



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

8693/12

Paper 1 Passages for Comment

October/November 2009

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre 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 **two** questions.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

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 **7** printed pages and **1** blank page.



Answer two questions.

- 1 The following passage describes the writer's experience in North America when he tries to locate the mysterious creature known as Bigfoot. His guide – who wishes to be known only as M.F. – shows him the area in which the creatures supposedly live.

- (a) Comment on the style and language of the passage. [15]
- (b) In spite of his promise to the guide (M.F.) not to reveal the sacred place, the writer sends an excited letter to a colleague relating his experiences. Basing your answer closely on the material of the original extract, write the opening section (between 120-150 words) of the letter. [10]

I found the gentleman to be pleasant, friendly, down to earth and of obvious intelligence. He immediately pulled the tooth out of his pocket. It did resemble a human canine, or eye-tooth, only about three times as large. I examined it and noted the obvious authenticity and great antiquity of the object, taking several photographs. It was complete with most of the root system still intact. The outer edges were very slightly serrated, almost imperceptibly, which I found most unusual. He viewed the tooth as a sacred object, he had told me during one of our previous phone conversations, and he would consent to no DNA testing because to do this would mean that at least a partial destruction of the tooth would occur. He could never allow that to happen. Nor would he allow it to depart his possession in any way or for any length of time. 5 10

As a matter of fact he had informed me that he didn't really care at all to try and prove the existence of these creatures to anyone. They had always been a fact of life to his people. Evidence of his Cherokee heritage was strewn about his yard, flower beds and doorsteps, and worn proudly around his neck. These creatures were the "Old People of the Forest," he told me, and their reality caused no controversy except to the whites. It would be amusing if not for the fact that in their ignorance, the logging and mining of the white man was causing the rapid desecration and destruction of the Bigfoot's habitat – land considered sacred by the Indians since the beginning of history. 15 20

"Can you show me where they lived?" I asked.

There was daylight left. He asked me if I cared to take a ride.

M.F.'s story was an interesting one. He had first been exposed to the creatures while growing up in the Spottsville Reed areas, although at least two earlier generations of his family had their own tales of sightings and strange happenings. He remembered his great-grandfather recounting how he had run outside one night after he'd heard some kind of commotion to see one of the "old people" carrying off two of his full grown sows, one under each arm, like they were piglets. It swiftly made its escape even though the pigs weighed about 200 pounds each! 25

"Pull over here," M.F. said as we approached a medium-sized muddy creek at the Old Bell, Ash Flats location. I pulled over and we got out. This was the place, he told me, that he and scores of friends had witnessed these creatures feeding countless times. According to him, they didn't seem to mind being watched. Unless someone got out of the car. Then they would all rush into the creek and be gone in an instant. They travelled the creeks, he claimed. The water would wash away the tracks and they were excellent swimmers if the water was up. 30 35

After photographing the location, I asked him if he could take me to the place where he found the tooth. He said nothing for several seconds as he carefully considered the request. I was beginning to think that I had overstepped my bounds,

as it were, when he looked up. He would take me there, he answered, if I promised never to disclose the location. It was a sacred place, he explained – a burial place of the Cherokee people and home to other powerful legendary beings as well as the “old people”. I agreed and we got back into the truck. 40

We travelled a short distance from the Ash Flats area and stopped. “Follow me...” he said, and started up a thickly forested ridge. Although he was nearly 60 years old, he ascended the steep terrain as nimbly as a jack rabbit and, after a short but vigorous trek, we crested another large hill and stopped. “Look freely,” he said. “Take pictures, but nothing else.” 45

I looked around. We stood at the rim of a forested ridge which wound around the area like a dark circle, forming an impressive natural amphitheatre. The bottom of the “bowl” formation was mostly clear and somehow comfortable looking even now. All around me were graves, stacked in layers, some ancient beyond reckoning. Many were marked with stones onto which Cherokee petroglyphs* and letters were carved. I had hunted Indian artifacts nearly all my life, but had never seen a single stone in Henderson County bearing intact Native American images or writing. Now I was surrounded by them. 50 55

* *petroglyphs*: ancient drawings

2 The following passage is an extract from a speech in which the speaker outlines her concerns about the ways in which world trade is organised.

(a) Comment on the style and language of the passage. [15]

(b) Basing your answer closely on the style and language of the original speech, write the opening to a speech (between 120-150 words) which demands action for another political or social cause (which may be real or fictional). [10]

We are in Seattle arguing for a world trade system that puts basic human rights and the environment at its core. We have the most powerful corporations of the world ranged against us. They own the media that informs us – or fails to inform us. And they probably own the politicians too.

It's enough to make anybody feel a little edgy. 5

So here's a question for the world trade negotiators. Who is the system you are lavishing so much attention on supposed to serve?

We can ask the same question of the gleaming towers of Wall Street or the City of London – and the powerful men and women who tinker with the money system which drives world trade. Who is this system for? 10

Let's look more closely. Every day, the gleaming towers of high finance oversee a global flow of two trillion dollars through their computer screens. And the terrifying thing is that only three per cent of that – that's three hundredths – has anything to do with trade at all. Let alone free trade between equal communities.

