



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

WORLD LITERATURE

Paper 32: Set Text

0408/32

May/June 2016

1 hour 30 minutes

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions: **one** question from Section A and **one** question from Section B.
Your questions may be on one set text or on two set texts.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



This document consists of **12** printed pages and **1** insert.

SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

BERTOLT BRECHT: *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*

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

<i>The Third Woman:</i>	Didn't you hear? Better put him down!	
<i>Grusha:</i>	The nurse asked me to hold him for a moment.	
<i>The Cook:</i>	That one won't come back, you silly!	
<i>The Third Woman:</i>	Keep your hands off him.	
<i>The Cook:</i>	They'll be more after him than after his mother. He's the heir. Grusha, you're a good soul. But you know you're not too bright. I tell you, if he had the plague it couldn't be worse. Better see to it that you get away.	5
	<i>[The stableman has come back carrying bundles which he distributes among the women. All except GRUSHA prepare to leave.]</i>	10
<i>Grusha</i>	<i>[stubbornly]</i> : He hasn't got the plague. He looks at you like a human being.	
<i>The Cook:</i>	Then don't you look back. You're just the kind of fool who always gets put upon. If someone says to you: Run and get the lettuce, you have the longest legs!—you run. We're taking the ox-cart, you can have a lift if you hurry. Jesus, by now the whole neighbourhood must be in flames!	15
<i>The Third Woman:</i>	Haven't you packed anything yet? There isn't much time, you know. The Ironshirts will soon be here from the barracks.	20
	<i>[Exit both women and the stableman.]</i>	
<i>Grusha:</i>	I'm coming.	
	<i>[GRUSHA lays the child down, looks at it for a moment, then takes clothes from the trunks lying about and covers the sleeping child. Then she runs into the palace to get her things. Sounds of horses' hoofs and of women screaming. Enter THE FAT PRINCE with drunken Ironshirts. One of them carries the head of the Governor on a lance.]</i>	25
<i>The Fat Prince:</i>	Put it here. Right in the middle! <i>[One Ironshirt climbs on to the back of another, takes the head and holds it over the gateway.]</i> That's not the middle. Further to the right. Good. What I do, my friends, I do well. <i>[While an Ironshirt with hammer and nail fastens the head by its hair:]</i> This morning at the church door I said to Georgi Abashvili: 'I love a clear sky'. Actually, what I prefer is lightning from a clear sky. Oh, yes. But it's a pity they took the brat away. I need him. Badly. Search the whole of Grusinia for him! 1000 piastres reward!	30
	<i>[As GRUSHA enters cautiously through the doorway, THE FAT PRINCE and the Ironshirts leave. Trampling of horses' hoofs again. Carrying a bundle, GRUSHA walks towards the gateway. At the last moment, she turns to see if the child is still there.]</i>	35
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DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

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

The old miller led us up a shaky wooden ladder, from which two or three rungs were missing, to the next floor. There he hurried over to a rattan basket and drew out a calabash filled with liquor, and three small beakers.

'It's not so dusty here,' he said, grinning. 'Let's have a drink.'

The floor of this large, dimly lit space was scattered with pebbles, which we suspected were the 'jade dumplings' Four-Eyes had told us about. Like downstairs, there was not a stick of furniture except for a large bed. On the wall hung the dark, dappled skin of a leopard or panther and a musical instrument, a sort of bamboo viol with three strings.

The old miller invited us to sit down on his bed. It was the very bed to which Four-Eyes owed his painful memories.

I glanced at my interpreter, who was clearly just as apprehensive as I was.

'Wouldn't it be more pleasant to sit outside?' faltered Luo, his nerves beginning to fray. 'It's so dark in here.'

'Don't worry, I'll take care of that.'

The old man lit an oil lamp and put it down in the middle of the bed. The reservoir was nearly empty, so he went off in search of fuel. He returned the next minute with a calabash full of oil. He poured some into the lamp, and placed the half-full calabash next to the one containing the liquor.

Huddled around the oil lamp, we squatted on the bed and drank. Right next to me was a bundle of soiled clothes rolled up in a spare blanket. As I sipped my drink I could feel tiny insects crawling up one of my legs. I decided to waive the protocol of my official status and slip my hand discreetly into my trousers, but immediately felt my other leg being attacked. I had a vision of my body as a rallying ground for armies of lice, all thrilled at the change of diet, ravenous for the delights offered by my poor veins. I had a vision of Four-Eyes stirring the big cauldron in which clothes billowed and sank and whirled – only it was my new Mao-style jacket seething amid the black bubbles.

