UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH **0500/23**

Paper 2 Reading Passages (Extended) **May/June 2010**

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

0750117639

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.
Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **all** questions.
Dictionaries are **not** permitted.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.

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**.

Passage A

This is a fragment from an autobiography in which the writer, then aged 17, remembers a time when new neighbours moved into the house next door.

In October, the Riveras moved out of the house next door to us. They had been like our extended family and, as mothers said tearful goodbyes, the brood of Rivera children jostled for position on the back seat, bodies contorting to see us for the last time. Their faces froze with panic when their mother's car door slammed, the engine purred, and took them out of our lives forever. We all knew it was the end of something special, something good. Next door the now empty house shifted, groaned and settled in the quiet night.

In the still twilight of the morning, mother woke us up with tantalising aromas of baking. There would be a cake to give to our new neighbours. Although the sadness of the previous day lingered, there was also a tickle of excitement about meeting new friends today.

Suddenly there was a squeal of brakes and an almighty bang exploded in the street outside. We rushed to see what had caused it. The morning air was now thick with dark plumes of exhaust clouds blowing, cartoon style, out of the back of a wreck of a van. An irate, hairy little man jumped out of the driver's seat and danced around the back of it to give it a good kick. Then he opened the passenger door to release two lanky teenage boys dressed in faded T-shirts and dirty, torn jeans. These surly boys, their skin seeped in the grey pallor of neglect, punched and slapped each other as they made a dash for the empty house next door.

That day signalled the demise of peace and quiet, the ruination of one of the most pleasant and tidy gardens in the avenue, and a rush of 'For Sale' notices in the vicinity.

We watched spellbound that first day as the contents of the battered van were unloaded and then heaped into the middle of the lawn. Strangely, there were fewer items taken inside the house than the assortment of tools and garden junk that was left outside. Although the boys looked like strangers to a decent meal, they had been completely indulged when it came to play stations, stereo systems with speakers the size of wardrobes, an identical pair of drum kits, amps and electric bass guitars. They ignored our wan smiles and limp waves as we retreated back into the warmth of our home, where it was safe and quiet, for now.

It *was* ominously quiet for the next couple of days. However, on the third day, in what seemed like a dawn raid, all three were back with enough weaponry to defeat a small country. A huge cement mixer, churning up the lawn, was accompanied by pneumatic drills, steel rods and bags of sand. The noise was intolerable. Mother marched briskly round to 'have a word', only to retreat, upset and pale, five minutes later. Over the weeks, as the drilling and noise increased, mother took to her bed, getting up only to make us an occasional meal and to take yet another little yellow pill.

That winter we all felt trapped, twitchy with anger yet resigned without mother to take charge. Other neighbours, who usually said 'Hello' or enquired about our well-being, now passed by on the other side of the street. Our miserable faces didn't endear us to anyone, lack of sleep held us back at school, but the main cause of our concern was mother.

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Suddenly, one Saturday in spring, we realised that there was a new sound from next door: silence. The covers hiding the cause of the noise had gone and the true scale of the new 'development' was revealed. Pride of place was a murky pond, deep and dark, with globules of cement fashioned into lumps around its edge. From its depths a pump struggled to make the scummy surface move. The sheer amount of gaudy, plastic, aquatic creatures surrounding, or indeed on top of the water, resembled the fantasy lands in little children's television programmes. Large, green alligators with lolling tongues and distorted fangs, and lopsided fuchsia flamingos up to their knobbly knees in concrete, basked in the early sunlight amidst tubs of plastic plants placed randomly on an uneven cement floor. As a light wind eddied down the avenue, the 'garden' sang: a cacophony of high pitched whining from the manic spinning windmills and a jangling of steel from the wind chimes.

The little children shrieked and laughed and even I realised that I was smiling. Looking around I saw mother in her dressing gown gaping at this spectacle. As though in some zombie film, other neighbours slowly approached, curious but then enraged. They then began talking all at once and, craning their necks to get a better view, each became more incensed than the other until the rallying cry of 'They have gone too far!' was heard.

