

# Cambridge IGCSE™

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**WORLD LITERATURE****0408/03**

Paper 3 Set Text (Prose)

**For examination from 2028**

SPECIMEN PAPER

**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.
- 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.
- Each question is worth 25 marks.

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This document has **8** pages.

**Section A**

Answer **one** question from this section.

**Chinua Achebe: *A Man of the People***

- 1 How does Achebe strikingly convey the narrator's thoughts and feelings at this moment in the novel?

Support your ideas with details from the text.

Chief Nanga moved swiftly and, as you would expect, ruthlessly. I was listening on my new

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'What business?' everyone asked. But there was no time to explain.

### Sayaka Murata: *Convenience Store Woman*

## 2 Explore how Murata makes this moment in the novel so dramatic.

Support your ideas with details from the text.

One of the reasons Shiraha had asked me to hide him was because he'd run away without paying the rent I realized.

She snorted with laughter at his question. 'You've been late with rent and come home to borrow money before, haven't you? I realized then that it was only a matter of time before something like this happened, and so I got my husband to install a tracking app on your cell phone. That's how I knew where to find you. All I had to do was lay in wait until you popped out to do some shopping.'

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It struck me that she really didn't trust him one bit.

'I'll pay you back ... Really, I will,' he said, hanging his head.

'You're telling me you will. And what is your relationship with this woman?' she asked, turning to look at me. 'How come you're living together if you haven't even got a job? If you've got time for that, then you've got time to work. So go out and get a real job. You're an adult, after all.'

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'We're in a relationship and plan to get married. We've decided that she works, while I look after the home. Once her place of employment is decided, I'll repay the money from her salary.'

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Oh, so he has a girlfriend I thought, but then remembered the exchange between him and my sister yesterday and realized he was referring to me.

'Is that so? What job are you doing now?' she asked, giving me a skeptical look.

'Oh, um, I'm working in a convenience store,' I answered.

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She gaped at me, her eyes, nostrils, and mouth all forming O's. I was just recalling having seen a face just like that before when she virtually screamed at me:

'What! And you two are living together? When this man doesn't even have a job?'

'Um ... yes.'

'It's not as if you can carry on like this, though, is it? You'll wear yourself out! I mean, look, I'm sorry if I'm being rude, but you're not exactly a spring chicken, are you? How come you haven't got a proper job?'

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'Well ... I did attend a few interviews, but the convenience store was the only place I was able to work in.'

She stared at me aghast. 'In a way you kind of suit each other, but ... Look, I know it's none of my business, but you should really either get a job or get married, one or the other. I mean, seriously. Or better still, you should do both. Otherwise you're going to end up starving to death sometime, you know. You're really living on the edge.'

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'I see.'

'For the life of me I don't know what you see in this guy, but if you really are in love with him that's even more reason for you get a proper job. No way can two social dropouts survive on just one store worker's wage. I'm serious!'

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'Okay.'

'Hasn't anyone else told you this before? And what about health insurance? Are you even registered? I'm only bringing this up for your own sake, you know! We've only just met, so maybe it isn't my place to be saying all this, but for your own good you really should get your life in order.'

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Seeing her leaning in close and taking the trouble to speak to me like this, I felt she was much nicer than Shiraha had made out.

'We've discussed all this. Until we have children I will take care of the home and concentrate on setting up an online business. Once we have a child, I'll go out to work and be the breadwinner of the family.'

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‘Stop babbling nonsense and just get a real job, will you? Well, it’s up to the two of you and I suppose I shouldn’t be poking my nose into your business, but —’

**From *Stories of Ourselves*, Volume 2**

**3** In what ways does Virginia Woolf make this such a vivid opening to *Lappin and Lapinova*?

Support your ideas with details from the text.

They were married. The wedding march pealed out. The pigeons fluttered. Small boys in Eton jackets threw rice; a fox terrier sauntered across the path; and Ernest Thorburn led his bride to the car through the small inquisitive crowd of complete strangers which always collects in London to enjoy other people's happiness or unhappiness. Certainly he looked handsome and she looked shy. More rice was thrown, and the car moved off.

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That was on Tuesday. Now it was Saturday. Rosalind had still to get used to the fact that she was Mrs Ernest Thorburn. Perhaps she never would get used to the fact that she was Mrs Ernest Anybody, she thought, as she sat in the bow window of the hotel looking over the lake to the mountains, and waited for her husband to come down to breakfast. Ernest was a difficult name to get used to. It was not the name she would have chosen. She would have preferred Timothy, Antony, or Peter. He did not look like Ernest either. The name suggested the Albert Memorial, mahogany sideboards, steel engravings of the Prince Consort with his family – her mother-in-law's dining-room in Porchester Terrace in short.

