UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH **0500/22**

Paper 2 Reading Passages (Extended) **May/June 2012**

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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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

Detective Muller goes to meet with a wanted criminal, Sorensen, at a summer house he has broken into in a remote location.

The Rendezvous

When Muller reached the Faro bridges, the sky sank heavily to the earth, and the rain drummed cascades against the windshield. Violent wind gusts shook the van and shrieked in the loose side windows. He reduced his speed, leaned over the wheel and stared out at the road sailing before him. His back was stiff from tension and sweat crawled in his armpits, while an awareness grew in him that no doubt it was already too late. Sorensen had insisted not only that Muller should come alone, but that there would be no one at the house after four pm. This was the date and time when Sorensen had disappeared ten years before, from a house where he was holding hostages in a burglary, and Muller still didn't know how Sorensen had become invisible and had evaded the police surrounding the place.

Then the rain stopped, and the blurred landscape flattened down to a pale gleam on all sides. At the next exit, Muller turned off the highway and continued with a map opened on the steering wheel along a potholed road past dead country towns and clumps of weather worn, abandoned houses. Twice he misread the map and wound up in muddy tractor ruts. He turned, cursing, with spinning wheels, found his way back to the main road, and after another eternity with the pedal to the floor between deserted grass stretches and wide fallow fields, he was finally close to the place. He stopped beneath a couple of wind-blown, gnarled trees in what seemed to be a breeding ground for loneliness at the end of the earth. Behind him the woods drew a thin dark line on the horizon. To the right he glimpsed the white buildings of a distant farm, and far off, over black stripes of earth and shining meadows, stretched a row of slender wind turbines, their blades rotating synchronously in the sky.

He turned off the engine. It was not quite four. He had found the house, and most likely he had been spotted a few minutes earlier. There was no rush now, and five minutes of meditation for mental preparation could perhaps give the criminal time to feel in control of the situation and react calmly, unlike last time. Muller held his breath and counted slowly to five to quieten his pulse. Gusts of wind whispered against the van, sighed through the treetops, and quivered the tall grass restlessly back and forth on the edge of the road. The sky was fog grey, with dark puffs of cloud over the land and a pink strip of light, like a long pencil stroke, between the dike and the sea. It would soon be dark, increasing his danger, and the possibility that Sorensen would escape once again. A bird of prey hung low, vibrating, over the field: a bad omen.

Muller got out and smacked the van door shut with a dull metallic sound that was immediately carried off on the wind. Before him was an open, flagstone terrace with a sofa swing and four rain-soaked garden chairs not taken in for the winter and looking forlorn. The house itself lay on the outer edge of a growth of trees, half hidden behind high elms. It was well kept and freshly painted in a vivid red-yellow ochre. The thatch roof had been replaced within the past year, and the near-withered hollyhocks in faded colours told of a busy working couple's nostalgic dream of a peaceful country idyll. Muller cautiously approached, and took his time following the muddy, rutted driveway that went around the back of the house and continued on a narrow path in among the trees. The Skoda was parked far back behind the bushes so it could not be seen from the road.

Even though Muller was prepared to meet his quarry, he felt afraid. He forced himself to stand exposed in full sight only three metres from the living room's glinting grey windows. His nerves were on edge. A violent shudder ran through him. His mouth went dry, and his hands flew up instinctively in defence as the heavy flap of a flock of pheasants burst up close by him in a low arch and noisily vanished behind a screen of swinging hogweed. For a split second he caught an almost imperceptible movement of bulky shadow behind the glossy windowpanes. He was being watched. After an agonising wait, the front door opened.

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1 A senior officer asks Muller to give an account of his meeting with the criminal the previous day. He asks Muller the following three questions only:

- Why did you take the reckless decision to go alone to meet Sorensen?
- What was your physical and mental state before the meeting?
- What happened in the next few minutes after the door opened?

Write the words of the interview.

Base your interview on what you have read in Passage A. Be careful to use your own words.

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

Up to 15 marks are available for the content of your answer, and up to 5 marks for the quality of your writing.

[Total: 20]

2 Re-read the descriptions of:

(a) the landscape in paragraph 2, beginning 'Then the rain stopped...';

(b) the house and surroundings in paragraph 4, beginning 'Muller got out...'.

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

[Total: 10]

[Turn over for Part 2]

Part 2

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

Passage B

This passage describes the characteristics of detective fiction.

Whodunit?

The most widespread type of detective novel is the 'whodunit', where the author shows great ingenuity in providing clues about the culprit and method of the crime but only revealing the outcome at the end of the book. In tales such as these, the primary concern of the plot is to ascertain the truth, and the usual means of achieving this is through a complex and mysterious process combining logic, observation and inference. The crime itself is secondary to the efforts taken to solve it and to the wisdom of the detective.

In such books, the local police are always incompetent and either busy pursuing false leads or grateful to be able to call in the celebrated detective or investigator, who has a string of previous successes to his or her name. Whether an amateur sleuth, a private investigator or a police inspector, they are always strong personalities with a tendency to be eccentric, with peculiar social habits or striking features of dress or taste – in cars or music for instance. Because the investigator is never the first on the crime scene, he or she must ignore all the obvious evidence they are presented with and begin from first principles.

The detective makes his or her exhaustive enquiries – usually with the help of a reliable number-two figure – by interviewing everyone who is a witness or who could be involved, and the reader is presented with a series of false suspects. The relationships between the possible suspects cause complications in the investigation, as characters try either to protect their friends or to satisfy their grudges against their enemies. Sometimes forensic reports or written testimony turn out to be crucial to the gathering of proof. After a reconstruction of the crime and a final twist in the plot, either the least likely candidate turns out to be the criminal, or the most likely suspect, dismissed by the reader early on as being too obvious.

It is itself a mystery why this type of fiction (which began in the nineteenth century) remains so popular in the modern world of mobile phones, databases, Interpol and DNA, all of which have made crime detection more efficient and scientific. People do not regularly stumble across corpses in real life, so why is there such a fascination with such an implausible genre, and one which exists in many cultures, settings and languages, from Botswana to Sweden to the USA? Fans do not seem to mind that authenticity is lacking, and that often the detective is only able to solve the case because of fortuitous coincidence or confession.

And of course the fearless detectives always live to solve another case, no matter how dangerous their opponent; and they always get their man – or woman. The name of the game is suspense, and the engagement of the reader in solving the clues and avoiding the distractors deliberately placed to deceive during the unravelling process. Readers don't care who did it, only that they should be able to say that they had guessed it all along. They look forward to the final moment of satisfaction when all is revealed; a detective novel with the last page missing would cause serious upset, and a book reviewer who gave away the ending would be very unpopular indeed!

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3 Summarise:

(a) how detectives are portrayed in fiction, as described in **Passage B**;

(b) the detective's observations and feelings during his journey and arrival, 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 15 marks are available for the content of your answer, and up to 5 marks for the quality of your writing.

[Total: 20]

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