

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH

0500/01

Paper 1 Reading and Directed Writing

May/June 2003

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

2 hours

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.

Read the following passage carefully, and then answer Questions 1–10.

Life on Inishmaan

This passage is part of an account written 100 years ago.

It was written by someone who went to live on Inishmaan, a remote island off the west coast of Ireland.

It 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; and 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.

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

- 1 Why was the writer so pleased as he started his boat voyage to Inishmaan?
- A He found out about arrangements for fish-curing.
 - B He was travelling in a boat of traditional design.
 - C The boat left promptly just before noon.
 - D There were four oarsmen, so the journey would be quick. [1]
- 2 The *curagh*
- A could not complete the voyage without a sail.
 - B moved heavily like any other rowboat.
 - C rose and fell with the waves.
 - D skimmed smoothly over the water. [1]
- 3 During the voyage the writer
- A helped to row.
 - B lay back and rested.
 - C put up the sail.
 - D steered the boat. [1]

- 4 Which of the following did the writer see as he landed at the small pier?
- A the houses clustered round the pier
 - B the rockiness of the landscape
 - C the thunderstorm about to break out
 - D the wheat growing in the large fields [1]
- 5 The writer thought that the scene in the kitchen was
- A attractive and colourful.
 - B bare and lifeless.
 - C cluttered and untidy.
 - D dirty and smoky. [1]
- 6 All the articles used every day on the island are made of
- A materials easily found on the island.
 - B stone carved from the rocks.
 - C the skin hanging from the thatch.
 - D wood found in the forest. [1]

For Questions 7, 9 and 10 you must answer as far as possible in your own words.

- 7 What is a *curagh*? Explain what it is made of. [4]
- 8 Quote **three** words from the passage that describe the thunderstorm or the effect it had upon the sea. [3]
- 9 Give **three** things in the kitchen that especially caught the writer's attention. [3]
- 10 With close reference to the passage, explain what you think the writer liked best about:
- (i) the voyage to the island
 - (ii) the articles he found on the island [4]

Total for Part 1: [20]

Please turn over for Part 2

Read the following story carefully, and then answer Questions 11 and 12.

The Driving Lesson

It was Giovanetta's eighteenth birthday, and to celebrate she had bought herself some very expensive clothes. She believed in doing it now and letting her father pay later. Of course he would grumble – he always did. “You’ll bankrupt us all,” he would complain, but Giovanetta would bring him round as she always did. She would put on her best smile and Mr Torti, her father, would soon be on her side.

All that remained was the car. “No, no,” said Mr Torti. “You young people drive far too fast.” He said that she was immature and that, anyway, the Alfa Romeo was a powerful car and very precious. The thought of a visit from the police late at night upset him too much, he loved her so. And he went on and on...

Later that night, after spending the evening with her friends, Giovanetta said goodbye, and the Alfa Romeo sped away in a swirl of dust down the long drive. They all watched her go and admired her confidence.

As the car swung out onto the main road, Giovanetta did not know whether to laugh or cry. Of course she had driven it before, many times, but her father had always been with her. He believed in speed limits and was naturally cautious: “Careful with the speed,” he'd always say.

But tonight – tonight she had over thirty kilometres to drive home, the night was warm and cloudless, and the white lines in the road welcomed her invitingly in the bright lights of the headlamps. The car responded to her touch; ninety, a hundred and ten, a hundred and thirty ... It seemed to leap forward.

Giovanetta was deliriously happy, and as she began to sing the engine sang too, gently and softly as it reached its most comfortable speed. She turned the radio up and changed channel from her father's boring news to the music station he hated so much.

Suddenly the heavy tread of the road seemed to lighten and the sound of the engine changed to a higher note. It was a moment before Giovanetta realised that the car had taken off. She was flying. She gripped the steering wheel for safety, since she knew there would be no point in turning it. The white lines of the road had already disappeared as the car went its own way, gliding to the right. Suddenly she saw bushes flashing by like ghosts and heard branches tearing into the metalwork with terrible explosive scratches. At this point Giovanetta remembered how much her father loved that car, how many hours he spent watching over it, cleaning every mark off it.

Then the Alfa Romeo landed in a field and, for a time, the ground was hard and flat. As the car began to slope upwards, Giovanetta cautiously used the brakes and the car obeyed. What would her father say? Perhaps... well, he was very proud of her. At the top of the slope there was a ploughed section of the field. As the car hit it, it bounced, swerved and started to spin in the soft mud. A brown fountain rose over the windscreen, and at last the car was still.

When Giovanetta got out, she was amazed by the quietness and beauty of the place. It seemed so far from the road, and there was a full moon and not a breath of wind. She remembered her father's wild tempers which even she could not control and, after a little while, she sat down again in the passenger's seat with the door open and burst into tears. Five minutes later she was fast asleep.

- 11 (a)** Write a summary of the character and attitudes of Giovanetta's father and what he thinks about his daughter.

Write about 60–80 words. Use your own words as far as possible.

- (b)** Write a summary describing in detail what happened to the car from the moment Giovanetta said goodbye to her friends.

Write about 80–100 words. Use your own words as far as possible. [20]

- 12** Continue this story.

First describe the scene when Giovanetta wakes up next morning and meets her father.

Use what you have learned about Giovanetta, Mr Torti and the car to help you write your story.

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

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