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Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH **0500/22**

Paper 2 Reading Passages (Extended) **May/June 2014**

2 hours

READING BOOKLET INSERT

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READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

This Reading Booklet Insert contains the reading passages for use with all questions on the Question Paper.

You may annotate this Insert and use the blank spaces for planning. This Insert is **not** assessed by the Examiner.

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Part 1

Read **Passage A** carefully, and then answer **Questions 1** and **2** on the Question Paper.

Passage A

After an overnight stay in a lonely farmhouse, three friends set off on a walk that has a mysterious ending.

An Unexplained Disappearance

Next morning, the three friends sat at the long table enjoying Mrs Grace's farmhouse breakfast. Arthur Hilyer, the historian, joked about the loneliness of the location. Anita Myborg, the naturalist, hoped to watch rare birds of prey. Grant Frensham loved tramping across the moors. Mrs Grace glanced at their map. 'I hope you wouldn't be thinking of going into Malbrun. That's a bad village. No one's gone there since a young man got locked up overnight. They say that it's full of dangerous animals. And around it, there's what we call the wild forest – a terrible place, with sudden deep waters and paths that lead you nowhere and trap you. Just keep right and skirt the village and the forest.'

After breakfast, the three walkers set off in high spirits, marvelling at the view before them. Hilyer likened it to the work of a famous painter. The track they took wound up the hill like a shiny, yellow ribbon, tapering from their view until the forest finally swallowed it up. To their left, the land fell away suddenly, like a cliff face, with tiny sheep on the valley floor, resembling 'white patches,' Anita said. Beyond, stood lines of grey hills like uniformed guards.

Half way up the hill was a stone hut that figured on their map, and beyond was a small circle of trees that would serve as a bird-watching hide. Anita said, 'Go on. I'll catch up later. This is just the right place for eagles.' She was holding a pair of powerful binoculars.

Ten minutes later, Frensham and Hilyer reached the summit and entered the woodland they had seen at the beginning of their walk. Soon the track divided into two, and a signpost pointed to Malbrun. Hilyer frowned, unsure of himself. Then he said, 'I think we should investigate. As a historian, I'd like to set the record straight about this place'.

Frensham said, 'You heard what Mrs Grace said, about those strangers that go up and down the track, and the lights in the sky at night. I think she believes in UFOs – but it's dangerous nonetheless.'

Hilyer was a fiery man. In a moment he began to argue, and a fierce disagreement broke out between them. Frensham lost his temper too, and turned his back on Hilyer. He set off along the right-hand path, passing a high wire fence and hearing what he thought was the occasional gunshot. He walked far that day, meeting only one other rambler, and returned to the farmhouse late in the afternoon. There he found Anita, who had spent her time watching eagles and had not tried to rejoin the two men. Of Hilyer there was no sign. Eventually they called in the local police officer, who seemed unhelpful but who questioned Frensham closely for nearly an hour.

As Hilyer approached Malbrun village, he sensed something was wrong. There were the remains of barbed wire strewn on the ground, and at one point the path was virtually blocked. He had come so far he was disinclined to turn back, and curiosity got the better of him. He waited to see whether Frensham had relented and had followed him; then, impatient and wanting to get on, he entered the village.

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His initial, shocked reaction was that there had been a catastrophic earthquake. The houses, where they remained intact, were nothing but shells. On closer inspection he saw that the walls were pockmarked with tiny bullet holes. Then he wondered whether the place had been created as a ruin, maybe a film set. Before him was what seemed to be a workshop, with a door that hung off its hinges and creaked in the wind as if in a ghost town. He entered cautiously, and immediately two grotesque figures with wild expressions and wearing army gear lunged at him. They rattled and roared, as hinges and levers swivelled, swinging backwards and forwards in a vast jangling of unrestrained metal. Hilyer, frightened, flung himself to the floor. Then, allowing himself to look on this terrible sight, he saw that they were nothing but mechanical figures, and it dawned on him that he had stumbled across some secret military installation.

He rushed outside, his face contorted with alarm, and collapsed onto a low stone wall. All was silence once more, but for a moment he seemed to see faces peering out of the windowless houses and what looked like an officer's peaked cap.

Fear deprived him of his senses, and in blind panic he ran out of the village and into the terrible depths of the wild forest, watched by two silent men in uniform.

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Part 2

Read **Passage B** carefully, and re-read **Passage A**. Then answer **Question 3**, which is based on both passages. Answer on the Question Paper.

Passage B

A walk through the ancient city of Pula, Croatia

The bus brought us to Pula earlier than we expected. We had a date with a pleasure boat that would take us to a nearby island. With time to spare, we set off down the road from the bus station, turned left at the roundabout, and were amazed by the sudden appearance of the three-storeyed Roman amphitheatre that towered before us into the sky. Nowadays this magnificent building is used for rock concerts given by world-famous stars, a far cry from the entertainments enjoyed by the Romans two thousand years ago. We crossed the road into the pedestrian precinct and paused by an intriguing archaeological dig, rare in a city of medieval houses that were never demolished. Our mouths watered as we read the enticing menus of the little restaurants that spilled out on to the pavements.

Visitors to Pula always make for the spectacular Roman forum, the old market place of the city. This open space is dominated by a first century Roman temple, which stands proudly at the top of a flight of steps, with fine columns and an intact roof. It was still in use as an art gallery, and was definitely not a ruin.

It was still only nine o'clock, and the atmosphere was magical because there were so few people about. We saw students, clutching examination results, hurrying to sign up for their new academic year, and a few serious-looking teachers with clipboards. A group of tourists stopped momentarily in the forum to take photographs before continuing their journey along the precinct. But that was all. We sat in a restaurant, enjoying the warm morning air and drinking delicious coffee.

Continuing our morning walk, there were still two surprises. The first was a Roman arch, remarkable for the clarity and quality of its carvings. It was untouched by time and we felt a sense of history as we trod in Roman footsteps. Then, something quite different! As we glanced at the terrace of a restaurant, we saw the famous Irish author, James Joyce, sitting at a table enjoying the sunshine. Of course, it was a bronze statue, but so lifelike that it had caught our attention.

Now it was time for our boat. We walked out of the town and passed the shipyard. Further along, we found many brightly-painted passenger boats competing for custom for rides up the coast. This was our second chance to enjoy Pula's atmosphere – colourful, bustling and noisy as the boats prepared to sail. We were soon on board, surrounded by fishing boats, yachts and ferries.

And so we left Pula behind. We knew there were even more pleasures awaiting us another day. If we felt energetic, we would climb up to Pula's castle with its ramparts and extensive views of the city, the harbour, and the planes dipping into the airport. We looked forward to visiting the archaeological museum with its Roman funeral monuments and statues rescued from the city. Some were left nonchalantly outside the museum to impress visitors with the richness of this ancient place. Our favourite was a handsome, friendly, Roman lion.

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