



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

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

8693/12

Paper 1 Passages for Comment

May/June 2010

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 of travelling in Colombia, in South America.
- (a) Comment on the style and language of the passage. [15]
- (b) The bus company is publishing a brochure to attract more tourists for this route. Write the opening of the brochure (between 120-150 words), presenting the positive features of the company's vehicles and the attractiveness of the local scenery. Base your answer closely on the content of the original extract. [10]

As we descend into the valley between the *Cordillera Oriental* and the *Cordillera Central*, the vegetation starts to change and soon the last vestiges of the cold of Bogotá are obliterated as the bus begins to heat up like an oven.

We stop at unmarked points to pick more people up, and the conductor is kept busy as this small bus rapidly loses not only its empty seats but its gangway as well. I chivalrously stand for a woman, but am immediately pulled down by Leo who asks what do I think I am doing? His normally confident face is clouded by incredulity. He insists we keep together, and take turns to sleep so as to minimise the danger of robbery and, what is more, we have paid for our seats. Very well, I think, the man is right, this is not England, and we have many hours to go before we get off this bus. 5 10

We start to climb the *Cordillera Central*, where we begin a long and tortuous ride along a thin ribbon of road that clings precariously to the mountainside. I watch in awe as the depth of the drop at the edge of the road is revealed. There would be quite simply no chance at all of survival if we went over. Seemingly, many buses do just that, and are never heard of again. The upper side of the mountain has equally as cheerful a disposition, as landslides, common in the wet season, assist the departure from this life of any bus, such as this one. Clearly, there is absolutely no point in worrying about this, so I get on with enjoying the view. 15

Sadly, passengers throw empty glass bottles out of the window without regard. I wonder if they would be equally as carefree if our bus tyres were to blow-out at speed on the edge of the mountainous precipice. 20

Some time later, the uninterrupted broad vista of Nature takes a kick as an unmistakable sign of the times rears its very sad head. It is a large red hoarding placed in the middle of nowhere advertising the virtues of a particular brand of cigarettes. In an area devoid of habitation, and indeed some way off the road, you have to ask "Why?" 25

On the facing mountainside we can see the road we have already driven down. It is some four to five miles away, as the condor flies, yet to cover this distance, we have spent hours hugging the steep slopes. When we finally reach Medellín, I marvel at its location in what seems to be the bottom of a huge rocky cauldron. We are well above the city and can look down, almost as an aircraft passenger, at the myriad streets and buildings. High above Medellín, a mirror-smooth pale purple and blue ghostly lake of air seems to extend all the way down to the city. It is the curse of smog. The pollution is trapped in this vast cauldron leaving the people of Medellín smothered in their own exhaust fumes. 30 35

Our exact moment of entry into this sea of smog is clear as the bus descends, but no-one seems to notice. Yet for me it is palpable, and it is very soon afterwards that the acrid smell and taste envelops me. My eyes and throat feel tainted and irritated. It's horrible. How can anyone be fit and healthy in *that*?

We are in Medellín for only two hours, and stay within the confines of the bus waiting for the bus to Turbo. When it does come, I am horrified at the two bald tyres 40

at its rear. As we set off on the second leg of the journey we soon return to the ribbon mountain roads, and I try not to think about the tyres.

We sleep fitfully on the bus and when daylight comes we are in a much flatter environment. Tropical vegetation surrounds us as we begin to stop quite frequently. I wonder at what point the conductor will declare the bus to be full. I now cannot believe the number of people who are stuffed into every bit of available space, and still they clamber on. Now they are hanging off the sides of the bus. The conductor continues to collect the fares from everybody no matter where they have found themselves, and sweat pours from his patient and determined face. What a job. There is no way I will relinquish my seat now. I am constantly crushed from the gangway side by several uncomplaining people. The discomfort they must be feeling appears to be neither here nor there. We travel like this for hours, and feel like it is not just the chickens on the bus who are in cages. Finally, we get to a larger settlement and many people get off.

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2 The following passage describes the real and fantasy worlds of an American man, Walter Mitty. He is not as special as he likes to imagine.

