



Cambridge International AS & A Level

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

9093/11

Paper 1 Reading

May/June 2023

2 hours 15 minutes

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **all** questions.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The number of marks for each question or part question is shown in brackets [].

This document has **8** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Directed response

Question 1

Read the following text, which is an extract from a book called *Japanese Gardens* by the gardener and writer, Monty Don.

- (a) You work for a travel agency in Japan. Your boss has asked you to write the text for a section of a leaflet offering advice to travellers from the West who are going on a garden tour of Japan. Use 150–200 words. [10]

- (b) Compare the text for your leaflet with the extract, analysing form, structure and language. [15]

Before we left, I had bought and read everything I could find. I had talked to people and, after all, I had been to Japan before. But knowledge only gets you to a certain point in any garden. The head will only lead you to the place where the heart has to begin, and in Japan your Western head will inevitably lead you away from where your Japanese head needs to be.

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When I visit any garden, I always try to empty myself of the information that I already know about it. I let the garden come to me on its own terms. In fact, I always describe this as 'trying to find the garden' although in reality it amounts to finding the place, plant, view or even sound that somehow holds the essence of the place. I always know it when I find it. Sometimes it remains elusive and, however celebrated the garden, it remains inaccessible to me. Sometimes the chemistry is just not there.

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In Western gardens this almost always involves walking around the garden, looking, taking the odd note or picture, trying to tune in as receptively as I can to the spirit of the place. It is usually quick and easy and constitutes a delightful ten to twenty minutes. But many Japanese gardens are not intended for casual mooching. There are the stroll gardens such as Rikugi-en, but they have a route based upon a series of carefully arranged viewpoints along a prescribed – and at times policed – path. Zen dry gardens are designed to be viewed from a static position and are strictly not for walking in or on. Tea gardens have one narrow path that is carefully designed to lead you ever slower and more deliberately to the tea house. Going off piste is not an option.

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That rather characterises Japan – going off piste in any way is frightfully bad form. Here is one example. We were due to film a garden made by Mr Ishihara right inside the departure lounge at Haneda airport. Our filming slot was 7.00–10.00 a.m. We elected to have a quick bite of breakfast when the hotel restaurant opened at 6.30 a.m. (a film crew marches on its stomach), then drive to the airport, aiming to be there about 7.15 a.m. and still be finished by 10.00 a.m. We passed that message on to our hosts and duly arrived at 7.15 a.m. to be met by a stony-faced reception committee, clearly appalled at our lateness but too well-mannered to be anything but politely and formally welcoming.

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Filming went well until 9.50 a.m. when, just as we were finishing, our airport guide tried to physically wrest the camera and halt proceedings because, it turned out, he thought it would take us more than ten minutes to pack up and leave. The horror of us being late at both ends of the time slot was too much for him to bear. As it happened, it took us eight minutes to gather our things and walk through the airport to the door where our van was waiting, so at 9.58 a.m. we said our, by now, extremely curt farewells. See, we said, all that argy-bargy was completely unnecessary. Not only were we not

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over-running, but we had finished two minutes early. They almost exploded with exasperation, the last vestiges of politeness vanished, shouting that if we had not been late, none of that would have happened!

It was a cultural chasm.

This all directly relates to gardens. Everything in a garden – absolutely everything – is part of a code and pattern that has evolved as much through social and cultural growth as creativity. In fact, creativity and society cannot be separated in Japan. But that is only possible because in many ways the Japanese are much more accepting and broader minded than we are in the West. Native Shintoism with its visceral earthiness and the much more Confucian-based and cerebral Buddhism have never been in conflict. Both are central to the Japanese psyche and both can sit side by side with seemingly utterly conflicting ways of thinking and living. As long as the laws of the family and society are not broken, almost anything is tolerated.

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Section B: Text analysis

Question 2

Read the following text, which is an extract from a novel.

Analyse the text, focusing on form, structure and language.

[25]

The Woman in Black

Today, all was bright and clear, and there was a thin sun overall, though the light was pale now, the sky having lost the bright blue of the morning, to become almost silver. As we drove briskly across the absolutely flat countryside, I saw scarcely a tree, but the hedgerows were dark and twiggy and low, and the earth that had been ploughed was at first a rich mole-brown, in straight furrows. But, gradually, soil gave way to rough grass and I began to see dykes¹ and ditches filled with water, and then we were approaching the marshes themselves. They lay silent, still and shining under the November sky, and they seemed to stretch in every direction, as far as I could see, and to merge without a break into the waters of the estuary, and the line of the horizon.

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My head reeled at the sheer and startling beauty, the wide, bare openness of it. The sense of space, the vastness of the sky above and on either side made my heart race. I would have travelled a thousand miles to see this. I had never imagined such a place.

The only sounds I could hear above the trotting of the pony's hooves, the rumble of the wheels and the creak of the cart, were sudden, harsh, weird cries from birds near and far. We had travelled perhaps three miles, and passed no farm or cottage, no kind of dwelling house at all, all was emptiness. Then, the hedgerows petered out, and we seemed to be driving towards the very edge of the world. Ahead, the water gleamed like metal and I began to make out a track, rather like the line left by the wake of a boat, that ran across it. As we drew nearer, I saw that the water was lying only shallowly over the rippling sand on either side of us, and that the line was in fact a narrow track leading directly ahead, as if into the estuary itself. As we slipped into it, I realised that this must be the Nine Lives Causeway² – this and nothing more – and saw how, when the tide came in, it would quickly be quite submerged and untraceable.

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At first the pony and then the trap met the sandy path, the smart noise we had been making ceased, and we went on almost in silence save for a hissing, silky sort of sound. Here and there were clumps of reeds, bleached bone-pale, and now and again the faintest of winds caused them to rattle dryly. The sun at our backs reflected in the water all around so that everything shone and glistened like the surface of a mirror, and the sky had taken on a faint pinkish tinge at the edges, and this in turn became reflected in the marsh and the water. Then, as it was so bright that it hurt my eyes to go on staring at it, I looked up ahead and saw, as if rising out of the water itself, a tall, gaunt house of grey stone with a slate roof, that now gleamed steelily in the light. It stood like some lighthouse or beacon or martello tower³, facing the whole, wide expanse of marsh and estuary, the most astonishingly situated house I had ever seen or could ever conceivably have imagined, isolated, uncompromising but also, I thought, handsome. As we neared it, I saw the land on which it stood was raised up a little, surrounding it on every side for perhaps three or four hundred yards, of plain, salt-bleached grass, and then gravel. This little island extended in a southerly direction across an area of scrub and field towards what looked like the fragmentary ruins of some old church or chapel.

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There was a rough scraping, as the cart came onto the stones, and then pulled up. We had arrived at Eel Marsh House.

¹*dykes*: thick walls of earth next to a ditch made to prevent flooding

²*causeway*: a raised road or track that traverses wet ground

³*martello tower*: a small circular fort that was built for defence purposes on the coasts of Britain

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