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**WORLD LITERATURE**

**0408/32**

Paper 3 Set Text

**May/June 2018**

**1 hour 30 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**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.

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This document consists of **14** printed pages, **2** blank 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>Grusha:</i>	Michael, you cause a lot of trouble. I came by you as the pear tree comes by the sparrows. And because a Christian bends down and picks up a crust of bread so it won't go to waste. Michael, I ought to have walked away quickly on that Easter Sunday in Nukha. Now I'm the fool.	5
<i>The Singer:</i>	The bridegroom was lying on his deathbed, when the bride arrived. The bridegroom's mother was waiting at the door, bidding them hurry. The bride brought along a child, the witness hid it during the wedding.	10
	<i>[A space divided by a partition. On one side a bed. Under the mosquito net lies a very sick man. On the other side THE MOTHER-IN-LAW rushes in pulling GRUSHA after her. They are followed by LAVRENTI and the child.]</i>	15
<i>The Mother-In-Law:</i>	Quick! Quick! Or he'll die on us before the wedding. <i>[To LAVRENTI]</i> : But I was never told she already had a child.	
<i>Lavrenti:</i>	What's it matter? <i>[Pointing towards the dying man.]</i> It's all the same to him in his condition.	
<i>The Mother-In-Law:</i>	Him? But I won't survive the shame. We're honest people. <i>[She begins to weep.]</i> My Yussup doesn't have to marry someone who already has a child.	20
<i>Lavrenti:</i>	All right, I'll add another 200 piastres. You have it in writing that the farm will go to you; but she has the right to live here for two years.	25
<i>The Mother-In-Law</i>	<i>[drying her tears]</i> : It will hardly cover the funeral expenses. I hope she will really lend me a hand with the work. And now what's happened to the monk? He must have slipped out by the kitchen window. When they get wind in the village that Yussup's end is near, they'll all be round our necks. Oh dear! I'll go and get the monk. But he mustn't see the child.	30
<i>Lavrenti:</i>	I'll take care he doesn't see it. But why a monk? Why not a priest?	
<i>The Mother-In-Law:</i>	Oh, he's just as good. I made one mistake: I paid him half his fee in advance. Now he'll have gone to the tavern. I hope ... <i>[She runs off.]</i>	35
<i>Lavrenti:</i>	She saved on the priest, the wretch! She's hired a cheap monk.	
<i>Grusha:</i>	Send Simon Chachava to me if he turns up.	

<i>Lavrenti:</i>	Yes. [ <i>Glancing at the sick man.</i> ] Won't you have a look at him?	40
	[GRUSHA, <i>taking MICHAEL to her, shakes her head.</i> ] He's not moving an eyelid. I hope we aren't too late.	
	[ <i>They listen. On the opposite side enter neighbours, who look round and take up positions against the walls. They start muttering prayers. Enter THE MOTHER-IN-LAW with THE MONK.</i> ]	45
<i>The Mother-In-Law</i>	[ <i>surprised and angry, to THE MONK:</i> Now we're for it! [ <i>She bows to the guests.</i> ] I must ask you to wait a few moments. My son's bride has just arrived from town and we've got to have an emergency wedding. [ <i>She goes with THE MONK into the bedchamber.</i> ] I knew you'd spread it about. [ <i>To GRUSHA:</i> The wedding can start at once. Here's the licence. I and the bride's brother—[LAVRENTI <i>tries to hide in the background, after having quickly taken MICHAEL away from GRUSHA.</i> THE MOTHER-IN-LAW <i>beckons him away from the child.</i> —the bride's brother and I are the witnesses.	50
	[GRUSHA <i>has bowed to THE MONK. They approach the bed: THE MOTHER-IN-LAW lifts the mosquito-net: THE MONK begins babbling the marriage service in Latin. Meanwhile THE MOTHER-IN-LAW beckons to LAVRENTI to get rid of the child, but LAVRENTI, fearing that the child will cry, draws its attention to the ceremony. GRUSHA glances once at the child, and LAVRENTI makes the child wave to her.</i> ]	60
<i>The Monk:</i>	Are you prepared to be a faithful, obedient and good wife to this man? And to cleave to him until death you do part?	65
<i>Grusha</i>	[ <i>looking at the child:</i> Yes.	
<i>The Monk</i>	[ <i>to the dying man:</i> And are you prepared to be a good and loving husband to your wife until death you do part? [ <i>As the dying man does not answer, THE MONK repeats the question, then looks round.</i> ]	70
<i>The Mother-In-Law:</i>	Of course he is! Didn't you hear him say yes?	
<i>The Monk:</i>	All right. We declare this marriage contracted.	

