



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level



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**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**8693/01**

Paper 1 Passages for Comment

**May/June 2007**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**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.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

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.



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



## Answer two questions.

- 1 The passage below is an extract from the first speech given by the American President Franklin D. Roosevelt. In it, he urges people to have hope for the future despite the economic situation the country is in.
- (a) Basing your answer closely on the language and style of the passage, write the opening (between 120–150 words) to a speech in which you try to persuade an audience that a particularly difficult situation can be overcome. [10]
- (b) Compare the style and language of your piece with those of the original extract. [15]

This is a day of national consecration, and I am certain that my fellow-Americans expect that on my induction into the Presidency I will address them with a candor and a decision which the present situation of our nation impels.

This is pre-eminently the time to speak the truth, the whole truth, frankly and boldly. Nor need we shrink from honestly facing conditions in our country today. This great nation will endure as it has endured, will revive and will prosper. 5

So first of all let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself – nameless, unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance.

In every dark hour of our national life a leadership of frankness and vigor has met with that understanding and support of the people themselves which is essential to victory. I am convinced that you will again give that support to leadership in these critical days. 10

In such a spirit on my part and on yours we face our common difficulties. They concern, thank God, only material things. Values have shrunk to fantastic levels; taxes have risen; our ability to pay has fallen, government of all kinds is faced by serious curtailment of income; the means of exchange are frozen in the currents of trade; the withered leaves of industrial enterprise lie on every side; farmers find no markets for their produce; the savings of many years in thousands of families are gone. 15 20

More important, a host of unemployed citizens face the grim problem of existence, and an equally great number toil with little return. Only a foolish optimist can deny the dark realities of the moment.

Yet our distress comes from no failure of substance. We are stricken by no plague of locusts. Compared with the perils which our forefathers conquered because they believed and were not afraid, we have still much to be thankful for. Nature still offers her bounty and human efforts have multiplied it. Plenty is at our doorstep, but a generous use of it languishes in the very sight of the supply. 25

Primarily, this is because the rulers of the exchange of mankind's goods have failed through their own stubbornness and their own incompetence, have admitted that failure and abdicated. Practices of the unscrupulous money changers stand indicted in the court of public opinion, rejected by the hearts and minds of men. 30

True, they have tried, but their efforts have been cast in the pattern of an outworn tradition. Faced by failure of credit, they have proposed only the lending of more money. 35

The joy and moral stimulation of work no longer must be forgotten in the mad chase of evanescent profits. These dark days will be worth all they cost us if they teach us that our true destiny is not to be ministered unto but to minister to ourselves and to our fellow-men.

Recognition of the falsity of material wealth as the standard of success goes hand in hand with the abandonment of the false belief that public office and high political position are to be valued only by the standards of pride of place and personal profit; and there must be an end to a conduct in banking and in business which too often has given to a sacred trust the likeness of callous and selfish wrongdoing.

Small wonder that confidence languishes, for it thrives only on honesty, on honor, on the sacredness of obligations, on faithful protection, on unselfish performance. Without them it cannot live. 45

Restoration calls, however, not for changes in ethics alone. This nation asks for action, and action now.

Stripped of the lure of profit by which to induce our people to follow their false leadership, they have resorted to exhortations, pleading tearfully for restored confidence. They know only the rules of a generation of self-seekers. 50

They have no vision, and when there is no vision the people perish.

The money changers have fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilization. We may now restore that temple to the ancient truths. 55

The measure of the restoration lies in the extent to which we apply social values more noble than mere monetary profit.

Happiness lies not in the mere possession of money; it lies in the joy of achievement, in the thrill of creative effort.

2 The passage below describes a hotel with a particularly distinctive image.

- (a) Comment on the style and language of the passage.
- (b) The hotel decides to publish a brochure for potential customers. Basing your answer closely on the material of the extract, write the opening (between 120–150 words) to the brochure. [10]

He found himself in a tall brilliant lobby. Thick wands of sunlight shone through vast overhead windows onto a marble floor. There appeared to be numerous entrances. The one through which he had emerged was clearly not the most significant. Various doormen and bellhops stood around in stylised cavalry uniforms: boots, hats, gold epaulettes, even dinky sabres at their belts. At the rear of the lobby was what appeared to be a dense wood of twenty-foot high trees. In front of this forest was a long reception desk. This Henderson approached with due reverence and awe. The experience was, he thought, akin to appearing at Heaven's gate with the sin-virtue equation still in balance. 5

'Dores,' he said to the tanned cavalryman. 'D,O,R,E,S. I have a reservation.' 10

'Good afternoon, sir,' he said. 'Welcome to Monopark 5000.' He tapped out the name on a computer keyboard. There was a whirring and clicking and the machine fed out a piece of plastic with holes punched in it.

'What's this?' Henderson asked. 'A credit card?'

'Your key, sir. Need some help with your case?' The smile never budged. 15

'No thanks. I can manage.'

'You are in suite 35J. Follow this path,' he gestured at an opening in the forest wall, 'go through the atrium and take the scenic elevator to the thirty-fifth floor. Enjoy your stay in Monopark 5000.'

'Right.' Henderson picked up his bag and looked dubiously at the path, which was signposted 'To the atrium'. He felt like an explorer leaving base camp. 'Goodbye,' he said to the man and set off. 20

He had imagined that the trees were merely a decorative screen but he was wrong. He found himself in a copse, a grove, a veritable spinney of weeping figs, silver birches and stands of bamboo. A soft greenish light filtered down from above, xylophonic music burbled from hidden speakers. Other paths bifurcated from his. 'Convention reservation' he saw, 'To the Indian village' and 'Swimming Creek'. These signs were deliberately 'olde west': chunks of varnished wood with the message burnt on with a branding iron. The frontier theme was enhanced by the sudden appearance from behind a tree of a waitress in fringed buckskin waistcoat and miniskirt. Henderson gave a shrug of alarm. There were stripes of warpaint on her cheeks and forehead. 25

'Cocktails, sir?' she asked. 'At the Indian village.'

