



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

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

8693/13

Paper 1 Passages for Comment

May/June 2013

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 an account of the writer's first experience of work.

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

(b) The same writer later finds another kind of work and writes an account of her thoughts and feelings. Write the opening of the account (between 120–150 words). Base your answer closely on the style and language of the original extract. [10]

I had experienced a rather unceremonious exit from school.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

Content removed due to copyright restrictions.

sensual woman who indulged in whatever she wanted.

55

¹ *palazzo*: a grand house in Italy

² *Sophia Loren*: Italian film star

³ *Vogue*: a leading fashion magazine

⁴ *Anita Ekberg*: Scandinavian film star

2 The following passage comes from a short story set in World War Two. Miss Anstruther's home has been destroyed by bombing.

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

(b) Later, Miss Anstruther records her thoughts and feelings about the loss of her home in a letter to a friend. Write the opening of the letter (between 120–150 words). Base your answer closely on the material of the original extract. [10]

She cried, 'I must go up again. I must get something out. There's time.'

'Not a bloody second,' one of them shouted at her, and pushed her back.

She fought him. 'Let me go, oh let me go. I tell you I'm going up once more.'

On the landing above, a wall of flame leaped crackling to the ceiling.

'Go up be damned. Want to go through that?'

5

They pulled her down with them to the ground floor. She ran out into the street, shouting for a ladder. Oh God, where are the fire engines? A hundred fires, the

water given out in some places, engines helpless. Everywhere buildings burning, museums, churches, hospitals, great shops, houses, blocks of flats, north, south,

east, west and centre. Such a raid never was. Miss Anstruther heeded none of it; with hell blazing and crashing round her, all she thought was, I must get my letters.

10

Oh dear God, my letters. She pushed again into the inferno, but again she was dragged back. 'No one to go in there,' said the police, for all human life was by now

extricated. No one to go in, and Miss Anstruther's flat left to be consumed in the spreading storm of the fire, which was to leave no wrack behind. Everything was

15

doomed – furniture, books, pictures, china, clothes, manuscripts, silver, everything: all she thought of was the desk crammed with letters that should have been the

first thing she saved. What had she saved instead? Her wireless, her typewriter, a suitcase full of books; looking round, she saw that all three had gone from where

she had put them down. Perhaps they were in the safe keeping of the police, more likely in the wholly unsafe keeping of some rescue-squad man or private looter. Miss

20

Anstruther cared little. She sat down on the wreckage of the road, sick and shaking, wholly bereft.

The bombers departed, their job well done. Dawn came, dim and ashy, in a pall of smoke. The little burial garden was like a garden in a Vesuvian village¹, grey in its

25

ash coat. The air choked with fine drifts of cinders. Mortimer House still burned, for no one had put it out. A grimy warden with a note-book asked Miss Anstruther, have you anywhere to go?

'No,' she said, 'I shall stay here.'

'Better go to a rest centre,' said the warden, wearily doing his job, not caring where anyone went, wondering what had happened in North Ealing, where he lived.

30

Miss Anstruther stayed, watching the red ruin smouldering low. Sometime, she thought, it will be cool enough to go into.

There followed the haunted, desperate days of search which found nothing. Since silver and furniture had been wholly consumed, what hope for letters? There was no

35

charred sliver of the old locked rosewood desk which had held them. The burning words were burnt, the lines, running small and close and neat down the page, difficult

to decipher, with the o's and a's never closed at the top, had run into a flaming void and would never be deciphered more. Miss Anstruther tried to recall them, as she

sat in the alien room; shutting her eyes, she tried to see again the phrases that, once you had made them out, lit the page like stars. There had been many hundreds

40

of letters, spread over twenty-two years. Last year their writer had died; the letters were all that Miss Anstruther had left of him; she had not yet re-read them; she had

been waiting till she could do so without the devastation of unendurable weeping. They had lain there, a solace waiting for her when she could take it. Had she taken

45

it, she could have recalled them better now. As it was, her memory held disjointed

phrases, could not piece them together. Light of my eyes. You are the sun and the moon and the stars to me. When I think of you life becomes music, poetry, beauty, and I am more than myself. It is what lovers have found in all the ages, and no one has ever found before. The sun flickering through the trees on your hair. And so on. 50
As each phrase came back to her, it jabbed at her heart like a twisting bayonet.

