



Cambridge IGCSE™

WORLD LITERATURE**0408/33**

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)

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 **12** pages.

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:

Shinji listened to the voice of the storm from his pallet.

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It seemed to him that only the sea would be kind enough to answer his wordless conversation.

Explore how Mishima makes this moment in the novel memorable and significant.

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

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

<i>Yerma:</i>	With all the work there is, the men can't leave the olive groves. We have to take them their food. Only the old folk are left at home.	
<i>Second Girl:</i>	Are you going back to the village?	
<i>Yerma:</i>	Yes.	
<i>First Girl:</i>	I'd better hurry. I left the baby asleep and there's no one else at home.	5
<i>Yerma:</i>	Then get a move on! You can't leave children alone. I hope you don't keep pigs!	
<i>First Girl:</i>	No, but you're right. I'm off.	
<i>Yerma:</i>	Hurry! That's how accidents happen. Did you make sure the door was locked?	10
<i>First Girl:</i>	Of course I did!	
<i>Yerma:</i>	You've got no idea what it is to be so small and helpless. Something we think quite harmless could easily be the death of him. A small needle, a sip of water.	
<i>First Girl:</i>	True enough. I'm going. Trouble is, I don't always think.	15
<i>Yerma:</i>	Quickly, then!	
	<i>Exit FIRST GIRL.</i>	
<i>Second Girl:</i>	You wouldn't be so keen if you had four or five.	
<i>Yerma:</i>	Why not? I'd be just the same if I had forty.	
<i>Second Girl:</i>	Anyway, you and me, we've got none. Life is much more pleasant.	20
<i>Yerma:</i>	Mine isn't.	
<i>Second Girl:</i>	Well, mine is! Except that my mother stuffs me with herbs to get me pregnant. And next October we have to go and pray to the saint ... the one they say will give a girl kids if she prays hard enough. My mother'll be doing the praying, not me.	25
<i>Yerma:</i>	So why did you get married?	
<i>Second Girl:</i>	I didn't. They made me. All the girls are getting married. If things go on like this, there'll be no single girls left ... except for the children. Anyway, you know for yourself, a girl gets married long before the actual wedding. But the old women make sure we end up in church. Look, I'm only nineteen and I can't stand having to cook and wash clothes. Why should I have to spend all day doing something I don't want to? What for? And why does my husband have to be my husband? We were doing exactly the same when he was my boyfriend. The old people have funny ideas.	30
<i>Yerma:</i>	Be quiet! You shouldn't talk like that.	35
<i>Second Girl:</i>	Oh, you think I'm mad as well! There she is, harum-scarum! [<i>She laughs.</i>] I'll tell you the one thing I've learned in my life so far: everyone's stuck at home doing what they don't want to do. They'd be far better off having fun outside. As for myself, it's splashing about in the river, making the bells ring, or taking a cool drink of anise.	40
<i>Yerma:</i>	You're acting like a child.	
<i>Second Girl:</i>	Maybe. But I'm not crazy. [<i>She laughs.</i>]	
<i>Yerma:</i>	Does your mother live in the top house?	

<i>Second Girl:</i>	That's her, yes.	45
<i>Yerma:</i>	The very last one?	
<i>Second Girl:</i>	Yes.	
<i>Yerma:</i>	What's her name?	
<i>Second Girl:</i>	Dolores. Why?	
<i>Yerma:</i>	No reason.	50
<i>Second Girl:</i>	Then why ask?	
<i>Yerma:</i>	It doesn't matter ... it's just that ...	
<i>Second Girl:</i>	Oh, well, I'd best be off ... to feed my husband. [<i>She laughs.</i>] Such a pity I can't still call him my boyfriend! [<i>She laughs.</i>] Anyway, here goes harum-scarum! [<i>Exit laughing happily.</i>] Bye!	55
<i>VICTOR's voice singing offstage:</i>		
	Why do you sleep alone, shepherd?	
	Why do you sleep alone, shepherd?	
	On my quilt of wool	
	You'd sleep much better.	60
	Why do you sleep alone, shepherd?	
	<i>YERMA listens.</i>	

How does Lorca vividly portray the thoughts and feelings of the characters at this moment in the play?