After a while the old miller went away, leaving us at the mercy of the lice. He returned with a platter, a small bowl and three pairs of chopsticks, all of which he put out on the quilt next to the lamp. Then he clambered onto the bed again.

Neither Luo nor I had thought for a moment that the old man would have the gall to make us the same offer as he had made Four-Eyes. But it was too late to distract him. The platter was heaped with small, ordinary-looking pebbles in varying shades of grey and green, and the bowl contained clear water which sparkled in the light of the oil lamp. The salt crystals lying on the bottom told us that this must be the miller's sauce. Meanwhile my attackers were reaching the limits of their territorial expansion: they had got under my cap, and I could feel my hair standing on end as they raided my scalp.

'Help yourselves,' the old man told us. 'It's my usual fare: jade dumplings with salty sauce.'

He took his chopsticks, picked up a pebble from the dish and slowly dipped it in the sauce as if performing a ritual. Then he raised the pebble to his lips and sucked it with relish. He kept it in his mouth for a long time. I saw it roll around between his rotten teeth, but just as he seemed about to swallow it, it re-emerged from the depths of his throat. The old man pursed his lips and spat it out of the corner of his mouth, making it skitter across the floor.

After a moment's hesitation Luo took up his chopsticks and tasted his first jade dumpling, wearing an expression of polite approval mixed with pity. The visitor from Bai Ping, as I pretended to be, followed suit. The sauce was not too salty, and the pebble left a sour-sweet taste in my mouth.

The old man kept refilling our beakers with liquor and pressing us to join him in yet another toast. Our three mouths sent the pebbles flying through the air in an arc.

Some of them struck other pebbles already strewn on the floor, making a sharp, jolly clatter.

The old man was in excellent spirits. He also had a sense of occasion. Before embarking on his mountain ditties, he went down to stop the grindstone turning, as it made too much noise. Then he went over to the window and shut it, in order to improve the acoustics. He was still naked to the waist, and he adjusted his belt of plaited straw with care before unhooking his three-stringed instrument from the wall.

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‘So you want to hear some old songs?’ he offered.

‘Indeed we do. It’s for an important official journal,’ Luo said in a confidential tone. ‘We’re counting on you, old man. What we need are sincere, authentic songs, with a touch of romantic realism.’

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How does Sijie vividly portray this meeting with the old miller?

MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career*

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

He approached me and was stooping to kiss me. I cannot account for my action or condemn it sufficiently. It was hysterical—the outcome of an overstrung, highly excitable, and nervous temperament. Perhaps my vanity was wounded, and my tendency to strike when touched was up in arms. The calm air of ownership with which Harold drew near annoyed me, or, as Sunday-school teachers would explain it, Satan got hold of me. He certainly placed a long strong riding-whip on the table beneath my hand! As Harold stooped with the intention of pressing his lips to mine, I quickly raised the whip and brought it with all my strength right across his face. The instant the whip had descended I would have smashed my arm on the doorpost to recall that blow. But that was impossible. It had left a great weal on the healthy sun-tanned skin. His moustache had saved his lips, but it had caught his nose, the left cheek, had blinded the left eye, and had left a cut on the temple from which drops of blood were rolling down his cheek and staining his white coat. A momentary gleam of anger shot into his eyes and he gave a gasp, whether of surprise, pain, or annoyance, I know not. He made a gesture towards me. I half expected and fervently wished he would strike. The enormity of what I had done paralysed me. The whip fell from my fingers and I dropped on to a low lounge behind me, and placing my elbows on my knees crouchingly buried my face in my hands; my hair tumbled softly over my shoulders and reached the floor, as though to sympathetically curtain my humiliation. Oh, that Harold would thrash me severely! It would have infinitely relieved me. I had done a mean unwomanly thing in thus striking a man, who by his great strength and sex was debarred retaliation. I had committed a violation of self-respect and common decency; I had given a man an ignominious blow in the face with a riding-whip. And that man was Harold Beecham, who with all his strength and great stature was so wondrously gentle—who had always treated my whims and nonsense with something like the amused tolerance held by a great Newfoundland for the pranks of a kitten.

The clock struck eleven.

“A less stinging rebuke would have served your purpose. I had no idea that a simple caress from the man whose proposal of marriage you had just accepted would be considered such an unpardonable familiarity.”

Harold’s voice fell clearly, calmly, cuttingly on the silence. He moved away to the other end of the room and I heard the sound of water.

A desire filled me to tell him that I did not think he had attempted a familiarity, but that I had been mad. I wished to say I could not account for my action, but I was dumb. My tongue refused to work, and I felt as though I would choke. The splash of the water came from the other end of the room. I knew he must be suffering acute pain in his eye. A far lighter blow had kept me sleepless a whole night. A fear possessed me that I might have permanently injured his sight. The splash of water ceased. His footfall stopped beside me. I could feel he was within touching distance, but I did not move.

