Cambridge IGCSE

Cambridge Assessment International Education
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH **0500/22**

Paper 2 Reading Passages (Extended) **May/June 2019**

READING BOOKLET INSERT

2 hours

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READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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

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

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 last zookeeper

This story is set more than one hundred years in the future. It describes a boy and his father on one of their regular visits to a zoo. The father remembers visiting the zoo 50 years earlier when he was a boy and the zoo was busier. The zookeeper has worked there since the day the zoo first opened.

The boy stared at the zookeeper hobbling along. Occasionally, this aged man would stumble, emit a pained grunt, then continue. The dented metal feed-bucket in his fist swung ponderously, banging against his knee. The bones in his hand, the gnarled knuckles, ropy tendons and veins stood out from the effort of carrying the heavy weight. The tissue-thin skin, mottled with age, was inhabited by ghosts of forgotten injuries, secret stories of wounds the boy would never know. The boy wondered what it would feel like to hold that hand, to touch the baggy covering and feel it slide over the brittle bones beneath the fingers, the time-withered muscle.

His eyes slipped to his own hand, a smaller replica of his father's – both puffy with flesh, skin devoid of blemishes. Beneath their perfected surfaces, bright red serum circulated, delivering rich nourishment with exquisite precision and dependability. Unlike the old man's, their palms were dry, cool despite the humidity of the day.

The zookeeper paused outside the cage and jangled his key ring, repeating the movement until the wisp of a shape, a lighter shadow, suggested the presence of some hulking wild beast inside. Glass-grey eyes glistened, briefly catching sunlight and seeming to peer out almost intelligently. The key turned in the lock. The old man tugged the door open. The boy had witnessed the same wordless dialogue every day for the past three years; he knew it all by heart.

The animal still did not emerge. It never did at this point.

The acrid tang of the lab-grown meat in the bucket stung the boy's nose: the flesh had begun to spoil immediately after it was removed from its sterile bath. The zookeeper extracted a pale slab of 'meat'. It hit the cement outside the cage with an unquestionably organic sound, attracting frenzied swarms of flies. The boy could see and hear them buzzing, hovering. Even technological advances of recent decades had not succeeded in eradicating these pests. Minds, augmented by artificial intelligence, could still not calculate a solution to this problem. 'Some species follow no mathematical formula,' his father commented.

Most did, the boy was told. Humans, for example, were very mathematical in their behaviour. There were exceptions – occasionally individuals still defied being reduced to basic principles and programs.

The old man extracted a filthy handkerchief from his overalls and dabbed his forehead. Even as he did so, new beads of sweat erupted.

'Jumbe?' The man's frail voice trembled and cracked. He waited. 'Jumbe, come out and eat.' The boy could almost feel the keeper hoping ... but the shape behind the cage door still didn't move.

At last the old man sighed. His shoulders fell. His back stooped more. He reached over and swiped at the metal plate beside the gate. There was a soft whirr, almost too quiet to hear. Finally, with a tired groan, the animal shuffled out.

The boy came daily to witness this feeding. Somehow, he always expected the outcome to be different.

'Why does he bother?' he asked his father every visit. 'Why?'

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'Old habits are hard to break,' his father told him again.

The boy felt something like disappointment, but accepted the usual answer. He supposed understanding would come, once final electrical connections had been made and his father had fully imparted knowledge into him.

The ancient beast's pelt, bleached bone-white by unrelenting sun, was badly tattered. Bare spots betrayed where fur rubbed painfully against metal. The animal turned, exposing old tears in its side. Through these raggedly sutured gaps, the boy could see underlying musculature, atrophied meat and churning gears. He wondered how many times the zookeeper had repaired the damage.

'I don't know,' the father answered automatically. 'That information isn't available.'
The boy was tempted to question the old man, but the father gave the boy's hand a warning squeeze.

The boy read again the faded plaque displayed outside the cage:

African Lion
Extinct.
This male, the last known individual of its kind, died of wasting disease in 2039.
It was reanimated at the Institute for the Preservation of Wholly-biological Artefacts and added to the zoo's collection.
It is the only remaining fully functioning cybernetised African lion on public display.

