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

ENGLISH LANGUAGE **8693/11**

Paper 1 Passages for Comment **May/June 2011**

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 is part of a speech delivered in China in 1995 by Hillary Clinton, wife of the American president at the time. In it she considers the issue of women's rights.

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

(b) The same speaker delivers another speech to an international audience. In it she considers the rights of children. Write the opening of her speech (between 120–150 words). Base your answer closely on the style and language of the original extract. [10]

I would like to thank the Secretary General of the United Nations for inviting me to be part of the United Nations Fourth World Conference on Women. This is truly a celebration – a celebration of the contributions women make in every aspect of life: in the home, on the job, in their communities, as mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, learners, workers, citizens and leaders.

It is also a coming together, much the way women come together every day in every country.

We come together in fields and in factories. In village markets and supermarkets. In living rooms and board rooms.

Whether it is while playing with our children in the park, or washing clothes in a river, or taking a break at the office water cooler, we come together and talk about our aspirations and concerns. And time and again, our talk turns to our children and our families.

However different we may be, there is far more that unites us than divides us. We share a common future. And we are here to find common ground so that we may help bring new dignity and respect to women and girls all over the world – and in so doing, bring new strength and stability to families as well.

By gathering in Beijing, we are focusing world attention on issues that matter most in the lives of women and their families: access to education, health care, jobs, and credit, the chance to enjoy basic legal and human rights and participate fully in the political life of their countries.

There are some who question the reason for this conference. Let them listen to the voices of women in their homes, neighborhoods, and workplaces.

There are some who wonder whether the lives of women and girls matter to economic and political progress around the globe. Let them look at the women gathered here and at Huairou – the homemakers, nurses, teachers, lawyers, policymakers, and women who run their own businesses.

It is conferences like this that compel governments and peoples everywhere to listen, look and face the world's most pressing problems.

Wasn't it after the women's conference in Nairobi ten years ago that the world focused for the first time on the crisis of domestic violence?

Earlier today, I participated in a World Health Organization forum, where government officials, NGOs, and individual citizens are working on ways to address the health problems of women and girls.

Tomorrow, I will attend a gathering of the United Nations Development Fund for Women. There, the discussion will focus on local – and highly successful – programs that give hard-working women access to credit so they can improve their own lives and the lives of their families.

What we are learning around the world is that, if women are healthy and educated, their families will flourish. If women are free from violence, their families will flourish. If women have a chance to work and earn as full and equal partners in society, their families will flourish.

And when families flourish, communities and nations will flourish.

That is why every woman, every man, every child, every family, and every nation on our planet has a stake in the discussion that takes place here.

Over the past twenty-five years, I have worked persistently on issues relating to women, children and families. Over the past two-and-a-half years, I have had the opportunity to learn more about the challenges facing women in my own country and around the world.

I have met new mothers in Indonesia, who come together regularly in their villages to discuss nutrition, family planning, and baby care.

I have met working parents in Denmark who talk about the comfort they feel in knowing that their children can be cared for in creative, safe, and nurturing after-school centers.

I have met women in South Africa who helped lead the struggle to end apartheid and are now helping build a new democracy.

I have met with the leading women of the Western Hemisphere who are working every day to promote literacy and better health care for the children of their countries.

I have met women in India and Bangladesh who are taking out small loans to buy milk cows, rickshaws, thread and other materials to create a livelihood for themselves and their families.

I have met doctors and nurses in Belarus and Ukraine who are trying to keep children alive in the aftermath of Chernobyl.

The great challenge of this conference is to give voice to women everywhere whose experiences go unnoticed, whose words go unheard.

Women comprise more than half the world's population. Women are seventy percent of the world's poor, and two-thirds of those who are not taught to read and write.

Women are the primary caretakers for most of the world's children and elderly. Yet much of the work we do is not valued – not by economists, not by historians, not by popular culture, not by government leaders.

