



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

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH

0627/01

Paper 1 Reading Passages

For Examination from 2017

SPECIMEN 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.

This Insert is **not** assessed by the Examiner.

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

This document consists of **4** printed pages and **2** blank pages.

Passage A: David Copperfield

David Copperfield has been sent away to Salem House, a strict nineteenth century boarding school, following a terrible row with his step-father. During this row he was beaten and ended up biting his step-father in self-defence. This is his first day of lessons where the class is introduced to their new teacher, Mr. Creakle, by Mr. Creakle's assistant teacher, Mr. Tungay.

School began in earnest next day. A profound impression was made upon me, I remember, by the roar of voices in the schoolroom suddenly becoming hushed as death when Mr. Creakle entered after breakfast, and stood in the doorway looking round upon us like a giant in a story-book surveying his captives.

Tungay stood at Mr. Creakle's elbow. He had no occasion, I thought, to cry out 'Silence!' so ferociously, for the boys were all struck speechless and motionless. 'Now, boys, this is a new half term. Take care what you're about, in this new half term. Come fresh up to the lessons, I advise you, for I come fresh up to the punishment. I won't flinch. It will be of no use your rubbing yourselves; you won't rub the marks out that I shall give you. Now get to work, every boy!' 5 10

When this dreadful introduction was over, and Tungay had stumped out again, Mr. Creakle came to where I sat, and told me that if I were famous for biting, he was famous for biting, too. He then showed me the cane, and asked me what I thought of THAT, for a tooth? Was it a sharp tooth, hey? Was it a double tooth, hey? Had it a deep prong, hey? Did it bite, hey? Did it bite? At every question he gave me a fleshy cut with it that made me writhe; so I was very soon made free of Salem House and was very soon in tears also. 15

Not that I mean to say these were special marks of distinction, which only I received. On the contrary, a large majority of the boys (especially the smaller ones) were visited with similar instances of notice, as Mr. Creakle made the round of the schoolroom. Half the establishment was writhing and crying, before the day's work began; and how much of it had writhed and cried before the day's work was over, I am really afraid to recollect, lest I should seem to exaggerate. 20

I should think there never can have been a man who enjoyed his profession more than Mr. Creakle did. He had a delight in cutting at the boys, which was like the satisfaction of a craving appetite. I am confident that he couldn't resist a chubby boy, especially; that there was a fascination in such a subject, which made him restless in his mind, until he had scored and marked him for the day. I was chubby myself, and ought to know. I am sure when I think of the fellow now, my blood rises against him with the disinterested indignation I should feel if I could have known all about him without having ever been in his power; but it rises hotly, because I know him to have been an incapable brute, who had no more right to be possessed of the great trust he held, than to be Lord High Admiral, or Commander-in-Chief – in either of which capacities it is probable that he would have done infinitely less mischief. 25 30

Passage B: Summerhill

Summerhill School is a progressive boarding school where the Headteacher does not believe in adult authority over children. The value of play is regarded as equally important as formal learning. This is an extract from a book written by the Headteacher, where he explains his views.

I had taught in ordinary schools for many years. I knew the other way well. I knew it was wrong. It was wrong because it was based on an adult conception of what a child should be and of how a child should learn. The other way dated from the days when psychology was still an unknown science.

Well, we set out to make a school in which we should allow children freedom to be themselves. In order to do this, we had to renounce all discipline, all direction, all suggestion, all moral training, and all religious instruction. We have been called brave, but it did not require courage. All it required was what we had – a complete belief in the child as a good, not an evil, being. For almost forty years, this belief in the goodness of the child has never wavered; it rather has become a final faith.

My view is that a child is naturally wise and realistic. If left to themselves without adult supervision of any kind, they will develop as far as they are capable of developing. Logically, Summerhill is a place in which people who have the innate ability and wish to be scholars will be scholars; while those who are only fit to sweep the streets will sweep the streets. But we have not produced a street cleaner so far. Nor do I write this snobbishly, for I would rather see a school produce a happy street cleaner than an unhappy scholar.

What is Summerhill like? Well, for one thing, lessons are optional. Children can go to them or stay away from them – for years if they want to. There is a timetable – but only for the teachers. The children have classes usually according to their age, but sometimes according to their interests. We have no new methods of teaching, because we do not consider that teaching in itself matters very much. Whether a school has or has not a special method for teaching long division is of no significance, for long division is of no importance except to those who want to learn it. And the child who wants to learn long division will learn it no matter how it is taught.

Children who come to Summerhill as kindergartens attend lessons from the beginning of their stay; but pupils from other schools vow that they will never attend any beastly lessons again at any time. They play and cycle and get in people's way, but they fight shy of lessons. This sometimes goes on for months. The recovery time is proportionate to the hatred their last school gave them. Our record case was a girl from a convent. She loafed for three years. The average period of recovery from lesson aversion is three months.

Strangers to this idea of freedom will be wondering what sort of madhouse it is where children play all day if they want to. Many an adult says, "If I had been sent to a school like that, I'd never have done a thing." Others say, "Such children will feel themselves heavily handicapped when they have to compete against children who have been made to learn."

Passage C: Bring back the cane to restore discipline in schools

In this newspaper article, the writer argues that schools should bring back the use of caning, which was abolished in UK schools in the 1980s.

If we are going to re-establish order in the classroom, end truancy and restore respect for those in authority, then the only way forward is to bring back corporal punishment.

The silence was deafening as I shuffled to the front of the school hall. And as hundreds of eyes bore into me, the headmistress ordered me to hold out my hand. "This punishment is for bringing shame on the school, its uniform and your family," she stormed, before whacking me six times with a three foot cane. 5

As blow after blow rained down, each one more painful than the last, I fought the tears welling inside me. But there was no scope for pity or mercy. A 'crime' had been committed, and I was to be punished.

And the crime? 'Bilking' – trying to dodge paying my bus fare by pretending that I couldn't speak English. So, did the humiliation, shame, and red burning mark scorched onto my palm do the trick and ensure my rehabilitation? You bet. 10

And, believe me, as a deterrent, it worked for everyone else too. Every boy in that hall knew he could be next. You could almost taste the fear – let alone the blood.

Now, some may find this kind of corporal punishment barbaric. Yet it did the trick. You'd never find a single teacher at my old school quaking in his boots at the prospect of facing a classroom of recalcitrant schoolboys. 15

Which is why I applaud the government's move to return power to the teacher by slackening the rules on physical force in school. The measures will allow teachers to use reasonable force to deal with unruly pupils. 20

But to my mind, this doesn't go far enough.

If we are going to re-establish order in the classroom, end truancy and restore respect for those in authority, then the only way forward is to bring back corporal punishment. The current system is totally broken.

A recent series of attacks are exquisitely eloquent examples of the violent behaviour which is soaring in the classroom. Fear and pain is the only language that some children understand. Teachers need something in their armoury. Soft parenting, lack of muscle to discipline and a culture of blame has devastated schooling in this country. 25

Corporal punishment would, I'm certain, lead to a massive reduction in bad behaviour, disruption to other pupils and even the number of expulsions. 30

That's aside from the net benefit of shaming a hitherto gung-ho hoodlum who thinks he is untouchable and a hero to his mates. Break him, break his stranglehold. And that rap on the knuckles may make him knuckle down and show him what he can really achieve.

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Copyright Acknowledgements:

Questions 2 & 3

© A S Neill; *Summerhill School – A New View of Childhood*; St Martin's Press; 1993.

Question 3

© Nick Freeman; *Bring Back the Cane*; Manchester Evening News; www.manchesteveningnews.co.uk/local-news/nick-freeman-bring-back-the-cane-870074.

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