Cambridge IGCSE

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH **0500/22**

Paper 2 Reading Passages (Extended) **February/March 2016**

2 hours

READING BOOKLET INSERT

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READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

This Reading Booklet Insert contains the reading passages for use with all questions on the Question Paper.

You may annotate this Insert and use the blank spaces for planning.
This Reading Booklet Insert is **not** assessed by the Examiner.

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Part 1

Read **Passage A** carefully, and then answer **Questions 1** and **2** on the Question Paper.

Passage A: Badluck Way, Sun Ranch

The narrator recounts his year working on the remote Sun Ranch in southwest Montana, living the life of a modern day cowboy and learning more about himself and the land.

When the sun dropped behind the highest ridge of Gravelly Range, I sat on my front porch watching daylight quit the valley. In April, at three thousand metres, night came quickly. Once the sun winked out of sight, the day's hard, pale light and meagre heat poured across the western horizon in a torrent. Warm colours went first and fastest, balling up in an eddy of red, orange and ochre before slipping from view. I imagined those hues flowing across The Gravellies to glint on the small-town storefronts of Twin Bridges and reflect in the slow oxbow lakes of Beaverhead River. I pictured them gaining speed as they fled westward, skipping like stones across mountains, valleys, mountains and on to the sea.

I was alone in the cold crystalline night, thirty kilometres from a town of any consequence, staring out across the seldom-travelled gravel path that we on Sun Ranch called Badluck Way. The failing light made it easy to remember the land as it had looked in the summer. In my mind's eye the land glowed golden under a late July sun. Tall, drying bunch grass bent against the wind and fed the ranch's vast herds of cattle. Above it all wolves, grizzlies and other wild creatures made endless, inscrutable loops across the ridges and valleys.

The bustle and toil of life in August – long days on horseback and barbed wire fence work – had raised a thick network of scabs and scars on my hands. Some of the scars remained but they were the least of the high season's wounds. Staring into the darkness beyond Badluck Way, I returned to the moments that had demanded violence of me. Alone in the dark, I threw old punches again and set my finger against the rifle's trigger once more.

After one year on Sun Ranch, a year of work, sweat and hard choices, I was thinking about leaving. Dwindling snowdrifts dotted the landscape, some sculpted by the wind, others the consequence of my winter ploughing.

My house on Badluck Way was a log cabin designed by an architect who'd never intended to live in it. He'd drawn cramped rooms, sparse light fixtures and a drafty brick fireplace that kept the place cold no matter how much wood was burning. Living there, I'd come to hate the crevices between the wall logs. They gobbled incandescent light like candy and soaked up most of the glow from the cabin's two small windows. Neatly joined, a good log wall can be a masterpiece. My walls were sieves. On clear days, the rooms were flecked with glowing slivers of sunlight. During storms, the wind hissed in.

In Spring, when the world began to thaw and the weather allowed, I ate dinner on the front porch – a concrete slab kept sunless by an over-hanging roof. Deer, elk or hamburger from town went on to the grill of my little barbecue. When the meat was ready, I ate leaning forward to catch the heat rising from the coals. Most of the time I stayed comfortable on the porch because the house blocked everything except a straight north wind.

One way to explain how I got to Sun Ranch is that ever since I can remember I've been obsessed with the West. I grew up in Seattle, the son of a professional photographer and art director. Our first family visit to a ranch, when I was seven years old, lasted only a couple of days. We pulled spotted knapweed and helped move a few cows on horseback. My mother photographed every disintegrated outbuilding she could find. My father must have had a touch of my own mania, since on returning to his work running the university's art museum, he organised a show called 'The Myth of the West'.

At eighteen, I sat down in front of my parents' computer to look for a job. I couldn't put the idea of ranching from my mind. Beneath a hypnotic magazine article about Sun Ranch, its surroundings and

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its commitment to conservation, I found a job advertisement for a position beginning early that summer. The job title was 'Assistant Grazing Technician/Livestock Manager'. Of the qualities listed for successful applicants most were unremarkable, but the last three were different. I read them slowly and more than once: common sense, adaptability and gumption.

Part 2

Read **Passage B** carefully and then answer **Question 3** on the Question Paper.

Passage B: Wild West Shows

The narrator, a 'Wild West' enthusiast and memorabilia collector, is giving a talk to students.

So, this photo's my favourite – it's Buffalo Bill in Bath, England. In 1887, Bill's show was performed at Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee. Then he toured England for six months and Europe the following year. He's probably where our myth of the untamed, romantic American 'Wild West' came from. You could say he created the cowboy as an American icon.

This picture was taken days before his death in 1917. It's tough to say how much it'd be worth now. Ironic really, as towards the end Buffalo Bill's show lost money. He was tricked into signing a contract selling the show and ended up just performing in it. In 1913, the show was declared bankrupt, but people are still passionate about the Wild West thanks to him and his show – just think of all the Western films and circuses around.

These Wild West shows were theatrical performances you see, travelling round entertaining audiences. They weren't supposed to be complete fabrications. Some even claimed to be educational despite enhancing the truth somewhat. The real American West wasn't as glamorous as the images of adventure that filled the shows, but the true West was pretty much unknown to the curious audiences. They were willing to believe just about anything.

Native American Indians, like Chief Sitting Bull, and wild animals really did exist in the West. However, gunfights, stagecoach attacks and train hold-ups weren't an everyday ordeal. That dramatic myth of the Wild West we have today stems from these shows.

Buffalo Bill's Wild West show which ran for 30 years was the prototype. This is an original programme I've got here from one of the seasons of the show. It all seems quite glamorised, doesn't it, with famous characters of the time involved? It was certainly action-packed – trick performances, dramatic re-enactments of battle scenes, even hunts. Shooting exhibitions were in the line-up, look. Races between combinations of people or animals would've been included too – exhilarating stuff for an audience. I'd have loved to have seen the rodeo events. They were rough, 'dangerous' activities performed by cowboys.

This letter here was typed on Buffalo Bill's Wild West stationery in Burton-on-Trent, England. He's signed it there – that's his real name, William Frederick Cody. He started to be famous you see, when he was getting paid hunting buffalo to feed railway workers. He shot and killed 11 out of 12 buffalo, so got quite a reputation as a master buffalo hunter, hence his nickname and show name, 'Buffalo Bill'.

Someone wrote a novel about him that turned into a theatre production. Soon afterwards, he was famous enough to start his own theatre troop. His idea for a Wild West show came later though. I suppose he'd grown up on the frontier and wanted to preserve the way of life he knew and loved. He sort of turned his real life adventure into a four-hour-long show – complete with a spectacular horseback parade.

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If you're interested, you can look at this book later. It explains how in creating his show, Cody also created the myth of the exciting 'Wild West' frontier.

Many people in the show were expert marksmen. Buffalo Bill himself was an excellent marksman. The show also demonstrated hunts staged as they would've been on the frontier. Here's another picture of a rodeo. These were a real audience favourite. You'd got cowboys trying to rope and ride broncos that would buck and try to throw them. Other wild animals the cowboys would attempt to ride were buffalo, elk, bears, and moose.

All in all, the show had a pretty big entourage – as many as 1,200 performers at one time and large numbers of animals. Performers were often popular celebrities of the day – people like Annie Oakley, renowned for her trick shot hitting targets behind her, shooting backwards using a mirror for aim. Incredible marksmanship! Amazing, eh?

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