It has everything to do with money. The great global myth being that the current world trade system is for anything but money. 15

The other 97 per cent of the two trillion is speculation. It is froth – but froth with terrifying power over people's lives. Reducing powerless communities' access to basic human rights can make money, but not for them. But then the System isn't designed for them. 20

It isn't designed for you and me either. We all of us, rich and poor, have to live with the insecurity caused by an out of control global casino with a built-in bias towards instability. Because it is instability that makes money for the money-traders.

I spend much of every year travelling around the world, talking to people in the front line of globalisation: women, community farmers, children. I know how unrealistic these myths are. Not just in developing countries but right under our noses. 25

Like the small farmers of the USA, 500 of whom go out of business every week.

Half a century ago there were a million black farmers in the US. Now there are 1800. Globalisation means that the subsidies go to the big farms, while the small family farms – the heart of so many American communities – go to the wall. 30

Or the dark, cramped factories where people work for a pittance for 12 hour days without a day off. "The workers are not allowed to talk to each other and they didn't allow us to go to the bathroom," says one Asian worker in that garment factory. Not in Seoul. Not in Sao Paulo. But in San Francisco. 35

We have a world trading system that is blind to this kind of injustice. And as the powers of governments shrink this system is, in effect, our new unelected, uncontrollable world government. One that outlaws our attempts to make things better. 40

According to the WTO*, we don't have the right to discriminate between tuna caught without killing dolphins and tuna caught by those who don't care, don't worry and don't try.

According to the WTO, we have no right to hoard patented seeds from one harvest to plant the following year. 45

According to the WTO, we have no right to discriminate against beef with growth hormones.

According to the WTO, the livelihoods of the small-scale banana farmers of the Windward Islands are worthless – now facing ruin as the WTO favours the big US exporters. 50

The truth is that the WTO, and the group of unelected trade officials who run it, are now the world's highest court, with the right to overturn local laws and safety regulations wherever they say it 'interferes with trade'.

This is world government by default, but it is a blind government. It looks at the measurements of money, but it can't see anything else. It can recognise profits and losses, but it deliberately turns its face away from human rights, child labour or keeping the environment viable for future generations. 55

It is government without heart, and without heart you find the creativity of the human spirit starts to dwindle too.

* WTO: World Trade Organisation

3 The following passage describes the writer's visit to a restaurant.

(a) Comment on the style and language of the passage. [15]

(b) The same restaurant receives a very favourable review from another writer. Basing your answer closely on the material of the original extract, write the opening (between 120-150 words) of the review. [10]

There is something fundamentally sad about a bad restaurant, especially one where the people who toil there – from the overworked chef to the hapless waiter – are trying so hard. Perhaps it provokes a realization of the failures we often make of our once-promising lives. We all had potential once, but look where we are now. And in many cases, it's not for lack of trying. Instead, we're faced with the fact that our best may simply not be good enough. These were the thoughts I had at the Thomas Street Bistro as a depressing blob of cream cheese, speckled with desiccated salmon and surrounded by six Ritz crackers, whispered to me about my own mortality. 5

The Thomas Street Bistro is less like a restaurant and more like the home of a friend who fancies himself a cook. Six tables crowd into what would be the living room; the newly painted walls are adorned with artwork that yearns to look Mediterranean and tries way too hard for a certain carefree *joie de vivre*. Instead of a cosmopolitan French brasserie*, the room reminded me of my great-aunt's stifling parlor. Mismatched china and paper napkins complete the picture of a dinner party gone wrong. 10 15

After we ordered, the owner/chef (who was also filling in as waiter that evening) warned us that he was a bit behind and he hoped we weren't in a hurry because we were going to be there "a long time".

He wasn't kidding. After an hour and a half, we'd gotten through a decent lentil soup and grazed on a buttery tahini and some damp feta with fresh tomatoes. And then our waiter brought out a "free appetizer" he described as follows: "It's salmon, smoked, from Alaska. With cream cheese. Sorry." I'm sure he was referring to the time it was taking to prepare our main courses, but to me his sorrow seemed to run deeper. And though I could commiserate with the failure, I couldn't get over the fact that on this cold night we had actually left our warm house, which was stocked with all sorts of tasty treats, and ventured into what was essentially a stranger's home for a well-intentioned, but poorly cooked meal. Caught between tears and laughter, I ate a Ritz cracker. 20 25

The next course came, as I feared it would (I was slipping into a delirious depression by this time). My wife sawed away at her pineapple chicken to little avail, while I fixated on the one flaccid spear of asparagus sitting next to what she described as a "kind of salty" pile of white rice. Meanwhile, my lamb and couscous tagine had the look of the Sahara to it and was correspondingly arid. Despite a hint of complex spiciness in the couscous, the lamb itself was overcooked, tough, and tasting more of the refrigerator than the fertile fields. We pushed the food around our plates, trying in vain to make it seem like we'd eaten more than we had, before asking sheepishly for the rest to be boxed up. 30 35

Though dessert comes with every meal, when told it would take "some time" for it to be ready, we muttered apologies, paid the bill, and walked out into the rain. 40

Out on the street, I wondered: Why did I feel so guilty, so demoralized? I think now it was the pathos of the place. I go out to dinner to revel in the fleeting, golden moment when I am responsible for nothing more than appreciating the bounty of this world. All this light and sound and flavor. I love pretending, even just for a few hours, that it will never end. The Thomas Street Bistro did not allow me that fantasy. 45

**brasserie*: a small restaurant

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