
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

9093/12

Paper 1 Passages

May/June 2014

2 hours 15 minutes

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 a website advertising a holiday location.

- (a) Comment on the ways in which language and style are used to promote the island and its benefits. [15]
- (b) The designers of the same website are invited to write a similar promotion for another holiday destination and its benefits to potential visitors.

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

In the azure waters of the Indian Ocean there is an island like no other on earth. An island where nature thrives and man is just a silent observer, curator of one of the most pristine islands on earth. Cousine Island is one of the 115 islands that make up the Seychelles: the perfect destination for travellers seeking an escape from the crowds, but where luxury and service are never compromised. Cousine Island can only be reached by helicopter and it is this seclusion that makes it such an attractive haven for people wanting absolute privacy. 5

Cousine Island offers you the opportunity to not only visit a private island but to *experience a sense of ownership*. The Island offers privacy found in very few places on earth! 10

From arrival to departure and beyond, you are a part of the Cousine Family – we offer warm hospitality which is unobtrusive and encourages a true ‘home away from home’ feeling.

Birds and tortoises welcome you, the song of the Magpie Robin enchants you and the ever curious skinks¹ sit quietly awaiting a crumb to fall from your table... 15

Private, unique and intimate weddings are offered on Cousine Island! Where would you find the most romantic beach wedding location to tie the knot? For the ultimate beach wedding, you won’t have to look further than Cousine Island. You cannot afford not to investigate Seychelles beach weddings; the exquisite setting is the perfect ingredient for a happy day, and with our temperate climate, choosing Cousine Island for this milestone will be one of the wisest choices you make. 20

Most newlyweds long for some seclusion, but they also want comfort and luxury and this is what Cousine Island is all about. For Seychelles beach weddings, the best time to come and tie the knot is from October to February, because you have the promise of lazy, hazy days; calm, serene seas and gentle breezes. 25

Save yourself a great deal of stress. Let us plan everything for you – from your dress, to the flowers, to the music and wedding feast. There are all sorts of different ways you can celebrate your beach wedding, anything from barefoot and tropical to something more formal.

The pressure is on for you to create an experience that is truly unforgettable, and it can be hard to know where to begin, but with Seychelles beach weddings we arrange everything and plan a day that you will never forget, and you will be totally relaxed and rejuvenated from having us arrange every tiny detail. 30

Come to the 'islands of love' – Seychelles beach weddings and honeymoons are the perfect way to start your journey together and to return again to celebrate all the important stages of your marriage. 35

The powder-white beach overlooking the turquoise blue water with palm trees swaying gently in the mid-afternoon breeze offers the perfect setting to celebrate your perfect wedding. Whether it is a grand affair with pastor and choir or barefoot on the beach, your wedding is sure to be remembered forever! 40

A perfect day rounded off by a romantic beach barbecue with a bonfire and a starlit sky... or a feast in the pavilion with family and friends.

Your honeymoon – a time to relax after the wedding. Kick off your shoes, settle under a palm tree and read your favourite book or let our spa therapist work away at the stress and tension left over from your wedding. Relax and unwind in our rustic spa which is located at the old Beach House. Our spa features the exclusive Ligne St Barth product range which is a very luxurious and all-natural skincare range. 45

You will be taken on a sensory journey that will leave you tingling with delight from head to toe. Enjoy our home-made ginger and peppermint tea on the verandah overlooking the ocean. We make sure that your time spent here with us will be enjoyed to the full. 50

Come and experience true paradise without having to deal with crowds of people!

¹ *skink*: type of lizard

- 2 The following text is taken from an account of the moments when the ship *Titanic* hit an iceberg in 1912.
- (a) Comment on the ways in which language and style are used to create the atmosphere of the scene. [15]
- (b) Continue the account (between 120–150 words). You do not have to bring the account to a close. Base your answer closely on the style and features of the original extract. [10]

High in the crow's-nest of the new White Star liner, *Titanic* lookout Frederick Fleet peered into a dazzling night. It was calm, clear and bitterly cold. There was no moon, but the cloudless sky blazed with stars. The Atlantic was like polished plate glass. People later said they had never seen it so smooth.

