



Cambridge IGCSE™

WORLD LITERATURE

0408/03

Paper 3 Set Text

For examination from 2022

SPECIMEN PAPER

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 [].

The specimen questions provided here illustrate the style of questions that will be asked in the examination. However, the set texts to be used in examinations from 2022–2024 do not appear in this specimen question paper.

Please refer to the syllabus and the specific year of the examination for details of the relevant set texts for that examination.

This document has **14** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

Section A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

BERTOLT BRECHT: *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*

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

- Simon:* There you are at last, Grusha! What are you going to do?
- Grusha:* Nothing. If the worst comes to the worst, I've a brother with a farm in the mountains. But what about you?
- Simon:* Don't worry about me. [*Polite again.*] Grusha Vachnadze, your desire to know my plans fills me with satisfaction. I've been ordered to accompany Madam Natella Abashvili as her guard. 5
- Grusha:* But hasn't the Palace Guard mutinied?
- Simon* [*serious*]: That they have.
- Grusha:* But isn't it dangerous to accompany the woman?
- Simon:* In Tiflis they say: how can stabbing harm the knife? 10
- Grusha:* You're not a knife. You're a man, Simon Chachava. What has this woman to do with you?
- Simon:* The woman has nothing to do with me. But I have my orders, and so I go.
- Grusha:* The soldier is a pig-headed man; he gets himself into danger for nothing — nothing at all. [*As she is called from the palace*]: Now I must go into the third courtyard. I'm in a hurry. 15
- Simon:* As there's a hurry we oughtn't to quarrel. For a good quarrel one needs time. May I ask if the young lady still has parents?
- Grusha:* No, only a brother.
- Simon:* As time is short — the second question would be: Is the young lady as healthy as a fish in water? 20
- Grusha:* Perhaps once in a while a pain in the right shoulder; but otherwise strong enough for any work. So far no one has complained.
- Simon:* Everyone knows that. Even if it's Easter Sunday and there's the question who shall fetch the goose, then it's she. The third question is this: Is the young lady impatient? Does she want cherries in winter? 25
- Grusha:* Impatient, no. But if a man goes to war without any reason, and no message comes, that's bad.
- Simon:* A message will come. [*GRUSHA is again called from the palace.*] And finally the main question ... 30
- Grusha:* Simon Chachava, because I've got to go to the third courtyard and I'm in a hurry, the answer is 'Yes'.
- Simon* [*very embarrassed*]: Hurry, they say, is the wind that blows down the scaffolding. But they also say: The rich don't know what hurry is.—I come from ... 35
- Grusha:* Kutsk.

- Simon:* So the young lady has already made inquiries? Am healthy, have no dependents, earn ten piastres a month, as a paymaster twenty, and am asking honourably for your hand.
- Grusha:* Simon Chachava, that suits me. 40
- Simon* [*taking from his neck a thin chain from which hangs a little cross*]: This cross belonged to my mother, Grusha Vachnadze. The chain is silver. Please wear it.
- Grusha:* I thank you, Simon. [*He fastens it round her neck.*]
- Simon:* Now I must harness the horses. The young lady will understand that. It would be better for the young lady to go into the third courtyard. Otherwise there'll be trouble. 45
- Grusha:* Yes, Simon.
[*They stand together undecided.*]
- Simon:* I'll just take the woman to the troops who've remained loyal. When the war's over, I'll come back. In two weeks. Or three. I hope my intended won't get tired waiting for my return. 50
- Grusha:* Simon Chachava, I shall wait for you.

In what ways does Brecht make this conversation such a memorable moment in the play? [25]

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

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

To our surprise, Maiguru did leave, by bus, early the next morning. She did not slink away in the dark, but quite openly packed a suitcase, put on her travelling clothes, had her breakfast and left. Babamukuru was still feeling injured, which was why, I thought, he let her go, but Nyasha had a different theory. She thought Babamukuru simply did not believe that Maiguru would do it. Would do it, could do it. It made no difference, she said. The point was that he did not believe. Babamukuru, she said, expected his wife to get cold feet before she got to the bus-stop or, at the latest, before the bus pulled away. 5

It would have been useful, Nyasha said, if things had turned out that way, because then Babamukuru would always have been able to remind his wife that she had tried to leave and had failed. Unfortunately, she told me, Babamukuru had to wait until Maiguru had boarded that bus and had gone to discover whether he was right or not, and by that time it was too late to do anything about it. 10

