

Answer **two** questions.

1 The following passage, taken from a website, advertises the qualities and facilities of a hotel-resort in Arizona, USA.

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

(b) A visitor to CopperWynd Resort and Club thinks that this description is very misleading and has been disappointed by her visit. She writes a letter to the manager expressing her dissatisfaction. Write the opening of the letter (between 120–150 words). Base your answer closely on the material of the original extract. [10]

CopperWynd Resort and Club, an AAA Four Diamond boutique Arizona resort property, is nestled high on a mountain ridge above Scottsdale, Arizona, offering breathtaking views of the Arizona Sonoran Desert and mountain vistas. Our enchanting European-inspired guestrooms offer luxurious king-size beds with Italian linens, gas fireplaces, and private balconies where you can view spectacular hues of Arizona desert sunsets. The Spa at CopperWynd Resort is one of the best spas in Scottsdale, Arizona. The resort will inspire your soul. Swim in one of two azure pools, enjoy light menu dining at the Poolside Pavilion Bar and Grill, golf at nearby renowned courses, play tennis, work out in the 5,000 square foot fitness center and then complete your journey in Alchemy, CopperWynd's award winning magical culinary adventure. 5 10

Accommodation at Scottsdale's CopperWynd Resort provides European-inspired luxury and comfort in a unique desert mountain resort setting in the beautifully scenic Scottsdale Sonoran Desert. There are few places that offer this level of exclusivity and breadth of amenities. Refined and rich with charm, Scottsdale's CopperWynd Resort and Club is a place that wraps you in luxury and comfort. Each of the 42 oversized guestrooms and Resort Villas feature imported handmade furniture, granite counters, a gas burning fireplace, custom linens and a private terrace overlooking serene desert vistas. As a guest of CopperWynd Resort and Club, you'll enjoy exclusive membership privileges at this world-class Club. The outstanding amenities and services of this private Scottsdale country club are otherwise inaccessible without membership. 15 20

At CopperWynd, we believe dining, one of life's greatest pleasures, should always be a special and memorable occasion. CopperWynd's newest culinary dining experience, Alchemy, is an intimate dining spot that is a magical adventure, featuring floor to ceiling glass panels that slide open any time of day or night, revealing the wonderful sites of the Valley and Sonoran desert. Alchemy offers speciality appetizers, unusual entrées, amazing drinks and a whimsical, fun atmosphere for family, friends and guests. In addition to the intimate dining experience of Alchemy, you can relax with a cocktail and enjoy a light meal at the Poolside Pavilion Bar and Grill. Whether you choose the elegant cuisine of Alchemy or the casual fare of the Poolside Pavilion Bar and Grill, every dining experience at CopperWynd will be one you'll remember. 25 30

Awards

Conde Nast Award Winner, Travel & Leisure Award Winner. 35

Tennis Courts on Site

The Tennis Center at CopperWynd offers unequalled programs, amenities and services to tennis players of all skill levels. Championship facilities are staffed by leading tennis professionals. Our world-class facilities located in the heart of scenic Arizona include nine lighted championship courts featuring either Plexi Cushion surfaces or Premier Court cushioned surfaces. CopperWynd's Professional Tennis Coaches offer specialized tennis camps for all levels of play. 40

Banquets & Meetings

The Event Lawn accommodates up to 400 guests and the Terrace up to 100 guests.

Executive Retreat 45

Alchemy's Sonoran View Room accommodates 18–48 guests for corporate dining.

Fitness Center

CopperWynd Resort and Club offers a one-of-a-kind Health & Fitness Center designed to promote cardiovascular and strength training in a graciously appointed environment that focuses on individualized service. State-of-the-art fitness and free weight equipment allows you to work individually while our group training, aerobics, spinning and wellness classes provide fitness opportunities in a social setting. Professionally trained fitness trainers will design an individualized program to help you meet your goals. After your workout, relax in the comfort and quality of our full-service locker rooms or spend time in our friendly Players Lounge. You may also choose to pamper yourself with a Spa treatment or relax in our steam or whirlpool spa. 50 55

Child Programs

Junior Development tennis program offers tennis lessons and The Kid's Club has yoga, putting contests, arts and crafts. 60

Pets Allowed

Typically, pets are not allowed, but the general manager may make exceptions for guests who stay long periods.

