www.dynamicpapers.com

International General Certificate of Secondary Education
CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH 0500/1

PAPER 1 Reading and Directed Writing

MAY/JUNE SESSION 2002

2 hours

Additional materials:
Answer paper

TIME 2 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/answer booklet.

Answer **all** questions.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.

Dictionaries are **not** permitted.

This question paper consists of 7 printed pages and 1 blank page.

SB (SLC) S08499/3
© CIE 2002

UNIVERSITY *of* CAMBRIDGE
Local Examinations Syndicate

[Turn over

http://www.xtremepapers.net

www.dynamicpapers.com

Part 1

Read the following article carefully; then answer Questions 1–10.

This article is about eating out in Beirut, Lebanon.

Entering the American Zone

Until eighteen months ago, the cliff-top restaurant Nasr was the king of the coast. Its many customers ate succulent kebabs and fish while watching the waves of the Mediterranean crash against the rocks below. Now it has been taken over by an American fast food chain serving good ol' burgers. Across the street, Kentucky Fried Chicken and Baskin Robbins vie with Hardees to attract junk-food eaters.

The opening of McDonald's this year with its valet parking and planned twelve branches nationwide has been heralded by teenagers as the 'coming of civilisation'. No other city in the world can boast two Hard Rock Cafes – one American and one Canadian. Bar hoppers can get a thrill at Henry J Bean's and Planet Hollywood. And just in case customers forget they are entering the American zone, waiters in many of the shops speak only English and entertain their charges by dancing to the music of 'Greased Lightning'.

As older Lebanese look on doubtfully at the invaders, teenagers and those in their early twenties seem to be having a ball. 'Finally,' one girl said to me, 'we can live like normal people.'

I nodded. A few years ago, I admit that I was just as happy when I heard an American chain was opening up and just as amused to have Lebanese waiters take my orders in English. In time, however, Henry J Bean's has lost its appeal.

The long-established, cluttered watering-hole that is Chez André, tucked out of sight off bustling Hamra Street, seems much more comfortable, although it's just a long bar with some old chairs strewn around. The corners are dominated by old timers carefully observing who's entering or leaving. Most are well into their fifties. Some are poets, some are journalists and others are politicians — airing their views to whoever will listen.

Starbucks Cafe may be nice and dandy, but I prefer sipping my tea – made with real mint – at Kahwit Rawda on the seafront. Surrounded by trees and shabby tables, I can allow my thoughts to drift as I stare at the open sea. On Sundays, families take advantage of the open-air area, one of the few in Beirut, to let their children romp around. My parents tell me that the city once had many such places. This is the only one left and rumours are already circulating that a businessman is trying to purchase it to develop the land.

But nobody could ever convince Francois Bassil to sell his little restaurant, called *Le Chef*. Set among a cluster of old buildings on Gemaizeh Street, the restaurant was opened in 1967 and to this day serves the same homemade dishes – a different one each day. The room barely fits 30 people and all have a full view of Bassil as he prepares his mouth-watering food. For the equivalent of about seven dollars, customers can expect a delicious meal. Bassil's son Charbel knows each and every customer by name and makes a point of memorising the names of newcomers, whom he welcomes courteously in his white apron.

'Once I meet people, I never forget them,' Charbel told me as he served rice and chicken. No drumsticks, however. He knows that I don't like them and takes the personal initiative of serving me only white meat. 'We're the only typical Beirut restaurant left in the city,' he says proudly. 'A lot of people like the old ways and don't want to change so they come to us.'

All I can say is that it's a pity we can't bid Burger King goodbye and welcome in another Le Chef.

www.dynamicpapers.com

For Questions **1–6** write down the letter **A**, **B**, **C**, or **D** on your answer paper to indicate the most appropriate answer in each case.

1 What has happened to the cliff-top restaurant Nasr?

A It has been voted 'King of the coast'.

B It has collapsed into the sea.

C It has recently changed ownership.

D It now serves burgers instead of chicken. [1]

2 Who might be least likely to approve of all the new American restaurants?

A Henry J. Bean

B Middle-aged people

C Twenty-year-olds

D Waiters [1]

3 Which of the following best describes Chez André?

A easily found

B newly opened

C well furnished

D well liked [1]

4 Families go to Kahwit Rawda because

A it has a play area for the children.

B it is surrounded by trees and shabby tables.

C they can sip their tea together.

D they can stare at the open sea. [1]

5 Francois Bassil's restaurant

A has a fixed daily menu.

B is big and spacious.

C is extremely expensive.

D is not for sale. [1]

[Turn over

www.dynamicpapers.com

6 Charbel

A has a bad memory.

B is the owner of the restaurant.

C makes the customers feel at home.

D only serves white meat to customers. [1]

For Questions **7–10** you must answer in your own words.

