

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

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

8693/01

Paper 1 Passages for Comment

October/November 2005

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 in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions.

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.

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

This document consists of **6** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



Answer two questions

1 The passage below describes how the writer managed to obtain accommodation at a time when he was tired and anxious.

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

(b) Later that night the woman in the extract records in her diary her account of the evening's events and the writer's behaviour. Basing your answer closely on the extract, write her account (between 120 and 150 words). [10]

I stood under a lamp and looked round at the uninviting rows of cottages and ill-lit dingy shops without much hope. I should get accommodation somewhere; I had never failed yet. But it was such an effort to get my tired legs in motion again and start my search. There were groups of people everywhere; young fellows and girls laughing and joking on the pavements; elderly parties loaded with parcels, gossiping in a language I could not understand; shouting, excited children. Not one of these, I told myself as I pushed between them, had a concern for the night's shelter: I was friendless and alone. 5

As events turned out, I could have spared myself these miserable forebodings. There was a Good Samaritan in the town, and destiny directed my faltering steps to her front door. I made my wants known to her, and reluctantly she had to deny me, for friends of her daughter were staying there for the weekend. I thanked her, and went slowly away; slowly, because I could see she was hesitant and was watching me as I moved away along the street. She called me back, as I hoped she would; the house was plain and unprepossessing, but the next might be worse. But again I was disappointed. She thought hard how she could oblige me, and I waited silently for her decision. No, she said at length, she was sorry, very sorry, but she was afraid it was out of the question. Ah well, I replied, and slung my rucksack over my shoulder with a gesture of despair. 10 15

I was artful now, and cunning: I could see the woman was in some distress at having to turn me away, and the thought of having to go through all the overtures again at another front door made me all the more determined to get in here somehow. Ah well, I said again, with a sigh which must just have been perceptible to her; I supposed I would get shelter somewhere in the town. I gave her a brave grin, which I hoped she would perceive as forced, and limped away more slowly than ever. She called me back again, told me to come in; she would arrange for the girls to sleep together. 20 25

Once inside, and seated by the big fire in the kitchen with my shoes off, I would not have budged even if it meant the whole family sleeping in a row on the rug. My despondency vanished, snatched from me by the roaring flames and whirled up the chimney and out into the inhospitable darkness of the night. It was half-past eight when I entered, feeling ready for bed, but it was long after midnight before I went upstairs. There never was a busier hive of activity than this warm kitchen on this particular evening. I was not left to brood quietly by myself; instead, I sat and witnessed a succession of events, a parade of faces, which bewildered me and made me forget my own troubles. 30 35

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Question 2 starts on page 4

2 The passage below is an appreciation of the actor Katherine Hepburn.

(a) Basing your answer closely on the passage, write an appreciation (between 120 and 150 words) of another celebrity (alive or dead). [10]

(b) Compare the style and language of your piece with those of the original extract. [15]

Hollywood Loses a Legend

Four-time Oscar winner Katherine Hepburn – the 20th century’s most celebrated screen actress, one-half of the century’s most storied offscreen love story and an enduring role model for generations of women – died on the afternoon of June 29. She was 96.

“Acting is the most minor of gifts,” Hepburn once observed. “After all, Shirley Temple could do it when she was four.” 5

But if Hepburn was being famously practical, she also was being famously modest. For all her professional life, Hepburn was the Academy Awards’ gold standard. She set the record for most acting nominations, 12, a mark eclipsed this year by Meryl Streep. And she set the as-yet unsurpassed record for acting wins, four. 10

She took Best Actress awards for 1933’s *Morning Glory*, 1967’s *Guess Who’s Coming to Dinner*, 1968’s *The Lion in Winter* and 1981’s *On Golden Pond*. Never one for Hollywood schmoozing, Hepburn accepted not one of those Oscars in person. In fact, she attended the Academy Awards ceremony just once. In all, she appeared in 58 films and TV-movies. Nine of those films were shared bills with Spencer Tracy, her real-life lover of 25 years. 15

“He was a baked potato: solid, and you can have them without salt and pepper or butter. I was a fancy dessert: mocha-chip ice cream,” Hepburn once remarked of their relationship.

Onscreen, Tracy and Hepburn crackled in genre-defining romantic comedies such as *Woman of the Year* (1942) and *Adam’s Rib* (1949). Their pairing guaranteed a fair-fight-style battle of the sexes. In a Tracy-Hepburn film, *she* wore pants, too. 20

Offscreen, their chemistry was just as strong. Hepburn and Tracy met on the set of *Woman of the Year*. He was a fortysomething, two-time Oscar winner. She was a thirtysomething, one-time Oscar winner. She wore heels at their first confab. He promised to cut her down to size. 25

There were complications, the biggest of which was his marriage: Tracy had a wife and two kids. Mrs. Tracy was a Catholic who didn’t believe in divorce. And so, Mr. Tracy was a married man who never divorced. Not that his social life suffered.

Hepburn and Tracy were Hollywood’s most married unmarried couple until his death in 1967, days after they completed work on *Guess Who’s Coming to Dinner*, the socially minded race drama that brought Tracy his ninth (and final) Best Actor Oscar nomination and Hepburn her second Best Actress statue. 30

A prototype of the thoroughly modern girl, Hepburn never apologized for her love of another woman’s husband. She never gushed about it, either. Kate was Kate. 35

Ever blunt, Hepburn once said of her early ambition: “I didn’t have any desire to be an actress or to learn how to act. I just wanted to be famous.”