So far so good. On duty at ten o'clock... a few words about the ice problem with lookout Reginald Lee who shared the same watch... a few more words about the cold... but mostly just silence as the two men stared into the darkness. 5

Now the watch was almost over, and still there was nothing unusual. Just the night, the stars, the biting cold, the wind that rushed through the rigging as the *Titanic* raced across the calm, black sea at 22.5 knots. It was almost 11.40pm on Sunday, 10 14th April 1912.

Suddenly Fleet saw something directly ahead even darker than the darkness. At first it was small (about the size, he thought, of two tables put together) but every second it grew larger and closer. Quickly, Fleet banged the crow's-nest bell three times, the warning of danger ahead. At the same time he lifted the phone and rang the bridge.¹ 15

'What did you see?' asked a calm voice at the other end.

'Iceberg right ahead,' replied Fleet.

'Thank you,' acknowledged the voice with curiously detached courtesy. Nothing more said.

For the next thirty-seven seconds Fleet and Lee stood quietly side by side watching the ice draw nearer. Now they were almost on top of it, and still the ship didn't turn. The berg towered wet and glistening far above the forecastle deck, and both men braced themselves for a crash. Then miraculously, the bow began to swing to port. At the last second the stern shot into the clear and the ice glided swiftly by along the starboard side. It looked to Fleet like a close shave. 20 25

At this moment Quartermaster George Rowe was standing watch on the after bridge. For him too, it had been an uneventful night – just the sea, the stars, the biting cold. As he paced the deck, he noticed what he and his mates called 'whiskers round the light' – tiny splinters of ice in the air, fine as dust, that gave off myriads of bright colours whenever caught in the glow of the deck lights. 30

Then suddenly he felt a curious motion break the steady rhythm of the engines. It was a little like coming alongside a dock wall rather heavily. He glanced forward – and stared again. A windjammer,² sails set, seemed to be passing the starboard side. Then he realized it was an iceberg, towering perhaps a hundred feet above the water. The next instant it was gone, drifting astern into the dark. 35

On this quiet, cold Sunday night a snug bunk seemed about the best place to be.

But a few shipboard diehards were still up. As usual most were in the first-class smoking-room on A deck. Somebody produced a deck of cards, and as they sat playing and laughing, suddenly came that grinding jar. Not much of a shock but enough to give a man a start. In an instant... through the aft³ door... past the Palm Court... and out on to the deck. They were just in time to see the iceberg scraping along the starboard side, a little higher than the boat deck. As it slid by, they watched chunks of ice breaking off and tumbling into the water. In another moment it faded into the darkness astern. 40

The creaking woodwork, the distant rhythm of the engines, the steady rattle of the glass dome over the A deck foyer – all the familiar shipboard sounds vanished as the *Titanic* came to a stop. Far more than any jolt, silence stirred the passengers. 45

On deck there was little fun to be seen; nor was there any sign of danger. For the most part the explorers wandered aimlessly about or stood by the rail, staring into the empty night for some clue to the trouble. The *Titanic* lay dead in the water, three of her four huge funnels blowing off steam with a roar that shattered the quiet, starlit night. Otherwise everything was normal. Towards the stern of the boat an elderly couple strolled arm in arm, oblivious of the roaring steam and the little knots of passengers roving about. 50

It was so bitterly cold and there was so little to be seen, that most of the people came inside again. Mingling together, they made a curious picture. Their dress was an odd mixture of bathrobes, evening clothes, fur coats, turtle-neck sweaters. The setting was equally incongruous – the huge glass dome overhead... the dignified oak panelling... the magnificent balustrades with their wrought-iron scrollwork... and looking down on them all, an incredible wall clock adorned with two bronze nymphs, somehow symbolizing Honour and Glory crowning Time. 55 60

¹ *bridge*: a ship's control centre

² *windjammer*: large, old-fashioned sailing ship

³ *aft*: rear

3 The following text is taken from an autobiographical account of growing up.

- (a) Comment on the ways in which language and style are used to convey the writer's thoughts and feelings. [15]
- (b) Later, the friend records her thoughts and feelings about the writer and the journey 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]

Since I'm still in my senior year of high school none of my memories are too far in the past... To say the least I've a bad case of senioritis¹ but am fighting well. Anyhow, this seemed to be a pretty profound morning for me about a week ago...

