

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**1115/02, 1120/02  
1123/02**

Paper 2 Comprehension

May/June 2006

INSERT

**1 hour 30 minutes**

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

This insert contains the passage for comprehension.

This document consists of **3** printed pages and **1** blank page.



*(The passage describes how a little boy, Joseph, gets lost on a shopping trip with his mother.)*

- 1 The pirate king, wearing a fancy white shirt, a scarlet velvet jacket and long black boots, had an aggressive expression on his face and a sharp, shiny sword in his hand. Enchanted, Joseph studied the picture in his story book. The letters danced before his eyes as he tried to recall the words of the story his mother had read to him the previous night, before she had tucked him into bed and kissed him goodnight. 5
- 2 ‘Joseph!’ his mother exclaimed, bustling impatiently into the room. ‘It’s time to go into town to buy you new clothes for starting school. Are you pleased?’ Without waiting for an answer, she hurriedly pushed him out of the front door in the direction of the bus stop. Reluctantly, Joseph trailed along behind her. He was the pirate king. He had a mission: adventures to complete and enemies to confront. He brightened a little as the bus came bumping and rattling over the hill, because this was his pirate ship dipping and rising with the turbulence of the ocean. His mother clasped his hand tightly and directed him to a seat. On the journey she counted the contents of her purse, anxious in case her own mission might not be successful. When the bus reached the shopping centre, Joseph found himself propelled onto the pavement and led into a store. 10 15
- 3 With a practised eye, Joseph’s mother scanned the rails of children’s clothes, checking sizes and prices, and picked out trousers, shirts and a jacket. Hiding her irritation at his indifference to the shopping trip, she coaxed him to co-operate with her by promising a reward at the end of it – a small toy, perhaps, or some fruit. ‘Please be a good boy, Joseph. I don’t know what’s got into you today!’ she complained, as her son’s aggressive face stared back at her from the mirror in the changing room. Joseph’s young conscience was stirred by this, and he decided to try looking on the bright side. Maybe the jacket wasn’t scarlet or velvet, but at least the shirts were white, if rather plain, and black trousers were probably acceptable for pirate kings. Before long, the transaction was complete, and his new school clothes were put into plastic bags. 20 25
- 4 ‘Kim! It’s so long since I saw you! How are you?’ Joseph recognised the former neighbour who greeted his mother at the store counter. He shuffled from foot to foot as the two women gave their respective accounts of the past two years, until suddenly his attention was seized by a picture which he had until now failed to notice on the wall of the children’s section of the store. He could hardly believe his eyes – there, complete with mast and white sails, was the pirate ship of his story book. 30
- 5 As if under a magnetic force, he slipped his hand free of his mother’s and moved towards the picture. He stared at it, wondering whether the pirate king was in his cabin or had gone ashore. He wandered through into the next section of the store and discovered that this was the toy department. He gazed at furry bears, model cars and plastic dinosaurs piled up in a delightful display; best of all, on a huge table two miniature trains ran round on a track, passing under bridges and past toy stations. Joseph stared longingly at these for several minutes, but, being an inquisitive child, and still thinking of himself as the pirate king ashore, he set off for further exploration. Downstairs, he strolled through the section of the store which sold household goods. A fascinated crowd had gathered to listen to a salesman demonstrating the efficiency of a kitchen knife which resembled a sharp, shiny sword. As the salesman talked, peelings from various fruits fell to the floor in unbroken loops. Had the demonstration been less enthralling, someone might have noticed a small boy slipping through the front door and out into the busy street. 35 40 45
- 6 A band of amateur musicians had congregated outside the store and Joseph studied them with interest. Two women in colourful dresses played wind instruments, while their equally colourful male companions beat drums and moved through their audience, collecting coins as donations. Joseph squeezed through the crowd and moved further

down the street. He came across a beggar sitting by the side of the road. A small can with some coins in it was placed near his feet, but there the similarity with the musicians ended. His clothes were dull, drab and tattered, and Joseph looked at him warily before hurrying on. He loitered at a roadside stall selling snacks to passing shoppers and listened to the friendly exchanges between the young cook – a boy wearing an alarmingly grubby apron – and his customers. Nearby, at a small shop selling bales of cloth piled to the ceiling, Joseph stared at the fabrics which were in almost every colour imaginable – reds, blues, yellows, purples. Emerging from the tiny doorway of the shop was a young boy accompanied by his mother, who held his hand tightly. At once, a panic clutched at Joseph's heart, making him breathless with fear: where was his own mother? His pirate king adventures forgotten, he turned round and round in the street, looking for her, but with no success. All that met his gaze were strange buildings, strange people, strange shops. The brave pirate king started to cry, tears spouting from his eyes, his sobs so loud and uncontrollable that they soon produced a flurry of interest from passers-by.

7 Meanwhile, Kim had enjoyed her chat with her former neighbour and they parted amicably, having made an arrangement to meet up at a later date. 'Goodbye, I'll see you soon,' cried Kim, turning round to take her son home. But where was he? Suppressing the urge to panic, she tried to be rational. Why would a five year old wander away from his mother? Why would he want to go far? She retraced her steps to the rails of children's clothes, trying to remain calm. He must be playing or hiding in the changing area, she thought, and checked out that theory. At this point her thinly disguised terror caused her to be noticed by a store assistant, who escorted her to an office. 'Please wait here until I find the manager,' was the instruction. Kim paced the small office impatiently, filled with guilt and fear.

8 After what seemed an eternity the manager arrived, trying to reassure Kim that all would be well. 'Already I have sent several members of staff out into the street to look for Joseph; in any case, a small boy cannot go far in a matter of minutes. Nevertheless, I have telephoned the police.' And so, at the same time as Joseph, Kim began to cry, but not for long. Realising that practicality was preferable to hysteria, she accompanied the manager to the store entrance. How long it seemed since she had brought Joseph through that door! As she stood helplessly looking up and down the street, she suddenly noticed two young women wearing the store's uniform approaching her and, to her great joy and relief, each was holding the hand of a small boy ... Joseph! Kim ran towards him, scooping him up into her arms, and the pirate king allowed himself to be embraced.

9 On the bus back to their village, Joseph stayed close by his mother. Once inside the house again, Kim and Joseph carefully hung up the new school clothes in the cupboard. Over dinner, Joseph was uncharacteristically withdrawn. Noting the change in her son, Kim offered to read to him from one of his story books.

'What about this one?' she asked, holding up the story of the pirate king.

'No, another one,' replied Joseph firmly, taking the book from his mother and placing it face downwards on the shelf.

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