UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EX
International General Certificate of Secondary Educati

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH (US)

Paper 1 Reading Passage (Core)

READING BOOKLET INSERT

1 hour 45 minutes

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

This Insert contains the reading passage for use with all questions on the Question Paper.

This document consists of **3** printed pages and **1** blank page.

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Read the following passage carefully and then answer all the que

Gerald (Gerry) Durrell, an author and animal lover, spent part of his Greek island of Corfu. In this passage he describes Mr Kralefsky, who

My Tutor Kralefsky

Kralefsky lived in the top two stories of a square, mildewed, grand old outskirts of the town. I climbed the wide staircase and rapped a sharp t decorated the front door. I waited, glowering to myself and digging the wine-red carpet with considerable violence. Just as I was about to knock again there came the soft pad of footsteps and the front door was flung wide to reveal my new tutor.

I decided immediately that Kralefsky was not a human being at all, but a gnome who had disguised himself as one by putting on an antiquated but very elegant suit. He had a large, egg-shaped head with flattened sides that were tilted back against a smoothly rounded humpback. This gave him the curious appearance of being permanently in the middle of shrugging his shoulders and peering up into the sky. A long, fine-bridged nose with widely flared nostrils curved out of his face, and his extremely large eyes were liquid and of a pale brown color. They had a fixed, far-away look in them as though their owner were just waking up out of a trance. His wide, thin mouth managed to combine primness with humor, and now it was stretched across his face in a smile of welcome, showing even but discolored teeth.

"Gerry Durrell?" he asked bobbing like a courting sparrow, and flapping his large, bony hands at me. "Gerry Durrell, is it not? Come in, my dear boy, do come in."

"Through here; this is the room we shall work in," fluted Kralefsky, throwing open a door and ushering me into a small, sparsely furnished room. I put my books on the table and sat down in the chair he indicated. He leaned over the table, balancing on the tips of his beautifully manicured fingers, and smiled at me in a vague way. I smiled back, not knowing quite what he expected.

"Friends!" he exclaimed rapturously. "It is most *important* that we are friends. I am quite, quite certain we will become friends, aren't you?"

I nodded seriously, biting the inside of my cheeks to prevent myself from smiling.

"Friendship," he murmured, shutting his eyes in ecstasy at the thought, "friendship! That's the ticket!"

His lips moved silently, and I wondered if he was praying, and if so whether it was for me, himself, or both of us. A fly circled his head and then settled confidently on his nose. Kralefsky started, brushed it away, opened his eyes, and blinked at me.

"Yes, yes, that's it," he said firmly. "I'm sure we shall be friends. Your mother tells me that you have a great love of natural history. This, you see, gives us something in common straight away … a bond, as it were, eh? I am by way of being an aviculturist, but only an amateur," he volunteered modestly. "I thought perhaps you might care to see my collection of birds. Half an hour or so with the feathered creatures will, I venture to think, do us no harm before we start work. Besides, I was a *little* late this morning, and one or two of them need fresh water."

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He led the way up a creaking staircase to the top of the house, and p
door. He produced an immense bunch of keys that jangled musicall
right one; he inserted it, twisted it round, and drew open the heavy d
poured out of the room, blinding me, and with it came a deafening ch
as though Kralefsky had opened the gates of Paradise in the grubby
house. The attic was vast, stretching away across almost the whole
uncarpeted, and the only piece of furniture was a large wooden table i
But the walls were linked, from floor to ceiling with row upon row of b
dozens of fluttering, chirruping birds. The floor of the room was cov
birdseed, so that as you walked your feet scrunched pleasantly, a
shingle beach. Fascinated by this mass of birds I edged slowly round t
into each cage, while Kralefsky (who appeared to have forgotten my existence) seized a large watering-can from the table and danced nimbly from cage to cage, filling water-pots.

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