

Cambridge International Examinations Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

## ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 1 Passages

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No Additional Materials are required.

## READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions: Question 1 and **either** Question 2 **or** Question 3. You should spend about 15 minutes reading the passages and questions before you start writing your answers. You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question or part question.

This document consists of 7 printed pages, 1 blank page and 1 insert.



## Answer Question 1 and either Question 2 or Question 3.

- 1 The following text is taken from an online advertisement for a luxury apartment called *Pembroke* in Cape Town, South Africa.
  - (a) Comment on the ways in which language and style are used to promote the accommodation and its location. [15]
  - (b) The same company posts a similar online advertisement for a different luxury apartment they run in your own part of the world.

Write a section (between 120–150 words) of this advertisement. Base your answer closely on the style and features of the original extract. [10]

Set on the water's edge in the heart of Cape Town's acclaimed waterfront, *Pembroke* is the quintessence of luxury serviced accommodation for either business or holiday, rubbing shoulders with two of the world's leading hotels, The One and Only, and Cape Grace.

Within walking distance of a myriad of bistros, gourmet restaurants, popular and *5* designer shopping, and an internationally renowned aquarium, *Pembroke* is an oasis to which you can retreat after sampling the city's busy delights.

Perched above the marina, relax and enjoy a languid drink at sunset, looking out over the water, or contemplate the majesty of Table Mountain after an invigorating day out and about.

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When only the very best will do for your Cape Town trip, why look any further?

Retail food outlets and fine dining establishments are within walking distance. For a special occasion, enlist a private chef for that indulgent gourmet meal. We can arrange tours of the Winelands, as well as trips to experience the exceptional regional flora and fauna (e.g. botanical gardens or whale-spotting). The Cape is also *15* a hotspot for golf with many nearby courses. We will gladly organise airport transfers as well as assist with vehicle hire during your stay.

This luxury serviced apartment's bedroom suite, which comes with a plush extra length king bed and luxury linen, commands superb views across the marina to Cape Town's waterfront and the ocean beyond. There is an open-plan dressing room 20 and en suite bathroom with separate wet room and power shower, a regal double bath enjoying views over the harbour, twin basins and bidet.

The bed is an extra length king-size, dressed with the finest linens with which to enjoy your marina bedroom choice of TV, film or music from the flat-screen TV and the surround-sound speakers' link to the apartment's integrated audiovisual system, *25* enhanced by mood lighting to orchestrate the ambience of the moment and all by remote control.

The suite enjoys vistas of Table Mountain and the cableway, Signal Hill and the Noon Day Gun (you'll hear its crack at twelve precisely), with The One and Only Hotel and its private villas huddled around the canal below. There are magnificent views of the green belt of Signal Hill from even the shower and bath. The terrace, too, invites you to step out and contemplate this panorama. On a balmy summer's evening, the play of light is remarkable. The fully-equipped kitchen is ergonomic perfection. Built-in appliances, coupled with finger-touch drawers and cupboards, make it heaven for gastronomes. Stylish cobalt 40 blue stone surfaces, punctuated with silver glints, add a dramatic signature to the kitchen's muted off-white and teal<sup>1</sup> colour scheme. Aspiring chefs can communicate directly with their guests in the lounge and dining area, with a serving counter providing direct and practical access from the kitchen.

The glass dining table is another spectacular creation and provides generous 45 seating for at least 8 people. The extremely comfortable dining chairs were specially made in a grey-blue leather to match the sofa in the lounge and to marry in with tall units in the kitchen. The lighting of the dining area was created for atmosphere to allow focused lighting on the table while reducing the light level throughout the rest of the open-plan space. All of this can be adjusted at the touch of a button on 50 the remote control. We love to dine here having put together a lovely meal with a good bottle of wine from our cellar collection – also available to our guests. A few tea-lights in white porcelain holders add further to the atmosphere as does the wonderful sound of the music from the speakers. Looking towards the balcony from the table and through the sheer red chilli metallic drapes, the lights of the marina 55 shine like stars. It really is so magical.

<sup>1</sup> *teal*: blue-green colour

- 2 The following text is taken from a magazine feature which describes the underwater exploration of the ship *Titanic*, which sank in 1912.
  - (a) Comment on the ways in which language and style are used to convey the atmosphere of the scene. [15]
  - (b) The writer publishes a magazine feature in which he describes his exploration of another unusual location (real or imaginary). In it he creates a strong sense of atmosphere.

Write a section (between 120–150 words) of this article. Base your answer closely on the features of the writing in the original extract. [10]

It had been five hours since my intrepid robot *Gilligan* left its garage on the front of the submersible *Mir 1* and disappeared inside the cavernous shipwreck.

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It was an eerie feeling but also strangely comforting, as if I were somehow home.

