

Cambridge
International
AS & A Level

Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International Advanced Subsidiary and Advanced Level

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

9093/12

Paper 1 Passages

October/November 2018

2 hours 15 minutes

No Additional Materials are required.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer **two** questions: Question 1 **and either** Question 2 **or** Question 3.

You should spend about 15 minutes reading the passages and questions before you start writing your answers. You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

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

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

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Answer Question 1 **and either** Question 2 **or** Question 3.

1 The following text is taken from an online brochure which features luxury holidays.

- (a) Comment on the ways in which language and style are used to promote the Niyama holiday resort to potential tourists. [15]
- (b) The same brochure includes another promotional feature for a luxury holiday resort (real or imagined) in a different part of the world. Using your own words, and basing your writing on the style and language of the original passage, write a section of the promotional material about this second luxury resort for the brochure's website. Write between 120 and 150 words. [10]

The luxurious Niyama Maldives resort is a forty-minute seaplane ride away from Male, and set on the lush private island of Olhuveli. Spread out across two islands, Niyama is a relaxed, upmarket and innovative resort that maintains a fantastic balance between tranquil beauty and a real sense of fun. The islands are named 'Chill' and 'Play', and as they suggest you can either choose to lose yourself completely in this tropical paradise, with its quiet, private beach, butler services and twenty-four hour spa, or you can engage with the latest technology in the form of Nintendo Wiis and X-Box 360s and dance the night away in 'Subsix' – the World's first underwater music club lying six metres below the surface of the ocean.

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Surrounded by pristine, clear-blue waters and with splashes of green and crimson, a stay at Niyama all but guarantees a true luxury Maldives holiday experience. Accommodation takes the form of a range of stylish pavilions and studios situated both on the beach and over water, and all have a wide variety of features on offer including iPads, flat-screen televisions and more.

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There are a number of different dining options to choose from at Niyama, from outdoor campfire grills fusing tastes from South America, Asia and Africa, to the 'Edge' restaurant, a stunning floating restaurant that can only be accessed by boat. Here you can enjoy local flavours, daily catches and signature cocktails on a private jetty that offers stunning panoramic views of the Indian Ocean in all its beauty.

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There are a wide variety of facilities at the Niyama Maldives resort, such as the Lime Spa, where you can enjoy treatments overlooking the lagoon or in two separate on-island spa sanctuaries with their own outdoor shower, whirlpool and day bed, a gadget and games room, pool, diving centre, gym, motorised and non-motorised water sports and much more.

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Niyama has an extensive range of facilities on offer, and with its careful balance of fun and tranquillity you can decide what type of luxury holiday experience you have in the Maldives.

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Treatments can be personalised to suit your individual requirements, whilst signature treatments make use of local ingredients such as coconut oil and Maldivian coral sand. Those suffering from the effects of jet-lag are advised to partake in after-dark treatments, with therapies designed to heal, nurture and restore.

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For those with children, the Explorers club offers children under twelve the opportunity to enjoy tailor-made activities based around their interests and abilities. Run by fully qualified childcare professionals, the classes separate children into four age groups, with a sleeping room for daytime siestas and theme days such

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as Circus Fun and Jungle Safari designed to ensure even the younger ones have the perfect Maldives holiday experience. Older children can enjoy expeditions to nearby islands, snorkelling safaris and football, plus there is even an amphitheatre for those looking to enter the world of show business.

Niyama offers a truly breathtaking Indian Ocean experience where you can sample innovative dining in a modern and stylish luxury Maldives resort.

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- 2 The following extract is taken from an autobiography. In it, a Jewish writer recalls trying to escape, with his parents, on the day that German forces invaded Poland in September 1939.
- (a) Comment on the ways in which the writer uses language and style to give a vivid account of the experience. [15]
- (b) Imagine you are the writer. Basing your writing closely on the style and features of the original, continue the account using between 120 and 150 of your own words. You do not need to bring your response to a conclusion. [10]

Despite the onrush of people who were trying to leave Katowice that morning, probably because it was not far from the German border, we eventually got to board the carriage reserved for us and some other refugees who had also received their visas. Finally, after a long delay, the train moved out of the station. We seemed to have made it.

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I don't know how long we travelled on that train. For the most part, though, the train was standing more than moving, waiting for other trains, loaded with soldiers, to pass. The roads alongside the railroad line were crowded with people walking or riding in horse-drawn carriages and wagons. Everywhere there were long Polish army columns, marching, on horseback or on trucks, pulling artillery pieces and supplies. The soldiers were moving in the opposite direction from the civilians, who had to make room for them to pass on the narrow roads.

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For me, all this commotion was very exciting. I spent much time waving to the passing soldiers and admiring their three-cornered hats and uniforms. And then, suddenly, the fun stopped. Our train had again halted, this time next to a train filled with Polish soldiers and military equipment. On either side of the tracks were open fields. We had probably not been standing there for more than a few minutes when we began to hear the far-off sounds of approaching aeroplanes. Then they were above us – two or three of them. People began to scream, '*Niemcy! Niemcy!*' ('Germans! Germans!'), and suddenly the air resounded with the rattle of machine-gun fire and the thump of exploding bombs. The train began to shake. The noise was terrible.