Oh, the horrible stillness! Why did he not speak?

In what ways does Franklin’s writing make this moment in the novel so dramatic?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4.

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

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

<i>Tesman</i>	[embracing her]: Oh yes, Auntie Julle! Hedda ... that's the most wonderful thing of all! [Looks towards the doorway.] But here she is, isn't she? Eh?	
	[HEDDA comes in from the left of the back room. She is a lady of 29. Her face and her figure are aristocratic and elegant in their proportions. Her complexion is of an even pallor. Her eyes are steel grey, and cold, clear, and dispassionate. Her hair is an attractive medium brown in colour, but not particularly ample. She is dressed in a tasteful, somewhat loose-fitting morning gown.]	5
<i>Miss Tesman</i>	[goes to meet her]: Good morning, dear Hedda! A very good morning to you!	10
<i>Hedda</i>	[offers her hand]: Good morning, dear Miss Tesman! Such an early visit. So very kind.	
<i>Miss Tesman</i>	[appearing somewhat put out]: Well, and did the young mistress sleep well in her new home?	15
<i>Hedda:</i>	Thank you, I slept tolerably well.	
<i>Tesman</i>	[laughs]: Tolerably! That's a good one, Hedda! You were sleeping like a log, you were, when I got up.	
<i>Hedda:</i>	How fortunate. But then, Miss Tesman, one always has to get used to new things. Bit by bit. [Looks towards the windows.] Ugh ... the maid's been and opened the verandah door. The place is flooded with sunlight.	20
<i>Miss Tesman</i>	[moving towards the door]: Well, let's shut it.	
<i>Hedda:</i>	Oh no, don't do that! Dear Tesman, go and draw the curtains. That gives a softer light.	25
<i>Tesman</i>	[at the door]: So be it ... so be it. ... There you are, Hedda ... now you've got both shade and fresh air.	
<i>Hedda:</i>	Yes, we can do with a bit of fresh air. All these blessed flowers. ... But dear Miss Tesman ... won't you take a seat?	
<i>Miss Tesman:</i>	No, thank you very much. Now I know everything's all right ... thanks be to God! And I'd better be thinking of getting home again. To her, lying and waiting so patiently, poor dear.	30
<i>Tesman:</i>	You'll give her my love, won't you. And say I'll pop in to see her later in the day.	
<i>Miss Tesman:</i>	Yes, yes, I'll tell her. Oh, here's another thing, Jørgen ... [She feels in her skirt pocket.] I almost went and forgot it. I've got a little something for you.	35
<i>Tesman:</i>	What can it be, Aunt? Eh?	
<i>Miss Tesman</i>	[extracts a flat object wrapped in newspaper and hands it to him]: There you are, my boy.	40
<i>Tesman</i>	[opens it]: Oh my goodness! ... So you kept them for me, Auntie Julle! Hedda! Now isn't that nice of her, Hedda! Eh?	
<i>Hedda</i>	[by the right-hand whatnot]: Of course, dear. What is it?	
<i>Tesman:</i>	My old house shoes! My slippers, Hedda!	
<i>Hedda:</i>	Ah yes. You mentioned them quite frequently on the trip, I remember.	45

- Tesman:* Yes, I did miss them so. [*He goes to her.*] Here, just take a look at them, Hedda!
- Hedda* [*crossing to the stove*]: Thank you, they wouldn't appeal to me.
- Tesman* [*following her*]: Think of it ... Aunt Rina lay there and embroidered them for me. Weak as she was. Oh, you can't imagine how many memories they have for me. 50
- Hedda* [*by the table*]: But not for me, particularly.
- Miss Tesman:* Why, Hedda's quite right about that, Jörgen.
- Tesman:* Yes, but I do think, now that she's one of the family ...
- Hedda* [*interrupts*]: We'll never be able to manage with that maid, Tesman. 55
- Miss Tesman:* Not manage with Berte?
- Tesman:* My dear ... why on earth should you say that? Eh?
- Hedda* [*points*]: Look at that! She's left her old hat lying on the chair there.
- Tesman* [*appalled, drops the slippers on the floor*]: But ... but Hedda ...!
- Hedda:* Just think ... somebody might come in and see it. 60
- Tesman:* No but Hedda ... that ... that's Auntie Julle's hat!
- Hedda:* Is it?
- Miss Tesman* [*takes the hat*]: Yes indeed it's mine. And as it happens it isn't so very old either, my dear young lady.
- Hedda:* I really didn't look at it so very closely, Miss Tesman. 65

In what ways does Ibsen make this moment in the play so striking?

