



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

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WORLD LITERATURE

0408/02

Paper 2

For Examination from 2013

SPECIMEN PAPER

1 hour 15 minutes

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

You are advised to spend 15 minutes reading the questions and planning your answer.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.

This document consists of **6** printed pages.



Answer **either** Question 1 **or** Question 2.

EITHER

- 1 Read this extract from a poem called *Echo and Narcissus*. The poet is re-telling an ancient story in which Echo falls in love with Narcissus. Echo is unable to say anything original; she can only repeat the end of what another person has already said – like an echo. Narcissus is a youth who can fall in love with no-one but himself. Although the story is a myth, the poet's re-telling treats the characters as human with human emotions.

How does the poet's vivid re-telling of the story in this extract increase your sympathies for Echo?

To help you answer this question, you might consider:

- how the words and images the poet uses to describe Echo's longing for Narcissus make you feel sympathy for her situation
- the feelings evoked by the way the poet presents the dialogue between Echo and Narcissus
- the impact of the ways the poet expresses Echo's response to her rejection by Narcissus.

The moment Echo saw Narcissus
 She was in love. She followed him
 Like a starving wolf
 Following a stag too strong to be tackled.
 And like a cat in winter at a fire
 She could not edge close enough
 To what singed her, and would burn her.
 She almost burst
 With longing to call out to him and somehow
 Let him know what she felt.
 But she had to wait
 For some other to speak
 So she could snatch their last words
 With whatever sense they might lend her.

It so happened, Narcissus
 Had strayed apart
 From his companions.
 He hallooed them: 'Where are you?
 I'm here.' And Echo
 Caught at the syllables as if they were precious:
 'I'm here,' she cried, 'I'm here' and 'I'm here' and 'I'm here.'
 Narcissus looked around wildly.
 'I'll stay here,' he shouted.
 'You come to me.' And 'Come to me,'
 Shouted Echo. 'Come to me,
 To me, to me, to me.'
 Narcissus stood baffled,
 Whether to stay or go. He began to run,
 Calling as he ran: 'Stay there.' But Echo
 Cried back, weeping to utter it, 'Stay there,
 Stay there, stay there, stay there.'
 Narcissus stopped and listened. Then, more quietly,
 'Let's meet halfway. Come.' And Echo
 Eagerly repeated it: 'Come.'
 But when she emerged from the undergrowth

Her expression pleading,
Her arms raised to embrace him,
Narcissus turned and ran.
'No,' he cried, 'no, I would sooner be dead
Than let you touch me.' Echo collapsed in sobs,
As her voice lurched among the mountains:
'Touch me, touch me, touch me, touch me.'

Echo moped under the leaves.
Humiliated, she hid
in the deep woods. From that day
Like a hurt lynx,¹ for her
Any cave was a good home.
But love was fixed in her body
Like a barbed arrow. There it festered
With his rejection. Sleeplessly
She brooded over the pain,
Wasting away as she suffered,
The petal of her beauty
Fading and shrivelling, falling from her –
Leaving her voice and bones.
Her bones, they say, turned
Into stone, sinking into the humus.²
Her voice roamed off by itself,
Unseen in the forest, unseen
On the empty mountainside –
Though all could hear it
Living the only life left to Echo.

¹ *lynx*: a wild cat

² *humus*: soil

OR

- 2 Read carefully this extract from a novel. In it, a man called Biju, who is working in a restaurant in New York, has heard that there has been trouble in the remote, hilly part of India where his father, a cook, lives. He tries to phone his father to check that he is all right. He rings a guesthouse near where his father lives. The watchman, who looks after the guesthouse, goes to fetch Biju's father. The watchman and his family stay to hear what the phone call is all about.

How does the writer make the situation described in the extract amusing and, at the same time, sad?

To help you answer, you might consider:

- the description of the way the watchman and his family behave
- the dialogue between Biju and his father
- the ways the writing suggests the feelings of both Biju and his father and the difficulties of communication between them.

The phone sat squat in the drawing room of the guesthouse encircled by a lock and chain so the thieving servants might only receive phone calls and not make them. When it rang again, the watchman leapt at it, saying, "Phone! Phone!" and his whole family came running from their hut outside. Every time the phone rang, they ran with committed loyalty. Upkeepers of modern novelties, they would not, *would not*, let it fall to ordinariness.

5

"HELLO?"

"HELLO? HELLO?"

They gathered about the cook, giggling in delicious anticipation.

"HELLO?"

10

"HELLO? PITAJI¹???"

"BIJU?" By natural logic he raised his voice to cover the distance between them, sending his voice all the way to America.

"Biju, Biju," the watchman's family chorused, "it's Biju," they said to one another. "Oh, it's your son," they told the cook. "It's his son," they told one another. They watched for his expressions to change, for hints as to what was being said at the other end, wishing to insinuate themselves deeply into the conversation, to *become it*, in fact.

15

"HELLO HELLO?????"

"????? HAH? I CAN'T HEAR. YOUR VOICE IS VERY FAR."