Explore the ways in which Brecht makes this such an entertaining and significant moment in the play.

**TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions***

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. 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. 5

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 big-hearted enough not to be jealous of her mother. 'I guess it's a one-woman show,' she said ruefully. 10

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.' 15

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. 20

'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? I don't know, Tambu, really I don't know. So what do you do? I don't know.' 25

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. 30

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

'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. 35

How does Dangarembga make this such a memorable moment in the novel?

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 3.**

**MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career***

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

‘Sybylla should be excused this morning,’ interposed Mr Grey. ‘She entertained us for hours last night. Little wonder if she feels languid this morning.’

‘Entertained you? What did she do?’ queried Grannie.

‘Many things. Do you know, Gran, that you are robbing the world of an artist by keeping Sybylla hidden away in the bush? I must persuade you to let me take her to Sydney and have her put under the best masters in Sydney.’

‘Under masters for what?’

‘Elocution and singing.’

‘I couldn’t afford it.’

‘But I’d bear the expense myself. It would only be returning a trifle of all you have done for me.’

‘What nonsense! What would you have her do when she was taught?’

‘Go on the stage, of course. With her talent and hair she would cause quite a sensation.’

Now, Grannie’s notions re the stage were very tightly laced. All actors and actresses, from the lowest circus man up to the most glorious cantatrice, were people defiled in the sight of God, and utterly outside the pale of all respectability, when measured with her code of morals.

She turned energetically in her chair, and her keen eyes flashed with scorn and anger as she spoke. ‘Go on the stage! A granddaughter of mine! Lucy’s eldest child! An actress—a vile, low brazen hussy! Use the gifts God has given her with which to do good in showing off to a crowd of vile, bad men! I would rather see her struck dead at my feet this instant! I would rather see her shear off her hair and enter a convent this very hour. Child, promise you will never be a bold, bad actress.’

‘I will never be a *bold, bad* actress, Grannie,’ I said, putting great stress on the adjectives, and bringing out the actress very faintly.

‘Yes,’ she continued, calming down, ‘I’m sure you have not enough bad in you. You may be boisterous, and not behave with sufficient propriety sometimes, but I don’t think you are wicked enough to ever make an actress.’

Everard attempted to defend his case. ‘Look here, Gran, that’s a very exploded old notion about the stage being a low profession. It might have been once, but it is quite the reverse nowadays. There are, of course, low people on the stage, as there are in all walks of life. I grant you that; but if people are good they can be good on the stage as well as anywhere else. On account of a little prejudice it would be a sin to rob Sybylla of the brilliant career she might have.’

‘Career!’ exclaimed his foster mother, catching at the word. ‘Career! That is all girls think of now, instead of being good wives and mothers and attending to their homes and doing what God intended. All they think of is gadding about and being fast, and ruining themselves body and soul. And the men are as bad to encourage them,’ looking severely at Everard.

‘There is a great deal of truth in what you say, Gran, I admit. You can apply it to many of our girls, I am sorry to confess, but Sybylla could not be brought under that classification. You must look at her in a different way. If—’

‘I look at her as the child of respectable people, and will not have the stage mentioned in connection with her.’ Here Grannie thumped her fist down on the table and there was silence, complete, profound. Few dared argue with Mrs Bossier.

Dear old lady, she was never angry long, and in a minute or two she proceeded with her breakfast, saying quite pleasantly, ‘Never mention such a subject to me again; but I’ll tell you what you can do. Next autumn, sometime in March or April, when the fruit-preserving and jam-making are done with, Helen can take the child to Sydney for a

month or so, and you can show them round. It will be a great treat for Sybylla, as she has never been in Sydney.'

'That's right, let's strike a bargain on that, Gran,' said Everard.

'Yes; it's a bargain, if I hear no more about the stage. God intends His creatures for a better life than that.'

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In what ways does Franklin make this moment in the novel so entertaining and significant?

HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House*

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

- Nora:* Now Dr Rank, cheer up. You'll see tomorrow how nicely I can dance. And you can pretend I'm doing it just for you—and for Torvald as well, of course. [*She takes various things out of the box.*] Come here, Dr Rank. I want to show you something.
- Rank* [*sits*]: What is it? 5
- Nora:* Look!
- Rank:* Silk stockings.
- Nora:* Flesh-coloured! Aren't they lovely! Of course, it's dark here now, but tomorrow ... No, no, no, you can only look at the feet. Oh well, you might as well see a bit higher up, too. 10
- Rank:* Hm ...
- Nora:* Why are you looking so critical? Don't you think they'll fit?
- Rank:* I couldn't possibly offer any informed opinion about that.
- Nora* [*looks at him for a moment*]: Shame on you. [*Hits him lightly across the ear with the stockings.*] Take that! [*Folds them up again.*] 15
- Rank:* And what other delights am I to be allowed to see?
- Nora:* Not another thing. You are too naughty. [*She hums a little and searches among her things.*]
- Rank* [*after a short pause*]: Sitting here so intimately like this with you, I can't imagine ... I simply cannot conceive what would have become of me if I had never come to this house. 20
- Nora* [*smiles*]: Yes, I rather think you do enjoy coming here.
- Rank* [*in a low voice, looking fixedly ahead*]: And the thought of having to leave it all ...
- Nora:* Nonsense. You aren't leaving. 25
- Rank* [*in the same tone*]: ... without being able to leave behind even the slightest token of gratitude, hardly a fleeting regret even ... nothing but an empty place to be filled by the first person that comes along.
- Nora:* Supposing I were to ask you to ...? No ...
- Rank:* What? 30
- Nora:* ... to show me the extent of your friendship ...
- Rank:* Yes?
- Nora:* I mean ... to do me a tremendous favour ...
- Rank:* Would you really, for once, give me that pleasure?
- Nora:* You have no idea what it is. 35
- Rank:* All right, tell me.
- Nora:* No, really I can't, Dr Rank. It's altogether too much to ask ... because I need your advice and help as well ...
- Rank:* The more the better. I cannot imagine what you have in mind. But tell me anyway. You do trust me, don't you? 40
- Nora:* Yes, I trust you more than anybody I know. You are my best and my most faithful friend. I know that. So I will tell you. Well then, Dr Rank, there is something you must help me to prevent. You know how deeply, how



passionately Torvald is in love with me. He would never hesitate for a moment to sacrifice his life for my sake.

45

*Rank* [*bending towards her*]: Nora ... do you think he's the only one who ...?

*Nora* [*stiffening slightly*]: Who ...?

*Rank*: Who wouldn't gladly give his life for your sake.

*Nora* [*sadly*]: Oh!

*Rank*: I swore to myself you would know before I went. I'll never have a better opportunity. Well, Nora! Now you know. And now you know too that you can confide in me as in nobody else.

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Explore how Ibsen makes this conversation between Nora and Dr Rank so dramatic and revealing.

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

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

*The Migrant*

She could not remember anything about the voyage,  
Her country of origin, or if someone had paid for the passage:  
Of such she had no recollection.

She was sure only that she had travelled;  
Without doubt had been made welcome. 5

For a while she believed she was home,  
Rooted and securely settled,  
Until it was broken to her  
That in fact she was merely in transit 10  
Bound for some other destination,  
Committed to continue elsewhere.

This slow realization sharpened,  
She formed plans to postpone her departure  
Not observing her movement en route to the exit.

When she did, it was piteous how, saddened, 15  
She went appreciably closer towards it.  
Eventually facing the inescapable  
She began reading travel brochures,  
(Gaudy, competitive, plentiful)  
Spent time considering the onward journey, 20  
Studied a new language,  
Stuffed her bosom with strange currency,  
Nevertheless dreading the boarding announcements.

We watch her go through 25  
The gate for *Embarking Passengers Only*,  
Fearful and unutterably lonely,  
Finger our own documents,  
Shuffle forward in the queue.

(A L Hendriks)

How does Hendriks's writing make this poem so sad?

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.**

**Selection from *Stories of Ourselves***

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

'Birthday, fiftieth birthday,' said Muni quietly.

'Birthday! How old are you?'

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?

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'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.'

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'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.

He told his wife, 'That scoundrel would not give me anything. So go out and sell the drumsticks for what they are worth.'

