Cambridge IGCSE

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH **0500/22**

Paper 2 Reading Passages (Extended) **February/March 2017**

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 Reading Booklet Insert and use the blank spaces for planning.
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This document consists of **5** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

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Part 1

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

Passage A: The Island Visit

In this passage, a journalist describes the occasion when the mayor of a large city in a wealthy foreign country returns for the first time to visit the small island he left when he was a baby.

The car bringing the big city mayor – a fine limousine borrowed for the occasion – stopped at the entrance to the village. Its occupant got out, amid the clamour of applause, flashing of lenses and clash of the band, into a confused mass of policemen, journalists, inquisitive spectators, infinite numbers of cousins, shepherds, women, and in fact the whole 4,000 inhabitants of the island who were waiting for him. The village boys crowded round. Pushing and yelling to each other, they shouted, 'Let's touch the car; then we'll become rich and famous too!'

The car had only just arrived and had already become a relic, a thing holy and miraculous, which if merely touched promised pathways to paradise. Immediately his press officer had announced it, the mayor's visit was, for islanders, a fabulous adventure, a mythological occurrence. I don't know how conscious he was of this, or the real reasons for his journey – an affectionate curiosity to become acquainted with his own native place and pay homage to the memory of his parents, a quest for popularity, a wish to do something that would please his electors, or some combination of these things? If he'd been born in a large town, his journey would be no more than ordinary political news. Instead, the whole tale unfolded under full media glare.

Seasoned journalists had already made an assault several days beforehand on all possible means of transport from the mainland. With beginners' luck, I'd found myself unexpectedly on an extra plane in which it happened the esteemed mayor himself was travelling. We'd arrived at the island's airport to the first troop of officials, photographers and a great quantity of the mayor's more persistent cousins, come from all parts to greet their illustrious relation. The mayor was immediately dragged off into the whirl of the official reception. Beset by some of the shyer members of the mayor's clan who'd taken me for an intimate friend of their grand relation and who, displaying their identity cards and documents, begged me to introduce them to him, I'd got into my taxi with some difficulty.

At first, the road had passed along the most splendid coastline floodlit by sunshine. Men and women worked at vegetable gardens and fishing nets, a cinematic panorama of agile forms in action. Endless fleets of painted carts, perambulating shops gaily decorated, rolled along the road navigating the sea of people. A cart beyond repair lay beached belly-upwards at the roadside, its intricately-carved merchandise laid out like entrails in the sun. Beyond, the road turned inland toward the mountains, the landscape changing to immense bare moorlands, solemn and desolate. Sheep blocked our road ahead. Their ancient shepherd leaned on his staff and regarded us quietly. The history of the mayor's village to date had been merely prehistoric.

Like detectives in some large-scale inquiry, journalists questioned door-to-door with a sort of mania. They wanted everyone's names, ages, jobs and family details, and of course their degree of relationship to the mayor. One old woman, a daughter of one of the witnesses to his birth, assured me, 'The mayor was born here, in this very dwelling. I gave the family some cheese to eat on their voyage.' She added, 'They were poor and hadn't any money.'

A journalist with a moustache interrupted at this moment, demanding like an examining magistrate, 'What do you hope the mayor will do for you?'

'Anything is possible,' said the old woman. 'Many things are needed: a hospital, a school.' She answered just to satisfy the journalist, in reality not asking for, hoping or expecting anything.

It was difficult now to get near the action owing to the great buzzing crowd paying faithful homage. On

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broad strips of cloth was written, 'Welcome in your nice country'. How many eyes, how many hands, how many countless individual tasks paused to hear the visitor speak from a purpose-built platform overlooking the street!

He spoke humbly about his nativity, his father and mother, saying, 'I'm the son of a poor shoemaker who left without a coin in his pocket.'

'This all goes to show that it is possible,' he concluded.

Everybody was happy.

Finally, it was announced that the mayor would give a considerable sum to his eldest cousin's old people's charity and a larger sum still to the commune in order that public baths and a commemorative statue might be constructed in the village.

I couldn't help wondering at the divine uselessness of such gifts.

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Part 2

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

Passage B: The Island of Sea Women

In this article a journalist tells us more about the haenyeo or sea women of the South Korean island province of Jeju. These hardy divers use no breathing equipment, yet make their living harvesting seafood by hand from the ocean floor.

This morning, as she has for 60 years, Kim Eun-sil carries her diving gear to a rocky beach on the eastern side of the island to spend the day free-diving in water more than ten metres deep to harvest seafood by hand. Ms. Kim, 80, figures she can work a few more years at a job women here have done for centuries but which now is fast disappearing.

'I can still manage,' she says, warming her arthritic body at a fire she's built with fruit boxes on a pier. Ms. Kim, like her mother before her, is a haenyeo, or 'sea woman'. For ages, the sea women of Jeju have braved the treacherous waters of the Korea Strait, even during the frigid winters. Using only flippers and goggles – no breathing equipment – they scour the sea bottom for abalone, conch and octopus.

These divers are, by tradition, women. The reversal of traditional gender roles, with women being the chief earners, made the island unusual in Korean society.

But the work is hard and dangerous. Since 2009, forty divers have died and younger women on Jeju, now South Korea's biggest tourist destination, would rather work in resort hotels and car rental offices than plunge into the cold sea, as some of their mothers and grandmothers still do. The number of sea women has dwindled with 84 per cent of them sixty or older. For as long as Koreans can remember, sea women have been as emblematic of Jeju as snow-capped Mount Halla at its centre. They duck under water more than 100 times a day, grabbing sea creatures barehanded.

'Haenyeo were Korea's first working mums,' says researcher and newspaper editor, Koh Mi. There is much hand-wringing over how to preserve their culture in the face of changes that have turned Jeju from the 'island of sea women' into an island of honeymooners in a matter of decades. This month, South Korea applied to Unesco to add the sea women to its Intangible Cultural Heritage list. Islanders believe the designation would infuse pride in the tradition, and encourage popular support for preserving it.

Today, the 1849 km^2 island is famous for its pearly beaches, golf courses and esplanades overlooking black cliffs where lava met the sea ages ago. But until farm machinery enabled families to cultivate Jeju's rocky soil and tourism gave the island more job opportunities in recent decades, Jeju was among the toughest places to live in South Korea, an outpost where trees were stunted from sea winds and kings exiled their enemies. In the 17th century, as men went to sea to fish or row warships and never returned, diving became exclusively women's work.

The divers adhere to a strict hierarchy. Young divers stay clear of the shallow waters where the older and weaker women dive. When the village school needs repairs, divers donate a portion of the proceeds of their catch.

The sea women have partly been victims of their own hard work. The introduction of wet suits encouraged them to dive deeper and for longer hours, resulting in overharvesting and declining incomes and health. The work has always been perilous. The women work long hours in icy water as deep as thirteen metres. The seaside shelters where they gather before entering the water are strewn with empty bottles of painkillers and anti-seasickness drugs.

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To help keep the tradition alive, the Jeju government pays for their wet suits and subsidises their medical and accident insurance. Government-financed shelters are now equipped with heated floors and hot-water showers.

The sea women have also regulated themselves, imposing voluntary no-harvest seasons, no-diving zones and monthly limits on the number of diving days, to sustain the profession. But Ms. Kim, who raised five children and paid her husband's college tuition by diving, says she will be the last haenyeo in her family.

'My only daughter doesn't even know how to swim,' she said.

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