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Cambridge Assessment International Education
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH **0500/21**

Paper 2 Reading Passages (Extended) **May/June 2019**

2 hours

READING BOOKLET INSERT



READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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

You may annotate the Reading Booklet Insert and use the blank spaces for planning.
This Reading Booklet 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: Don't run, whatever you do

Peter, the narrator, has left his city home and is training to be a safari guide. He has recently started work at a camp in Africa called Idube. The camp organises safari drives and walks for guests to view animals in the wild, and weekly dinner nights at the smaller Bush Camp, some way from the main camp.

The inventively named 'Bush Camp' was basically a clearing where a fire could be built, around which delighted guests ate their meal. Firelight is romantic, making everything look beautiful. By day, Bush Camp was a sorry patch of earth, teeming with spiders. At night, with lanterns lit, the place looked perfect. Dinner nights were cheap to run and popular with the camp's owners, but not with the staff.

Setting up meant that any quiet time, when guests were out of camp, was filled with frantic activity. The one spare vehicle, a decrepit, spluttering truck, would be loaded with firewood, lanterns and a chef named Wusani whose bulk made the ageing truck's suspension creak ominously. Wusani particularly disliked bush dinners. Once, after being dropped off to light the cooking fire, she'd been unpleasantly surprised by the roar of a lion. Lions often walked in the soft sand of the dry riverbed that flowed beside Bush Camp, enjoying the shade or stalking antelope in the cool tranquillity of the surroundings. This lion wasn't hunting, or it wouldn't have roared. That didn't make it any less terrifying for Wusani. Returning later, the truck-driver found Wusani improbably perched on the outermost branches of a long-dead tree. When told it was safe to come down, she would not, because she could not. Adrenaline had fuelled the climb. Finally, gravity's pull resolved the issue. Wusani was saved from serious harm, but would never stay at Bush Camp alone again. She warned me against it.

My job for bush dinners was to transport sufficient amounts of liquid refreshment to Bush Camp to last the night. I hadn't been working at Idube long, so was last in the queue for everything.

'Drat,' I thought one afternoon. I'd already helped load tables, chairs, salads and cutlery, and was waiting in the sun for the truck to return. 'I'll carry it there.'

I loaded up a wheelbarrow with cans. I'd been learning from the guides and felt I could handle anything Africa threw at me.

'You'll need to learn how to walk,' Chris had said to me earlier.

I was nineteen and had been getting around on two feet with relative ease for some years, so the comment seemed strange. But the 'walking' Chris meant involved learning in-depth knowledge of trees, tracks and insects – the smaller things, usually overlooked on safari drives. It was possible that while walking I, and the excitable tourists I was being trained to lead, could encounter one of the larger, more dangerous animals usually only viewed from the safety of a vehicle. If so, it was important I remained calm.

'Don't run, whatever you do,' was always the advice from other guides. 'Food runs – and there's nothing here you can outrun anyway.'

After struggling some way along the bumpy tracks the vehicles used, I decided to ditch the wheelbarrow and carry the cans. However, I hadn't considered how heavy 24 cans of lemonade get when you're slogging through soft sand. I soon decided to change routes, taking a shortcut along the riverbed. Midway, I stopped to shake pebbles from my shoe, putting the cans down and stretching. Branches met overhead, offering cool shade. A sense of peace mingled with the undercurrent of excitement that comes from walking in the bush. In one of the branches, a lourie bird called, a long drawn out hag-like rasp, irritatingly insistent. Later, I'd learn there are many birds that give alarm calls when

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they see predators. The tricky part is figuring out whether it's calling because of you, or because of something larger and fiercer.

I put my shoe back on, hopping around to do so, picked up the cans and rounded a fallen tree, startling two massive male lions that had been waiting for whatever clumsy creature was making all the noise.

The time it took for them to get from where they were to where I stood was too short for my life to flash before my eyes.