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He flung himself down in a corner to recoup from the fatigue of his visit to the shop. His wife said, 'You are getting no sauce today, nor anything else. I can't find anything to give you to eat. Fast till the evening, it'll do you good. Take the goats and be gone now,' she cried and added, 'Don't come back before the sun is down.' He knew that if he obeyed her she would somehow conjure up some food for him in the evening. Only he must be careful not to argue and irritate her. Her temper was undependable in the morning but improved by evening time. She was sure to go out and work – grind corn in the Big House, sweep or scrub somewhere, and earn enough to buy foodstuff and keep a dinner ready for him in the evening.

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Unleashing the goats from the drumstick tree, Muni started out, driving them ahead and uttering weird cries from time to time in order to urge them on. He passed through the village with his head bowed in thought. He did not want to look at anyone or be accosted. A couple of cronies lounging in the temple corridor hailed him, but he ignored their call. They had known him in the days of affluence when he lorded over a flock of fleecy sheep, not the miserable gawky goats that he had today. Of course he also used to have a few goats for those who fancied them, but real wealth lay in sheep; they bred fast and people came and bought the fleece in the shearing season; and then that famous butcher from the town came over on the weekly market days bringing him betel leaves, tobacco, and often enough some bhang, which they smoked in a hut in the coconut grove, undisturbed by wives and well-wishers. After a smoke one felt light and elated and inclined to forgive everyone including that brother-in-law of his who had once tried to set fire to his home. But all this seemed like the memoirs of a previous birth. Some pestilence afflicted his cattle (he could of course guess who had laid his animals under a curse) and even the friendly butcher would not touch one at half the price ... and now here he was left with the two scraggy creatures. He wished someone would rid him of their company too. The shopman had said that he was seventy. At seventy, one only waited to be summoned by God. When he was dead what would his wife do? They had lived in each other's company since they were children. He was told on their day of wedding that he was ten years old and she was eight. During the wedding ceremony they had had to recite their respective ages and names. He had thrashed her only a few times in their career, and later she had the upper hand. Progeny, none. Perhaps a large progeny would have brought him the blessing of the gods. Fertility brought merit. People with fourteen sons were always so prosperous and at peace with the world and themselves. He recollected the thrill he had felt when he mentioned a daughter to that shopman; although it was not believed, what if he did not have a daughter? – his cousin

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in the next village had many daughters, and any one of them was as good as his; he was fond of them all and would buy them sweets if he could afford it. Still, everyone in the village whispered behind their backs that Muni and his wife were a barren couple. He avoided looking at anyone; they all professed to be so high up, and everyone else in the village had more money than he. 'I am the poorest fellow in our caste and no wonder that they spurn me, but I won't look at them either,' and so he passed on with his eyes downcast along the edge of the street, and people left him also very much alone, commenting only to the extent, 'Ah, there he goes with his two great goats; if he slits their throats, he may have more peace of mind.' 'What has he to worry about anyway? They live on nothing and have nobody to worry about.' Thus people commented when he passed through the village. Only on the outskirts did he lift his head and look up. He urged and bullied the goats until they meandered along to the foot of the horse statue on the edge of the village. He sat on its pedestal for the rest of the day. The advantage of this was that he could watch the highway and see the lorries and buses pass through to the hills, and it gave him a sense of belonging to a larger world. The pedestal of the statue was broad enough for him to move around as the sun travelled up and westward; or he could also crouch under the belly of the horse, for shade.

What striking impressions of Muni's life does Narayan create for you at this moment in the story?

**SECTION B**

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

**BERTOLT BRECHT: *The Caucasian Chalk Circle***

- 7 Explore the ways in which Brecht's writing makes **two** moments in the play dramatically powerful for you.

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

**TSITSI DANGAREMBGA: *Nervous Conditions***

- 8 In what ways does Dangarembga strikingly portray the conflict between generations in the novel?

**MILES FRANKLIN: *My Brilliant Career***

- 9 How far does Franklin make you sympathise with Sybylla's mother?

**HENRIK IBSEN: *A Doll's House***

- 10 Do you think Ibsen's portrayal of Torvald Helmer prepares the audience for Nora's departure?

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

- 11 How do the poets use language to powerful effect in *The Capital* (by W H Auden) and in **one** other poem from this selection?

Do **not** use the poem printed in **Question 5** when answering this question.

**Selection from *Stories of Ourselves***

- 12 How does Lahiri vividly convey the narrator's impressions of life in the United States in *The Third and Final Continent*?



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