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

(b) Mrs. Mitty writes to Dr. Renshaw to express her concerns about her husband. Write her letter (between 120-150 words). Base your answer closely on the material of the original extract. [10]

“We’re going through!” The Commander’s voice was like thin ice breaking. He wore his full-dress uniform, with the heavily braided white cap pulled down rakishly over one cold gray eye. “We can’t make it, sir. It’s spoiling for a hurricane, if you ask me.” “I’m not asking you, Lieutenant Berg,” said the Commander. “Throw on the power lights! Rev her up to 8500! We’re going through!” The pounding of the cylinders increased: ta-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa. The Commander stared at the ice forming on the pilot window. He walked over and twisted a row of complicated dials. “Switch on No. 8 auxiliary!” he shouted. “Switch on No. 8 auxiliary!” repeated Lieutenant Berg. “Full strength in No. 3 turret!” shouted the Commander. “Full strength in No. 3 turret!” The crew, bending to their various tasks in the huge, hurtling eight-engined Navy hydroplane, looked at each other and grinned. “The Old Man’ll get us through,” they said to one another. “The Old Man ain’t afraid of hell!”

“Not so fast! You’re driving too fast!” said Mrs. Mitty. “What are you driving so fast for?”

“Hmm?” said Walter Mitty. He looked at his wife, in the seat beside him, with shocked astonishment. She seemed grossly unfamiliar, like a strange woman who had yelled at him in a crowd. “You were up to fifty-five,” she said. “You know I don’t like to go more than forty. You were up to fifty-five.” Walter Mitty drove on toward Waterbury in silence, the roaring of the SN202 through the worst storm in twenty years of Navy flying fading in the remote, intimate airways of his mind. “You’re tensed up again,” said Mrs. Mitty. “It’s one of your days. I wish you’d let Dr. Renshaw look you over.”

Walter Mitty stopped the car in front of the building where his wife went to have her hair done. “Remember to get those overshoes¹ while I’m having my hair done,” she said. “I don’t need overshoes,” said Mitty. She put her mirror back into her bag. “We’ve been all through that,” she said, getting out of the car, “You’re not a young man any longer.” He raced the engine a little. “Why don’t you wear your gloves? Have you lost your gloves?” Walter Mitty reached in a pocket and brought out the gloves. He put them on, but after she had turned and gone into the building and he had driven on to a red light, he took them off again. “Pick it up, brother!” snapped a cop as the light changed, and Mitty hastily pulled on his gloves and lurched ahead. He drove around the streets aimlessly for a time, and then he drove past the hospital on his way to the parking lot.

... “It’s the millionaire banker, Wellington McMillan,” said the pretty nurse. “Yes?” said Walter Mitty, removing his gloves slowly. “Who has the case?” “Dr. Renshaw and Dr. Benbow, but there are two specialists here, Dr. Remington from New York and Dr. Pritchard-Mitford from London. He flew over.” A door opened down a long, cool corridor and Dr. Renshaw came out. He looked distraught and haggard. “Hello, Mitty,” he said. “We’re having the devil’s own time with McMillan, the millionaire banker and close personal friend of Roosevelt. Obstreosis of the ductal tract. Tertiary. Wish you’d take a look at him.” “Glad to,” said Mitty.

In the operating room there were whispered introductions: “Dr. Remington, Dr. Mitty. Dr. Pritchard-Mitford, Dr. Mitty.” “I’ve read your book on streptothricosis,” said Pritchard-Mitford, shaking hands. “A brilliant performance, sir.” “Thank you,” said Walter Mitty. “Didn’t know you were in the States, Mitty,” grumbled Remington. “Coals to Newcastle,² bringing Mitford and me up here for a tertiary.” “You are very kind,”

said Mitty. A huge, complicated machine, connected to the operating table, with many tubes and wires, began at this moment to go pocketa-pocketa-pocketa. "The new anesthetizer is giving away!" shouted an intern. "There is no one in the East who knows how to fix it!" "Quiet, man!" said Mitty, in a low, cool voice. He sprang to the machine, which was now going pocketa-pocketa-queep-pocketa-queep. He began fingering delicately a row of glistening dials. "Give me a fountain pen!" he snapped. Someone handed him a pen. He pulled a faulty piston out of the machine and inserted the pen in its place ... 50