- The following text is taken from an autobiographical account. The writer recalls his early life in Havana, Cuba, and the time when the leader of the country, Batista, was overthrown by his opponents. At this stage, the writer feels that he is an outsider both in terms of his family and the outside world.
  - (a) Comment on the ways in which language and style are used to represent the writer's thoughts and feelings. [15]
  - (b) Later, the writer's mother records the experience of this day in her diary. Write a section of the diary entry (between 120–150 words). Base your answer closely on the material of the original extract. [10]

The world changed while I slept, and much to my surprise, no one had consulted me. That's how it would always be from that day forward. Of course, that's the way it had been all along. I just didn't know it until that morning.

I was barely eight years old, and I had spent hours dreaming of childish things, as children do. My father, who vividly remembered his prior incarnation as King Louis 5 XVI<sup>1</sup> of France, probably dreamt of costume balls, mobs, and guillotines<sup>2</sup>. My mother, who had no memory of having been Marie Antoinette<sup>3</sup>, couldn't have shared in his dreams. Maybe she dreamt of hibiscus blossoms and fine silk. Maybe she dreamt of angels, as she always encouraged me to do. "*Sueña con los angelitos*," she would say: Dream of little angels. The fact that they were little meant they were too cute to 10 be fallen angels.

The tropical sun knifed through the gaps in the wooden shutters, as always, extending in narrow shafts of light above my bed, revealing entire galaxies of swirling dust specks. I stared at the dust, as always, rapt<sup>4</sup>. I don't remember getting out of bed. But I do remember walking into my parents' bedroom. Their shutters were open *15* and the room was flooded with light. As always, my father was putting on his trousers over his shoes. He always put on his socks and shoes first, and then his trousers. For years I tried to duplicate that nearly magical feat, with little success. The cuffs of my pants would always get stuck on my shoes and no amount of tugging could free them. More than once I risked an eternity in hell and spat out swear words. *20* 

As he slid his baggy trousers over his brown shoes, effortlessly, Louis XVI broke the news to me: "Batista is gone. He flew out of Havana early this morning. It looks like the rebels have won."

"You lie," I said.

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"No, I swear, it's true," he replied.

Marie Antoinette, my mother, assured me it was true as she applied lipstick, seated at her vanity table. It was a beautiful piece of mahogany furniture with three mirrors: one flat against the wall and two on either side of that, hinged so that their angles could be changed at will. I used to turn the side mirrors so they would face each other and create infinite regressions of one another. Sometimes I would peer in and *30* plunge into infinity.

The night before, we had all gone to a wedding at a church in the heart of old Havana. On the way home, we had the streets to ourselves. Not another moving car in sight. Not a soul on the Malecón, the broad avenue along the waterfront. Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette kept talking about the eerie emptiness of the city. Havana *35* was much too quiet for a New Year's Eve.

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I can't remember what my older brother, Tony, was doing that morning or for the rest of the day. Maybe he was wrapping lizards in thin copper wire and hooking them up to our train transformer. He liked to electrocute them. He liked it a lot.

My older brother and my adopted brother had both been Bourbon princes in a former 40 life. My adopted brother had been the Dauphin, the heir to the French throne. My father had recognized him on the street one day, selling lottery tickets, and brought him to our house immediately. I was the outsider.

The lizards remained oblivious to the news that day, as always. Contrary to what my brother Tony liked to say as he administered shock treatments to them, the lizards 45 were not deluded in the least. They knew exactly what they were and always would be. Nothing had changed for them. Nothing would ever change. The world already belonged to them whole, free of vice and virtue. They scurried up and down the walls of the patio, and along its brightly colored floor tiles. They lounged on tree branches, sunned themselves on rocks. They clung to the ceilings inside our house, waiting for 50 bugs to eat. They never fell in love, or sinned, or suffered broken hearts. They knew nothing of betrayal or humiliation. They needed no revolutions. They feared neither death nor torture at the hands of children. They worried not about curses, or proof of God's existence, or nakedness. Their limbs looked an awful lot like our own, in the same way that eggplants resembled breasts. Lizards were ugly, to be sure – or so I 55 thought back then. They made me question the goodness of creation.

## I could never kiss a lizard, I thought. Never.

Perhaps I envied them. Their place on earth was more secure than ours. We would lose our place, lose our world. They are still basking in the sun. Same way. Day in, day out.

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- <sup>1</sup> Louis XVI: the deposed King of France at the time of the French Revolution in 1789, later executed by guillotine by his opponents
- <sup>2</sup> guillotine: device which drops a heavy blade, used to execute people
- <sup>3</sup> Marie Antoinette: wife of King Louis XVI, also executed
- <sup>4</sup> *rapt*: enchanted

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Question 2 © James Cameron; *Ghostwalking in Titanic*; National Geographic Society; April 2012.

Question 3 © Carlos Eire; Waiting for Snow in Havana; Confessions of a Cuban Boy; Free Press / Simon & Schuster Inc; 2003.

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