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

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

'You know that new girl Darien likes?'

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Yet he still sometimes teased that she was like a dog that circles and bites its own tail, not recognizing she was only making herself miserable.

How does Tan strikingly convey Ruth's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4.

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

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

<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Well, that's quite some hospital! I must say I'm impressed by the way you show your visitors round. In the other towns they never showed me a thing.	
<i>Mayor:</i>	If I may dare to suggest an explanation, in other towns the officials are often more concerned with, so to speak, lining their pockets. Here, on the other hand, we think of little else but how to earn the approval of our superiors by our vigilance and good example.	5
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Excellent lunch. Completely gorged myself. Do you lunch like that every day?	10
<i>Mayor:</i>	On the contrary, specially cooked for our charming guest.	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	I do love eating, I must say. But then what's life for, but to cull the blooms of pleasure. What was that delicious fish?	
<i>Warden of Charities</i>	[<i>scurrying up</i>]: Salt cod, Your Excellency—labberdaan.	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Really? Very tasty. Where was it we ate—in the hospital, right?	15
<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	Quite right, sir, in the charitable institution.	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Yes, I remember seeing some beds there. Didn't seem to be many patients though. Have they all recovered?	
<i>Warden of Charities:</i>	About a dozen left, the rest have recovered. It's the way the place is run. Since I took over the management—you may find this hard to believe, but all the patients have been recovering like flies. The moment they set foot in the hospital they feel fit as a fiddle. Not so much through medication as through honesty and good order.	20
<i>Mayor:</i>	But, if you don't mind my saying, all that's nothing compared to the duties of a mayor. So many things to deal with: cleaning the streets, repairs, renovations... problems enough to flummox the cleverest of men, but, thank the Lord, it's all in order here. I can think of mayors whose only concern would be that little bit on the side but no, as God's my judge, when I lie down to sleep, my prayer is 'Lord God, please let my superiors see my zeal and be pleased with me!' Whether they choose to reward me or not, that's up to them, of course, but at least I'll rest easy. When order reigns in the town, the streets are swept, the convicts well looked after, not too many drunkards about... What more could I want? It's not awards and decorations I'm after. They're attractive to some, I know, but for me, virtue is its own reward.	25
<i>Warden of Charities</i>	[<i>aside</i>]: Just listen to that, the hypocrite! Talk about the gift of the gab!	30
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Oh, very true! I must confess I dabble in philosophy a bit myself. An occasional bit of prose... the odd stanza or two, you know the sort of thing.	35
<i>Warden of Charities</i>	[<i>aside</i>]: Just listen to that, the hypocrite! Talk about the gift of the gab!	40
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Oh, very true! I must confess I dabble in philosophy a bit myself. An occasional bit of prose... the odd stanza or two, you know the sort of thing.	45

<i>Bobchinsky</i>	[to DOBCHINSKY]: So perfectly true, Pyotr Ivanovich! The way he puts things is so... you can tell he's studied the sciences, can't you?	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	But tell me, don't you have any amusements in this town? Societies, you know, where you could get together for a game of cards?	50
<i>Mayor</i>	[<i>aside</i>]: Oho, my fine fellow, I can see what you're sniffing at! [<i>Aloud.</i>] Heaven forbid! I wouldn't stand for that sort of thing in our town! I've never picked up a card in my life. I don't even know how to play any of these card games. I can't bear to look at them calmly, and if I should be unlucky enough to see a king of diamonds or something like that I feel such revulsion I literally have to spit. I built a house of cards one day, to amuse the children, you know, and had nightmares about the damned things all night! Heaven help us! To think of all the valuable time people waste on them!	55 60
<i>Inspector of Schools</i>	[<i>aside</i>]: He only took a hundred roubles off me last night, the lying toad.	
<i>Mayor:</i>	My time is better spent in the service of the state.	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Well, I don't think you're being entirely fair. It depends on the view you take of a thing. Of course, if you're the sort of chap who sticks just when you should treble your stake ... No, no, there's a lot of fun can be gained from a hand of cards.	65

In what ways does Gogol make this moment in the play so amusing?

SONGS OF OURSELVES Volume 1: from Part 3

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

Carpet-weavers, Morocco

The children are at the loom of another world.
Their braids are oiled and black, their dresses bright.
Their assorted heights would make a melodious chime.

