
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

9093/12

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 **6** printed pages, **2** blank pages and **1** Insert.

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

1 The following text is an extract from a travelogue about the writer's first visit to the Maldives.

- (a) Comment on the ways in which the writer uses language and style in the extract. [15]
- (b) Imagine you are the writer and have landed on one of the islands. Basing your writing closely on the style and features of the original, continue the travelogue using between 120 and 150 of your own words. You do not need to bring your response to a conclusion. [10]

Down below there was water – lots of water. The screen on the maroon seat on my plane from Colombo in Sri Lanka to Male, capital of the Maldives, showed that we were crossing the 'Indischer Ozean'. Thin white streaks of waves broke on a peninsula bristling with jade-topped palm trees: our last glimpse of the mainland. Then there was blue – an enormity of blue. The Indischer stretched to the horizon, gargantuan, all-encompassing, seeming to roll onwards for ever. 5

It was a mesmerising sight. On the surface of the sea I could make out the faintest of movements, an almost imperceptible sway. The tiniest of undulations, the briefest stir, visible for a split second ... then gone. The motion returned and went away once more. From thirty thousand feet, far from the peaks and troughs of the swell, the ocean was a lumbering creature, somehow alive, quietly breathing in and out. 10

Rust-red cargo ships stood sentinel on the gently pulsing sea. They appeared hopelessly lost, minuscule man-made outposts in the infinite seascape. And as we rose through ribbons of cloud, the surface of the aqueous world began to alter. Glimmers of silver emerged, spreading outwards and blooming into a metallic sheen. The blue, after a tantalising spell of indigo, morphed into a mercurial swirl. As I looked through the oval window I began to readjust my place on the planet. From now on it was water, not land, that mattered. 15

The Indian Ocean nation of the Maldives is the flattest country on earth (the highest 'hill' is 7ft 10in) and stretches about 515 miles from north to south, bulging to just 80 miles at its widest point. Among the 1192 islands, 100 are 'resort islands', for tourists only, while 198 are categorised as 'inhabited'. All the islands and reefs and lagoons together amount to 35 300 square miles, about the size of North Island in New Zealand, but the territory is 99.9 per cent water, and most of the 0.1 per cent of land is about three feet above the sea. 20 25

There was water, water everywhere – and my first sight of Maldivian terra firma came in the form of a beetle-shaped island with curving leg-like jetties studded with hotel villas. Thick green palm groves at the centre of the island acted as the beetle's back. The land was almost perfectly circular and surrounded by a flawless rim of white sand. Beyond, the ocean disappeared in a swirl of clouds in the direction of Africa. 30

This beetle was followed by another bug-shaped creation, and another, and then a series of islands that appeared uninhabited. These were thin and stretched out in irregular ovals. They were unlike anything I'd seen before. There was something almost surreal about their wobbly shapes, the way they undulated in long curves adorned by foaming waves. 35

Many of the circles barely rose above the ocean. I already knew that what I was seeing was the tip of coral reefs that ringed ancient underwater volcanic peaks. These now-extinct volcanoes were the result of the meeting of tectonic plates. They had once towered above the water, but over the millennia had subsided, leaving both lagoons and the higher ground on which Maldivians lived. 40

The English naturalist Charles Darwin, no less, had first recognised coral reefs – known as atolls when the reefs circled a lagoon – and explained their formation when

pottering about the world's oceans in the 1830s on his ship, HMS *Beagle*. The peaks were part of an enormous ridge that ran from Madagascar to India, the submerged mountain range to which I was headed.

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- 2 In the extract which follows, taken from a collection of scientific essays, the writer describes a discovery made during an archaeological dig.

- (a) Comment on the ways in which the writer uses language and style in the extract. [15]
- (b) The fossils are later taken to a museum to be exhibited. Imagine you have been commissioned to write an insert about the exhibit for the museum's visitor brochure. Using between 120 and 150 of your own words, and basing your writing on the material of the original extract, write a section of the text for the brochure. [10]

'Let's go back this way and survey the bottom of that gully over there.'

The gully in question was just over the crest of the rise where we had been working all morning. It had been thoroughly checked out at least twice before by other workers, who had found nothing interesting. Nevertheless, conscious of the 'lucky' feeling that had been with me since I woke, I decided to make that small final detour. There was virtually no bone in the gully. But as we turned to leave, I noticed something lying on the ground partway up the slope.

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'That's a bit of a hominid¹ arm,' I said.

'Can't be. It's too small. Has to be a monkey of some kind.'

We knelt to examine it.

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'Much too small,' said Gray again.

I shook my head. 'Hominid.'

'What makes you so sure?' he said.

'That piece right next to your hand. That's hominid too.'

