal of Anowa make you feel sympathy for her?

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 2** in answering this question. [25]

FABIO GEDA: *In the Sea There are Crocodiles*

- 9 Explore the ways in which Geda makes Enaiat's story so moving.

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 3** in answering this question. [25]

ANTON CHEKHOV: *The Cherry Orchard*

- 10 To what extent does Chekhov encourage you to sympathise with Mrs Ranevsky?

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 4** in answering this question. [25]

Selection from *Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2: from Part 2*

- 11 In what ways does Vivian Smith make *At the Parrot House, Taronga Park* such a memorable poem? [25]

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 12 Explore how Jamaica Kincaid creates striking impressions of the narrator in *A Walk to the Jetty*. [25]

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