Whether this was the case or not, I remember that there was something large and determined about Maiguru in the way that she made up her mind and, making no fuss, carried out her plan. Even Nyasha was impressed. She went to hug her mother goodbye at the door, but Maiguru, wanting only to go, remained cold. Nyasha was hurt but bighearted enough not to be jealous of her mother. 'I guess it's a one-woman show,' she said ruefully. 15

Personally, I thought Nyasha was a little unbalanced not to be distressed by being abandoned so abruptly. Nyasha, though, didn't know what I was talking about. She did not think her mother had deserted her. She thought there was a difference between people deserting their daughters and people saving themselves. Maiguru was doing the latter and would be available to her daughter when she was needed. 'We'll survive,' she assured me. 'We'll manage somehow.'

I was not so sure. Managing Babamukuru was not a child's job. Maiguru's departure was evidence of this. But Nyasha, who had still not tested the cast of Babamukuru's soul, thought that Babamukuru was, like her, flexible and would in the long run make a healthy adjustment. Consequently she thought only in terms of her mother's emancipation and was comforted by it. 25

'I'll tell you why, Tambu,' she explained. 'Sometimes I feel I'm trapped by that man, just like she is. But now she's done it, now she's broken out, I know it's possible, so I can wait.' She sighed. 'But it's not that simple, you know, really it isn't. It's not really him, you know. I mean not really the person. It's everything, it's everywhere. So where do you break out to? You're just one person and it's everywhere. So where do you break out to? 30

I don't know, Tambu, really I don't know. So what do you do? I don't know.'

It was true. It was a sad truth, tragic in Maiguru's case, because even if there had been somewhere to go, she would not have been able to, since her investment, in the form of her husband and two children, was all at the mission. We tried not to be discouraged by this knowledge, but it weighed heavily on our minds. We needed to be reassured, which we did for each other by inventing increasingly fantastic options for Maiguru. 35

'She'll go back to England. To study for another degree,' said I. 40

'She'll teach at the University,' Nyasha countered.

'She'll become a doctor.'

'She'll start her own business,' Nyasha suggested, and sighed again. 'Maybe she could have once. But now it's too late.' Poor Nyasha. She could not conquer the hopelessness.

How does Dangarembga makes this moment in the novel so powerful? [25]

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 3.

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

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

The buffalo was of medium size, but boasted an exceptionally long tail, which it swung vigorously from side to side as though determined to splatter its timid, inexperienced master with as much filth as possible. For all his efforts to dodge the relentless lashes, one split second of inattention was enough for Four-Eyes to receive a blow to the face from the buffalo's tail, which sent his spectacles hurtling through the air. He swore and dropped the reins from his right hand and the plough from his left. Clapping his hands over his eyes, he let out a stream of abuse as if he had been blinded. 5

He was so enraged that he didn't hear our jovial shouts of greeting. He was very short-sighted and was unable to distinguish us from the jeering peasants in the neighbouring paddy fields. 10

He bent over and plunged his arms into the water, groping around in the mud. The blank expression in his bulging eyes was disconcerting.

Four-Eyes had evidently aroused his buffalo's sadistic instinct. The creature halted, then heaved from side to side, trampling the muddy bed with vigour, as though intent upon crushing the submerged spectacles with its hooves or the lurching ploughshare. 15

I took off my shoes, rolled up my trousers and stepped into the paddy field, leaving Luo seated by the wayside. Four-Eyes was not eager for me to help search for his spectacles, fearing that I would be a hindrance, but in the end it was I who stepped on them inadvertently as I groped in the mud. Fortunately they were still in one piece.

His vision restored to its former clarity, Four-Eyes was shocked to see the state Luo was in. 20

'You look as sick as a dog!' he said.

As Four-Eyes couldn't abandon his work, he suggested we go to his place and take a rest until he returned.