Every instinct told me to flee, but two thoughts came to mind: 'Don't drop the lemonade, it will get fizzed up,' and 'Don't run'. Whichever motive was strongest, I don't know. I stood my ground, attempting my best roar back at the lions.

The lions stopped, centimetres from me, bellowed, spat, then, with a visible release of tension, trotted around me, carrying on down the riverbed as if they had pressing business elsewhere.

I sank gratefully to the sand, shaking, but through the fear felt something else … Pride.

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Part 2

Read **Passage B** carefully, and then answer **Question 3** on the Question Paper.

Passage B: Safari: Are too many tourists killing Africa's wildlife?

After an extensive study of Africa's most famous wildlife reserves in 2010, Graham Boynton explains why he thinks a 'conservation revolution' is needed.

Dereck Joubert and I are off to look for a lion pride that has recently moved into the area. We are going to shoot them (with cameras, not guns). The Jouberts are currently the most famous wildlife documentary-makers on the continent and last year released their first major film. In 25 years of bush-living they have all but become integral components of the ecosystem, as much part of the environment as the leopards, lions and elephants they film. Their recently-established tented camp, Zafara, and Great Plains, the wildlife tourism company they have launched with fellow conservationist Colin Bell, promise a revolutionary step into the future for African wildlife conservation.

The company's mission is 'conserving and expanding natural habitats', according to Bell. The strategy: high-tariff, low-volume tourism. Instead of paying fees based on the number of tourists who come in, camp owners guarantee payment every month to the local people, regardless of occupancy. In exchange, the tribal landowners agree to create and maintain a viable, sustainable conservation area where wildlife prospers.

If a model based on working with the community sounds blindingly obvious, one should be aware that, in most of Africa's diminishing wilderness areas, safari tourism has had such minimal financial impact that local people see the animals as competitors for the land and argue that cynical tour operators have, over the years, siphoned off profits from foreign tourism.

Zarafa is the penultimate stop on a long trek that began in Kenya and has taken me through the Maasai Mara, KwaZulu-Natal in South Africa, the fabled Kruger National Park and Botswana. Everyone I have met on my trek says the same thing: the wilderness is at a tipping point. The decline of animal populations has accelerated and the veld[1], that last refuge for the planet's most varied mammal and bird population, is facing a crucial decade.

The problems have become especially apparent in Kenya's Maasai Mara reserve, one of the world's most famous safari destinations, which has for decades been cursed with low-revenue, high-volume tourism. There has been little benefit for the fast-growing local communities and a shocking impact on the animals.

In the early 1980s there were maybe half a dozen lodges in the Mara with fewer than 300 beds; today there are more than 25 permanent lodges and well over 3000 beds. East African conservationists supporting stricter limits say that soaring visitor numbers have severely damaged roads and grasslands.

Equally threatening to wildlife have been the growth and changing lifestyles of the rural population. The once nomadic Maasai have gravitated to more permanent settlements along the borders of the Mara reserve. Thus the wild animals that have moved in and out of the reserve are now competing for habitat with Maasai livestock that no longer move over the vast plains, and large-scale crop cultivation that comes with a more settled lifestyle.

According to a recent report, the population of herbivores declined sharply from 1989 to 2003 as a result of poaching and human encroachment. Giraffe numbers are down 95 per cent, warthogs 80 per cent, hartebeest 76 per cent and impala 67 per cent. The carnivores that depend on these plant-eating wild animals are, according to the report, the next casualties. The number of lions is going down, the cheetah numbers are declining, and the wild dogs in the Mara system have become extinct.

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The Mara is famously the setting for the annual wildebeest migration, also known as the greatest wildlife show on earth. In previous decades well over a million wildebeest and attendant predators – mainly large lion and hyena groups – would move from Tanzania's Serengeti up on to the Mara plains. A recent count suggested that migratory numbers have now dropped to 300 000. This rush towards extinction in one of the world's most famous wildlife habitats supports the views of Bell and the Jouberts that nothing short of a conservation revolution will save Africa's wild places.

[1] *veld*: open, uncultivated country or grassland in southern Africa

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