



# Cambridge IGCSE™

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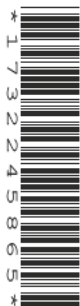
## WORLD LITERATURE

0408/32

Paper 3 Set Text

October/November 2025

1 hour 30 minutes



You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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### 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 [ ].

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This document has **16** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

## SECTION A

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

SAMANTA SCHWEBLIN: *Fever Dream*

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

Carla gestures, raising her hands as if she doesn't understand what is happening. And I have a terrifying feeling of doom.

'What? What's wrong?' I ask her, shouting.

'He's in your house. David is in your house.'

'What do you mean, he's in my house?'

5

Carla points toward my daughter's room, on the second floor. The palm of a hand is pressed against the glass, and then Nina appears, smiling: she must be on a stool or her desk. She sees me and waves through the glass. She looks cheerful and calm, and for a moment I am grateful that my sense of dread isn't working right, that it was all a false alarm.

10

*But it wasn't.*

No. Nina says something that I can't hear, and she repeats it, using her hands as a megaphone, excited. Then I remember that when I left the house all the windows had been open because of the heat, upstairs and downstairs. Now they are all shut tight.

'Do you have a key?' asks Carla. 'I couldn't open either of the doors.'

15

I walk toward the house, almost running, and Carla runs behind me.

'We have to get in fast,' says Carla.

This is insane, I think. David is just a little boy. But I can't help it now, I'm running. I dig in my pocket for the keys and I'm so nervous that even though I have them between my fingers, I can't get them out.

20

'Hurry, hurry,' says Carla.

I have to get away from this woman, I tell myself as I finally manage to get the keys out. I open the door and let her in behind me; she follows me very closely. This is terror itself, entering a house I still barely know in search of my daughter, so afraid I can't even utter her name. I race up the stairs, and Carla follows me. Whatever is happening must be truly terrible to finally get your mother to come inside the house.

25

'Hurry, hurry,' she says.

I have to get this woman out of my house right now. We go up the first flight of stairs in two or three steps, then the second. The hallway has two rooms to either side. There is no one in the first, the one Nina was waving from, and I stay there an instant longer than necessary because I have the idea they could be hiding. In the second room I don't see them either; I look in corners and unlikely places, as if, secretly, my mind were preparing to face something immense.

30

The third room is mine. Like the previous ones, the door is closed, and I open it quickly, taking a few steps into the room. It's David. So this is David, I say to myself. I see you, for the first time.

35

Yes.

You're standing in the middle of the room, looking toward the door like you're waiting for us. Maybe even wondering what all the fuss is about.

'Where is Nina?' I ask you.

40

You don't answer.

*I don't know where Nina is right then, and I don't know you.*

'Where is Nina?' I repeat, shouting.

Explore how Schweblin makes this such a dramatic and significant moment in the novel. [25]

**AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa***

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

ANOWA: [ANOWA *puts her arms around KAKRA and moves down with him.*

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After all, you are my wife.

In what ways does Aidoo vividly portray Anowa and Kofi at this moment in the play?

[25]

**FABIO GEDA: *In the Sea There are Crocodiles***

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

As soon as the police car had gone, with a screech of tyres, I left the phone box, crept past the service station, making sure there was nobody around, and set off hell for leather along a sandy, deserted country lane.

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*Anybody could have behaved like that.*

In what ways does Geda make this such a memorable moment in the novel?

[25]