2 The following passage describes the writer moving from Istanbul (in Turkey) to Geneva (in Switzerland).

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

(b) Later, the writer's brother publishes an autobiography. In one chapter, he recalls the behaviour, thoughts and feelings of both brothers during their stay in Geneva, Switzerland. Write the opening of the chapter (between 120–150 words). Base your answer closely on the material of the original extract. [10]

In 1959, when I was seven years old, my father went missing under mysterious circumstances. This was how my father joined the long line of penniless and miserable Turkish intellectuals who had been walking the streets of Paris for a century already. My father became one of Europe's first Turkish guest workers. My mother soon joined him, leaving my older brother and me in our grandmother's plush and crowded home. We were to follow our mother to Geneva after school had closed for the summer, which meant that we needed to get passports.

I remember having to pose for a very long time while the old photographer fiddled, under a black cloth, with a three-legged contraption with bellows. To cast light onto the chemical plate, he had to open the lens for a split second, which he did with an elegant flick of his hand, but, before he did this, he would look at us and say, "Yeeeees," and it was because I found this photographer truly ridiculous that my first passport picture shows me biting my cheeks. The passport notes that my hair, which had probably been combed for the first time that year in preparation for the photograph, was chestnut brown. I must have flipped through the passport too quickly back then to notice that someone had got my eye color wrong; it was only when I opened it thirty years later that I picked up on the mistake. What this taught me was that, contrary to what I'd believed, a passport is not a document that tells us who we are but a document that shows what other people think of us.

As we flew into Geneva, our new passports in the pockets of our new jackets, my brother and I were overcome with terror. The plane banked as it came in for a landing, and to us this country called Switzerland seemed to be a place where everything, even the clouds, was on a steep incline that stretched to infinity. The streets in Switzerland were cleaner and emptier than those at home. There was more variety in the shop windows, and there were more cars. The beggars didn't beg empty-handed, as in Istanbul; instead, they'd stand under your window playing the accordion. Before we threw money to our local beggar, my mother would wrap it in paper.

Our apartment had been rented furnished. This was how I came to associate living in another country with sitting at tables where others had sat before, using glasses and plates that other people had drunk from and dined on, and sleeping in beds that had grown old after years of cradling other sleeping people. Another country was a country that belonged to other people. We had to accept the fact that the things we were using would never belong to us, and that this country, this other land, would never belong to us, either. My mother, who had studied at a French school in Istanbul, sat us down at the empty dining-room table every morning that summer and tried to teach us French. Only when we were enrolled in a state primary school did we discover that we had learned nothing. My parents hoped that we would learn French simply by listening to the teacher day in and day out, but we didn't. When recess began, my brother and I would wander among the crowds of playing children until we found each other and could hold hands. This foreign land was an endless garden full of happy children. My brother and I watched that garden with longing, from a distance.

Although my brother couldn't speak French, he was top in his class at counting backward by threes. The only thing I was good at in this school where I couldn't understand the language was silence. Just as you might struggle to wake up from a dream in which no one speaks, I fought not to go to school. As it did later, in other cities and other schools, my tendency to turn inward protected me from life's difficulties, but it also deprived me of life's riches. One day, my parents took my brother out of school, too. Putting our passports in our hands, they sent us away from Geneva, back to our grandmother in Istanbul.

I never used that passport again: it was a reminder of my first failed European adventure, and such was the vehemence of my decision to turn inward that it would be another twenty-four years before I left Turkey again. When I was young, I always gazed with admiration and envy at those who acquired passports and travelled to Europe and beyond, but, despite the opportunities that were presented to me, I remained fearfully certain that it was my lot to sit in a corner in Istanbul …

3 In the following passage the writer describes two different experiences of searching for tigers in India.

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

(b) On another expedition, the writer goes with Prasad and Neem to search for a different kind of animal and writes an article about his experience. Write the opening of the article (between 120–150 words). Base your answer closely on the style and language of the original extract. [10]

We had just regained the path on the far side of the stream when Prasad stopped. So far our tiger hunt had been unsuccessful. A group of Malabar pied hornbills clattered through a tall fruit-bearing tree above us. Further away there was another sound, an urgent and repetitive bark. Prasad used his stick to draw two circles in the dirt around some marks. Neem translated his whispers.