"Back it up! Look out for that Buick!" Walter Mitty jammed on the brakes. "Wrong lane," said the parking-lot attendant, looking at Mitty closely. "Gee. Yeh," muttered Mitty. He began cautiously to back out of the lane marked "Exit Only." "Leave her sit there," said the attendant. "I'll put her away." Mitty got out of the car. "Hey, better leave the key." "Oh," said Mitty, handing the man the ignition key. The attendant vaulted into the car, backed it up with insolent skill, and put it where it belonged. 60

¹ *overshoes*: rubber or plastic shoes worn over an ordinary shoe for protection

² *Coals to Newcastle*: a phrase meaning 'something done unnecessarily'

3 The following speech was delivered by Jomo Kenyatta, a future leader of Kenya. He was speaking to the Kenya African Union (KAU) at a time when it was promoting non-violent calls for independence from Britain. Kenyatta was suspected of being a member of the Mau Mau, a rival organisation calling for more violent forms of protest against British rule.

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

(b) Basing your answer closely on the style and language of the original extract, write the opening (between 120-150 words) of a speech in which the leader of another organisation (real or imaginary) calls for certain demands to be met. [10]

I want you to know the purpose of KAU. It is the biggest purpose the African has. It involves every African in Kenya and it is their mouthpiece which asks for freedom.

KAU is you and you are the KAU.

If we unite now – each and every one of us and each tribe to another – we will cause the implementation in this country of that which the European calls democracy. True democracy has no colour distinction. It does not choose between black and white. 5

We are here in this tremendous gathering under the KAU flag to find which road leads us from darkness into democracy. In order to find it we Africans must first achieve the right to elect our own representatives. That is surely the first principle of democracy. We are the only race in Kenya which does not elect its own representatives in the Legislature and we are going to set about to rectify this situation. We feel we are dominated by a handful of others who refuse to be just. 10

God said this is our land. Land in which we are to flourish as a people. We are not worried that other races are here with us in our country, but we insist that we are the leaders here, and what we want we insist we get. We want our cattle to get fat on our land so that our children grow up in prosperity; we do not want that fat removed to feed others. 15

He who has ears should now hear that KAU claims this land as its own gift from God and I wish those who are black, white or brown at this meeting to know this. 20

KAU speaks in daylight. He who calls us the Mau Mau is not truthful. We do not know this thing Mau Mau. We want to prosper as a nation, and as a nation we demand equality, that is equal pay for equal work. Whether it is a chief, headman or labourer he needs in these days increased salary. He needs a salary that compares with a salary of a European who does equal work. We will never get our freedom unless we succeed in this issue. We do not want equal pay for equal work tomorrow – we want it right now. Those who profess to be just must realize that this is the foundation of justice. It has never been known in history that a country prospers without equality. 25 30

We despise bribery and corruption, those two words that the European repeatedly refers to. Bribery and corruption is prevalent in this country, but I am not surprised. As long as a people are held down, corruption is sure to rise and the only answer to this is a policy of equality. If we work together as one, we must succeed.

Our country today is in a bad state for its land is full of fools – and fools in a country delay the independence of its people. KAU seeks to remedy this situation and I tell you now it despises thieving, robbery and murder for these practices ruin our country. I say this because if one man steals, or two men steal, there are people sitting close by, lapping up information, who say the whole tribe is bad because a theft has been committed. 35 40

Those people are wrecking our chances of advancement. They will prevent us getting freedom.

If I have my own way, let me tell you I would butcher the criminal, and there are more criminals than one in more senses than one ...

I want to touch on a number of points, and I ask you for the hundredth time to keep quiet whilst I do this. We want self-government, but this we will never get if we drink beer. It is harming our country and making people fools and encouraging crime. It is also taking all our money. 45

KAU is not a fighting union that uses fists and weapons. If any of you here think that force is good, I do not agree with you: remember the old saying that he who is hit with a *rungu*¹ returns, but he who is bit with justice never comes back. I do not want people to accuse us falsely – that we steal and that we are Mau Mau. I pray to you that we join hands for freedom and freedom means abolishing criminality. Beer harms us and those who drink it do us harm and they may be the so-called Mau Mau. Whatever grievances we have, let us air them here in the open. The criminal does not want freedom and land – he wants to line his own pocket. Let us therefore demand our rights justly. 50 55

¹ *rungu*: a weapon made of wood

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