

Cambridge IGCSE™

WORLD LITERATURE**0408/32**

Paper 3 Set Text

May/June 2026**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 **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:

'He was very flushed, and sweating. His feet were wet; the damp prints he'd left behind him were already staring to dry.'

'And you didn't pick him up, Carla? You didn't hug him?'

'I sat there looking at his dirty hands. He was using them to hold on to the table like a railing as he walked, and then I saw his wrists. He had marks on his skin, lines like bracelets around his wrists, and a little above them, too, maybe left by the rope. "It seems cruel," said the woman as she approached, watching my reaction and David's next step, "but we have to make sure that only the spirit leaves." She caressed his wrists, and as if forgiving herself she said, "The body has to stay." She yawned, I realized she had been yawning since she returned to the kitchen. She said it was the effect of the transmigration, and that it would happen to him, too, as soon as he finished waking up. It was important to get it all out, to yawn with the mouth wide open, to "let it go."'

'What did David do?' I asked.

'The woman pulled out the chair next to me for him to sit down.'

'And you? You didn't even touch him, poor thing?'

'Then the woman poured more tea, keeping an eye on us while she did, watchful over our meeting. David had trouble climbing into the chair, but I couldn't bring myself to help him. Then he sat there looking at his hands. "He has to yawn soon," said the woman, yawning deeply, covering her mouth. She sat down at the table too, with her tea, and she looked at him attentively. I asked her how it had gone. "Better than I expected," she said. The transmigration had taken part of the poison away, and now, split between two bodies, it would lose the battle.'

'What does that mean?'

'That David would survive. David's body, and also David in his new body.'

I look at Carla and Carla looks at me. She's wearing an openly false smile, like a clown's, which for a moment confuses me and makes me think that this is all a long joke in bad taste. But she says:

'So this one is my new David. This monster.'

'Carla, don't get mad, but I need to see what Nina's up to.'

She nods and looks back at her hands on the steering wheel. I shift, preparing to get out of the car, but she makes no move to follow me. I hesitate for a moment but now I really am worried about Nina. How can I measure my rescue distance if I don't know where she is? I get out and walk toward the house. There's a bit of a breeze, I can feel it on my back and on my legs, sweaty from the seat. Then I see Nina through the window. She's moving a chair from the living room to the kitchen, dragging it behind her. Everything's in order, I think, but I keep walking toward the house. Everything in order. I go up the three steps to the deck, open the screen door, go in, and close it behind me. I slide the lock because that's what I always do, instinctively, and with my forehead against the screen I stand looking at the car, alert to any movement, watching the red bun above the driver's-seat headrest.

She called you a monster, and I keep thinking about that. It must be very sad to be whatever it is you are now, and on top of that your mother calls you a monster.

You're confused, and that's not good for this story. I'm a normal boy.

This isn't normal, David. There's only darkness, and you're talking into my ear. I don't even know if this is really happening.

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In what ways does Schweblin create such memorable impressions of Carla and David at this moment in the novel?

[25]

AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa*

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

BADUA: I am in disgrace so suck your teeth at me.

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[She picks up her basket, puts it on her head and moves down towards lower left.]

In what ways does Aidoo vividly portray Anowa and her parents 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:

The thing is, I really wasn't expecting her to go.

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she wasn't next
to the water jars or in the smokers' corner talking to someone, as she had often been
during those three days.

How does Geda make this such a memorable opening to the novel?

[25]

