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.

© UCLES 2013

Read the following passage carefully and then answer all the que

The narrator of this story is called Christopher Banks. This pass Christopher's childhood in China in the 1930s, which happened when

A Mysterious Disappearance

The following day was again hot and humid. I have down t gone over everything I can remember of *that* day, trying to in some coherent order. I cannot remember a great deal ab morning. I have a picture of how I said goodbye to my father I was already outside, loitering around the driveway waiting for him to emerge. He eventually did so, in a white suit and hat, holding a briefcase and a stick. He paused and glanced out toward our gateway. Then, as I waited for him to come further toward me, my mother appeared on the doorstep behind him and said something. My father walked back a few steps, exchanged some words with her, smiled, kissed her lightly on the cheek, then came striding out to where I was waiting. That is all I remember of how he left that day. I do not remember now if we shook hands, if he patted my shoulder, if he turned back at the gate for a last wave. My overall recollection is that there was nothing in the manner of his parting that morning to set it apart from the way he had left for work on every other day.

All I remember of the rest of the morning is that I played with my toy soldiers on the rug in my bedroom. I remember my mother going out at some point and that I ate lunch with Mei Li in the kitchen. After lunch, needing to pass time until three o'clock, I walked the short distance along our road to the spot where two large oak trees stood, set back from the road, yet well in front of the nearest garden wall.

Perhaps it was because I was already stoking up my courage, but I succeeded that day in climbing one of the oaks to a new height. Perched triumphantly in its branches, I found I had a view across the hedges and grounds of all the neighboring houses. I remember I sat up there for some time with the wind on my face.

Eventually I climbed down the oak, wishing to go home for a glass of water and to check the time. As I came in through our gate, I saw two cars in the driveway. I was mildly curious about these, but by this stage was far too preoccupied to give them much attention. Then, as I was crossing the hallway, I glanced through an open door and saw the three men, standing with their hats in their hands, talking with my mother. There was nothing particularly unusual about this but something in the atmosphere made me pause a moment there in the hall. As I did so, the voices broke off and I saw their faces turn to me. I recognized one of the men to be Mr. Simpson, my father's colleague at the office; the other two were strangers. Then my mother came into view as she too leaned forward and looked at me. I suppose I might have sensed then that something out of the ordinary was unfolding. In any case, the next moment, I was hurrying off in the direction of the kitchen.

No sooner had I reached the kitchen than I heard footsteps, and my mother came in. I have often tried to recall her face—the exact expression she was wearing—at that moment, but with no success. Perhaps some instinct told me not to look at it. What I do remember is her presence, which seemed looming and large, as though suddenly I were very young again, and also the texture of the pale summer frock she was wearing. She said to me in a lowered, but perfectly composed voice: "Christopher, the gentlemen with Mr. Simpson are from the police. I must finish talking with them. Then I want to talk to you straight afterwards. Will you wait for me in the library?"

© UCLES 2013

I was about to protest, but my mother silenced me with a st
“In the library then,” she said, turning away. “I’ll come as so
the gentlemen.”

“Has something happened to father?” I asked.

My mother turned back to me. “Your father never arrived at t
But I’m sure there’s a perfectly simple explanation. Wait for
be long.”

© UCLES 2013

BLANK PAGE

Copyright Acknowledgements:

Reading Passage © (adapted) Kazuo Ishiguro; *When We Were Orphans*; Faber & Faber Ltd; 2000.

Permission to reproduce items where third-party owned material protected by copyright is included has been sought and cleared where possible. Every reasonable effort has been made by the publisher (UCLES) to trace copyright holders, but if any items requiring clearance have unwittingly been included, the publisher will be pleased to make amends at the earliest possible opportunity.

University of Cambridge International Examinations is part of the Cambridge Assessment Group. Cambridge Assessment is the brand name of University of Cambridge Local Examinations Syndicate (UCLES), which is itself a department of the University of Cambridge.

© UCLES 2013