He was lodged in the centre of the village. He had few personal belongings, and was so anxious to demonstrate his complete trust in the revolutionary peasants that he never used to lock his door. The building, an old grain storehouse, was on stilts, like ours, but it had a projecting porch supported by sturdy bamboo stakes, where cereals, vegetables and spices would be spread out to dry. Luo and I settled down on the porch to enjoy the sunshine. After a time the sun slid behind a mountain peak, and there was a chill in the air. Once the sweat on Luo's body had dried, he turned ice cold. I found an old pullover belonging to Four-Eyes and draped it over his back, tying the sleeves around his neck like a scarf. 25 30

Even though the sun reappeared, he continued to complain of the cold. I went inside again to fetch a quilt from the bed, and on my way there it occurred to me that there might be another pullover lying around somewhere. I took a look under the bed, where I discovered a large wooden packing crate. Piled on top was a jumble of old shoes and broken slippers encrusted with mud and dirt. 35

Pulling the crate into a beam of dust-dappled sunlight, I opened it and found that it contained more articles of clothing. I was fumbling around in the hope of finding a small pullover that would fit Luo's scrawny body when my fingers suddenly came upon something soft, supple and smooth to the touch, which made me think at once of a lady's doeskin shoe. 40

But it was not a shoe, it was a suitcase. A ray of light bounced off the glossy lid. It was an elegant suitcase, a little worn but made of fine leather, and it gave off a whiff of civilisation.

It seemed inordinately heavy in relation to its size, but I had no way of telling what was inside. It was fastened with locks in three places. 45

I waited impatiently for the evening, when Four-Eyes would be released from his daily struggle with the buffalo, so that I could ask him what sort of treasure he had so securely hidden away in his secret cache.

To my surprise he didn't answer my question. All the time we were cooking he was unusually quiet, and when he did speak he took care not to mention the suitcase. 50
While we were eating our supper I broached the subject again. But still he said nothing.

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

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

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

- Hedda*: In your power, all the same. Subject to your will and your demands. No longer free! [*She gets up violently.*] No! That's a thought that I'll never endure! Never.
- Brack* [*looks at her half tauntingly*]: One generally acquiesces in what is inevitable.
- Hedda* [*returns the look*]: Perhaps you're right.
- [*She crosses to the writing desk.*] 5
- Hedda* [*suppresses an involuntary smile, and imitates TESMAN's intonation*]: Well? Is it going to work out, Jørgen? Eh?
- Tesman*: Heaven knows, my love. At any rate it's going to take us months.
- Hedda* [*as before*]: Well, think of that! [*She passes her fingers lightly through MRS. ELVSTED's hair.*] Isn't this strange for you, Thea? Now you're sitting here together with Tesman ... as you used to sit with Ejler Lövborg. 10
- Mrs. Elvsted*: Oh yes, oh God ... if only I could inspire your husband in the same way.
- Hedda*: Oh, I expect it will come ... in time.
- Tesman*: Yes, d'you know what, Hedda ... it really does seem to me that I'm beginning to feel something of the sort. But you go and sit down again, now, with Mr. Brack. 15
- Hedda*: And is there nothing I can do to help you two?
- Tesman*: No, nothing at all. [*Turns his head.*] We'll just have to rely on you, dear Mr. Brack, to keep Hedda company!
- Brack* [*with a look to HEDDA*]: It will be a pleasure indeed. 20
- Hedda*: Thank you. But tonight I'm tired. I'm going to go in and lie down a bit on the sofa.
- Tesman*: Yes, you do that my dear. Eh?
- [*HEDDA goes into the inner room and pulls the curtains together behind her. A short pause. Suddenly she is heard to play a wild dance tune on the piano.*] 25
- Mrs. Elvsted* [*starts up from her chair*]: Oh ... what's that!
- Tesman* [*runs to the doorway*]: But Hedda, my dear ... don't play dance music, not tonight! Do think of Aunt Rina! And of Ejler, too!
- Hedda* [*puts her head out between the curtains*]: And of Auntie Julle. And of all the rest of them. ... I shall be silent in future. 30
- [*She draws the curtains together again.*]
- Tesman* [*at the desk*]: I don't think it's good for her to see us at this melancholy task. I'll tell you what, Mrs. Elvsted ... you'll have to move in to Aunt Julle's. Then I'll come up in the evenings. And then we can sit and work there. Eh?
- Mrs. Elvsted*: Yes, perhaps that would be the best. ... 35
- Hedda* [*from the inner room*]: I can hear what you're saying, Tesman. And how am I supposed to survive the evenings out here?
- Tesman* [*leafing through the papers*]: Oh, I expect Mr. Brack will be kind enough to look in now and again.
- Brack* [*in the armchair, shouts cheerfully*]: I'll gladly come every single evening, Mrs. Tesman! Don't you worry, we'll have a fine time out here together! 40