Turn over

ANTON CHEKHOV: *The Cherry Orchard*

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

LOPAKHIN:	Our eternal student never strays far from the young ladies.	
TROFIMOV:	Mind your own business.	
LOPAKHIN:	He's nearly fifty and he's still a student.	
TROFIMOV:	Oh, stop making these idiotic jokes.	
LOPAKHIN:	But why so angry, my dear fellow?	5
TROFIMOV:	Can't you leave me alone?	
LOPAKHIN:	[<i>Laughing</i>] Just let me ask you one question. What's your opinion of me?	
TROFIMOV:	My opinion of you is simply this, Lopakhin. You're a rich man. You'll soon be a millionaire. Now, as part of the process whereby one form of matter is converted into another, nature needs beasts of prey which devour everything in their path. You fulfil that need. [<i>Everyone laughs</i>]	10
VARYA:	Oh Peter, couldn't you tell us something about the planets instead?	
MRS RANEVSKY:	No, let's go on with what we were talking about yesterday.	15
TROFIMOV:	What was that?	
GAYEV:	Pride.	
TROFIMOV:	We talked a lot yesterday, but we didn't get anywhere. A proud man in your sense of the word has something mystical about him. You may be right in a way. But if we look at the thing quite simply and don't try to be too clever, then what room is there for pride and what's the sense of it anyway, if in fact man is a pretty poor physiological specimen and if the great majority of the human race is crude, stupid and profoundly miserable? It's time we stopped admiring ourselves. The only thing to do is to work.	20 25
GAYEV:	We shall all die anyway.	
TROFIMOV:	Why be so sure of that? And what does it mean anyway, 'to die'? Perhaps man has a hundred senses and perhaps when he dies he loses only the five we know, while the other ninety-five live on.	
MRS RANEVSKY:	How clever you are, Peter.	30
LOPAKHIN:	[<i>Ironically</i>] Oh, brilliant!	
TROFIMOV:	Mankind marches on, going from strength to strength. All that now eludes us will one day be well within our grasp, but, as I say, we must work and we must do all we can for those who are trying to find the truth. Here in Russia very few people do work at present. The kind of Russian intellectuals I know, far and away the greater part of them anyway, aren't looking for anything. They don't do anything. They still don't know the meaning of hard work. They call themselves an intelligentsia, but they speak to their servants as inferiors and treat the peasants like animals. They don't study properly, they never read anything serious, in fact they don't do anything at all. Science is something they just talk about and they know precious little about art. Oh, they're all very earnest. They all go round looking extremely solemn. They talk of nothing but weighty issues and they discuss abstract problems, while all the	35 40 45

time everyone knows the workers are abominably fed and sleep without proper bedding, thirty or forty to a room – with bed-bugs everywhere, to say nothing of the stench, the damp, the moral degradation. And clearly all our fine talk is just meant to pull wool over our own eyes and other people's too. Tell me, where are those children's crèches that there's all this talk about? Where are the libraries? They're just things people write novels about, we haven't actually got any of them. What we have got is dirt, vulgarity and squalor. I loathe all these earnest faces. They scare me, and so do earnest conversations. Why can't we keep quiet for a change?

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LOPAKHIN: I'm always up by five o'clock, you know. I work from morning till night, and then – well, I'm always handling money, my own and other people's, and I can see what sort of men and women I have around me. You only have to start a job of work to realize how few decent, honest folk there are about. When I can't sleep I sometimes think – the Lord gave us these huge forests, these boundless plains, these vast horizons, and we who live among them ought to be real giants.

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In what ways does Chekhov create striking impressions of Trofimov at this moment in the play?

[25]

from *Songs of Ourselves: Volume 1*

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

My Parents

My parents kept me from children who were rough

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I longed to forgive them but they never smiled.

(Stephen Spender)

Explore how Stephen Spender creates vivid impressions of childhood in *My Parents*. [25]

Turn over

from *Stories of Ourselves: Volume 2*

- 6 Read this extract from *Gabriel-Ernest* (by Saki), and then answer the question that follows it:

What Van Cheele saw on this particular afternoon was, however, something far removed from his ordinary range of experience. On a shelf of smooth stone overhanging a deep pool in the hollow of an oak coppice a boy of about sixteen lay asprawl, drying his wet brown limbs luxuriously in the sun. His wet hair, parted by a recent dive, lay close to his head, and his light-brown eyes, so light that there was an almost tigerish gleam in them, were turned towards Van Cheele with a certain lazy watchfulness. It was an unexpected apparition, and Van Cheele found himself engaged in the novel process of thinking before he spoke. Where on earth could this wild-looking boy hail from? The miller's wife had lost a child some two months ago, supposed to have been swept away by the mill-race, but that had been a mere baby, not a half-grown lad. 5

'What are you doing there?' he demanded.
 'Obviously, sunning myself,' replied the boy.
 'Where do you live?'
 'Here, in these woods.' 15
 'You can't live in the woods,' said Van Cheele.
 'They are very nice woods,' said the boy, with a touch of patronage in his voice.
 'But where do you sleep at night?'
 'I don't sleep at night; that's my busiest time.'