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My father grabbed my mother and me and pushed us out of the train. 'They are attacking the military train!' he screamed above the noise. 'We must get out, we must get out.' Some people had already jumped from the train and were scrambling across the tracks into the fields. We followed behind, pushed on by others. The Polish soldiers began to shoot at the German planes with rifles held out of their carriage windows. They did not have much luck. The planes kept swooping down on the trains and the tracks, blowing up some of the carriages. They kept repeating this manoeuvre for what seemed like a very long time.

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We managed to reach the nearby field, where my mother threw herself on top of me while my father shielded both of us with his body. People were screaming as the planes flew over us with their machine guns blazing. They could easily have killed all of us, but it seemed we were not their target. Then, just as suddenly as they had appeared, the planes were gone. We waited for a while for them to return and, when they did not, we got up and started to look around. No one on our side of the field seemed to have been hit, but people were wailing and a few children were crying. Some railroad cars were on fire; there was smoke everywhere. Many injured and dead soldiers were lying on the other side of the tracks and near their train. The tracks had been destroyed as far as the eye could see.

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Turn over for Question 3.

- 3 The text which follows is an extract from an essay about a hospital for the poor in France in the 1930s.
- (a) Comment on the ways the writer uses language and style in the extract. [15]
- (b) Imagine you are a nurse who works at the hospital. Using between 120 and 150 of your own words, and basing your writing closely on the material in the original extract, write a section of your journal for the same day. [10]

In the year 1929 I spent several weeks in the Hôpital X, in the fifteenth arrondissement¹ of Paris. The clerks put me through the usual interrogation at the reception desk, and I was kept answering questions for some twenty minutes before they would let me in. If you have ever had to fill in forms in a foreign country you will know the kind of questions I mean. For some days past my temperature had been above a hundred degrees, and by the end of the interview I had some difficulty in standing on my feet. Behind me stood a resigned little group of patients carrying a few personal belongings, all waiting to be grilled.

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After the questioning came the bath – a compulsory routine for all newcomers apparently – just as in prison. My clothes were taken away from me, and after I had sat shivering for some minutes in five inches of warm water, I was given a linen nightshirt and a short blue dressing-gown – no slippers, they had none big enough for me, they said – and led out into the open air. This was a night in February and I was suffering from pneumonia. The ward we were going to was some distance away and it seemed that to get to it you had to cross the hospital grounds. Someone stumbled in front of me with a lantern. The gravel path was frosty underfoot, and the wind whipped the nightshirt round my bare legs. When we got into the ward, I immediately noticed the foul smell. It was a long, badly lit room, full of murmuring voices and three rows of beds that were surprisingly close together. As I lay down, I saw on a bed opposite me a small, round-shouldered man sitting half naked while a doctor and a student performed some strange operation on him. First the doctor produced from his black bag a dozen small glasses, then the student burned a match inside each glass to exhaust the air, then the glass was placed on to the man's back or chest and the vacuum drew up a huge yellow blister. Only after some moments did I realize what they were doing to him. It was something called cupping, a treatment which you can read about in old medical text-books but which till then I had vaguely thought of as one of those things they do to horses.

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The cold air outside had probably lowered my temperature, and I watched this horrible treatment with detachment and even a certain amount of amusement. The next moment, however, the doctor and the student came across to my bed, pulled me upright and without speaking began applying the same set of glasses, which had not been sterilized in any way. A few feeble protests that I uttered got no more response than if I had been an animal. I was very much stunned by the impersonal way in which the two men started on me. I had never been in the public ward of a hospital before, and it was my first experience of doctors who handle you without speaking to you or even in fact taking any notice of you at all. They only put on six glasses in my case, and each glass drew about a spoonful of dark-coloured blood. As I lay down again, humiliated, disgusted and frightened by the thing that had been done to me, I reflected that now at least they would leave me alone. But I was wrong. There was another treatment coming: the mustard poultice,² seemingly a matter of routine like the hot bath. Two unkempt looking nurses had already got the poultice ready, and they lashed it round my chest as tight as a strait-jacket while some men who were wandering about the ward in shirt and trousers began to collect round my bed with half-sympathetic grins. I learned later that watching a

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patient have a mustard poultice was a favourite pastime in the ward. These things are normally applied for a quarter of an hour and certainly they are funny enough if you don't happen to be the person inside. For the first five minutes the pain is severe, but you believe you can bear it. During the second five minutes this belief evaporates, but the poultice is tied at the back and you can't get it off. This is the period the onlookers enjoy most. During the last five minutes, a feeling of numbness takes over. After the poultice had been removed a waterproof pillow packed with ice was forced beneath my head and I was left alone. I did not sleep, and to the best of my knowledge this was the only night of my life – I mean the only night spent in bed – in which I have not slept at all, not even a minute.

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¹ *arrondissement*: district

² *mustard poultice*: a type of very hot bandage that is applied to the body

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