1 As a result of the dispute between neighbours, a public meeting has been called. At this meeting, in turn, the writer's mother and the father next door are given the chance to present their views.

The chairperson of the meeting asks the mother the following question:
"Can you explain why you and other people in the neighbourhood believe that things have 'gone too far'?"

The chairperson of the meeting asks the father next door the following question:
"Can you explain your position and views on this matter?"

Write the words of the public meeting. Base your response on what you have read in Passage A.

Write between 1½ and 2 sides, allowing for the size of your handwriting.

Up to fifteen marks will be available for the content of your answer, and up to five marks for the quality of your writing.

[Total: 20]

2 Re-read the descriptions of:

(a) the arrival of the new family in paragraph 3 ("Suddenly there was a squeal … house next door.");

(b) the new 'garden' in paragraph 8 ("Suddenly, one Saturday … wind chimes.").

Select words and phrases from these descriptions, and explain how the writer has created effects by using this language.

[Total: 10]

Part 2

Question 3 is based on both **Passage A** and **Passage B**.
Read **Passage B** carefully, and re-read **Passage A**.

Passage B

Marcia Gomez lives in a flat in Lima Towers, which is a housing project in Lima city, Peru. Although she is 80 years of age, she still has enough energy to help her neighbours in many different ways, and she holds an important position within the community.

December 4 – Lima, Peru

Problem with your pipes? Ask Marcia. Need to know when the next bingo night is? Ask Marcia. Where's your newspaper? Ask Marcia. At Lima Towers, Marcia Gomez, president of the residents' association, is the definition of a good neighbour. Marcia has lived for more than seven years in this housing complex for the elderly and those who are disabled. For much of that time, she has served as the association president. 'When I first came in they wanted me to run for president, but I felt I was too new. I ran as vice president and three months later the lady who was president lost her temper and walked out,' Marcia says, before giving a throaty laugh and a smile.

Marcia, 80, twice widowed, has two sons, three grandsons and three great-grandchildren, and many of them are scattered around the country and the world. 'This is my family,' she says, gesturing to the residents who walk by and say hello. 'This is a city within a city. There are 200 apartments here. If you need to go to the doctor, the hospital, if you need something cooked, we will help you. It's the same as any other family, just on a bigger scale.'

Marcia serves on the executive committee of the Allen County Democratic Party and is a helper at a local medical centre. She was a nominee for this year's Lima-Allen Good Neighbour Award.

A few years ago, *The Lima News* needed a new distributor for the newspaper in the Towers and approached the managers who recommended Marcia. Now, she and other volunteers deliver the newspaper at 5am, up and down seven floors.

Marcia has never taken a cent from the enterprise, however. The residents' association donates any profit made to an activities fund for residents. This fund has recently paid for trips to shopping outlets and to the city zoo. Last week they chartered a bus and went to a special restaurant for lunch, and they often go on trips to museums and art galleries. The group also has a monthly movie, game and bingo night. 'I just want to give back to my community and help people do some things they wouldn't otherwise be able to do,' Marcia says. 'It's a joy to do it.'

Marcia's friend and the association secretary, Maria Angelo, exclaims, 'Marcia is everywhere! She's unbelievable. She does everything. She's a good, good friend and never lets you down.'

A little woman in stature, Marcia is always on the move. She moves quickly, showing off the laundry room and talking about a grocery store to be open on Thursdays, and a food donation programme. She helps with it all, and even serves as an advocate for residents when they have concerns to raise with management. Marcia isn't bragging, but will convince you she's up to the job. 'All I need are my good strong legs and the power of speech,' she says, laughing again.

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3 Summarise:

(a) the benefits of having Marcia Gomez as your neighbour, as outlined in **Passage B**;

(b) the annoying aspects of living next door to the new neighbours, as described in **Passage A**.

Use your own words as far as possible.

You should write about 1 side in total, allowing for the size of your handwriting.

Up to fifteen marks will be available for the content of your answer, and up to five marks for the quality of your writing.

[Total: 20]

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