
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

9093/13

Paper 1 Passages

October/November 2017

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 **two** questions: Question 1 and **either** Question 2 **or** Question 3.

- 1 The following passage is the opening of *Artemis Fowl*, a novel for older children by Eoin Colfer.
- (a) Comment on the style and language of the passage and how a reader is encouraged to read on. [15]
- (b) Write a continuation of the story (120–150 words). Base your answer closely on the style and features of the original extract. You do not need to bring your writing to a conclusion. [10]

PROLOGUE

How does one describe Artemis Fowl? Various psychiatrists have tried and failed. The main problem is Artemis's own intelligence. He bamboozles every test thrown at him. He has puzzled the greatest medical minds and sent many of them gibbering to their own hospitals.

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There is no doubt that Artemis is a child prodigy. But why does someone of such brilliance dedicate himself to criminal activities? This is a question that can be answered by only one person. And he delights in not talking.

Perhaps the best way to create an accurate picture of Artemis is to tell the by now famous account of his first villainous venture. I have put together this report from first-hand interviews with the victims, and as the tale unfolds you will realize that this was not easy.

10

The story began several years ago, at the dawn of the twenty-first century. Artemis Fowl had devised a plan to restore his family's fortune. A plan that could topple civilizations and plunge the planet into a cross-species war.

15

He was twelve years old at the time ...

CHAPTER 1: THE BOOK

Ho Chi Minh City in the summer. Sweltering by anyone's standards. Needless to say, Artemis Fowl would not have been willing to put up with such discomfort if something extremely important had not been at stake. Important to the plan.

20

Sun did not suit Artemis. He did not look well in it. Long hours indoors in front of the monitor had bleached the glow from his skin. He was white as a vampire and almost as testy in the light of day.

'I hope this isn't another wild-goose chase, Butler,' he said, his voice soft and clipped. 'Especially after Cairo.'

25

It was a gentle rebuke. They had travelled to Egypt on the word of Butler's informant.

'No, sir. I'm certain this time. Nguyen is a good man.'

'Hmm,' droned Artemis, unconvinced.

Passers-by would have been amazed to hear the large Eurasian refer to the boy as *sir*. This was, after all, the third millennium. But this was no ordinary relationship, and these were no ordinary tourists. 30

They were sitting outside a kerbside cafe on Dong Khai Street, watching the local teenagers circle the square on mopeds.

Nguyen was late, and the pathetic patch of shade provided by the umbrella was doing little to improve Artemis's mood. But this was just his daily pessimism. Beneath the sulk was a spark of hope. Could this trip actually yield results? Would they find the Book? It was too much to hope for. 35

A waiter scurried to their table.

'More tea, sirs?' he asked, head bobbing furiously.

Artemis sighed. 'Spare me the theatrics and sit down.' 40

The waiter turned instinctively to Butler, who was, after all, the adult.

'But, sir, I am the waiter.'

Artemis tapped the table for attention.

'You are wearing handmade loafers, a silk shirt and three gold signet rings. Your English has a tinge of Oxford about it and your nails have the soft sheen of the recently manicured. You are not a waiter. You are our contact, Nguyen Xuan, and you have adopted this pathetic disguise to discreetly check for weaponry.' 45

Nguyen's shoulders sagged. 'It is true. Amazing.'

'Hardly. A ragged apron does not a waiter make.'

Nguyen sat, pouring some mint tea into a tiny china cup. 50

- 2 The passage below comes from an autobiographical memoir by Kenyan writer Binyavanga Wainaina. In it he recalls taking off from Johannesburg airport to fly to Kenya.

(a) Comment on the language and style of the extract. [15]

(b) Write a description of a part of a journey that you have taken (120–150 words). Base your answer closely on the style and features of the original extract. [10]

I get the window seat, and as soon as I am settled, stuff sprawled around me, my seatmate arrives. He is tanned and wiry and surfer slouchy, with shaggy blond hair that leans down his forehead. He unloads his bag on his chair, a laid-back nylon puzzle box with strange bulges and slits and zips all over. They look carelessly placed.

5

He gives me a tight, measured smile and goes to work: straps scream, zips purse thoughtfully, before he unrolls the conveyor belt of symmetrical teeth, which grins lopsided, to reveal small, netted storage compartments, where carefully rolled tattered and softened jeans sit with a rolled smaller bag of various happy unguents.

He lifts his shirt, a colorful thing wrapped around his lower belly snaps open, then a flap screeches up, then a zip grins and eats his passport.

10

He sits down. Snap. Then arranges himself in the seat in a sort of half-yoga position, one knee up, tourist guidebook slouching on his thigh. He pops a little capsule of chewing gum into his mouth.

The in-flight magazine describes a new thing called bungee jumping. People stand on giant cranes, on top of giant cliffs, with rubber bands around their waists, and jump and almost kiss the ground at superspeed, and are yanked back up, bouncing on the spongy world, which refuses to offer threats. The moment he is comfortable and settled into his book, I want to get up.

15

* * *

There is a moment, five minutes into the air above Johannesburg, where the basics are established outside my window: giant piles of earth from the gold mines that look like plasticine playground pyramids, thousands of swimming pools, and more thousands of paper and cardboard and corrugated iron shacks, and even more thousands of matchbox homes. From the air their place in a political project is clear: tiny, tiny little squares of measured and regulated space.

20

25

An Excel spreadsheet city. Each little box is the same size. Places that could spread out to the moon are folded into the physics of this universe—and you walk away from some highways and you are in a dense black hole called Alexandra, which has close to one million people in two square miles, but you look at the spreadsheet, and Alex is one little box, the size of twenty or so compounds in Sandton nearby. So millions of words and lives and economies have disappeared behind the clean lines. The residents of Sandton write bewildered letters to the newspapers, unable to understand the unstoppable epidemic of crime.

30

It is all strange to me still, this country, where every human economic activity has been tagged and measured and taxed. Everything is numbered. Anything you want to buy is within reach; it has been broken into many tiny pieces, and you can buy it, a piece at a time: a car, a house, a CD. Even lamb chops are available on credit, bought for special meals and paid off over several months with interest.

35

If you click on one of those boxes, any one, a whole giant world tumbles out, a sort of apartheid hypertext of massive worlds hidden inside the boxes, brewing and growing, and emerging from the invisible to pay for lamb chops.

40

3 The following passage is a lifestyle advice column from the *Chicago Tribune*.

- (a) Comment on the style and language of the article. [15]
- (b) You have been asked to write a column for your secondary school student newspaper entitled *How We Can Reach Our Goals*. Write the opening of your column (120–150 words). Base your answer closely on the style and features of the original extract. [10]

Overcoming Obstacles: How Your Biggest Failure Can Lead to Your Success

There's been a lot written on the theme of failure and how integral it is to success.

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And you will have learned more from your
journeys than from lying around safely at home.

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