'What? Oh, no. I'm looking for the atrium.'

'Keep right on to the end of this path.' She slipped away into the trees. He followed her instructions and broke out into a towering atrium some twelve or fourteen stories high. Before him stretched a lake, blocking his way, some thirty yards across, dotted with islands furnished with seats and sprouting plants. Over on the left of the far bank was a cluster of wigwams which on closer inspection turned out to be a large restaurant and bar area. On the balconied far wall, a dozen scenic elevators rose up and down, some of them disappearing into holes in the roof like silent glass scarabs. 35 40

Henderson let out a spontaneous gasp of surprise. He had heard of this new breed of American hotel: the hotel as wonderland, as secular cathedral, as theme park – but his imagination had been deficient. Plants grew everywhere, fountains splashed, the light was pale, neutral and shadow-free. 45

A cowboy wandered over and handed him a wooden paddle.

'Good God, what's this for?'

'For the canoe, sir.'

Henderson looked to his right. Sure enough, a dozen canoes were tethered to the concrete bank. 50

'Do you mean I've got to paddle my way across to the elevators?'

'I can do it for you, sir, but a lot of our guests like to make their own way.'

He saw an intrepid couple set off, little shrieks of delight coming from the wife.

'Oh. Right.' 55

The cowboy let him down to a canoe, deposited his bag in the bow and helped him in. Henderson settled down.

'Listen are you sure these things are stable? Perhaps you'd better –'

The cowboy pushed him off. 'Enjoy your stay at Monopark 5000, sir.'

- 3 The passage below was written by a European journalist while he was based in Hong Kong. He describes to his newborn son, Daniel, his thoughts and feelings about Daniel's birth.
- (a) Comment on the style and language of the passage.
- (b) Daniel's mother briefly records her reactions to the birth of her son in her diary – but she mainly expresses concern about the behaviour and state of mind of her husband. Basing your answer closely on the material of the original extract, write the opening to her diary entry (between 120–150 words). [10]

My dear son, it is six o'clock in the morning on the island of Hong Kong. You are asleep cradled in my left arm and I am learning the art of one-handed typing. Your mother, more tired yet more happy than I've ever known her, is sound asleep in the room next door and there is soft quiet in our apartment.

Since you arrived, days have melted into night and back again and we are learning a new grammar, a long sentence whose punctuation marks are feeding and winding and nappy changing and these occasional moments of quiet. 5

When you're older we'll tell you that you were born in Britain's last Asian colony in the lunar year of the pig and that when we brought you home, the staff of our apartment block gathered to wish you well. 'It's a boy, so lucky, so lucky. We Chinese love boys,' they told us. One man said you were the first baby to be born in the block in the year of the pig. This, he told us, was good Feng Shui, in other words a positive sign for the building and everyone who lived there. 10

Naturally your mother and I were only too happy to believe that. We had wanted you and waited for you, imagined you and dreamed about you and now that you are here no dream can do justice to you. Outside the window, below us on the harbour, the ferries are ploughing back and forth to Kowloon. Millions are already up and moving about and the sun is slanting through the tower blocks and out on to the flat silver waters of the South China Sea. I can see the contrail of a jet over Lamma Island and, somewhere out there, the last stars flickering towards the other side of the world. 15

We have called you Daniel Patrick but I've been told by my Chinese friends that you should have a Chinese name as well and this glorious dawn sky makes me think we'll call you Son of the Eastern Star. So that later, when you and I are far from Asia, perhaps standing on a beach some evening, I can point at the sky and tell you of the Orient and the times and the people we knew there in the last years of the twentieth century. 25

Your coming has turned me upside down and inside out. So much that seemed essential to me has, in the past few days, taken on a different colour. Like many foreign correspondents I know, I have lived a life that, on occasion, has veered close to the edge: war zones, natural disasters, darkness in all its shapes and forms. 30

In a world of insecurity and ambition and ego, it's easy to be drawn in, to take chances with our lives, to believe that what we do and what people say about us is reason enough to gamble with death. Now, looking at your sleeping face, inches away from me, listening to your occasional sigh and gurgle, I wonder how I could have ever thought glory and prizes and praise were sweeter than life. 35

And it's also true that I am pained, perhaps haunted is a better word, by the memory, suddenly so vivid now, of each suffering child I have come across on my journeys. To tell you the truth, it's nearly too much to bear at this moment to even think of children being hurt and abused and killed. And yet looking at you, the images come flooding back. Ten-year-old Andi Mikail dying from napalm burns on a hillside in Eritrea, how his voice cried out, growing ever more faint when the wind blew dust on to his wounds. The two brothers, Domingo and Juste, in Menongue, southern Angola. Juste, two years old and blind, dying from malnutrition, being carried on seven-year-old Domingo's back. And Domingo's words to me, 'He was nice before, 40

45

Last October, in Afghanistan, when you were growing inside your mother, I was in Sharja, aged twelve. Motherless, fatherless, guiding me through the grey ruins of her home, everything was gone, she told me. And I knew that, for all her tender years, she had learned more about loss than I would likely understand in a lifetime.

Daniel, these memories explain some of the fierce protectiveness I feel for you, the tenderness and the occasional moments of blind terror when I imagine anything happening to you. But there is something more, a story from long ago that I will tell you face to face, father to son, when you are older. It's a very personal story but it's part of the picture. It has to do with the long lines of blood and family, about our lives and how we can get lost in them and, if we're lucky, find our way out again into the sunlight.

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