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 Reading Booklet Insert contains the reading passage 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.

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

In this passage the writer, Greg Ward, describes his visit to Hawaii a volcanic eruption at dangerously close quarters.

A Volcanic Experience

Only two centuries ago the Hawaiian Islands were unknown specks i from the nearest land. Today their population of 1.1 million is much explorer Captain Cook arrived, but fewer than 10,000 of the inh Hawaiians, and much of the unique and traditional culture of the island

But if you go to Hawaii expecting something extraordinary, and are prepared to look beyond Honolulu and Waikiki Beach, it can be found. On any of the islands you come upon landscapes of quite stunning beauty, but what really blew me away—almost literally—was the primeval power of the volcanoes of Hawaii itself.

Each of the Hawaiian islands has been thrust 6,700 yards up from the ocean floor by the successive eruptions of submarine volcanoes. As each island in turn drifts away from the "hot spot" on the sea bed, its volcano dies and it sinks back into the sea. Hawaii Island itself is the newest of them all, with two active volcanoes of over 4,300 yards, and it is still growing. As the director of Hawaii Volcanoes National Park assured me, "It's alive. It changes. Every day there's something new."

We were at the crater of Kilauea volcano, about 2,300 yards above sea level but another 2,300 yards below the summit of the giant volcano Mauna Loa. Mark Twain, the 19th-century American writer, described the crater of Kilauea as a dazzling lake of fire; I was hiding my disappointment at finding it a desert. "But you're so lucky," said the park director, "you're here at exactly the right time to see something Mark Twain would have given anything to see—the volcano is erupting right into the ocean. You can hike out there and watch it as it happens."

The volcano's power to destroy and create at random is awesome. New land is added day by day. A new beach of jet-black sand was created overnight in January 1988, after an eruption out at sea. There it was the next morning; two miles long, utterly pristine.

Whole towns have been engulfed; no one is sure where they are buried, as there is nowhere for the surveyors to get their bearings. There are no towns left on the southern coast. The Hawaiians abandoned their villages 150 years ago after a succession of terrible tidal waves.

I parked my car where the Chain of Craters Road runs into a solid wall of lava. A ranger handed me a "reassuring" leaflet saying new lava is unstable and may collapse at any time, and it is best to avoid the clouds of hydrochloric acid. I set off toward the distant columns of steam that marked the hot spot. There is no path; you just pick your way through broken slabs and steam hissing from gashes in the rock. The surface of the rock is so rough that a simple fall can shred your skin.

I found myself standing about three yards above the waves on a ledge of black lava. Down at sea level, a sluggish river of orange and yellow rock churned into the water, sending up plumes of steam and evil-smelling gases, and exploding as it hit the water. I stayed there until the sun went down and the molten glow of the lava was the only light. Below me, a small cone of fine ash had formed at the seafront, half of which had dropped into the molten river below. It was not the most stable of structures to climb; my feet sank in deep on every step and sent a fine powder slithering around me. From the top I looked down six yards into a fiery pool, gently bubbling and popping, sending up little spouts and strings of rock.

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There were three or four other people nearby, silhouetted against the thud made my knees buckle. As I turned, the volcano below nonch of rocks into the air above me. Now I felt entitled to break into a run, volcanic ash in the dark felt more like a slow-motion nightmare. As I ra was pure luck whether one hit me.

As it turned out, a glowing boulder larger than my head thumped do me. I crept back to examine it, bright orange on the black moonscap through the night.

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