UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EX
International General Certificate of Secondary Educati

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH (US)

Paper 2 Reading Passages (Extended)

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

5365181923

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.
Write your Center number, candidate number, and name on all the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen.
Do **not** use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue, or correction fluid.

Answer **all** questions.
Dictionaries are **not** permitted.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.

This document consists of **5** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

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Part 1

Read **Passage A** carefully, and then answer **Quest**

Passage A

The following are two extracts from a diary written by Adam, the last p
village located on a narrow strip of land.

29th October

As I start my diary it is with a heavy heart. This community used to be thriving, but storms have destroyed almost everything I hold dear. My father told me that 80 years ago this place was alive with fishermen, boat-builders, and their families. Everyone met in the hall to hear music and tales of the sea, and there was a little chapel and a fish market. Since that time, the fishing trade gradually declined until few of us were left. Living on this narrow spit of land was always dangerous, and many houses were made only of wood and plaster. They went first, taken by those terrible storms. Then floods came and people left, buildings were demolished and their remnants slipped beneath the shingle.

You may ask why I still live here. My cottage has two stories and is stronger than most. Mind you, I have to keep both front and back doors open when the sea laps over the quayside, and my walls never dry out. But I love it here. The view of the sea when I wake is an addiction. When kind to me, the water lies like a flat pond as far as the eye can see and gives me the sensation of perfect peace.

There's no one else here, you see. The feeling of solitude is immense, but it is also as if I am the monarch of all I survey.

This afternoon, a heavy bank of cloud hangs out to sea. It has no anger yet, but is full of menace as if it is waiting to roll steadily ashore. I have seen such a sight only once before. I feel an atmosphere of tense stillness. No breeze, no sound. But my eye is fixed on that terrible bowl of blackness, as the light around me begins to fail. In a way, I love to watch this. It awakens my imagination as I experience the power of the elements and realize how small I am on the great canvas of nature.

I also remember another storm, which caught us unawares as we were hauling the boats and the heavy, sodden nets up the shore. Fishing is no easy life, but even then we could still make a living when the herrings were plentiful. A sudden, monstrous wave smashed into our village on the spit and we had no defense. I was fortunate and managed to grab hold of a jutting rock, but several of the boats, our livelihood, were swept out to sea. That was 15 years ago.

I suppose I have stayed here through stubbornness. I love to feel that I shall conquer, shall outlive these storms. I've sat here many times waiting for the ocean to wreak havoc. Two years ago, the last two dwellings other than mine disappeared under the water, and I was left to my solitary routine, going out each day in my boat, praying for a good catch.

30th October

I predicted this storm and it is the most magnificent I have ever known. It has unleashed a swirling mass of water that no person could withstand. I have attempted to confront this tempest, but it beats me into a crouching apology of a man. The rain smashes itself against my little house like a demented hail of shrapnel. I shout at the top of my voice in defiance, but the elements drown me out. Behind the sheets of rain, I see the frenzied waves rearing their heads against me. Although I am afraid, the sight of such a monstrous sea always excites my very being.

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How can I write this at such a chaotic moment? Inside my house, ther
and table that belonged to my children. Oh yes, they are safe enough;
the nearby town, at the end of what used to be a road, but is today a
sea may have broken through, making me a stranded sailor on my t
swept into the depths. It is a romantic idea that appeals to me.

Tomorrow will I still be a survivor? The word satisfies my desire to be
When this storm is over, I will again hear my favorite music, the singin
I shall be at peace.

1 Imagine you are a newspaper reporter working in the nearby town. **Write a report** using this headline:

Lone fisherman survives storm of the century

In your report you should include the following:

- what happened to the fisherman and his surroundings
- why he refused to leave his home
- how this will affect his way of life in the future.

Base your report on what you have read in Passage A. Be careful to use your own words.

Write between 1½ and 2 sides, allowing for the size of your handwriting.

Up to 15 marks are available for the content of your answer, and up to 5 marks for the quality of your writing.

[Total: 20]

2 Re-read the descriptions of:

(a) the appearance of the cloud and the atmosphere before the storm, in paragraph 4, beginning "This afternoon . . . " ;

(b) the rain and the wind in paragraph 7, beginning "I predicted . . . " .

Select words and phrases from these descriptions, and explain how the writer has created effects by using this language.

[Total: 10]

[Turn over for Part 2]

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Part 2

Read **Passage B** carefully and re-read **Pass**
Then answer **Question 3**, which is based on both

Passage B

The Amazing Oceans

When you paddle in the sea or throw stones into it as far as you c
consider how amazing the oceans are. One incredible fact is that th
Earth's surface. Most of us remember the height of Mount Everest as 8,848 meters, but the deepest trench in the Pacific Ocean is a remarkable 10,924 meters. Also, no one has ever reached the bottom of the waters in which the Bermuda islands are formed. No wonder that, equipped with their awareness of the vastness of the oceans, the so-called developed nations dump their waste, much of it toxic, in our precious waters.

They are precious partly because of the amazing and as yet largely undiscovered ecosystems that exist in these strange worlds. Scientists make new discoveries daily, such as spiders as large as dinner plates and creatures that create their own light in dark waters or need no light at all. These are barely credible, but the mysteries of the deep are such that sailors have always reported creatures that are the stuff of fiction: huge whales, giant squids, and sea dragons.

We all like to hear unusual facts. Did you know that the largest of all animals is the blue whale, which weighs as much as 30 elephants, or that there is enough gold suspended in the sea to give every inhabitant of the world four kilograms? Perhaps these facts are difficult to believe, but they remind us of the immensity and the power of the sea that surrounds us all.

It is because of the power of the sea that people have been astounded by its mythology, for example the stories of the Bermuda Triangle. The coincidental disappearance of planes and ships in an area of the Atlantic in the twentieth century led to media stories that gripped the world, until statistics eventually proved them to be false. The disappearance of the merchant ship, the *Mary Celeste,* is an event that borders on both fact and fiction. However, the sea has such immense power that apparently stable vessels can disappear without warning. In recent years monster waves caused by the convergence of strong winds and fast currents have been frequently reported. Ships are built to withstand waves of 15 meters, but waves of 25 meters and more have commonly occurred, and tales have been told of waves the size of ten-story buildings.

Equally strange is the suddenness with which the surface of the sea can change to one of stillness. In olden days, sailing boats were becalmed when the wind dropped, and the poet Coleridge describes the experience in the lines, "As idle as a painted ship / Upon a painted ocean."

The Beaufort Wind Force Scale, a description of "specifications and equivalent speeds for use at sea," describes a calm sea "like a mirror," but its description of a storm is something that would amaze even seasoned sailors. The Scale states that "the surface of the sea takes on a white appearance. The tumbling of the sea becomes heavy and shock-like."

Every day the sea gives up remarkable secrets, and we must do more to prevent the destruction of our aquatic environment. The unique beauty of coral reefs is a case in point, but under the sea there also lie magnificent Roman cities that hold the key to our understanding of the past. We must remember that the oceans hold the clues to our lives on earth and to our history. They are our heritage, and our duty is to preserve and maintain them for the generations still to come.

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3 Summarize:

(a) the facts about the sea, **and** its amazing features, according

(b) what the fisherman enjoys about living in such a desolate pla

Use your own words as far as possible.

You should write about 1 side in total, allowing for the size of your

Up to 15 marks are available for the content of your answ quality of your writing.

[Total: 20]

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