

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS

General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

1115/2, 1120/2, 1123/2

PAPER 2

1124/2

INSERT

MAY/JUNE SESSION 2002

1 hour 30 minutes

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

This insert contains the passage for comprehension.

This insert consists of 4 printed pages.



A young girl, Amy, has a startling experience on a visit to her local market.

- 1 'Hurry up, Amy. It's market day!'
Amy stirred in her sleep, reluctant to leave her cosy world of dreams.
'Come along now,' her mother cried. 'The bus will be here any moment.' Her mother's impatient command sent her tumbling out of bed and hurrying to get ready; her mother hated anything that threatened the high point of her week. 5
- 2 The bus was already crowded when it arrived, and Amy and her mother barely managed to find room to sit. Off it went, rattling along over the dirt road, until eventually it trundled to a stop in the market area. Amy's mother bundled her off, eager to join the jostling crowds thronging the narrow streets.
- 3 They hurried by the displays of flashy jewellery spread out on the walk-ways, with their coloured bangles, crudely fashioned rings, and roughly polished stones, making for the stalls selling clothing materials. Amy's mother quickly began sifting through their repetitive patterns of colour, fashioning in her mind's eye some new dress, no doubt, or a best shirt for father. Amy, however, had her mind set on the caves near the market. She had heard of the attractions there: the tempting iced drinks, street musicians performing, and the fascinating puppet shows. Up till now she had not been allowed to go on her own. For the moment, though, the displays of luscious fruit across the road were temptation enough. She counted the coins in her purse, and treated herself to a small bag of juicy plums. 10 15
- 4 Back at the cloth stall, her mother was bargaining earnestly with the owner over some cotton fabric. The cut and thrust of argument was something that her mother relished at the market, perhaps even more than the sights and sounds of the market itself.
'There,' she said, smiling triumphantly at Amy. 'Enough to make a dress, or even two. Now for something for father.' 20 25
'Mother, can I go and have a look round the caves?' asked Amy. Amy's mother frowned slightly; she was not keen on Amy wandering too far on her own, but she quickly relented.
'Be back here in a hour, then, and not a minute later,' and she pressed a few coins into Amy's hand. Amy gratefully promised she would and ran off towards the steps that climbed steeply up to the caves. She bounded up them, eager to get to the biggest cave of all. Once inside, she was immediately stunned by its vastness, and its massive, grim-looking walls of stone. They made her feel insignificant, and, for some unaccountable reason, a little uneasy. 30
- 5 The next moment, though, she saw something more reassuring. In the far corner of the cave a large white cloth screen was being erected, musicians were gathering and people were taking their places for some sort of show. Suddenly there was a roll of drums. An old man made his entrance by the side of the screen, dressed in a tattered, grimy green cloak, and with a long, straggling beard. But it was his expression that startled Amy. It had an intensity she had never seen before and she imagined him as some sort of mysterious magician. Her feelings of uneasiness returned as she watched him gaze round the audience. 35 40
- 6 He clicked his fingers and immediately a small boy appeared, with large, sad eyes, and wearing a startling costume, all greens and reds. Even stranger was his face; his cheeks had been painted with scarlet make-up, making him look like some peculiar doll. From his hands dangled two wooden puppets, armed with miniature swords, and dressed as he was, in brightly coloured clothes, with their wooden cheeks picked out in scarlet paint. The doll-like appearance of the boy and his weird similarity to the puppets sent a shiver through Amy. 45

- 7 The musicians struck up a lively dance tune. The wooden figures jerked into action in the boy's hands; they leapt and spun in the air, their miniature swords flashing, and all in time with the music, until Amy thought she was watching live creatures. The boy himself seemed to become as one with them; his little body mimicked the movements of his puppets, while his eyes glowed with an eager fire. The music stopped; the dolls fell limp. At a nod from his master the boy disappeared with him behind the screen. 50 55
- 8 The musicians struck up again, this time playing a solemn melody. Slowly the white cloth of the screen seemed to come alive; behind it the black shape of a temple appeared, followed by black shadowy figures moving in a stately procession. They were uncannily life-like, with their nodding heads and the slow, deliberate movement of their legs. The audience burst into applause, as the spell of their realism took hold. Amy was entranced and yet half-afraid as well. Dark shadows on a screen were taking on a reality all of their own. Was there something at work in the cave, creating this weird transformation? A solemn note on a gong marked the end of the procession. The shadowy figures, outlined on the slowly darkening screen, moved slowly inside the black shape of the temple – then silence. 60 65
- 9 A blast of trumpets broke the stillness of the cave. The screen was lit up once more, but this time with the shapes of two solitary figures, moving slowly round each other, just like boxers sizing each other up. Yet the sharp outlines of swords indicated the beginning of a much grimmer contest. Their pace quickened as they became locked in close combat. Amy held her breath, already believing in the deadly intent of their thrusting weapons. Suddenly the drums sounded again, and a sword rose high and swiftly fell, followed by a piercing scream, all too lifelike in its agony. Amy jumped up in terror, then thought the cry was from a frightened onlooker. One of the swordsmen had fallen to the ground. Convinced by the realism of the fight, Amy imagined she saw a slow, red stain spreading against the whiteness of the screen, and did not question the strange, unearthly contrast of colour against the black and white backdrop of the fight. A single note on a trumpet signalled the end of the contest and the screen went dark. 70 75
- 10 The audience broke into a stuttering applause, clearly moved by the grim realism of the contest. The old man appeared by the side of the screen, holding up the two puppets, the fighters in the grim contest. One of them raised its sword in a grisly gesture of triumph. Amy looked closer. The other puppet bore a fearful resemblance to the old man's assistant, the little boy, with his large, sad eyes and his awful, scarlet-tinted face. Amy panicked wildly. She ran screaming outside, stumbling madly down the steps, blundering past the crowds, desperate to get away from the ghastly presence of the cave. On she went, feet flying, heart pounding, as though through some endless tunnel..... 80 85
- 11 'There you are, Amy. Where on earth have you been? We'll miss the bus if we're not careful.' 90
- Amy stared around her, her eyes still wide with fear. The sound of her mother's voice and of the market place brought her back to normality, but how she had arrived safely at her mother's side she could not tell. She ignored her mother's impatience, and simply followed her quietly to the bus, sitting in silence on the journey home. Once there she made for the comforting familiarity of her tiny room. Her wooden doll still sat cosily in the corner, with its fixed smile and large round eyes. But was there now something faintly mocking about that smile? 95