'Good grief!' said Gray. He picked it up. It was the back of a small skull. A few feet away was part of a femur: a thighbone. We stood up, and began to see other bits of bone on the slope: a couple of vertebrae, part of a pelvis—all of them hominid. An unbelievable, impermissible thought flickered through my mind. Suppose all these fitted together? Could they be parts of a single, extremely primitive skeleton? No such skeleton had ever been found—anywhere.

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'Look at that', said Gray. 'Rib.'

A single individual.

'I can't believe it,' I said. 'I just can't believe it.'

'You'd better believe it!' shouted Gray. 'Here it is, Right here!' His voice went up into a howl. I joined him. In that 110-degree heat we began jumping up and down. With nobody to share our feelings, we hugged each other, sweaty and smelly, howling and hugging in the heat-shimmering gravel, the small brown remains of what now seemed almost certain to be parts of a single hominid skeleton lying all around us.

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'We've got to stop jumping around,' I finally said. 'We may step on something. Also, we've got to make sure.'

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'Aren't you sure, for heaven's sake?'

'I mean, suppose we find two left legs. There may be several individuals here, all mixed up. Let's play it cool until we can come back and make absolutely sure that it all fits together.'

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We collected a couple of pieces of jaw, marked the spot exactly and got into the blistering Land-Rover for the run back to camp. On the way we picked up two expedition geologists who were loaded down with rock samples they had been gathering.

'Something big,' Gray kept saying to them. 'Something big. Something *big*.'

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That afternoon everyone in camp was at the gully, sectioning off the site and preparing for a massive collecting job that ultimately took three weeks. When it was done, we had recovered several hundred pieces of bone (many of them fragments) representing about forty percent of the skeleton of a single individual. Tom's and my original hunch had been right. There was no bone duplication.

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But a single individual of what? On preliminary examination it was very hard to say, for nothing quite like it had ever been discovered. The camp was rocking with excitement. That first night we never went to bed at all.

¹ *hominid*: the group consisting of all Modern and Great Apes, including humans

- 3 In the following text, taken from an anthology of travel writing, the author remembers joining a group of children and their uncle on a boat journey in the South Pacific.
- (a) Comment on the ways in which the writer uses language and style to present his thoughts and feelings. [15]
- (b) Years later, Uncle Joe writes a letter to Mitchey. In his letter, the uncle recalls the same boat trip and shares his own memories of it. Using your own words, and basing your writing closely on the material in the original passage, write a section (between 120 and 150 words) of Uncle Joe's letter. [10]

UNCLE JOE'S OUTING

South Pacific, June 1995

Joining a group of children on an outing in the South Seas brought back memories of long-gone summers.

It was darkening now, and a fat moon rose behind the island, showering the shallows with light. Needles of phosphorescence ignited in the wake of the boat as it moved in towards the beach. Uncle Joe had cut the engine, and one of the island boys stood on the bow, poling us into the smooth waters near the shoreline. Behind us the Calvados Islands stretched off towards New Guinea, and beyond that the great immensity of Asia.

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An hour earlier we crossed the last great coral reef before Neimoa, Uncle Joe steering carefully while an islander whispered directions in his ear. No matter how many times he had crossed this jagged obstacle course, he wanted the voice of an islander in his ear, whispering the turns of the wheel like a prayer. And then we were clear into the lee of the Calvados where a marlin¹ leapt across our bows and the schools of flying fish chased across the waves, while the children cheered and sang: 'Five little hungry frogs sitting on a great big log, eating all the delicious bugs, yum, yum.' Now in the shallows one of them had seen a shark. It lay straight ahead in the shaky light-beams of Uncle Joe's ancient torch, a small sandshark dozing in the white sands of the shallows.

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The three children were on holiday with their Uncle Joe and they had begged him to rescue them from the boredom of the summer holidays. The youngest was called Mitchey, and his two sisters began to tease him. 'That shark will eat you Mitchey,' they cried. But Mitchey wasn't bothered. He knew the sandshark only cared about fish.

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We made the last kilometres of the journey on a small fishing skip. The island smell, ozone, hibiscus, coconut, sweet wild grass, flowed towards us on the night breeze and Mitchey, who had spoken all the way down about leaping on to the beach, fell fast asleep, and was carried on to the sand by his eldest sister.

Over the next three days, I watched the children as they followed Uncle Joe from one end of the island to the other. They teased Mitchey relentlessly and then cuddled him; they pretended to steal his food, and then fed him with toffees. In the mornings, they would run diving into the crystal waters, hooting and shrieking, splashing each other until, exhausted from the play, they would fall on the hot sand and sing of the small frogs or tunes of the South Seas unknown to me.

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When I left them, watching their smiling faces growing ever more distant, as the boat began its inexorable² journey out of Eden, I felt a pang for all my own summers past and gone, and for the adult life with all its trials that even now was slowly swimming towards them.

¹ *marlin*: a large marine fish

² *inexorable*: impossible to stop or prevent

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