Spa Facility

The exclusivity and elegance of our spa provides an array of European-inspired therapies for your indulgence. Featuring natural skin and body spa treatments, relaxing and rejuvenating signature massage treatments, manicures and pedicures, the Spa is where the body, mind and soul unite in unsurpassed luxury. 65

Golfing

CopperWynd guests enjoy preferred golf privileges at many local courses. Let our sports concierge arrange your golf groups, tee-time reservations, and transportation to one area golf course of your choice. Scottsdale, Arizona, and the surrounding area is home to over 125 golf courses, many rated among the top 100 courses in the world. CopperWynd members and our guests at The Resort enjoy preferred golf privileges at many of these courses. Courses include the neighboring SunRidge Canyon Golf Club's championship course, The Golf Club at Eagle Mountain and We-Ko-Pa Golf Club. 70 75

2 The following passage is an account of the writer's experience of keeping animals at her home in the countryside.

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

(b) The writer describes another episode in which she and her family have difficulty in dealing with a different animal. Write the opening of the episode (between 120–150 words). Base your answer closely on the style and language of the original extract. [10]

Somehow, on that moonless and leaf-surrounded night, the cockerel managed to escape. I could hear him crashing about in the branches of the walnut tree that overhangs the hen house but I couldn't see a thing. An earnest search was begun by John but not joined by me. Either I was very keen to get to bed or two glasses of wine with my supper had made me phlegmatic¹. All would be well, I assured my husband. The cockerel wouldn't stray far from the hens. Up in branches he would be safe from the fox. First thing in the morning we'd find him, I yawned.

5

First thing in the morning I woke and felt guiltily ashamed about the false confidence I'd expressed the preceding night. Crawling quietly out of bed I crept out into a gleaming, dewy morning still wearing my nightdress and searched pointlessly about. Nothing. The wretched bird was nowhere to be seen. How could I have been so certain that his crowing would stake his whereabouts? My tennis shoes grew slimy inside, my nightdress was drenched, as I trailed back and forth through the grass gazing up into the thick leaves of the apple trees. Once more I trudged the length of the paddock uttering homely clucks. Passing the field shelter where the boys had built a wonderfully complex maze and den out of chicken wire and old hay (you crawled in at the side and wound your way round and round until you reached a central chamber), I sensed a stirring. Once more I clucked encouragement. Out of the middle of the primitive dome (it resembled a Mycenaean bee-hive tomb) an uncertain crowing arose. I ran to wake John.

10

15

20

'In the maze!' I panted. 'Quick!'

Selfishly unwillingly to crawl into the maze in a nightdress, I waited outside while John dropped to his hands and knees. As his rear disappeared into the entrance, the cockerel shot out of the top of the dome with an elongated squawk and fled on speedily rocking legs towards the thick hedge and six-foot drop that divided our paddock from the cub scout² camp.

25

I, too, began to run. Then, imagining Daniel's response to his mother bursting through the hedge in a wet, transparent nightdress, I turned and ran the other way to fetch a dressing gown. John passed me as he went in grim pursuit of the cockerel, his hair bristling with coarse hay. He hurtled into the hedge, stopped and very slowly retreated backwards as if he were on a piece of film being re-wound to edit. 'They're in the middle of prayers!' he hissed having glimpsed the cubs, our son among them, ranged in a respectful line. As it turned out, it was kit inspection. Even so, the disarray could have been enormous.

30

'Get them to help!' I hissed back and ran to find something decent to wear.

35

John I am told, leapt into the hedge, startled the concealed cockerel and scattered cub scouts in every direction.

'Oh hello, Daddy,' said Daniel as his father and a mass of screaming feathers broke through the inspection line.

By the time I returned the scout leader had summoned every cub available to capture and return the cockerel. I could see them spread out in a ragged line, headed by John, toiling up Charley Hill towards Brick Kiln. In quite the wrong direction. As they headed west, I spied the cockerel, a streak of chestnut on yellow legs, scorch across Joss Edwin's field and take a northerly dive through the hedge downhill through the fields that go towards Ladywell and Coombe Farm.

40

45

Hollering my discovery, I set off and bounced downhill between skittish heifers, keeping the bird in vision. He plunged into a blackberry thicket densely criss-crossed with briars over a width of some ten feet, so tangled that although I knew he was in there I couldn't see him at all.

The others came stumbling downhill towards me and gazed dismally at the blackberry patch. Gossamer³, sheeting down the hill behind, suddenly caught the early sun, and glittered above us. 50

'There's nothing for it,' I said. 'You'll have to go in there.'

The cubs encircling the blackberry patch, agreed. They all looked at John. 'Yes,' they said. 'Mmm. You will.' Daniel was silently hoping his father wouldn't let him down at this important moment. 55

'Here goes.'