They watch their flickering knots like television.
As the garden of Islam grows, the bench will be raised. 5
Then they will lace the dark-rose veins of the tree-tops.

The carpet will travel in the merchant's truck.
It will be spread by the servants of the mosque.
Deep and soft, it will give when heaped with prayer.

The children are hard at work in the school of days. 10
From their fingers the colours of all-that-will-be fly
and freeze into the frame of all-that-was.

(Carol Rumens)

How does Rumens use words and images to vivid effect in *Carpet-weavers, Morocco*?

from **STORIES OF OURSELVES** Volume 1

- 6 Read this extract from *The Signalman* (by Charles Dickens), and then answer the question that follows it:

Next evening was a lovely evening, and I walked out early to enjoy it. The sun was not yet quite down when I traversed the fieldpath near the top of the deep cutting. I would extend my walk for an hour, I said to myself, half an hour on and half an hour back, and it would then be time to go to my signalman's box.

Before pursuing my stroll, I stepped to the brink, and mechanically looked down, from the point from which I had first seen him. I cannot describe the thrill that seized upon me, when, close at the mouth of the tunnel, I saw the appearance of a man, with his left sleeve across his eyes, passionately waving his right arm.

The nameless horror that oppressed me passed in a moment, for in a moment I saw that this appearance of a man was a man indeed, and that there was a little group of other men standing at a short distance, to whom he seemed to be rehearsing the gesture he made. The Danger-light was not yet lighted. Against its shaft a little low hut entirely new to me, had been made of some wooden supports and tarpaulin. It looked no bigger than a bed.

With an irresistible sense that something was wrong – with a flashing self-reproachful fear that fatal mischief had come of my leaving the man there, and causing no one to be sent to overlook or correct what he did – I descended the notched path with all the speed I could make.

'What is the matter?' I asked the men.

'Signalman killed this morning, sir.'

'Not the man belonging to that box?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Not the man I know?'

'You will recognise him, sir, if you knew him,' said the man who spoke for the others, solemnly uncovering his own head, and raising an end of the tarpaulin, 'for his face is quite composed.'

'Oh, how did this happen, how did this happen?' I asked, turning from one to another as the hut closed in again.

'He was cut down by an engine, sir. No man in England knew his work better. But somehow he was not clear of the outer rail. It was just at broad day. He had struck the light, and had the lamp in his hand. As the engine came out of the tunnel, his back was towards her, and she cut him down. That man drove her, and was showing how it happened. Show the gentleman, Tom.'

The man who wore a rough dark dress, stepped back to his former place at the mouth of the tunnel.

'Coming round the curve in the tunnel, sir,' he said, 'I saw him at the end, like as if I saw him down a perspective-glass. There was no time to check speed, and I knew him to be very careful. As he didn't seem to take heed of the whistle, I shut it off when we were running down upon him, and called to him as loud as I could call.'

'What did you say?'

'I said, "Below there! Look out! Look out! For God's sake, clear the way!"'

I started.

'Ah! It was a dreadful time, sir. I never left off calling to him. I put this arm before my eyes not to see, and I waved this arm to the last; but it was no use.'

Without prolonging the narrative to dwell on any one of its curious circumstances more than on any other, I may, in closing it, point out the coincidence that the warning of the engine-driver included, not only the words which the unfortunate signalman had repeated to me as haunting him, but also the words which I myself – not he – had attached, and that only in my own mind, to the gesticulation he had imitated.

In what ways does Dickens make this such a powerful ending to the story?

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 **two** moments in the novel where Mishima vividly portrays the lives of women.

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

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA: *Yerma*

- 8 How far does Lorca encourage you to feel sympathy for Juan?

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

- 9 How does Tan vividly depict life in the mountain village Immortal Heart?

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

- 10 How does Gogol create memorable impressions of life in the town?

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

SONGS OF OURSELVES Volume 1: from Part 3

- 11 In what ways does Lochhead make *Storyteller* such a fascinating poem?

from STORIES OF OURSELVES Volume 1

- 12 How far does Soueif encourage you to feel sympathy for the narrator in *Sandpiper*?

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