Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge IGCSE™

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH **0500/11**

Paper 1 Reading **October/November 2022**

INSERT **2 hours**

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INFORMATION

- This insert contains the reading texts.
- You may annotate this insert and use the blank spaces for planning. **Do not write your answers** on the insert.

This document has **8** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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Read **Text A**, and then answer **Questions 1(a)–(e)** on the question paper.

Text A: Cooking rice

This text is taken from a longer narrative. At this point the narrator is describing how her father cooked rice and she compares her own efforts at cooking rice to his.

There is a simple recipe for cooking rice. My father taught it to me when I was a child. Back then I used to sit on the kitchen counter watching him, how he sifted the grains in his hands, sure and quick, removing pieces of dirt or sand, tiny imperfections.

He swirled his hands through the water and it turned cloudy. When he scrubbed the grains clean, the sound was as big as a field of insects. Over and over, my father rinsed the rice, drained the water then filled the pot again. Once the washing is done, you measure the water by resting the tip of your index finger on the surface of the rice. The water should reach the bend of your first knuckle. My father did not have instructions or measuring cups. He closed his eyes and felt for the waterline. Sometimes he did this more than once.

I still dream of my father, his bare feet flat against the floor, standing in the middle of the kitchen. He wears an old buttoned shirt and faded trousers drawn at the waist. Surrounded by the gloss of the kitchen counters, the sharp angles of the stove, the fridge, the shiny sink, he looks out of place. This memory of him is so strong that sometimes the detail with which I can see it stuns me.

When I was older, my father passed this nightly task on to me, but not his expertise. I couldn't get the motions right: I splashed the water too hard, while jabbing my finger down to find the right water level. The rice was often a mushy gruel. His rice never had small hard lumps like mine.

'Sorry,' I would say to the table.

In answer, my father would keep eating, pushing the rice into his mouth, as if he noticed no difference between what he did so well and I so poorly. He would eat every last mouthful, his chopsticks walking quickly across the plate. He would then lean back and nod approvingly at me and my mother.

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Read **Text B**, and then answer **Question 1(f)** on the question paper.

Text B: Working in the hospitality industry

This text was written by an employee in the hospitality industry in 2015.

Working in the global hotels and resorts of the hospitality industry is not for everybody.

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Also, since large employers often have properties in many countries, many are prepared to exercise loyalty to their relocating staff.

Read **Text C**, and then answer **Questions 2(a)–(d)** and **Question 3** on the question paper.

Text C: The inn

This text is taken from a longer narrative. At this point in the story, Hua has just started a new business venture, opening an inn with a Japanese theme. Today she has been receiving her first guests, assisted by the waitress, Tania.

Hua placed her fish on tin foil. This would be marinated in her homemade miso sauce. The bunches of dark green pak choi would be griddled and the rice would be steamed – but that was a last-minute job. Cooking traditional food the way her father had taught her back home was something she enjoyed, and she looked forward to telling him about this new outlet for her skills. However, long-term, it would be far too difficult to manage the inn as well as offer a wide range of meals for guests.

The view from the inn's kitchen window lifted her heart: new guests were already sitting around or exploring her garden.

The garden, enhanced by gentle sunlight playing in and around the bushes and shrubs, looked resplendent. Jaunty maple trees and fat squatting rhododendron bushes created comfortable contours of crimson for the eye to follow. A tempting maze of charming stone paths all eventually led to the delicately limbed arched bridge that curled like a half-moon over the stream.

Beyond the garden perimeter were the river and the newly built theatre. She hoped theatre-goers would be her reliable patrons.

Just before 7.30, Hua found herself standing in the problematic dining room. Imposing dark-oak tables and matching chairs created narrow tunnels for Tania's waitress service. Heavily embossed, ancient red wallpaper sneered cruelly, while the old grandfather clock ticked in ponderous reminder of its most venerable status.

Yes, this room was definitely on the list for modernisation. While the weather was warm, outdoor dining was preferable.

Mr and Mrs Kato, new arrivals, looked into the dining room. Both wore gentle smiles. Mrs Kato waved a delicate hand in the direction of the garden and a waft of expensive perfume floated towards Hua. Mr Kato lowered his eyes before informing Hua, 'The colour of those bushes is divine. We saw them as we were parking. May we dine out there?'

'Of course,' Hua replied. 'I'll get our waitress to attend to you immediately.'

As Hua stepped out of the dining room, she met two further guests. 'We're Mr and Mrs Dreyfuss. We have a room booked for the week,' boomed Mr Dreyfuss. As he spoke, he flourished an arm in dramatic introduction of his wife, while his eyes swept around the inn lobby, as if in expectation of a captive audience.

Hua looked at the bookings list. 'Room 4. Upstairs – .'

Tania bustled by. 'Oh Tania, can you attend to Mr and Mrs Kato in the dining room? They want to eat outside.'

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A few minutes later, Tania returned. ‘Two miso fish bakes and … there is something odd going on.’

‘What?’ Hua followed Tania into the garden, where Mr and Mrs Kato ashen-faced were apparently stuck rigidly to their chairs.

The window to Room 4 was open. ‘I want you to go down there, cause a big stir, so that everyone comes to see what’s going on,’ roared a loud male voice from inside.

‘I’ll do it now!’ answered a female voice.

‘Then I’ll go out the back way and steal that big car in the car park.’

‘Oh, my goodness!’ Hua grabbed Tania’s hands. ‘We need to call the police.’

She ran back inside and stopped short, seeing Mrs Dreyfuss already in the reception.

‘Hello,’ Mrs Dreyfuss said sweetly, ‘I wonder when we are able to eat?’ Hua stood, gasping at Mrs Dreyfuss. ‘I am helping my husband run through his lines for the show at the theatre over the river. I was hoping to book a table for 9pm.’

‘Okay, yes, that should be fine.’ Hua calmed her fluttering heart as she wrote ‘Room 4, 9pm, two diners’ in the appointment book.

On return to the garden, she saw Tania standing alone by empty chairs. Exhaust fumes poured from an expensive car that was departing quickly from the inn car park.

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