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 4.**

**ANTON CHEKHOV: *The Cherry Orchard***

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

|               |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
|---------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| YASHA:        | Some village people have come to say good-bye. If you ask my opinion, sir, the lower orders mean well, but they haven't got much sense.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |    |
|               | <i>[The murmur of voices dies away. MRS RANEVSKY and GAYEV come in through the hall. She is not crying, but she is pale, her face is working and she cannot speak.]</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 5  |
| GAYEV:        | You gave them your purse, Lyuba. You shouldn't do such things, you really shouldn't.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |    |
| MRS RANEVSKY: | I couldn't help it, just couldn't help it.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |    |
|               | <i>[Both go out.]</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 10 |
| LOPAKHIN:     | <i>[calling through the door after them]</i> Come along, please, come on. Let's have a little glass together before we go. I didn't think of bringing any from town and I could only get one bottle at the station. Come on. <i>[Pause.]</i> What's the matter? None of you want any? <i>[Comes back from the door.]</i> I wouldn't have bought it if I'd known. All right then, I won't have any either. <i>[YASHA carefully places the tray on a chair.]</i> You have some, Yasha, anyway. | 15 |
| YASHA:        | Here's to those that are leaving. And good luck to them that aren't. <i>[Drinks.]</i> This champagne isn't the genuine article, you can take it from me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | 20 |
| LOPAKHIN:     | And at eight roubles a bottle. <i>[Pause.]</i> It's damn cold in here.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| YASHA:        | The stoves haven't been lit today. Never mind, we're going away. <i>[Laughs.]</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| LOPAKHIN:     | What's the joke?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |    |
| YASHA:        | I feel so pleased.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 25 |
| LOPAKHIN:     | It's October now, but it might be summer, it's so fine and sunny. Good building weather. <i>[Glances at his watch and calls through the door.]</i> I say, don't forget the train leaves in forty-seven minutes. So we must start for the station twenty minutes from now. Better get a move on.                                                                                                                                                                                              |    |
|               | <i>[TROFIMOV comes in from outside. He wears an overcoat.]</i>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 30 |
| TROFIMOV:     | I think it's time we were off. The carriages are at the door. Damn it, where are my galoshes? They've disappeared. <i>[Through the door.]</i> Anya, I've lost my galoshes. I can't find them anywhere.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| LOPAKHIN:     | I've got to go to Kharkov. We're all taking the same train. I'm spending the winter in Kharkov – I've been kicking my heels round here quite long enough and I'm fed up with doing nothing. I can't stand not working – look, I don't know what to do with my arms. See the absurd way they flop about as if they belonged to someone else.                                                                                                                                                  | 35 |
| TROFIMOV:     | We'll soon be gone and then you can get back to your useful labours again.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 40 |
| LOPAKHIN:     | Come on, have a drink.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| TROFIMOV:     | Not for me, thank you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
| LOPAKHIN:     | So you're off to Moscow, are you?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |    |
| TROFIMOV:     | Yes, I'm seeing them as far as town and going on to Moscow tomorrow.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 45 |

LOPAKHIN: I see. Ah well, I daresay the professors haven't started lecturing yet, they'll be waiting for you to turn up.

TROFIMOV: Oh, mind your own business.

LOPAKHIN: How many years is it you've been at the university?

TROFIMOV: Can't you say something new for a change? That joke's played out. *[Looks for his galoshes.]* Look here, you and I may never meet again, so let me give you a word of advice before we say good-bye. Stop waving your arms about. Cure yourself of that stupid habit. What's more, all this stuff about building cottages and working out that the owners will end up as smallholders – that's just as stupid as waving your arms about. Anyway, never mind, I still like you. You have sensitive fingers like an artist's and you're a fine, sensitive person too, deep down inside you. 50 55

How does Chekhov make this such a vivid moment in the play? [25]

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

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

*The Sea Eats the Land at Home*

At home the sea is in the town,

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Eats the whole land at home.

(*Kofi Awoonor*)

How does Kofi Awoonor make this poem so powerful?

[25]

**TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.**

Selection from *Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 6 Read this extract from *In the Mountains* (by Ruth Praver Jhabvala), and then answer the question that follows it:

When one lives alone for most of the time and meets almost nobody, then care for one's outward appearance tends to drop away. That was what happened to Pritam. As the years went by and she continued living by herself, her appearance became rougher and shabbier, and though she was still in her thirties, she completely forgot to care for herself or think about herself as a physical person.

5

Her mother was just the opposite. She was plump and pampered, loved pastries and silk saris, and always smelled of lavender. Pritam smelled of – what was it? Her mother, enfolded in Pritam's embrace after a separation of many months, found herself sniffing in an attempt to identify the odour emanating from her. Perhaps it was from Pritam's clothes, which she probably did not change as frequently as was desirable. Tears came to the mother's eyes. They were partly for what her daughter had become and partly for the happiness of being with her again.

