



Cambridge IGCSE™

WORLD LITERATURE

0408/31

Paper 3 Set Text

October/November 2024

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:

Now there are no blades or ceiling fan. Now there is no nurse. Carla is gone. The sheets aren't here, nor the bed, nor the room. Things are no longer happening. Only my body is here. David?

What?

I'm so tired. What is the important thing, David? I need you to say it, because the ordeal is ending, right? I need you to say it, and then I want everything to stay quiet. 5

I'm going to push you now. I push the ducks, I push Mr Geser's dog, and the horses.

And the girl from House & Home. Is this about the poison? It's everywhere, isn't it, David? 10

The poison was always there.

Is it about something else, then? Is it because I did something wrong? Was I a bad mother? Is it something I caused? The rescue distance.

The pain comes and goes.

When Nina and I were on the lawn, among the barrels. It was the rescue distance: it didn't work, I didn't see the danger. And now there is something else in my body, something that activates again or maybe it deactivates, something sharp and bright. 15

It's the pain.

Why don't I feel it anymore? 20

It pierces the stomach.

Yes, it bores in and rips it open, but I don't feel it. It reaches me with a cold, white vibration, it reaches my eyes.

I'm touching your hands, I'm right here.

And now the rope, the rope of the rescue distance. 25

Yes.

It's as if it were tied to my stomach from outside. It pulls tight.

Don't be scared.

It's crushing, David.

It's going to break. 30

No, that can't happen. The rope cannot break, because I am Nina's mother and Nina is my daughter.

Did you ever think about my father?

Your father? Something pulls harder at the rope and it tightens around my stomach. It's going to slice my stomach in two. 35

It will break first. Breathe.

This rope can't break, Nina is my daughter. But yes, my God, it's broken.

Now there is very little time left.

Am I dying?

Yes. *There are seconds left, but you could still understand the important thing. I'm going to push you ahead so you can listen to my father.* 40

Why your father?

He seems rough and simple to you, but that's because he is a man who has lost his horses.

Something falls away.

The rope.

There is no more tension. But I feel the rope, it still exists.

Yes, but there's not much time left. There will be only a few seconds of clarity.

45

In what ways does Schweblin make this moment in the novel so disturbing?

[25]

AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa*

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

Badua: I want my child

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

Osam: }
Badua: } Eh—eh!

Explore how Aidoo makes this such a revealing moment in the play.

[25]

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

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

After I had lived a month in Hong Kong, I received a letter from GaoLing:

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

I had lost my chance.

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

[25]

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

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

<i>Osip:</i>	The horses are ready.	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Er, right ... I'll be there in a minute.	
<i>Mayor:</i>	I say, is Your Excellency leaving?	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Er, yes, I'm just off.	
<i>Mayor:</i>	But, did you not ... I mean ... did Your Excellency not mention something about – er – a wedding?	5
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Oh that, yes ... I shan't be a minute ... a day or two, to see my uncle, you know, a rich old boy ... Be back tomorrow.	
<i>Mayor:</i>	Of course. We would not presume to delay you and we look forward to your safe return.	10
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Yes, of course. I'll be right back. Goodbye, my love ... Oh ... words fail me! Farewell, my darling! [<i>Kisses her hand.</i>]	
<i>Mayor:</i>	Will you be needing anything for the road? Your Excellency was – er – a little short of money?	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Oh no, why should I need any money? ... [<i>Thinking a moment.</i>] Then again, perhaps I could do with a little.	15
<i>Mayor:</i>	How much would you be needing?	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Well, let's see, you lent me two hundred – I mean four hundred – I don't want to take advantage of your mistake – so, shall we say the same again, to bring it up to a round eight hundred?	20
<i>Mayor:</i>	Certainly! [<i>Takes money out of wallet.</i>] What's more, all in nice, brand-new notes.	
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	So they are. [<i>Examining money.</i>] How splendid. As they say, new notes bring new luck.	
<i>Mayor:</i>	They do, indeed.	25
<i>Khlestakov:</i>	Well, cheerio, Anton Antonovich! Much obliged for all your hospitality. I must say, I've never had such a good reception anywhere else before. Farewell, Anna Andreevna! Farewell my darling, Maria Antonovna! [<i>Exeunt.</i>]	
	[<i>Voices heard off.</i>]	30
<i>Voice of Khlestakov:</i>	Farewell, my angel, Maria Antonovna!	
<i>Voice of Mayor:</i>	What's all this? Surely you're not travelling in the post-chaise?	
<i>Voice of Khlestakov:</i>	Oh yes, that's how I always travel. Springs give me a headache.	
<i>Voice of Coachman:</i>	Whoa!	
<i>Voice of Mayor:</i>	Well, at least take something to spread on the seat. If you like I'll get you a rug?	35
<i>Voice of Khlestakov:</i>	No, what for? It doesn't matter. Though I suppose you could give me a rug.	
<i>Voice of Mayor:</i>	Hey, Avdotya! Go to the store-room and get the best rug, the one with the blue ground, the Persian one. And run!	40
<i>Voice of Coachman:</i>	Whoa!	
<i>Voice of Mayor:</i>	When are we to expect Your Excellency?	
<i>Voice of Khlestakov:</i>	Tomorrow or the day after.	