His father moved. 'Come on – the monkey's next.'

The boy didn't care about the monkey whose cage was before the only empty one, near the zoo's exit. This zookeeper captivated him. In the whole entire menagerie, this ancient man's dedication to a world long-since dead remained an unsolved equation in the boy's siliconised brain.

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Part 2

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

Passage B: We bought a zoo!

Benjamin Mee is a very persuasive man. In early 2005, Mee convinced his 76-year-old mother to sell the family home and buy an old house in Devon with a failing zoo attached. He also persuaded his wife that they should leave their newly renovated home in France, where they'd been living for two years, and move their young family back to England to live with his mother and his brother, Duncan.

I meet Benjamin Mee at Dartmoor Zoological Park on a bright September day. Dressed in shorts, a fleece and a beanie hat, he talks animatedly about the 200 animals in his care. These include a bear named Fudge, whose 13 cm claws need constant trimming.

The zoo was dangerously rundown when he bought it. Mee was faced with a myriad of expensive tasks just to keep it afloat, including finding the money to feed the animals, something that the six members of unpaid staff he inherited had been doing out of their own pockets.

'Many times I thought, "What have I done?"' Mee says now. 'But when a jaguar escaped it was the first time I realised there were lives at stake.'

We sit at a picnic bench outside the zoo's restaurant, watching two Brazilian tapirs pottering about in their field. The zoo has a simple charm. From the unmanicured edges of the grass to the homemade laminated signs, it feels almost like someone's garden. Which, of course, it is: the Mee house is right in the centre of the park. No ropes or fences segregate it from the public.

A combination of circumstances led to Mee buying the zoo. Mee, a freelance journalist, and his wife, Katherine, were living in France with their children, Milo, now ten, and Ella, eight. Then, Katherine became ill. Meanwhile, his mother, Amelia, wanted to move house. Mee's sister, Melissa, came across an estate agent's brochure for Dartmoor Wildlife Park – for sale at the same asking price as Amelia's home. Melissa posted the brochure to him with a note: 'Your dream scenario.'

Persuading Amelia was easy. She loved the idea. But buying the zoo wasn't simple. Their first offer was rejected in favour of a higher bid. Then one year later, Mee heard news there were only days to find a buyer or the animals would be put down. He knew he had to try again. Finally, in October 2006, their sale went through. By then the zoo's licence had been revoked: rotten fence-posts and faulty electric fences were unsafe, pathways had become unwalkable.

On day four of their new lives, the jaguar, Sovereign, escaped. An inexperienced keeper hadn't bolted the enclosure correctly. Sovereign jumped into the neighbouring enclosure, intent on fighting Tammy, the Siberian tiger. Mee's first job as a zoo director was to decide which animal to shoot dead. Fortunately it didn't come to that – Tammy's keeper managed to coax her back into her house. After an anxious night waiting for an anaesthetic dart gun to arrive from another zoo, Sovereign was sedated and returned to his enclosure. The inexperienced keeper was fired.

Initially, the zoo was costing fortunes each week in utility bills, animal feed and staff wages. Mee needed more money for urgent repairs before he would be allowed to let the paying public back in. He had exhausted his credit cards and savings. In a BBC documentary about the zoo in 2007, cameras caught an increasingly desperate Mee begging a bank manager for money.

The next six months were exhausting. Katherine's health deteriorated and on 31 March 2007 she died. But Mee could not give into his own grief – he had only weeks until the zoo inspection.

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His extraordinary will and determination to succeed meant the zoo passed. On 7 July it opened to the public, rebranded as 'Dartmoor Zoological Park', with signs that Katherine had designed. 'Rebuilding the zoo was cathartic,' continues Mee. 'It's a tremendous place for healing. It connects you to the circle of life. We have births and we have deaths. They remind you that we're just another family unit that has suffered a loss – like the tigers who lost their grandfather.'

Mee pauses from his story to thank some people walking past for visiting the zoo. They say they have heard there's a Hollywood film being made about the zoo. He laughs, telling them it's true.

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