UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH **0500/21**

Paper 2 Reading Passages (Extended) **October/November 2013**

READING BOOKLET INSERT

2 hours

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

Natalia has been awoken by her grandfather in the middle of the night and asked to follow him quietly through the streets of their city during war time.

A Gift

I wondered what my mother would do if she woke up to find us both gone. We were nearing the end of our street where it opened out onto the boulevard, and I assumed the silence of our walk would be shattered by the bustle along the tramway. But when we got there, nothing, not even a single passing car. All the way from one end of the boulevard to the other, every window was dark, and a hazy moon was climbing along the curve of the old basilica on the hill. As it rose, it seemed to be gathering the silence up around it like a net. Not a sound: no sirens, no rats in the bins that lined the street, not even my grandfather's shoes as he stopped, looked up and down the street, and then turned left to follow the boulevard east across the square.

'It's not far now,' he said, and I caught up with him long enough to see the side of his face. He was smiling.

'Not far to where?' I said, out of breath, angry. 'Where are you taking me?' I drew myself up and stopped. 'I'm not going any further until you tell me what this is.'

He turned to look at me, indignant, and said, 'Can't you feel it?' Suddenly his arms went over his head in a wide arc. 'Isn't it lovely? No one in the world awake but us. You must understand, this is one of those moments, one of those moments you keep to yourself.'

We passed the empty windows of shops that had gone out of business; lightless buildings where roosting pigeons hunched along the fire escapes; a beggar sleeping so soundly that I would have thought him dead if I hadn't realised that the moment had closed around us, stilling everything.

Then, suddenly, grandfather stopped in the darkness ahead of me and my chin cracked on his elbow. The force of the collision knocked me back, but then he reached for me and held my shoulder while I steadied myself. My grandfather stood on the curb, pointing into the distance of the empty street. 'There,' he said. 'Look!' His hand was shaking with excitement.

I peered out into the street, where the long blades of the rails lay slick and shining. There was a tree on the other curb, a lamp-post with a dying bulb, and an overturned bin in the road. I was opening my mouth to say 'What?'. And then I saw it.

Half a block from where we were standing, an enormous shadow was moving along the street, going very slowly up the boulevard. At first I thought it was a tram, but its shape was too organic, too lumpy, and it was going far too slowly for that, making almost no noise. It was swaying, too, swaying up the street with an even momentum in a rolling motion that was drawing it away from us like a tide, and every time it rocked forward, something about it made a soft dragging sound on the rails. As we watched, the thing sucked in air and then let out a deep groan.

'That's an elephant,' I said.

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Its ears were folded back against the domed, bouldered head with big-lidded eyes; the arched roll of the spine fell away into the hips; dry folds of skin shook around the shoulders and knees as it shifted its weight. It seemed to take up the whole street. It dragged its curled trunk like a fist along the ground.

Several metres in front of it, holding a bag of something that must have been enormously tempting, a short young man was walking slowly backward, drawing it forward with whispers.

Later on, we would read about how some soldiers had found the elephant near death at the site of an abandoned circus; about how, despite everything, despite closure and bankruptcy, the zoo director had said, 'Bring him in, and eventually the kids will see him.' For months the newspapers would run a picture of him, standing stark-ribbed in his new pen at the zoo, an advert of better times to come, a pledge of the zoo's future. I would remember what my grandfather told me that night, 'This is yours. It belongs only to you.' As we had walked home later, he had added, 'You have to think carefully about where you tell it, and to whom.'

Part 2

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

Passage B

Below is an account of the discovery of a baby 'mamont', a small mammoth from the Ice Age that was a member of the elephant family.

A Find

On a May morning in 2007, on the Yamal Peninsula in north-western Siberia, a Nenets reindeer herder, named Yuri Khudi, stood with three of his sons on a sandbar on the Yuribey River, staring at the diminutive animal corpse. Though they'd never seen such an animal before, they knew it well from stories their people sang on dark winter nights. This was a baby *mamont*, the beast the Nenets say wanders the frozen blackness of their underworld, herded by infernal gods just as the Nenets herd their reindeer across the tundra.

Khudi sensed his was an important discovery, one that others should know about, but he refused to touch the animal because the Nenets believe that mammoths are dangerous omens. Khudi knew that he needed to consult with an old friend named Serotetto, who lived 240 kilometres south and was better acquainted with the ways of the outside world, so he went there. Serotetto listened to his friend's story and then bustled him off to meet with the director of the local museum, who persuaded the local authorities to fly Khudi and Serotetto back to the Yuribey River in a helicopter.

When they arrived back on the sandbar, the mammoth had vanished.

Mammoths are an extinct group of elephants of the family *Mammuthus*, whose ancestors migrated out of Africa about 3.5 million years ago and spread north. The best known is the woolly mammoth, a close cousin of living elephants and about the same size, which first appeared more than 400,000 years ago, probably in north-eastern Siberia. In fact, the Nenets' underworld tales are true: the Siberian subsoil teems with woolly mammoths. At thaw each summer, hundreds of their tusks and other teeth and bones appear on the banks of rivers and lakes as well as along the seacoast, freed by erosion from the frozen ground where they have lain for tens of thousands of years. This no doubt helped the botanist Mikhail Ivanovich Adams recover the first woolly mammoth carcass in Siberia in 1806. About a dozen other soft-tissue specimens had been found, including several calves ranging in age. Yet no carcass of any age was as complete as the creature Yuri Khudi had found – and now lost – on the Yuribey River.

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Discovering one of these creatures in the preserved state that Khudi had witnessed would create excitement among modern researchers by offering them the opportunity to examine a mammal that was now, in fact, extinct. It was imperative that they find the baby mammoth for, with its immense curving tusks, it contained every answer to their questions in its preserved body. There has been much debate among researchers about the disappearance of mammoths and large mammal species over 10,000 years ago. Khudi was right that the now missing baby mammoth – its flesh, milk tusks and other teeth, all intact – would be of enormous interest to the outside world.

The little mammoth did turn up, propped up against the wall of a shop in a northern, seaside town. It was eerily well preserved and, apart from its missing hair and toe nails, it was perfectly intact. It was packed up and shipped by helicopter to the safety of the Shemanovsky Museum in Eastern Siberia.

'Luckily there was a happy ending,' says the director of the St. Petersburg Zoological Museum and one of the first scientists to view the baby, a female. 'Yuri Khudi rescued the best preserved mammoth to come down to us from the Ice Age.' Grateful officials named her Lyuba, after Khudi's wife.

Copyright Acknowledgements:

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Passage B © ADAPTED: Tom Mueller; *Ice Baby, Secrets of a Frozen Mammoth*; National Geographic Magazine; May 2009.

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