7 Explain what the girl meant when she said, 'We can live like normal people' (paragraph 3). [2]

8 What do you think was in the writer's mind when she 'nodded' in reply (paragraph 4)? [3]

9 If a businessman or businesswoman tried to buy Francois Bassil's restaurant, what **three** reasons would the owner and his son give for saying no? [3]

10 Give **six** reasons why the writer prefers the old restaurants and cafes to the new ones. [6]

[Total : 20]

www.dynamicpapers.com

Part 2

In the following passage, which is set in England in the 1970s, Simon explores a deserted garden and a watermill. (A watermill is a building with a big wooden wheel turned by a river, which operates a machine.) His experience becomes more upsetting and frightening as it goes on.

Read the passage carefully; then answer Questions 11 and 12.

Terror in the Watermill

He came to the great pond first; desperately thirsty. But the water wasn't the kind you could drink. It lay at the bottom of a stone wall, six feet below Simon's shoes. If you fell in, you could never climb out again. And the water was dark grey, as though somebody had mixed soot with it. Yet you could see down through it, in the bright sunshine, to dim beds of weed that had grey scum growing on them. The only cheerful thing was masses of tiny bright-green leaves floating on the surface, almost a mad yellow in the sun. But they only made the pond seem deeper, darker, dirtier.

Further out were lily-pads – not well organised, but a wreck, a jumble of leaf-points sticking up like the bows of sunken ships. Further out again, a densely-wooded island. Two brown ducks swam round the island as Simon watched. Normally, ducks cheered him; fat, quacky and bright. But these looked furtive, as if they knew they shouldn't be there.

Simon walked along the massive wall, towards the strange roof. Funny, the roof came right down to the pond-wall. Must be a very low building… But as he reached it, he gasped. The ground suddenly dropped twenty feet. He was no longer standing on a wall, but on top of a dam. And the roof belonged to a water-mill, built against the dam. There was a huge water-wheel, red with rust. He ran down red stone steps into the garden in front of the mill.

Only it was no longer a garden. It was a jungle. Rose trees extended long, thin branches like bending fishing-rods, ten feet in the air. Laden with tiny white roses. The branches looked unsafe; waved wildly with every breath of air. There were poor grey spiky lupin plants, too, desperately struggling not to drown in the engulfing sea of grass. Most of the grass was dead and rotting.

There was no pathway from the foot of the red steps, except the low tunnels wild things make. Nobody had come this way for a long, long time.

Dead grass had grown halfway up the front door; a front door that didn't really go with the rest of the mill. Modernish and painted a sun-blistered maroon, with two pebble-glass panels at the top. One panel was neatly broken, just above the lock. Not vandals. Somebody had broken the glass to get in; somebody who didn't want to do more damage than he had to… The door opened inwards, but jammed halfway. Simon squeezed past.

He was in a dim, whitewashed living-room. Though the fireplace was only a black hole in the whitewashed wall, with rusty bars across to keep the coals from falling out, there was still ash in the grate. A bed stood in one corner, under the window. Just a brown mattress, with a pile of brown blankets neatly folded. A wooden table, with a wooden chair pushed back from it. On the table, a stump of candle, matches, a well-bitten pipe and a newspaper.

Simon began to back out in embarrassment. This was somebody's home. They might be back any moment. Somebody might be listening, beyond that far door…

[Turn over

www.dynamicpapers.com

The newspaper on the table drew him irresistibly. But surely newspapers were smaller than that these days.

The headline said: *STALINGRAD ARMY WIPED OUT*. The date was Monday, February 1, 1943.

He grabbed it, and it crumbled to brown flakes under his hand.

He stared round the dim room, wrinkling up his eyes in bafflement. 1943? But he *knew* somebody had just left the room. He could feel their presence still.

Then he knew somebody was watching him; from the left. He froze, between embarrassment and terror. He could not move his legs; only turn his head, straining to see out of the corner of his eye.

There were three people, standing in the darkest place, watching him. They did not move either.

11 **(a)** Write a summary of all the things that Simon notices about the watermill and its surroundings that suggest that nobody has been there for a very long time. Write about 90 words. Use your own words as far as possible.

(b) Write a summary of everything that might have scared Simon in this passage. Write about 110 words. Use your own words as far as possible.

[20]

12 Continue the story.

You should refer to:

- the three people – who they were and why they were there;
- how the boy escaped.

Your story must be based on ideas and details in the passage.

You should write between $1\frac{1}{2}$ and 2 sides, allowing for the size of your handwriting. [20]

www.dynamicpapers.com

BLANK PAGE

www.dynamicpapers.com

Copyright Acknowledgements:

Passage 1 (Q1–10). © *New Internationalist*. 'Entering the American Zone – Letter from Lebanon' by Reem Haddad. March 2000.
Passage 2 (Q11–12). Extract from *The Scarecrows* by Roger Westall, published by Bodley Head. Used by permission of The Random House Group Limited.