<i>Voice of Osip</i>	Ah, is that the rug? Good – now put it over here! And let's have a bit of hay on that side.	45
<i>Voice of Coachman:</i>	Whoa!	
<i>Voice of Osip:</i>	No, this side! Here, a bit more! Good! That'll be just fine! [<i>Pats rug.</i>] Now, will Your Honour be seated?	
<i>Voice of Khlestakov:</i>	Cheerio, Anton Antonovich!	
<i>Voice of Mayor:</i>	Goodbye, Your Excellency!	50
<i>Voices of Women:</i>	Goodbye, Ivan Alexandrovich!	
<i>Voice of Khlestakov:</i>	Cheerio, mother!	
<i>Voice of Coachman:</i>	Giddyap, my beauties! [<i>Ring of bells. Curtain comes down.</i>]	

How does Gogol dramatically present Khlestakov's departure at this moment in the play? [25]

from *SONGS OF OURSELVES, Volume 2: from Part 2*

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

At the Parrot House, Taronga Park

What images could yet suggest their range

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

For all the softness, how the beaks are hard.

(Vivian Smith)

Explore how Vivian Smith creates such vivid impressions of the birds in this poem.

[25]

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 6.

from *STORIES OF OURSELVES, Volume 2*

- 6 Read this extract from *The Plantation* (by Ovo Adagha), and then answer the question that follows it:

To avoid detection, he left the road and started walking off into the bush track: a steep, snaking slope of dense foliage and caked mud. He laboured up the path until he reached the village clearing; all the while nodding his head and whispering to himself.

The village itself was a cluster of thatched roofs, no more than a clearing in the jungle. Namidi had lived there all his life and knew all about it: the small huts that were eked out of red clay, with their shaggy cabbage of palm-frond roofs that seemed to recede as one approached – stretched on a paltry piece of land with minuscule space between them; the rainfall and gossip that ploughed on endlessly without season; and how the very ground on which the village stood seemed eternally swathed in a blanket of rust. Ah, he knew all about it – the indescribable weariness and dreariness of it all.

‘Ochuko! Ochuko! Where in God’s name is this boy?’ Namidi called out when he got to his house.

Papa! a small, breathless voice rang out from behind the hut.

Namidi turned and regarded his six-year-old son as he came bouncing towards him from the backyard with the reckless abandon of a child, his over-sized knickers flapping against his thighs as he ran. Two years ago some missionaries had built a new school on the outskirts of the village. But the fees were expensive and he could not afford to send any of his three children there with the meagre earnings from his rubber farm. Namidi felt diminished each time he saw his boy playing in the sand while the school bells rang in the distance. It seemed as if the bells in his mind started clanging loudly at this thought, willing him to return to the plantation with the utmost haste.

