



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education (9–1)

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH

0627/01

Paper 1 Reading Passages

October/November 2018

READING BOOKLET INSERT

2 hours 10 minutes



READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

This Insert contains the reading passages for use with **all** the questions on the Question Paper.

You may annotate this Insert and use the blank spaces for planning.
The Insert is **not** assessed by the Examiner.

This syllabus is regulated for use in England as a Cambridge International Level 1/Level 2 (9–1) Certificate.

This document consists of **4** printed pages.

Passage A: Oliver Twist

Oliver Twist, a ten-year-old orphan, has run away from his cruel employer to seek his fortune in London. In this extract he walks a great distance and reaches Barnet, a small town on the edge of London.

It was eight o'clock now. Though Oliver was nearly five miles away from the town, he ran and hid behind the hedges, by turns, till noon, fearing that he might be pursued and overtaken. Then he sat down to rest by the side of the milestone, and began to think, for the first time, where he had better go and try to live.

The stone by which he was seated bore in large characters an intimation that it was just seventy miles from that spot to London. The name awakened a new train of ideas in the boy's mind. London! Nobody could ever find him there! It was the very place for a homeless boy, who would die in the streets, unless someone helped him. As these things passed through his thoughts, he jumped upon his feet, and again walked forward.

He had diminished the distance between himself and London by four miles more, before he recollected how much he must undergo ere he could hope to reach his place of destination. He slackened his pace a little, and meditated upon his means of getting there. He had a crust of bread, a coarse shirt, and two pairs of stockings in his bundle. He had a penny too, in his pocket. 'A clean shirt,' thought Oliver, 'is a very comfortable thing; and so are two pairs of darned stockings; and so is a penny; but they are small helps to a sixty-five miles walk in winter time.' He changed his little bundle over to the other shoulder and trudged on.

Oliver walked twenty miles that day; and all that time tasted nothing but the crust of dry bread, and a few draughts of water, which he begged at the cottage doors by the roadside. When the night came, he turned into a meadow; and creeping close under a hay-rick, determined to lie there till morning. He felt frightened at first, for the wind moaned dismally over the empty fields, and he was cold and hungry and more alone than he had ever felt before. Being very tired from his walk, however, he soon fell asleep and forgot his troubles.

He felt cold and stiff when he got up next morning, and so hungry that he was obliged to exchange the penny for a small loaf in the very first village through which he passed. He had walked no more than twelve miles when night closed in again. His feet were sore, and his legs so weak that they trembled beneath him. Another night passed in the bleak damp air; when he set forward on his journey next morning he could hardly crawl along.

Early on the seventh morning after he had left his native place, Oliver limped slowly into the little town of Barnet. The window shutters were closed; the street was empty; not a soul had awakened to the business of the day. The sun was rising in all its splendid beauty, but the light only served to show the boy his own lonesomeness and desolation, as he sat with bleeding feet and covered with dust upon a doorstep. He crouched on the step for some time, gazing listlessly at the coaches as they passed through, and thinking how strange that they could do, with ease, in a few hours, what it had taken him a whole week of courage and determination beyond his years to accomplish.

Passage B: Heathrow is my home

This extract is from a newspaper article investigating the homeless people who live at Heathrow Airport.

With pink lipstick and freshly brushed hair, a woman queues to buy a coffee in the departure hall of Britain's busiest airport. It is 7:00 a.m., and the passengers ahead of her will soon be rushing to catch their flights. Yet Eram Dar has no ticket and isn't in a hurry to go anywhere. Terminal 1 is her home. For a year, she has lived at the airport with all her possessions in a canvas bag.

Today, she plans to do a bit of window shopping at the airport's stores and buy a bowl of pasta for lunch. She often reads a discarded newspaper to while away the day. She says, 'Heathrow is like a good hotel.' As night falls, she will sleep on the floor between a currency exchange booth and a vending machine. 5

She says simply: 'I'm lucky to be here. I sleep in the same spot every night, if another person hasn't grabbed it first. The night cleaners mop around me.' 10

Eram is one of an astonishing number of people who live at Heathrow. Recently, it has been discovered that 111 people are sleeping permanently at Heathrow, and the numbers are growing. Airports are seen as warm havens and safer than sleeping rough. Yet the homeless have to play a cat-and-mouse game to avoid detection by police and airport security and being thrown out onto the streets. 15