Van Cheele began to have an irritated feeling that he was grappling with a problem that was eluding him. 20

'What do you feed on?' he asked.
 'Flesh' said the boy, and he pronounced the word with slow relish, as though he were tasting it.
 'Flesh! What flesh?' 25
 'Since it interests you, rabbits, wild-fowl, hares, poultry, lambs in their season, children when I can get any; they're usually too well locked in at night, when I do most of my hunting. It's quite two months since I tasted child-flesh.'

Ignoring the chaffing nature of the last remark Van Cheele tried to draw the boy on the subject of possible poaching operations. 30

'You're talking rather through your hat when you speak of feeding on hares.' (Considering the nature of the boy's toilet the simile was hardly an apt one.) 'Our hillside hares aren't easily caught.'

'At night I hunt on four feet,' was the somewhat cryptic response.
 'I suppose you mean that you hunt with a dog?' hazarded Van Cheele. 35
 The boy rolled slowly over on to his back, and laughed a weird low laugh, that was pleasantly like a chuckle and disagreeably like a snarl.
 'I don't fancy any dog would be very anxious for my company, especially at night.'

Van Cheele began to feel that there was something positively uncanny about the strange-eyed, strange-tongued youngster. 40

'I can't have you staying in these woods,' he declared authoritatively.
 'I fancy you'd rather have me here than in your house,' said the boy.
 The prospect of this wild, nude animal in Van Cheele's primly ordered house was certainly an alarming one.

'If you don't go I shall have to make you,' said Van Cheele. 45
 The boy turned like a flash, plunged into the pool, and in a moment had flung his wet and glistening body half-way up the bank where Van Cheele was standing. In an otter the movement would not have been remarkable; in a boy Van Cheele found it sufficiently startling. His foot slipped as he made an involuntary backward movement, and he found himself almost prostrate on the slippery weed-grown bank, with those tigerish yellow eyes not very far from his own. Almost instinctively he half raised his 50

hand to his throat. The boy laughed again, a laugh in which the snarl had nearly driven out the chuckle, and then, with another of his astonishing lightning movements, plunged out of view into a yielding tangle of weed and fern.

'What an extraordinary wild animal!' said Van Cheele as he picked himself up. And then he recalled Cunningham's remark, 'There is a wild beast in your woods.'

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Walking slowly homeward, Van Cheele began to turn over in his mind various local occurrences which might be traceable to the existence of this astonishing young savage.

Something had been thinning the game in the woods lately, poultry had been missing from the farms, hares were growing unaccountably scarcer, and complaints had reached him of lambs being carried off bodily from the hills. Was it possible that this wild boy was really hunting the countryside in company with some clever poacher dog? He had spoken of hunting 'four-footed' by night, but then, again, he had hinted strangely at no dog caring to come near him, 'especially at night.' It was certainly puzzling. And then, as Van Cheele ran his mind over the various depredations that had been committed during the last month or two, he came suddenly to a dead stop, alike in his walk and his speculations. The child missing from the mill two months ago – the accepted theory was that it had tumbled into the mill-race and been swept away; but the mother had always declared she had heard a shriek on the hill side of the house, in the opposite direction from the water. It was unthinkable, of course, but he wished that the boy had not made that uncanny remark about childflesh eaten two months ago. Such dreadful things should not be said even in fun.

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In what ways does Saki make this early moment in the story so intriguing?

[25]

Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

Remember to support your ideas with details from the writing.

SAMANTA SCHWEBLIN: *Fever Dream*

- 7** How does Schweblin memorably portray the relationship between Amanda and Carla? [25]

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

AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa*

- 8** Explore the ways in which Aidoo strikingly portrays the changes in Kofi's character. [25]

FABIO GEDA: *In the Sea There are Crocodiles*

- 9** In what ways does Geda dramatically convey the dangers that Enaiat faces? [25]

ANTON CHEKHOV: *The Cherry Orchard*

- 10** To what extent does Chekhov make *The Cherry Orchard* a comical play? [25]

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

from ***Songs of Ourselves: Volume 1***

- 11** Explore how Fleur Adcock creates striking impressions of unfairness in *For Heidi with Blue Hair*. [25]

from ***Stories of Ourselves: Volume 2***

- 12** In what ways does Walter Scott memorably portray the Laird's Jock in *Death of the Laird's Jock*. [25]

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