Apparently to help ensure success, the resourceful Hepburn slashed two-and-half years off her age, passing herself off to studio execs, columnists and biographers as being born in November 1909. It was a fib she perpetuated for more than 50 years. 40

Of undeniable fact is that Hepburn made her film debut in 1932, in the melodrama *A Bill of Divorcement*. A year later she had the Oscar for *Morning Glory*. But what came fast, went almost as fast.

A string of flops (chiefly, 1935’s cross-dressing *Sylvia Scarlett*) and a notorious Broadway bomb (1934’s *The Lake*, which prompted wit Dorothy Parker to crack, “Miss Hepburn runs the gamut of emotions from A to B.”), had her courting the dreaded “box-office poison” label. 45

Undeterred, Hepburn used a hands-on approach with the comedy *The Philadelphia Story*. The role of icy socialite Tracy Lord was one she’d originated on Broadway. Hepburn again purchased the film rights – and, in the process, bought herself another classic screen role. 50

Few films have matched *Philadelphia Story*’s star troika of Hepburn, Grant (as the ex-husband who wants her back) and Jimmy Stewart (as the reporter who plain wants her).

Hepburn worked steadily through the early 1960s, when she declined roles to care for the increasingly frail Tracy. By the time cameras rolled on *Guess Who’s Coming to Dinner* in 1967, she’d been away from the big screen for five years. 55

Following Tracy’s death, she returned to Broadway to unleash her distinctive, quasi-singing voice on audiences in *Coco*, about designer Coco Chanel. For her spunk and usual gall, she received a Tony Award nomination. 60

Hepburn’s work ethic never wavered. She won her fourth Oscar at age 73 for *On Golden Pond*, which paired her with contemporary Henry Fonda in his final film.

3 The passage below describes the character and behaviour of a teacher nicknamed 'Crabby' by her students.

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

(b) The teacher has to write two reports a year on each of her students. Basing your answer closely on the material in the extract, write her first report (between 60 and 75 words) on Spadge Hopkins written **before** the incident that day: then write her second report (between 60 and 75 words) on him produced some time **after** the incident. [10]

For school in my day, that day, Crabby's day, seemed to be designed simply to keep us out of the air and from following the normal pursuits of the fields. Crabby's science of dates and sums and writing seemed a typical invention of her own, a sour form of fiddling or prison-labour like picking oakum or sewing sacks.

So while the bright times passed, we sat locked in our stocks, our bent backs 5
turned on the valley. The June air infected us with primitive hungers, grass-seed and
thistle-down idled through the windows, we smelt the fields and were tormented by
cuckoos, while every out-of-door sound that came drifting in was a sharp nudge in
the solar plexus. The creaking of wagons going past the school, harness-jingle, and 10
the cries of the carters, the calling of cows from the 17-Acre, Fletcher's chattering
mower, gunshot from the warrens – all tugged and pulled at our active wishes till we
could have done Miss B a murder.

And indeed there came the inevitable day when rebellion raised its standard, when the tension was broken and a hero emerged whom we would willingly have named streets after. At least, from that day his name was honoured, though we 15
gave him little support at the time ...

Spadge Hopkins it was, and I must say we were surprised. He was one of those heavy, full-grown boys, thick-legged, red-fisted, bursting with flesh, designed for the great outdoors. He was nearly fourteen by then, and physically out of scale – at least so far as our school was concerned. The sight of him squeezed into his tiny 20
desk was worse than a bullock in ballet-shoes. He wasn't much of a scholar; he
groaned as he worked, or hacked at his desk with a jack-knife. Miss B took her
pleasure in goading him, in forcing him to read out loud; or asking him sudden
unintelligible questions which made him flush and stumble.

The great day came; a day of shimmering summer, with the valley outside in a 25
state of leafy levitation. Crabby B was at her sourest, and Spadge Hopkins had had
enough. He began to writhe in his desk, and roll his eyes, and kick with his boots,
and mutter; 'She'd better look out. 'Er, – Crabby B. She'd better, that's all. I can tell
you ...'

We didn't quite know what the matter was, in spite of his meaning looks. Then 30
he threw down his pen, said; 'Sod it all,' got up, and walked to the door.

'And where are you going, young man, may I ask?' said Crabby with her awful leer.

Spadge paused and looked her straight in the eye.

'If it's any business of yourn.' 35

We shivered with pleasure at this defiance, Spadge leisurely made for the door.

'Sit down this instant!' Crabby suddenly screamed. 'I won't have it!'

'Ta-ta,' said Spadge.

Then Crabby sprang like a yellow cat, spitting and clawing with rage. She 40
caught Spadge in the doorway and fell upon him. There was a shameful moment of
heavy breathing and scuffling, while the teacher tore at his clothes. Spadge caught
her hands in his great red fists and held her at arm's length, struggling.

'Come and help me, someone!' wailed Crabby, demented. But nobody moved; we just watched. We saw Spadge lift her up and place her on the top of the cupboard, then walk out of the door and away. There was a moment of silence, then we all laid down our pens and began to stamp on the floor in unison. Crabby stayed where she was, on top of the cupboard, drumming her heels and weeping. 45

We expected some terrible retribution to follow, but nothing happened at all. Not even the trouble-spark, Spadge, was called to account – he was simply left alone. From that day Crabby never spoke to him, or crossed his path, or denied him anything at all. He perched idly in his desk, his knees up to his chin, whistling in a world of his own. Sometimes Miss B would consider him narrowly and if he caught her glance he just winked. Otherwise he was free to come and go, and to take time off as he pleased. 50

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