

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH**

**0500/02**

Paper 2 Reading and Directed Writing

May/June 2003

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

**2 hours 15 minutes**

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.  
Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.  
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **all** questions.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

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

Dictionaries are **not** permitted.

This document consists of **7** printed pages and **1** blank page.



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**Part 1**

Read Passage A and Passage B carefully; then answer Questions 1 and 2.

**Passage A****Life on Inishmaan**

*This passage is part of an account written 100 years ago by J. M. Synge.  
Synge went to live on Inishmaan, a remote island off the west coast of Ireland.  
This passage describes his first journey to his new home, and his impressions of it.*

Early this morning the man of the house came over for me with a *curagh*—that is, a boat with four rowers and four oars on either side, as each man uses two—and we set off a little before noon.

It gave me a moment of exquisite satisfaction to find myself moving away from civilisation in this rough canvas canoe of a type that has served primitive races since people first went on the sea.

We had to stop for a moment at a vessel that is anchored in the bay, to make some arrangements for the fish-processing. When we started again, a small sail was run up in the bow, and we set off across the water with a leaping up-and-down motion that had no resemblance to the heavy movement of a larger boat.

The sail is used only as an aid, so the men continued to row after it had gone up, and as they occupied the four cross-seats, I lay on the canvas at the stern and on the frame of slender wooden laths, which bent and quivered as the waves passed under them.

When we set off it was a brilliant morning of April, and the green, glittering waves seemed to toss the canoe among themselves, yet as we drew nearer this island a sudden thunderstorm broke out behind the rocks we were approaching, and caused a momentary tumult in this still vein of the Atlantic.

We landed at a small pier, from which a rough track leads up to the village between small fields and bare sheets of rock like those in Aranmor. The youngest son of my boatman, a boy of about seventeen, who is to be my teacher and guide, was waiting for me at the pier and guided me to his house, while the men settled the *curagh* and followed slowly with my baggage.

My room is at one end of the cottage, with a boarded floor and ceiling, and two windows opposite each other. Then there is the kitchen with earth floor and open rafters, and two doors opposite each other opening into the open air, but no windows. Beyond it there are two small rooms of half the width of the kitchen with one window apiece.

The kitchen itself, where I will spend most of my time, is full of beauty and distinction. The red dresses of the women who cluster round the fire on their stools give a glow of almost Eastern richness, and the walls have been toned by the turf-smoke to a soft brown that blends with the grey earth-colour of the floor. Many sorts of fishing-tackle, the nets, and the oiled skins worn by the fishermen, are hung upon the walls or among the open rafters; and right overhead, under the thatch, there is a whole skin from which they make leather sandals.

Every article on these islands has an almost personal character, which gives this simple life, where all art is unknown, a natural artistic beauty. The *curaghs* and spinning-wheels, the tiny wooden barrels that are still much used in place of earthenware, the home-made cradles, churns, and baskets, are all full of individuality; being made from materials that are common here, they seem to exist as a natural link between the people and the world that is about them.

## Passage B

### Island Fever

*In this controversial article, William Davis gives his personal opinion about spending one's life on tropical islands but thinks they can be great for brief holidays.*

I was once offered a chance to buy a tropical island for \$500,000, which I suppose is a reasonable enough sum for the right to lord it over one's own palm-fringed kingdom. I rather liked the idea, but I am glad that I resisted the temptation. Private islands are not as carefree as we imagine them to be, and they are certainly not cheap.

A back-to-nature lifestyle may sound romantic, but who wants to end up alone and uncomfortable like the Tom Hanks character in the film *Cast Away*? Not me. Getting away from it all is no fun if you don't have the amenities one takes for granted at home: drinkable water, electricity, and medical attention. You also have the opportunity to hop on a plane back to civilisation when you get bored with the sunsets and coconuts.

The mega-rich can buy generators and helicopter pads, but even they find that money can't solve every problem. They need competent servants who speak their language, but it's not easy to persuade people to join you in a remote hideaway. Robinson Crusoe had his Man Friday, but Friday was a lousy cook and if he were around today he would no doubt be complaining about his accommodation and working hours.

I am not surprised to hear that Wilbur Smith, one of my favourite authors, is selling his island in the Seychelles. He bought it, he says, because "it seemed a good idea at the time". I have been there and I know how seductive these exotic retreats can be. I also know that privacy can become very tedious. It may suit hermits, but most of us want the company of interesting friends. They may come for a short holiday, but what about the rest of the year – or even a season? What, for that matter, do you do if it rains for a week? (It happens more often than you might think.)

Smith says that he wants to be “free”, which is rather ironic. One of the attractions of private islands is that they promise freedom – the opportunity to escape from all the things which can make life in a city so irksome. But, as he discovered, island living means a new set of burdens and worries.

A sensible alternative to buying is to rent a private hideaway for a few weeks. It isn't difficult: there are many islands, around the world, which are available at different times of the year. The cost can be shared with relatives or friends, and you can have a good time without making a permanent commitment.

