
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

9093/11

Paper 1 Passages

May/June 2018

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 In the following piece of nonfiction, the writer records his observations during a visit to the war-ravaged city of Stalingrad, Russia, in 1949.

- (a) Comment on the ways in which the writer uses language and style in the passage. [15]
- (b) Imagine you are the woman who gives bread to the young girl. A journalist asks for your account of what life is like for ordinary citizens in Stalingrad. Basing your writing closely on the material of the original passage, write a section (between 120 and 150 words) of your account. [10]

Across the street was the repaired Intourist Hotel where we were to stay. We were given two large rooms. Our windows looked out on acres of rubble, broken brick and concrete and pulverized¹ plaster, and in the wreckage the strange dark weeds that always seem to grow in destroyed places. During the time we were in Stalingrad we grew more and more fascinated with this expanse of ruin, for it was not deserted. Underneath the rubble were cellars and holes, and in these holes many people lived. Stalingrad was a large city, and it had had apartment houses and many flats, and now has none except the new ones on the outskirts, and its population has to live some place. It lives in the cellars of the buildings where the apartments once were. We would watch out of the windows of our room, and from behind a slightly larger pile of rubble would suddenly appear a girl, going to work in the morning, putting the last little touches to her hair with a comb. She would be dressed neatly, in clean clothes, and she would swing out through the weeds on her way to work. How they could do it we have no idea. How they could live underground and still keep clean, and proud, and feminine. Housewives came out of other holes and went away to market, their heads covered with white headcloths, and market baskets on their arms. It was a strange and heroic travesty on modern living.

There was one rather terrifying exception. Directly behind the hotel, and in a place overlooked by our windows, there was a little garbage pile, where melon rinds, bones, potato peels, and such things were thrown out. And a few yards farther on, there was a little hummock², like the entrance to a gopher³ hole. And every morning, early, out of this hole a young girl crawled. She had long legs and bare feet, and her arms were thin and stringy, and her hair was matted and filthy. She was covered with years of dirt, so that she looked very brown. And when she raised her face, it was one of the most beautiful faces we have ever seen. Her eyes were crafty, like the eyes of a fox, but they were not human. The face was well developed and not moronic. Somewhere in the terror of the fighting in the city, something had snapped, and she had retired to some comfort of forgetfulness. She squatted on her thighs and ate watermelon rinds and sucked the bones of other people's soup. She usually stayed there for about two hours before she got her stomach full. And then she went out in the weeds, and lay down, and went to sleep in the sun. Her face was of a chiselled loveliness, and on her long legs she moved with the grace of a wild animal. The other people who lived in the cellars of the lot rarely spoke to her. But one morning I saw a woman come out of another hole and give her half a loaf of bread. And the girl clutched at it almost snarlingly and held it against her chest. She looked like a half-wild dog at the woman who had given her the bread, and watched her suspiciously until she had gone back into her own cellar, and then she turned and buried her face in the slab of black bread, and like an animal she looked over the bread, her eyes twitching back and forth. And as she gnawed at the bread, one side of her ragged filthy shawl slipped away from her dirty young neck, and her hand automatically brought the shawl back, and patted it in place with a heart-breaking feminine gesture.

We wondered how many there might be like this, minds that could not tolerate living in the twentieth century any more, that had retired not to the hills, but into the ancient hills of the human past, into the old wilderness of pleasure, and pain, and self-preservation. It was a face to dream about for a long time.

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¹ *pulverized*: crushed or ground into a fine powder

² *hummock*: a small, raised area on a piece of land

³ *gopher*: a burrowing rodent found in North and Central America

2 The following text is an extract from a nonfiction book about modern-day farming.

- (a) Comment on the ways the writer uses language and style in the extract. [15]
- (b) Imagine you are a modern-day farmer and blogger. In your blog, you write about your personal experience of being a farmer in the twenty-first century. Using between 120 and 150 of your own words, and basing your writing closely on the material of the passage, write a section of text to upload to your farming blog. [10]

Mid-April in Pennsylvania, USA, and spring is in full swing. Birds are singing and daffodils celebrate in rampant profusion outside the front door of the white clapboard farmhouse. I gaze from the childhood bedroom window of the late Rachel Carson, the mother of the modern environmental movement, and look across the Allegheny valley where she grew up. I picture the young girl being inspired by the natural world around her: picking fruit from apple orchards, wandering nearby woods and hillsides, making countless discoveries as she went. Peering out into the morning light, I see two enormous chimney stacks belching smoke into the blue sky. Carson grew up in a world where industry and countryside existed side by side. But during her lifetime lines became blurred and industrial methods found their way into farming, with devastating consequences. 5

In 1962 Rachel Carson was the first to raise the alarm about the peril facing food and the countryside. Her book *Silent Spring* shone a spotlight on the effects of spraying the countryside with chemicals, part of agriculture's new industrialised approach. 10

I was on the last leg of a journey to see for myself the reality behind the marketing gloss of 'cheap' meat, to find out how the long tentacles of the global food system are wrapped around the food on our plate. I wanted to find out, half a century on, how things had changed, what notice we have taken, and what has happened to our food. It was a journey that had already taken me across continents, from the California haze to the bright lights of Shanghai, from South America's Pacific coast and rainforests to the beaches of Brittany. 15