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But here he was. Thank goodness he did not look like Ernest – no. But what did he look like? She glanced at him sideways. Well, when he was eating toast he looked like a rabbit. Not that anyone else would have seen a likeness to a creature so diminutive and timid in this spruce, muscular young man with the straight nose, the blue eyes, and the very firm mouth. But that made it all the more amusing. His nose twitched very slightly when he ate. So did her pet rabbit's. She kept watching his nose twitch; and then she had to explain, when he caught her looking at him, why she laughed.

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'It's because you're like a rabbit, Ernest,' she said. 'Like a wild rabbit,' she added, looking at him. 'A hunting rabbit; a King Rabbit; a rabbit that makes laws for all the other rabbits.'

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Ernest had no objection to being that kind of rabbit, and since it amused her to see him twitch his nose – he had never known that his nose twitched – he twitched it on purpose. And she laughed and laughed; and he laughed too, so that the maiden ladies and the fishing man and the Swiss waiter in his greasy black jacket all guessed right; they were very happy. But how long does such happiness last? they asked themselves; and each answered according to his own circumstances.

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At lunch time, seated on a clump of heather beside the lake, 'Lettuce, rabbit?' said Rosalind, holding out the lettuce that had been provided to eat with the hard-boiled eggs. 'Come and take it out of my hand,' she added, and he stretched out and nibbled the lettuce and twitched his nose.

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'Good rabbit, nice rabbit,' she said, patting him, as she used to pat her tame rabbit at home. But that was absurd. He was not a tame rabbit, whatever he was. She turned it into French. 'Lapin,' she called him. But whatever he was, he was not a French rabbit. He was simply and solely English – born at Porchester Terrace, educated at Rugby; now a clerk in His Majesty's Civil Service. So she tried 'bunny' next; but that was worse. 'Bunny' was someone plump and soft and comic; he was thin and hard and serious. Still, his nose twitched. 'Lappin,' she exclaimed suddenly; and gave a little cry as if she had found the very word she looked for.

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'Lappin, Lappin, King Lappin,' she repeated. It seemed to suit him exactly; he was not Ernest, he was King Lappin. Why? She did not know.

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When there was nothing new to talk about on their long solitary walks – and it rained, as everyone had warned them that it would rain; or when they were sitting over the fire in the evening, for it was cold, and the maiden ladies had gone and the fishing man, and the waiter only came if you rang the bell for him, she let her fancy play with the story of the

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Lappin tribe. Under her hands – she was sewing; he was reading – they became very real, very vivid, very amusing. Ernest put down the paper and helped her. There were the black rabbits and the red; there were the enemy rabbits and the friendly. There were the wood in which they lived and the outlying prairies and the swamp. Above all there was King Lappin, who, far from having only the one trick – that he twitched his nose – became as the days passed an animal of the greatest character; Rosalind was always finding new qualities in him. But above all he was a great hunter. 50

‘And what,’ said Rosalind, on the last day of the honeymoon, ‘did the King do today?’ 55

In fact they had been climbing all day; and she had worn a blister on her heel; but she did not mean that.

‘Today,’ said Ernest, twitching his nose as he bit the end off his cigar, ‘he chased a hare.’ He paused; struck a match, and twitched again.

‘A woman hare,’ he added. 60

‘A white hare!’ Rosalind exclaimed, as if she had been expecting this. ‘Rather a small hare; silver grey; with big bright eyes?’

‘Yes,’ said Ernest, looking at her as she had looked at him, ‘a smallish animal; with eyes popping out of her head, and two little front paws dangling.’ It was exactly how she sat, with her sewing dangling in her hands; and her eyes, that were so big and bright, were certainly a little prominent. 65

## Section B

Answer **one** question from this section.

### Chinua Achebe: *A Man of the People*

- 4 Explore how Achebe creates memorable impressions of life in Nigeria in the novel.

Support your ideas with details from the text.

### Sayaka Murata: *Convenience Store Woman*

- 5 In what ways does Murata vividly portray the relationship between Keiko and her sister?

Support your ideas with details from the text.

### From *Stories of Ourselves, Volume 2*

- 6 To what extent does Saki make the boy in Gabriel-Ernest a disturbing character?

Support your ideas with details from the text.

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Question 1

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Question 1

Question 2

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