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 5 Read this extract from *To Da-duh, In Memoriam* (by Paule Marshall), and then answer the question that follows it:

I did not see her at first I remember. For not only was it dark inside the crowded disembarkation shed in spite of the daylight flooding in from outside, but standing there waiting for her with my mother and sister I was still somewhat blinded from the sheen of tropical sunlight on the water of the bay which we had just crossed in the landing boat, leaving behind us the ship that had brought us from New York lying in the offing. Besides, being only nine years of age at the time and knowing nothing of islands I was busy attending to the alien sights and sounds of Barbados, the unfamiliar smells.

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I did not see her, but I was alerted to her approach by my mother's hand which suddenly tightened around mine, and looking up I traced her gaze through the gloom in the shed until I finally made out the small, purposeful, painfully erect figure of the old woman headed our way.

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Her face was drowned in the shadow of an ugly rolled-brim brown felt hat, but the details of her slight body and of the struggle taking place within it were clear enough – an intense, unrelenting struggle between her back which was beginning to bend ever so slightly under the weight of her eighty-odd years and the rest of her which sought to deny those years and hold that back straight, keep it in line. Moving swiftly toward us (so swiftly it seemed she did not intend stopping when she reached us but would sweep past us out the doorway which opened onto the sea and like Christ walk upon the water!), she was caught between the sunlight at her end of the building and the darkness inside – and for a moment she appeared to contain them both: the light in the long severe old-fashioned white dress she wore which brought the sense of a past that was still alive into our bustling present and in the snatch of white at her eye; the darkness in her black high-top shoes and in her face which was visible now that she was closer.

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It was as stark and fleshless as a death mask, that face. The maggots might have already done their work, leaving only the framework of bone beneath the ruined skin and deep wells at the temple and jaw. But her eyes were alive, unnervingly so for one so old, with a sharp light that flicked out of the dim clouded depths like a lizard's tongue to snap up all in her view. Those eyes betrayed a child's curiosity about the world, and I wondered vaguely seeing them, and seeing the way the bodice of her ancient dress had collapsed in on her flat chest (what had happened to her breasts?), whether she might not be some kind of child at the same time that she was a woman, with fourteen children, my mother included, to prove it. Perhaps she was both, both child and woman, darkness and light, past and present, life and death – all the opposites contained and reconciled in her.

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'My Da-duh,' my mother said formally and stepped forward. The name sounded like thunder fading softly in the distance.

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'Child,' Da-duh said, and her tone, her quick scrutiny of my mother, the brief embrace in which they appeared to shy from each other rather than touch, wiped out the fifteen years my mother had been away and restored the old relationship. My mother, who was such a formidable figure in my eyes, had suddenly with a word been reduced to my status.

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'Yes, God is good,' Da-duh said with a nod that was like a tic. 'He has spared me to see my child again.'

We were led forward then, apologetically because not only did Da-duh prefer boys but she also liked her grandchildren to be 'white', that is, fair-skinned; and we had, I was to discover, a number of cousins, the outside children of white estate managers and the like, who qualified. We, though, were as black as she.

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My sister being the oldest was presented first. 'This one takes after the father,' my mother said and waited to be reproved.

Frowning, Da-duh tilted my sister's face toward the light. But her frown soon gave way to a grudging smile, for my sister with her large mild eyes and little broad winged

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nose, with our father's high-cheeked Barbadian cast to her face, was pretty.

'She's goin' be lucky,' Da-duh said and patted her once on the cheek. 'Any girl child that takes after the father does be lucky.'

She turned then to me. But oddly enough she did not touch me. Instead leaning close, she peered hard at me, and then quickly drew back. I thought I saw her hand start up as though to shield her eyes. It was almost as if she saw not only me, a thin truculent child who it was said took after no one but myself, but something in me which for some reason she found disturbing, even threatening. We looked silently at each other for a long time there in the noisy shed, our gaze locked. She was the first to look away.

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How does Marshall vividly convey the narrator's impressions of her grandmother?

SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

BERTOLT BRECHT: *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*

- 6 What does Brecht's portrayal of the upper classes in the play make you feel about them?

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

- 7 Explore the ways in which Sijie makes the human desire for stories such an important part of the novel.

MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career*

- 8 In what ways does Franklin make Sybylla's time with the M'Swat family so vivid and entertaining?

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

- 9 Explore the ways in which Ibsen makes Lövborg such a memorable character in the play.

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves*

- 10 What striking impressions of the old man does Grace create for you in *Journey*?

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