Peter Mansfield-Clark, director of a homeless charity, explains: 'These people carry a rucksack with a change of clothes. They use the toilet areas to wash. They'll often be in travel gear, as if they're waiting to travel somewhere. Some put on floral shirts, as though they are about to fly on holiday. Most have a suitcase on wheels, which makes them fit in with the crowds. Some even pose as businessmen in suits, hiding behind newspapers, or lie on benches covered with a coat as though waiting for a delayed flight.' 20

This week I spent two nights at Heathrow, to report back to the British Airport Authority on the airport's homeless. I met Harben, a 51-year-old, as he was about to settle down for the night in Terminal 2. He was wearing a thin jacket and rain-soaked trousers. In his left hand was a bag, containing a woollen overcoat with a designer label inside. He says he found it under a bench at the airport. 25

'When I found Heathrow, it was good news for me because, since my marriage broke up, I had nowhere else to go,' he says.

One man, with a curly mop of hair, has a big blue suitcase standing beside him as he sleeps. He keeps his hand on it, protectively. I see him on the first night, and in exactly the same position the second night. 30

'We call him Michael,' says a bus station official, with a shake of his head. 'He keeps all his possessions in that suitcase.'

The builders who work overnight at the airport are very kind and don't report the homeless to the authorities. The cleaners turn a blind eye, too. Sometimes, there is a police sweep to rid the airport of the homeless and they are marched out and driven away. 'Once they left me on the road just nearby, and I came back again,' Eram says with a hint of laughter. 'I try to make plans for the future, but that's difficult when you have next to nothing. Yet most of the time I am happy. I could be living at Heathrow forever.' 35

Passage C: Subways are for sleeping

This extract is from a magazine article published in 1956 about a man who became a vagrant, a homeless person, in New York.

On 4th March 1953, Henry Shelby walked into his apartment block. Asking for his key at the desk, he was informed that he had been locked out until his outstanding rent was settled. The bill amounted to one hundred and thirteen dollars. At that moment, Shelby had about fourteen dollars, no job, and no friends to ask for help. Without any argument, he turned and walked out.

Since the summer of 1953, he has been one of the thousands of men who wander the streets of New York City at all hours of the day and night. 5

Today, Henry Shelby is forty-one years old. He is a university graduate and was once a schoolteacher. Henry Shelby is not a hopeless man, but he is certainly bewildered. He himself describes his life as treading water. 'In the meantime,' he says, 'I'm getting along. I'm happy.'

As a vagrant he has become an expert at management: in his case this means food, cleanliness, and shelter. He prides himself on the fact that he has never visited a soup kitchen, or slept in a hostel. He picks up a day's work here and there, washing dishes in cheap restaurants or shoveling snow for the city. His technique for getting food is simple. He walks the streets until he finds a restaurant with a sign that reads, 'Dishwasher Wanted'. He goes in and works long enough to pay for a meal. He is a good worker, and is well liked by his bosses and fellow employees. 10 15

Shelby usually boards the subway at Pennsylvania Station, just after midnight, and takes the first express that comes along. He immediately settles down and drops off to sleep. He sleeps lightly because he is very cautious about oversleeping. The vagrant who is still sleeping soundly is likely to be picked up and lodged in jail by the transportation police. Upon reaching the end of the line, Shelby walks up the stairs from the platform, crosses to the next platform and boards the next train going in the opposite direction. He settles into a seat and goes to sleep again. He remains asleep until he reaches the other end of the line, then, as before, repeats the journey. He does this for up to five hours, during the course of which he has probably netted four hours of sleep. Over the months he has learned many of the habits and assignments of the transportation police, and tries to keep himself from being too familiar a figure. 20 25

Shelby places more importance on his personal appearance than he does on having a place to sleep. He is naturally a neat and tidy man and good grooming is a safety factor in his existence. The police will always pick up an unkempt man.

One of the astounding things about Shelby's existence is that he has become a recluse, as though he lived on a desert island. For days at a time he will speak to no one. This solitude has brought him the problem of passage of time. Shelby is waiting for something. He himself does not know what it is. While he is waiting, he is plagued by a restlessness that keeps him on the move for eighteen hours a day. He says he moves about because policemen will not stop a man who looks as though he is going somewhere. What he does not say, because he does not realise it, is that he is working to keep his time occupied. 30 35

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