‘Go and call your mother for me,’ he said.

The boy set off again, humping and jumping towards his mother’s kitchen.

‘What is it?’ his wife, Mama Efe, enquired as she emerged from the hut. She was a thin, shrivelled woman with a hardened look about her. Years and years of toiling in the sun had drawn the skin taut over her cheek-bones so that time and suffering seemed etched on her features.

‘What’s that smell you brought home today?’ she asked, with a wary, suspicious frown on her face.

Namidi was gazing at his hut; at the lines of rotten bamboo that stuck out of its window panes. It seemed like the thatched roof and clay-red walls were cowering before him and the smell of new money. He turned around with a perspiring face and told her about his findings.

‘We must go there now before the busybodies get wind of it,’ he added, trying to infect her with a sense of urgency.

‘What if a fire starts, eh?’ she queried, worriedly. In her mind, there appeared a flash of blurred images writhing inside a great flame; of grotesque-looking figures being planted in the ground; and of grey-clothed people standing around the fresh mounds of soil, with a charged, funereal quality.

Looking at her, at the doubt and anxiety that suddenly clouded her face, Namidi experienced a brief pang of foreboding; but he tossed the thought away quickly from his mind, without repining, and said:

‘It won’t, I am the only one who knows.’ His eyebrows arched menacingly, admonishing her to say no more.

She asked no further questions, but she thought within herself: this thing is a ghoulish business and will come to no good.

Namidi, his wife and three children carved an odd, almost patriarchal procession as they left the house with huge, empty cans. Namidi led the line, towering and frowning, as he strode determinedly down the bush path; his children followed, awe-struck and excited by the scent of adventure, picking their way bare-footed over the rough path; his

wife completed the moving line of ancient slave-rite figures, tagging along on hardened feet, her face brooding and disturbed. Their advance took them to where they were greeted by an ensemble of close-knit trees that stretched and heaved into the track, forming an intimidating profusion of branches, fronds and creepers. The air was stale and thick with damp sweat. Yet Namidi retained all the doggedness that was upon him since the time he made the discovery. It was the road that would lead them to riches, he thought cheekily to himself. And as his wife and children trudged mechanically behind him, his mind was closed to all else except his destination.

55

In the stroking brightness of the sun, an owl in full glide flapped its brown-streaked wings, turned its head and then sounded a doleful note as it flew past the trudging party below.

60

How does Ovo Adagha make this such a striking and revealing moment in the story?

[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 memorably portrays Omar, David's father. [25]

AMA ATA AIDOO: *Anowa*

- 8 In what ways does Aidoo dramatically portray Anowa after she marries Kofi? [25]

AMY TAN: *The Bonesetter's Daughter*

- 9 In what ways does Tan make *The Bonesetter's Daughter* such a moving novel?
Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 3** in answering this question. [25]

NIKOLAI GOGOL: *The Government Inspector*

- 10 How does Gogol strikingly portray the relationship between the Mayor and Khlestakov?
Do **not** use the extract printed in **Question 4** in answering this question. [25]

from SONGS OF OURSELVES, Volume 2: from Part 2

- 11 In what ways does Judith Wright make *Australia 1970* such a powerful poem? [25]

from STORIES OF OURSELVES, Volume 2

- 12 Explore how Katherine Mansfield vividly depicts childhood in *The Doll's House*. [25]

BLANK PAGE

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

To avoid the issue of disclosure of answer-related information to candidates, all copyright acknowledgements are reproduced online in the Cambridge Assessment International Education Copyright Acknowledgements Booklet. This is produced for each series of examinations and is freely available to download at www.cambridgeinternational.org after the live examination series.

Cambridge Assessment International Education is part of Cambridge Assessment. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of the University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is a department of the University of Cambridge.