Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH **0500/23**

Paper 2 Reading Passages (Extended) **May/June 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 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: At the restaurant

The narrator, a visitor to the city, is supposed to be celebrating a business deal with his colleague, Fenton, when a boy steals his wallet and is stopped by the waiter.

The first thing that struck me about the kid was the stink. I felt my gorge rise and had to fight the impulse to throw up. A putrid combination of rotten organic matter and unwashed clothes, as if he'd been sleeping in a waste container for weeks, which he might well have been – it was all I could do to hold him at arm's length. Fenton was talking to the waiter in broken Spanish. I was supposed to make sure the boy didn't get away.

After a while, though, it began to get to me. It felt silly holding on to him at all, wrong in some way. Here we were, well-fed, fully-grown men, using force to restrain a skinny kid who was twelve years old at most, not tall for his age, and clearly malnourished into the bargain. If he'd been struggling, perhaps it might have been justified, but he was making no move to run for it. On the contrary, all the fight seemed to have gone out of him. He just stood there with a pathetic expression of resignation on his face, like you'd expect on a condemned man. I tried to imagine what lay in store for him: a juvenile detention centre maybe. It didn't sound like much, but then again, he didn't look like someone who'd had a great deal of luck in life.

Fenton and the waiter were still talking. I had the feeling Fenton's Spanish was really not much better than mine, though he always claimed to be fairly fluent. The waiter didn't care either way; he wasn't the owner and he resented our presence. That much was clear from the moment we sat down, uninvited, by the window. Dressed without distinguishing feature in a jaded trio of pressed white shirt, dull black tie and waistcoat, his hair slicked back with some kind of oil, he approached our table with the nonchalant reluctance of a ringmaster bored with his act. He re-lit a tired tea-light and processed our orders with casual disdain while staring off into the distance, vacantly watching a girl cross the square, a pigeon circle the sky. Then he sloped off without a word towards the locals occupying the interior of the restaurant.

Fenton was oblivious. 'What a great place,' he grinned.

It's what happens. A few years ago you could still describe the old part of this city as charming. It was possible to wander wide-eyed for hours without haste. People still treated you with respect. These days they've seen enough ugly tourists to make them despise us collectively as a breed. The charm is waning. Now they're on you like a flock of vultures: waiters waving plastic menus in your face, professional 'beggars' kneeling like penitents on the pavements, unscrupulous vendors touting convincing counterfeits at every corner. The innocence has gone.

A stream of insistent buskers turned up at our table one after another, with all the spontaneity of a chain gang. Throwing circus clubs in the air, strumming out-of-tune guitars, they gave a perfunctory performance and then demanded money. It was an extortion racket. If nothing was forthcoming, they were quick to curse in one of a dozen languages.

By now, I was supporting the kid more than restraining him. If I had let go of his wizened arm, he would have collapsed to the ground into a discarded heap, a disintegrated carcass. There wasn't much more to him than gaunt, sallow skin and bones – a deflated membrane of a human. The right side of his sunken face was swelling up accusingly from the hefty slap he took when the waiter grabbed him as he'd tried to snatch the wallet from my back pocket. The rotten, miserable sight of him made me feel ashamed. An hour or so ago, I was still living under the spell of the projected illusion that this city, like so many other places in the world, was a playground for people like me.

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Part 2

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

Passage B: The secret of a successful restaurant

In this article the journalist explains why Russell Norman's restaurants are successful.

Successful restaurateur Russell Norman is a convincing actor as he mimics the advice from an American friend.

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‘As a restaurateur, you’ve a responsibility to offer more than just the food,’ says Norman, returning to his friend’s advice. ‘You have a responsibility to create a buzz, to create a sizzle.’

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