¹ *Vesuvian village*: a village devastated by a volcano

3 The following newspaper article describes the experiences of journalists in a war-torn area.

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

(b) The same journalist arrives at another destination which is affected by matters beyond her control. She writes an article about this new location. Write the opening of the article (between 120–150 words). Base your answer closely on the style and language of the original extract. [10]

The call sometimes comes in the middle of the night. Pack your bags, you are being deported. Or: we would like to discuss an error in your story – now. Or even: we have news about your visa inquiry. One evening, a list of 25 names was posted in the hotel lobby. The following journalists will be leaving tomorrow. No reason, no discernible pattern. The next morning, all were reprieved. Bags were unpacked, travel arrangements unpicked. 5

This is part of life as a foreign journalist under virtual house arrest at the five-star hotel where maddening soft pop plays on an endless loop, portraits of the Brother Leader hang in the lobby, and armed men stand guard on the gate to prevent reporters slipping out. It is a world of rumour, paranoia, mistrust, manipulation, frustration and interrupted sleep. North Korea with palm trees was how one of our number described it. 10

But we are forbidden from leaving the hotel without a minder. The BBC and al-Jazeera websites cannot be accessed, although their TV channels are available. One minder favours long, intense conversations with journalists about the virtues and magnanimity of “the Guide”, aka the Leader. Everywhere we go on government-organised trips “spontaneous” demonstrations of ardent loyalists erupt. 15

How long have you been here, when are you leaving and what’s happening are the most common questions we ask one another. There is no routine or pattern to the days. Ask a minder if an organised trip is likely to depart, and he will shrug and say: “Maybe.” Hours can slip by waiting for something that never materialises. 20

The camaraderie among the foreign press corps is occasionally punctuated by small explosions of frustration and competition. “I’ve been doing this job for twenty years,” a reporter yelled at a cameraman in a scrum the other night. “It doesn’t show,” came the instant putdown. 25

The mutual support between journalists came perilously close to collapse last week when the government minders said they would take a small number on a trip to a city in the west that has seen sustained fighting for several weeks. An unseemly scramble to get a place on one of the two minibuses ensued. Reporters and TV teams pleaded to be included; some tried to force their way past the minders on the bus doors, others clambered through the vehicles’ windows. Yet, in a spirit of solidarity, those left behind thrust flak jackets through the windows for colleagues without body armour as the buses moved off. 30

The following day, another trip to the city was laid on. It was a ten-hour round journey during which we saw precisely nothing apart from a few columns of black smoke in the distance. The minders decided to take a long detour on the way back, citing danger on the main highway. We got back to the hotel after midnight – at which point a press conference was announced. 35

Late-night press briefings are a feature of life here. This week, one began at 1.30am. A TV cameraman filmed the event in his hotel bathrobe. Another night, I had just got into bed hoping for an early night when the familiar ding-dong of the public address system disturbed the peace of my room. "Good evening everyone," the announcements usually begin. "To all journalists: there will be a press conference in ten minutes/half an hour/an hour/now." We are never told the subject or the speaker, and they never start on time. 40 45

Government officials regularly berate us for our lack of professionalism, objectivity, accuracy. To be lectured on journalistic ethics when we are not allowed to move around freely or talk to unauthorised citizens is rich in irony...

Rumours and speculation abound. One journalist refused to eat hot food during his stay, believing it was spiked with sedatives. Others nurse suspicions about how the minders manage to stay awake virtually round the clock. Is there a team in the basement listening to our phone calls and monitoring our emails? Is it possible to escape through the kitchen? Are the waiting and cleaning staff spies? Why do some people's computers suddenly lose internet connection when others remain online? Who is that guy who keeps photographing us at press conferences? Why have scores of hideous paintings been hung on the hotel walls in the past few days? 50 55

Mindful of the tightened budgets of their news organisations, many journalists try to contain their soaring hotel bills by skipping meals. One who regularly dined on cream crackers and peanut butter in his room found, upon checkout, that the hotel had charged him for lunch and dinner every day, regardless. After fifteen minutes of fruitless argument, he gave up and paid. At the hotel, it's easy to lose the will to fight back. 60

BLANK PAGE

Copyright Acknowledgements:

- Question 1 © Sophie Dahl; *How Food Has Shaped My Life*; The Daily Mail; 2009.
Question 2 © Rose Macaulay; *Miss Anstruther's Letters*, in ed. Storm Jameson; *London Calling*; Reproduced by permission of HarperCollins Publishers. Reprinted by permission of The Peters Fraser and Dunlop Group Ltd.
Question 3 © Harriet Sherwood; *No Freedom for Foreign Press at Tripoli's Rixos Hotel*; The Guardian News & Media Ltd; 14 April 2011.

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.