"Leopard tracks – they are about fifteen minutes ahead of us. A mother and cub. The barking is the langur monkeys giving warnings."

We went forward. The jungle was tinderbox dry. It was almost impossible to move without snapping a twig under a pile of crackling leaves and there were four of us: myself, two park guides and Neem, naturalist and translator. Through the trees we caught occasional glimpses of the main ridge that makes up Satpura national park, a 1,400-square-kilometre patch of jungle in the central Indian state of Madhya Pradesh. That morning, Neem had told me, I was the only tourist in all those acres of wild forest.

Where the path cleared a little, Prasad pointed out more tracks: "Indian wild dog – very rare animal." And nearby something else: a pile of whitened droppings. "Tiger."

I felt the adrenaline kick through me. In my imagination the thickets around us parted and a massive orange and black killer came hurtling out. An adult royal Bengal tiger can weigh up to 35 stone. It sprints at 50 miles per hour. How fast could I climb a tree? My assignment was to investigate whether tourism can benefit tiger conservation, but now I wondered if I was about to increase the tigers' food supply.

It was nonsense, of course. Any tiger that sensed our presence would be quietly moving in the opposite direction. One cannot, however, always be rational about such things.

Neem grinned, as if he guessed my thoughts. "It's old," he said. "A couple of weeks."

Further down the track, Prasad and his partner, Ashish, held a whispered conversation. The warning cries had stopped and so had the leopard tracks. They were trying to second-guess the cats' direction. We moved forward again, cutting through the forest past a pile of white bones. "An old kill – a gaur, or Indian bison."

Then suddenly Prasad crouched down, motioning us to do likewise. There was a whispered conversation and a single glistening drop of liquid on a dry grass blade was pointed out to me. "Indian wild dog. It must be very close."

Prasad slowly raised his head over the line of the undergrowth and I copied. Almost immediately I saw them: a pack of chestnut and white coloured hounds, more like a long-legged fox than a dog, loping directly towards us. In seconds they would be on top of us. I ducked down and got the camera ready.

The dogs, however, had sensed our presence and altered course. All I got was a brief glimpse through the trees to our left, a single adult that had paused briefly to watch us. Then, in a flick of chestnut tails, they were gone.

We stood up and relaxed. "Unbelievable," said Neem. "There were eighteen of them – I've never seen so many. Very rare sighting."

I was shocked to find that forty minutes had passed since encountering the leopard tracks. The concentration had been so intense. And what had we seen? No tigers. No more than a few seconds of a wild dog, but I was buzzing with the adrenaline.

"Breakfast?" Neem suggested. We moved on to some smooth flat-topped boulders, brushed aside a few porcupine poos and sat down. Neem took a lunch box out. "Cucumber sandwich anyone?"

Now cut away to a week earlier. This time I am in Kanha National Tiger Reserve, again in Madhya Pradesh. Kanha provides visitors with the classic Indian wildlife experience, the one most tour companies offer and the one that usually guarantees a tiger sighting.

At 6 a.m. we are in a queue of about fifty jeeps at the park gates, awaiting entry to the "core" zone of the reserve. Most of the vehicles are filled with Indian families, kids excited and chattering, ladies in bright saris. We have passed through the broad "buffer zone" where villagers are allowed to live inside a protected forest. It's also the zone where privately run tourist lodges are springing up in profusion to cater for this explosion in domestic tourism. We pick up our local guide and the gate opens.

There is no tracking, however. No one is allowed down from the open-topped jeep and no deviation from the dirt road is permitted. The net result is that the local guide contributes very little, his ground-level knowledge locked away in the front seat of the jeep.

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