- Hedda* [clearly and distinctly]: Yes, you're looking forward to that, aren't you, Mr. Brack? Yourself as the only cock in the yard. ...
 [A shot is heard within. TESMAN, MRS. ELVSTED, and BRACK all start to their feet.] 45
- Tesman*: Oh, now she's playing about with those pistols again.
 [He pulls the curtains aside and runs in. MRS. ELVSTED follows. HEDDA lies stretched out dead on the sofa. Confusion and shouting. BERTE, in alarm, comes in from the right.]
- Tesman* [yelling at BRACK]: Shot herself! Shot herself in the temple! Think of that! 50
- Brack* [half prostrate in the armchair]: But, good God Almighty ... people don't do such things!

Explore how Ibsen makes this such a powerful ending to the play. [25]

Selection from *Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2*

Question 5 Read this extract, and then answer the question that follows it:

Song

for Helen Suzman

*Nothing happens until something does.
Everything remains just as it was
And all you hear is the distant buzz
Of nothing happening till something does.*

A lot of small hands in a monstrous hall 5
*can make the air vibrate
and even shake the wall;
a voice can break a plate
or glass, and one pale feather tip*
the balance on a sinking ship. 10

It's the very same tune that has been sung
time and again by those
whose heavy fate has hung
on the weight that they oppose,
the weight by which are crushed 15
the broken voices of the hushed.

But give certain people a place to stand
a lever, a fulcrum, a weight,
however small the hand,
the object however great, 20
it is possible to prove
that even Earth may be made to move.

*Nothing happens until something does,
and hands, however small,
fill the air so the buzz* 25
*of the broken fills the hall
as levers and fulcrums shift
and the heart like a weight begins to lift.*

Nothing happens until something does.
Everything remains just as it was 30
*And all you hear is the distant buzz
Of nothing happening. Then something does.*

(George Szirtes)

How does Szirtes make this such a striking poem?

[25]

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves, Volume 1*

Question 6 Read this extract from *Real Time* (by Amit Chaudhuri), and then answer the question that follows it:

On their way to the house, Mr Mitra said he didn't know if they should buy flowers. They

Waiting for copyright clearance.

Waiting for copyright clearance.

'That side?' Mr Mitra looked helpless; he'd given up trying to arrive on time.

In what ways does Chaudhuri make this an interesting opening to the story?

[25]

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

BERTOLT BRECHT: *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*

Question 7 How does Brecht strikingly portray corruption in the play? [25]

TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions*

Question 8 In what ways does Dangarembga powerfully convey the conflict between generations in the novel? [25]

DAI SIJIE: *Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress*

Question 9 How does Sijie vividly depict life in the village where Luo and the narrator are sent for re-education? [25]

HENRIK IBSEN: *Hedda Gabler*

Question 10 Explore how Ibsen memorably portrays the relationship between Hedda and Tesman.

NB: Do not refer to the extract in Question 4. [25]

Selection from *Songs of Ourselves, Volume 2: from Part 3*

Question 11 How do the poets create powerful effects in *The Capital* (by W H Auden) and in **one** other poem from this selection? [25]

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves, Volume 1*

Question 12 How does the writer memorably depict the life of the narrator in **either** *The Enemy* (by V S Naipaul) **or** *Sandpiper* (by Ahdaf Soueif)? [25]

Copyright Acknowledgements:

| | |
|------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Question 1 | © trans. J & T Stern, W H Auden; Bertolt Brecht; <i>The Caucasian Chalk Circle</i> ; Methuen Drama, an imprint of A&C Black Publishers; 1984. |
| Question 2 | © Tsitsi Dangarembga; <i>Nervous Conditions</i> ; Ayebia Clarke Publishing; 1988. |
| Question 3 | © Dai Sijie; <i>Balzac and the Little Chinese Seamstress</i> ; Published by Vintage. Reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Ltd; 2002. |
| Question 4 | © Henrik Ibsen; <i>Four Major Plays</i> ; Oxford University Press; 1966. |
| Question 5 | © George Szirtes; <i>Song</i> , in <i>Songs of Ourselves Vol. 2</i> ; Cambridge University Press; 2018. |
| Question 6 | |

Waiting for copyright clearance.

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

Cambridge Assessment International Education is part of the Cambridge Assessment Group. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of the University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which itself is a department of the University of Cambridge.