20

"I CAN'T HEAR. CAN YOU HEAR?"

"He can't hear."

"WHAT?"

"*Still can't hear?*" they asked the cook.

The atmosphere of Kalimpong reached Biju all the way in New York; it swelled densely on the line and he could feel the pulse of the forest, smell the humid air, the green-black lushness; he could imagine all its different textures, the plumage of banana, the stark spear of the cactus, the delicate gestures of ferns; he could hear the croak *trrrr whonk, wee wee butt ock butt ock* of frogs in the spinach, the rising note welding imperceptibly with the evening. . . .

25

"HELLO? HELLO?"

30

"*Noise, noise,*" said the watchman's family, "*Can't hear?*"

The cook waved them away angrily, "*Shshshshsh,*" immediately terrified, then, at the loss of a precious second with his son. He turned back to the phone, still shooing them away from behind, almost sending his hand off with the vehemence of his gestures.

35

¹ Pitaji: Father

They retreated for a moment and then, growing accustomed to the dismissive motion, were no longer intimidated, and returned.

“HELLO?”

“KYA?²”

40

“WHAT?”

The shadow of their words was bigger than the substance. The echo of their own voices gulped the reply from across the world.

“THERE IS TOO MUCH NOISE.”

The watchman’s wife went outside and studied the precarious wire, the fragile connection trembling over ravines and over mountains, over Kanchenjunga³ smoking like a volcano or a cigar — a bird might have alighted upon it, a nightjar⁴ might have swooped through the shaky signal, the satellite in the firmament could have blipped —

45

“Too much wind, the wind is blowing,” said the watchman’s wife, “the line is swaying like this, like this” — her hand undulating⁵.

50

The children climbed up the tree and tried to hold the line steady.

A gale of static inflicted itself on the space between father and son.

“WHAT HAPPENED?” — shrieking even louder — “EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?!”

55

“WHAT DID YOU SAY?”

“Let it go,” the wife said, plucking the children from the tree, “you’re making it worse.”

“WHAT IS HAPPENING? ARE THERE RIOTS? STRIKES?”

“NO TROUBLE NOW.” (Better not worry him.) “NOT NOW!!”

60

“Is he going to come?” said the watchman.

“ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?” Biju shrieked on the New York street.

“DON’T WORRY ABOUT ME. DON’T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING HERE. ARE THERE PROPER ARRANGEMENTS FOR EATING AT THE HOTEL? IS THE RESTAURANT GIVING YOU ACCOMMODATION? ARE THERE ANY OTHER PEOPLE FROM UTTAR PRADESH⁶ THERE?”

65

“Give accommodation. Free food. EVERYTHING FINE. BUT ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?” Biju asked again.

“EVERYTHING QUIET NOW.”

“YOUR HEALTH IS ALL RIGHT?”

70

“YES. EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT.”

“Ahh, everything all right,” everyone said, nodding. “Everything all right? Everything all right.”

Suddenly, after this there was nothing more to say, for while the emotion was there, the conversation was not; one had bloomed, not the other, and they fell abruptly into emptiness.

75

“When is he coming?” the watchman prompted.

“WHEN ARE YOU COMING?”

“I DON’T KNOW. I WILL TRY. . . .”

Biju wanted to weep.

80

“CAN’T YOU GET LEAVE?”

He hadn’t even attained the decency of being granted a holiday now and then. He could not go home to see his father.

“WHEN WILL YOU GET LEAVE?”

“I DON’T KNOW. . . .”

85

“HELLO?”

² Kya?: What?

³ Kanchenjunga: a mountain in the Himalayas

⁴ nightjar: a kind of bird

⁵ undulating: waving up and down

⁶ Uttar Pradesh: a state in India

“*La ma ma ma ma ma ma*, he can’t get leave. Why not? Don’t know, must be difficult there, make a lot of money, but one thing is certain, they have to work very hard for it. . . . Don’t get something for nothing . . . nowhere in the world. . . .”

“HELLO? HELLO?”

90

“PITAJI, CAN YOU HEAR ME?”

They retreated from each other again —

Beep beep honk honk trr butt ock, the phone went dead and they were stranded in the distance that lay between them.

“HELLO? HELLO?” – into the rictus⁷ of the receiver.

95

“Hello? Hello? Hello? Hello?” they echoed back to themselves.

The cook put down the phone, trembling.

“He’ll ring again,” said the watchman.

But the phone remained mute.

Outside, the frogs said *tttt tttt*, as if they had swallowed the dial tone.

100

He tried to shake the gadget back into life, wishing for at least the customary words of good-bye. After all, even on clichéd phrases, you could hoist true emotion.

“There must be a problem with the line.”

“Yes, yes, yes.”

As always, the problem with the line.

105

“He will come back fat. I have heard they all come back fat,” said the watchman’s sister-in-law abruptly, trying to comfort the cook.

⁷ *rictus*: gaping mouth

Copyright Acknowledgements:

Question 1
Question 2

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