In the 1960s, Carson's clarion call¹ was heard across the Atlantic by Peter Roberts, a dairy farmer from Hampshire, England. He was one of the first in Europe to talk about the invasion of intensive farming methods sweeping across from America. As he walked his fields and milked his cows, Roberts became uneasy at what was going on. He saw farm animals disappearing from the land into huge, windowless sheds, the farming press acting as cheerleader for the post-war agricultural revolution, his fellow farmers bombarded with messages ushering them along the industrial route. He felt something had to be done. 20

Angered by the institutionalised cruelty to animals on factory farms, Roberts approached the main animal charities of the day, urging them to get involved. He left disappointed: the charities were too busy focusing on cruelty to cats, dogs and horses. Despondent but undeterred, he shared his thoughts with a lawyer friend. 'Well Peter, at least you know where you stand,' the friend responded. 'You'll just have to take it up yourself.' 25

In 1967, Roberts founded the charity for which I now work: Compassion in World Farming. It was the autumn and the new organisation was run out of the family cottage; one man, his wife, Anna, and three small daughters against an industry driven by government policy, subsidised by taxpayers' money, guided by agricultural advisers and supported by a profusion of chemical, pharmaceutical and equipment companies. The odds against making any impact were huge. 30

¹ *clarion call*: a request for action

TURN OVER FOR QUESTION 3.

- 3 The passage which follows is from a nonfiction book about the science of predicting future events. In this chapter, the writer considers the reliability of weather forecasting.

- (a) Comment on the ways the writer uses language and style in the passage. [15]
- (b) A national newspaper where you live runs a feature about weather events that have had a significant impact locally. You write a letter to the newspaper describing your own experience of waiting in anticipation of a storm. Basing your writing on the style of the original passage, and using between 120 and 150 of your own words, write a section of the letter. [10]

On Tuesday, August 23, 2005, an Air Force reconnaissance plane detected signs of a disturbance over the Bahamas. There were “several small vortices,” it reported, spirals of wind rotating in a counter-clockwise motion from east to west—away from the expanse of the Atlantic and toward the United States. This disruption in wind patterns was hard to detect from clouds or from satellite data, but cargo ships were beginning to recognize it. The National Hurricane Center thought there was enough evidence to characterize the disturbance as a tropical cyclone, labelling it Tropical Depression Twelve. It was a “tricky” storm that might develop into something more serious or might just as easily dissipate; about half of all tropical depressions in the Atlantic Basin eventually become hurricanes.

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The depression strengthened quickly, however, and by Wednesday afternoon one of the Hurricane Center’s computer models was already predicting a double landfall in the United States—a first one over southern Florida and a second that might “take the cyclone to New Orleans.” The storm had gathered enough strength to become a hurricane and it was given a name, Katrina.

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Katrina’s first landfall—it passed just north of Miami and then zoomed through the Florida Everglades a few hours later as a Category 1 hurricane—had not been prolonged enough to threaten many lives. But it had also not been long enough to take much energy out of the storm. Instead, Katrina was gaining strength in the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. In the early hours of Saturday morning the forecast really took a turn for the worse: Katrina had become a Category 3 hurricane, on its way to being a Category 5. And its forecast track had gradually been moving westward, away from Florida and toward Mississippi and Louisiana. The computer models were now in agreement: the storm seemed bound for New Orleans.

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A direct strike of a major hurricane on New Orleans had long been every weather forecaster’s worst nightmare. The city presented a perfect set of circumstances that might contribute to the death and destruction there. On the one hand there was its geography: New Orleans does not border the Gulf of Mexico as much as sink into it. Much of the population lived below sea level and was counting on protection from an outdated system of levees¹ and a set of natural barriers that had literally been washing away to sea. On the other hand there was its culture. New Orleans does many things well, but there are two things that it proudly refuses to do. New Orleans does not move quickly, and New Orleans does not place much faith in authority. If it did those things, New Orleans would not really be New Orleans. It would also have been much better prepared to deal with Katrina, since those are the exact two things you need to do when a hurricane threatens to strike.

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The National Hurricane Center nailed its forecast of Katrina; it anticipated a potential hit on the city almost five days before the levees were breached, and concluded that some version of the nightmare scenario was probably more than forty-eight hours away. Twenty or thirty years ago, this advance warning would almost certainly not have been possible, and fewer people would have been evacuated. The Hurricane

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Center's forecast, and the steady advances made in weather forecasting over the past few decades, undoubtedly saved many lives.

Not everyone listened to the forecast, however. About eighty-thousand New Orleanians—almost a fifth of the city's population at the time—failed to evacuate the city, and one-thousand-six-hundred of them died. Surveys of the survivors found that about two-thirds of them did not think the storm would be as bad as it was. Others had been confused by an unclear evacuation order; the city's mayor, Ray Nagin, waited almost twenty-four hours to call for a mandatory evacuation, despite pleas from other public officials. Still other residents—impoverished, elderly, or disconnected from the news—could not have fled even if they had wanted to. 45 50

Weather forecasting is one of the success stories in this book, a case of man and machine joining forces to understand and sometimes anticipate the complexities of nature. That we can sometimes predict nature's course, however, does not mean we can alter it. Nor does a forecast do much good if there is no one willing to listen to it. The story of Katrina is one of human ingenuity and human error. 55

¹ /levees: embankments

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