The morning commute is, unfortunately, the same as it's always been. The same 5
grueling forty-five minutes of persistent chatter and the consuming static of a radio that's permanently stuck on "too loud". My only salvation is a single friend, the only soul on this forsaken mass-transit with a shred of dignity and intelligence – and I shouldn't just say a shred, she's practically brimming with it.

As I fold myself into the cracked faux leather seat, my knees press into the bench 10
in front of me and I note, not for the first time, that I'm much too tall for this. In an ineffective effort to escape the monsters around us, we both slide into the confines of the seat and bunker down for the daily ritual. It begins as per usual, we simultaneously contribute to an awkward silence then share common trivialities, like we're meeting for the first time, or passing shopping-carts in the grocery store. 15

After surveying the oblivious newcomers, I groan and break the silence, "They make me feel so old, you know?" I say, nodding my chin toward the junior high students clustered in the front six seats. She laughs in agreement and compliments my ponytail, comments on my barrette². She has a tendency to do that on days like this; it's like she can sense when I'm feeling down on myself. It typically makes me feel a 20
bit better. I try and do the same for her, but I'm a terrible judge of facial expression.

Some idiot in the back just decided to go and open a window, even though the dead admit it's cold outside. Some kids yell that it is only –2° and to shut the window, but I just pull my khaki wool jacket tighter across my chest and kick off my gray flats so I can tuck my feet beneath me and keep my toes warm. My confidant does the same 25
and zips up her black windbreaker, there's a moment of rustling that follows from her arms swishing across her torso while she rearranges her numerous bags. I shiver and we exchange a meaningful look that says simply "why?" because we both know the window will end up open all week.

I look again at her and her mountain of clutter and think, she'll be a crazy bag lady 30
someday... The thought makes me smile since I'm sure she knows it too and I idly play with the impossible lock ties of my own vintage blue messenger bag. It's at this time that I really notice how ravenous I am. I pull a small container of leftovers out of my bag to munch at as we converse and bump along. "Do you remember feeling six?" she asks while drawing on the frost-covered plexi-glass. For a moment I have 35
to stop chewing and seriously think. Images, hard to conjure, dimly flash; the salty taste of play-dough, the smell of summer and other various events that I would not care to dwell on. "No." I finally answer, "I remember some things from being six, but the feeling escapes me entirely." And it truly did, I just felt well... cold, a little old and just plain hungry. No matter how hard I tried I couldn't bring back that feeling of 40
uninhibited innocence that currently belongs to my little sister.

While we talked, complained and generally gossiped, the thought lingered in the back of my mind: just why was it so terrifically difficult to return to a long forgotten mindset? It frustrated me terribly that I could remember everything that happened, but it was like watching somebody else. In some weird way I felt as though I was intruding on someone else's experiences, trying to unravel some *alter* me's emotions and motivations. The vehicle stops and I'm returned, full force, to the present. The school gossip is climbing the stairs and I lean over and whisper, "It's too early for this." Shamefully we both plug our ears with headphones and miserably feign sleep. 45

It's all for nothing though since, Mouth, as we'll call her, plops into the seat next to us and pulls the headphones out to talk. For the next fifteen minutes my savior and I exchange casual "help me" glances as we get a month's worth of gossip at 30MPH, and once again Mouth's life story that either of us could repeat word for word. 50

¹ *senioritis*: decreased motivation toward studies displayed by students who are nearing the end of their school life

² *barrette*: a clasp or pin for holding hair in place

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Question 2 © Walter Lord; *A Night to Remember*; Penguin Books Ltd; 2012.
Question 3 © Grace Carey; <http://www.helium.com/items/2122110-senioritis?page=2>; 2012.

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