It took courage. It is impossible to advance into a blackberry patch ten feet wide and twelve feet high without having all your exposed flesh ripped. Ultimately, you become suspended by your hair and must be prepared to lose a considerable amount of it if you are to achieve your object... this, in a man close enough to forty to fight for the halt of a receding hairline, is as noble a piece of behaviour as anything I've ever witnessed. 60

¹*phlegmatic*: relaxed

²*cub scout*: part of the scout movement aimed at children aged 7–11

³*gossamer*: spiders' webs

3 The following extracts from a newspaper article describe how the writer experiences a challenging activity which ends in panic.

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

(b) The same writer decides to tackle another emotionally challenging activity. She writes another article about the experience. Write a section of the article (between 120–150 words). Base your answer closely on the style and language of the original extract. [10]

Early in the 1990s, I flew alone in a dandelion-yellow, single-engine, 180-horsepower Piper Cherokee from Westchester County Airport in New York westward to the Rocky Mountains, landing and refuelling a good many times in middle-sized cities and towns along the way. Though I had logged a mere six weeks of training beforehand, I had a kind of insouciant¹, or call it daredevil, confidence – which was odd, because despite having acquired an automobile licence long before, for years I had been too fearful to drive even something so commonplace as the family car. The enforced speed of highways was terrifying, and the density of urban traffic shook me with the dread of losing control and crushing some hapless pedestrian.

5

But the trackless vastness of those untrammelled upper airs was uncannily liberating; here even the noises were reassuring. On the ground, sounds were mainly zigzag, jagged, startlingly untrustworthy – every car horn a threat. In my fragment of sky (though I felt I owned the whole of it, past the horizon and into the celestial unknown) there was the constancy of a metronome: the steady throatiness of the engine, its cradling whirr as I pedalled the rudder to waltz my little ship left or right, and the ghostly hiss of wind on plexiglass, sometimes audible, sometimes only imagined.

10

15

I thought of this fickle drifting pseudo-wind as a sort of aeronautical illusion, wavering in and out of hearing. The laws of physics seemed subverted: could this yellow capsule dancing between the nothingness above and the nothingness below, weightless as a soap bubble, really be heavier than air? The ailerons² fluttered on the Cherokee's wings like mimicking smaller wings; even their names were rejoicingly birdlike.

20

The Cherokee lifted over the spine of the Appalachians, then wheeled above the waxy green of the Ozark Plateau, needling westward, and for a few exalting moments I could see its shadow painting the earth. When I let down the landing gear on the unexpected surfaces of those sparse Midwestern airfields, in places called Penitence and Rosedale, too often there was no tarmac, only a length of gravel. Mostly I spent the nights in run-down local hotels before taking off again at dawn, and once in a room-for-rent boarding house with an illicit smell. Another time, in a midnight field outside Denver, I napped for hours in the cockpit until my legs cramped with the cold. I was generally grimy; I didn't care for the inconvenience of bathing – I was impatient to climb back up into the exhilarating nowhere that I alone could claim. In all the days of that journey the sky was never troubled by another pair of man-made wings.

25

30

But when the Rockies were at last below me, heaving upward their mammoth stony shoulders, I all at once fell into a frenzy of vertigo, not simply a whirling of the head, but all through my torso, and into the soles of my feet. The Cherokee's tail seemed to be rocking on its own, and the horizontal stabiliser began to shimmy in its cranny behind the fuselage. To slow the Cherokee, I lowered the flaps somewhat, and looked down into those black crevices among the mountains – hideous cuts and abysses carved out by the sun's sharp light. And gazing dizzily into those dark valleys I caught sight of a tiny faraway living thing, all in green, flitting from cavern to

35

40

cavern, less winged than human, a shape akin to that of a little man. Was it the trees twisting their leafy tops into fleeting images? And I heard rising up from the little man a distant meandering singing, as when a blade of grass is split and blown into, to bring out a high, narrow squeal.

45

It wasn't the tail, it wasn't the stabiliser, it wasn't the ailerons chattering wildly like tongues: the Cherokee was uninjured. It was myself, unbalanced. It was Panic.

¹*insouciant*: careless

²*aileron*: flaps on the wings of an airplane that can be used to control the plane's movements

BLANK PAGE

Copyright Acknowledgements:

- Question 1 © *CopperWynd Resort and Club – Fountain Hills, AZ, United States*; <http://www.fivestaralliance.com/luxury-hotels/scottsdale-az/copperwynd-resort-and-club>.
- Question 2 © Jacky Gillot; *Providence Place*; Hodder & Stoughton Ltd; 1977.
- Question 3 © Cynthia Ozick; *Once Upon a Life*; The Observer; <http://www.guardian.co.uk/lifeandstyle/2011/jun/12/once-upon-a-life-cynthia-ozick>; Guardian News & Media Ltd; 12 June 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.