10

Pritam thumped her on the back. Her mother always cried at their meetings and at their partings. Pritam usually could not help being touched by these tears, even though she was aware of the mixed causes that evoked them. Now, to hide her own feelings, she became gruffer and more manly, and even gave the old lady a push toward a chair. 'Go on, sit down,' she said. 'I suppose you are dying for your cup of tea.' She had it all ready, and the mother took it gratefully, for she loved and needed tea, and the journey up from the plains had greatly tired her.

15

But she could not drink with enjoyment. Pritam's tea was always too strong for her – a black country brew such as peasants drink, and the milk was also that of peasants, too newly rich and warm from the buffalo. And they were in this rough and barely furnished room in the rough stone house perched on the mountainside. And there was Pritam herself. The mother had to concentrate all her energies on struggling against more tears.

20

'I suppose you don't like the tea,' Pritam said challengingly. She watched severely while the mother proved herself by drinking it up to the last drop, and Pritam refilled the cup. She asked, 'How is everybody? Same as usual? Eating, making money?'

25

'No, no,' said the mother, not so much denying the fact that this was what the family was doing as protesting against Pritam's saying so.

'Aren't they going up to Simla this year?'

30

'On Thursday,' the mother said, and shifted uncomfortably.

'And stopping here?'

'Yes. For lunch.'

The mother kept her eyes lowered. She said nothing more, though there was more to say. It would have to wait till a better hour. Let Pritam first get over the prospect of entertaining members of her family for a few hours on Thursday. It was nothing new or unexpected, for some of them stopped by every year on their way farther up the mountains. However much they may have desired to do so, they couldn't just drive past; it wouldn't be decent. But the prospect of meeting held no pleasure for anyone. Quite often there was a quarrel, and then Pritam cursed them as they drove away, and they sighed at the necessity of keeping up family relationships, instead of having their lunch comfortably in the hotel a few miles farther on.

35

Pritam said, 'I suppose you will be going with them,' and went on at once, 'Naturally, why should you stay? What is there for you here?'

'I want to stay.'

45

'No, you love to be in Simla. It's so nice and jolly, and meeting everyone walking on the Mall, and tea in Davico's. Nothing like that here. You even hate my tea.'

'I want to stay with you.'

'But I don't want you!' Pritam was laughing, not angry. 'You will be in my way, and then how will I carry on all my big love affairs?'

50

‘What, what?’

Pritam clapped her hands in delight. ‘Oh no. I’m telling you nothing, because then you will want to stay and you will scare everyone away.’ She gave her mother a sly look and added, ‘You will scare poor Doctor Sahib away.’

‘Oh, Doctor Sahib,’ said the old lady, relieved to find it had all been a joke. But she continued with disapproval, ‘Does he still come here?’

55

‘Well, what do you think?’ Pritam stopped laughing now and became offended. ‘If he doesn’t come, then who will come? Except some goats and monkeys, perhaps. I know he is not good enough for you. You don’t like him to come here. You would prefer me to know only goats and monkeys. And the family, of course.’

60

Explore how Ruth Praver Jhabvala powerfully portrays mother and daughter in this opening to the story *In the Mountains*. [25]

## SECTION B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

**SAMANTA SCHWEBLIN: *Fever Dream***

- 7 Explore the ways in which Schweblin vividly presents the effects of pollution in the novel.

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 1** in answering this question. [25]

**AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa***

- 8 How does Aidoo's portrayal of the Old Man and Old Woman contribute to the dramatic impact of the play? [25]

**FABIO GEDA: *In the Sea There are Crocodiles***

- 9 In what ways does Geda make Enaiat's journeys so shocking?

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 3** in answering this question. [25]

**ANTON CHEKHOV: *The Cherry Orchard***

- 10 In what ways does Chekhov dramatically contrast the past and present in the play?

Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 4** in answering this question. [25]

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

- 11 Explore the ways in which Thomas Carew uses words and images to vivid effect in *The Spring*. [25]

**Selection from *Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2***

- 12 Explore how Katherine Mansfield dramatically contrasts the Burnell and Kelvey families in *The Doll's House*. [25]



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