I have been an ardent fan of islands ever since I first went to Capri more than 40 years ago. I have not lost my enthusiasm, but long experience has taught me that it pays to find out what one is letting oneself in for.

My idea of a good time, these days, is a week or two on an island like Bora Bora in Tahiti, La Digue in the Seychelles or Harbour Island in the Bahamas. I like small but comfortable resort hotels which provide all the amenities one could wish for and allow one to indulge in Robinson Crusoe fantasies.

There are said to be more than 150,000 islands in the world. Many are so low that the tide almost covers them, and some are no bigger than a city square. Others, like Barbados, have luxury hotels and visitors who have already booked rooms and suites for the winter season. They know what to expect: sunny days in months like January and February, rum punches at the bar, deckchairs on the beach, dinner under the stars, local entertainers, excursions to other islands and the opportunity to make new friends. They may even come across Wilbur Smith. He would, I am sure, be happy to sign copies of his latest book.

## 1 Summarise

- (a) what you think J.M.Synge found remarkable about the voyage to Inishmaan and about what he found there, and
- (b) why William Davis would not enjoy living on a tropical island.

Write about 1 side, allowing for the size of your handwriting.

[20]

## 2 Imagine that you are the writer of the **first** passage.

You have read William Davis's article and decide to write him a letter.

In your letter you write about Davis's attitudes to islands and to island life, and respond to them using ideas from the first passage.

Write the letter.

Begin your letter: Dear Mr Davis...

Write 1½–2 sides, allowing for the size of your handwriting.

[20]

**Part 2**

- 3** Read Patchara's diary of a class holiday at the Lahjung Adventure Centre on the opposite page. Above the diary you will find a programme for the six days at the Centre.

You are Patchara. Miss Ishida has asked you to write an article for your school student publication, in which you:

- express your feelings about your adventure holiday now that it is all over
- try to persuade other students at your school to take part next year.

Base your article on the material in the diary.

You should write between 1½–2 sides, allowing for the size of your handwriting.

[20]

**PROGRAMME****Day 1: Arrival and acclimatisation****Day 2: Rock climbing and visit to waterfall****Day 3: Jungle trek****Day 4: Rest day with team games****Day 5: Shooting the rapids****Day 6: Return****Patchara's Diary****Day 1**

Terrible journey. The truck jolted and bumped and we were thrown up and down till we ached. All right for Miss Ishida and Mr Enberg – they were up front with the driver. Miss Ishida said it would help to toughen us up. Oh! and the weather – it's so humid, I feel like lying on the ground and staying there. Our living quarters are unspeakable. We're all close together, the beds are hard, and someone has smelly feet, ugh. Mr Enberg says it teaches us to live together and reminds us what real life is like. Where's the aircon?

**Day 2**

I hate this. I was humiliated. I never wanted to go up the rock face, but they made me. Everything was steaming and the rock was covered with vegetation so it wasn't exactly dangerous, but I panicked. Two-thirds up I was sure I was going to fall, so I froze. I was the tenth to go so there they were at the top and the bottom, staring at me spreadeagled. But no-one laughed. Mr Enberg was just behind me and he helped me to the top. I didn't know teachers could be so kind. And when I got there they all clapped. In the afternoon they took us to a marvellous waterfall – I don't think I've ever seen anything so beautiful, and Miss Ishida says we must fight to prevent countryside like that from being destroyed. I was gawping at the top when I fell in, just like that, and had to be rescued for the second time that day. I thought I'd drown.

This time they did laugh, but in the end I joined in.

**Day 3**

They made us dress up so that the leeches couldn't get us. Sunida didn't do it and got them all over her. We had to look after her. I guess it was **her** bad day. You sort of get used to living uncomfortably – and everything you do is public. So you have to rely on your friends. When I saw the snake gliding towards me, they were there to warn me not to panic. And I wasn't really afraid, not as I thought I would be. But it was great seeing the monkeys and the parrots. And Mr Enberg showed me a fungus he said contained a drug to fight cancer. I got back dripping and looking like a rubbish heap, but I'd had a great day. Afterwards they told us that that part of the jungle was in danger of being felled.

**Day 4**

Glad of a rest, though I feel stronger than when I arrived. I think I've learned to make friends for the first time in my life. I don't seem to mind living on top of everyone any more. After all it's the same for all of us.

**Day 5**

What an end to the holiday! We went canoeing with some experts, and you could hear the water roaring as we paddled out into the river. Then whoosh! down we went, trying to keep upright. Huge rocks rushed past us, and if we were in danger, we never had time to think about it, we were screaming with excitement. Then suddenly we were spinning round in a quiet pool off the main river. Wow! We had to trek back up again, and the "experts" made us carry the canoes. But it was worth it.

**Day 6**

Nothing much to say. We left early in the truck. Everyone was sad to go back to our world of comfort. We've learned such a lot about ourselves.

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*Copyright Acknowledgements:*

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