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AS & A Level

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ENGLISH LANGUAGE

9093/13

Paper 1 Passages

May/June 2019

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 blog post is taken from the website of a company which sells lifestyle events and experiences. In it, the writer explains why he likes to walk outside without wearing shoes.
- (a) Comment on the language and style of the text. [15]
- (b) Imagine you have joined the writer on the 'barefoot hike' and wish to comment on the experience on a travel review website. Basing your writing closely on the material of the original passage, write the review using between 120 and 150 of your own words. [10]

The Surprising Benefits of Going Barefoot

It wasn't until 2006 that I realized the power of connecting directly to the earth without shoes. I was on a camping trip with five friends in Canada, and one of my friends from South Africa was visiting. He braved the entire four day canoe trip through forests, rocks, mountains, rivers, ravines, lakes, and parking lots without anything protecting his feet. I couldn't believe it. 5

Under a slippery waterfall near Canoe Lake he turned to me and spoke from his heart, 'I'm telling you, you've just got to try it. You and your feet will be liberated.'

He grew up in the 'bush' of Africa and the mere thought of anything preventing him from gripping the earth with his bare soles while in nature made no sense. I emphatically threw my shoes into the lake. My toes met the slimy moss of the rock as water from the waterfall rushed between my toes. A smile washed over me. I was converted. 10

Since that transformative trip, I've found myself wearing shoes less and less to the point where sometimes I'll pack for a trip and not even bring anything for my feet. While finding the specific words to describe *why* I do it is difficult, I am very confident in knowing that the process of 'earthing' *just feels right*. And being a person who is inspired by feeling, I don't need much more convincing that this is how I want to live my life. 15

The term 'earthing' has recently entered pop-culture, and is now somewhat of a trend, depending who you hang out with. *Earthing: The Most Important Health Discovery Ever* states that walking enables us to feel the Earth's natural surface charge, which is naturally discharging and can help prevent chronic inflammation. Studies have even shown that earthing plays a significant role in the aging process itself. Yep, that's right. Save money by not buying anti-aging creams AND not buying shoes by grounding into the Earth. 20 25

There is also a plethora of new scientific research that directly supports the health benefits of connecting with the electrons of the earth, a process triggered when walking outside barefoot. Tests have shown that a human's separation from connection to the Earth's energy can be a significant contributor to physiological dysfunctions and diseases. Who knew?! 30

From a naturalist perspective, walking barefoot is a beneficial practice because it brings us back to our natural state, how we were brought into the world. No one came out of the womb in top of the range boots. Clever marketing and the massively lucrative footwear industry has trained us to *assume* that we always need to be in shoes and need so many shoes for every type of activity. This blinds us from the 35

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process of earthing, where we become closer to *Pachamama*¹ by directly interacting and feeling her, letting her feel and interact with us at the same time.

On a personal level, the medicinal and health benefits to walking without shoes are new revelations and don't particularly fuel my fire. I've always enjoyed how walking barefoot has *forced me to be so present with every footstep*. You can't really afford to take a wrong step without shoes, so you literally need to look where you are walking with every step you take.

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And I love how the practice *slows everything down*. You can only walk so fast without shoes, especially when going over rocks or tiny pebbles. Just as in meditation, we bring attention to each inhale and exhale, with barefoot walking, we connect with every left step and right step.

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This forces you to appreciate everything around you. It forces you off auto-pilot. Suddenly, every step counts and because these steps happen so slowly or carefully, you stop and take notice of your surroundings. I want to see this beauty, which is why earthing is how I choose to live my life.

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The invitation is open for you all to join me. I've got some amazing games and activities planned for our barefoot hike (including barefoot dancing in the forest!) and look forward to everyone taking one step forward to a healthier and happier life.

¹ *Pachamama*: a nature goddess revered by the indigenous people of the Andes

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- 2 In the following nonfiction account, the writer recalls being at work in her beauty salon on the morning of her friend Roshanna's engagement party.

(a) Comment on the language and style of the account. [15]

(b) Basing your writing closely on the language and style of the original passage, continue the account. Write between 120 and 150 of your own words. [10]

The women arrive at the salon just before eight in the morning. If it were any other day, I'd still be in bed, trying to sink into a few more minutes of sleep. I'd probably still be cursing the neighbour's rooster for waking me up again at dawn. I might even still be groaning about the vegetable dealers who come down the street at three in the morning with their noisy, horse-drawn wagons, or the neighbourhood mullah¹, who warbles out his long, mournful call to prayer at four-thirty. But this is the day of Roshanna's engagement party, so I'm dressed and ready for work. I've already had two cups of instant coffee, which I had to make by myself because the cook has not yet arrived. This is more of a trial than you might think, since I've barely learned how to boil water in Afghanistan. When I have to do it myself, I put a lit wooden match on each of the burners of the cranky, old gas stove, turn one of the knobs, and back off to see which of the burners explodes into flame. Then I settle a pot of water there and pray that whatever bacteria are floating in the Kabul water today are killed by the boiling.

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The mother-in-law comes into the salon first, and we exchange the traditional Afghan greeting: we clasp hands and kiss each other's cheeks three times. Roshanna is behind her, a tiny, awkward, blue ghost wearing the traditional burqa that covers her, head to toe, with only a small piece of netting for her to see out the front. But the netting has been pulled crooked, across her nose, and she bumps into the doorway. She laughs and flutters her arms inside the billowing fabric, and two of her sisters-in-law help her navigate her way through the door. Once inside, Roshanna snatches the outer garment off and drapes it over the top of one of the hair dryers.

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Roshanna usually wears clothes that she sews herself – brilliant shalwar kameezes² or saris in shades of orchid and peach, lime green and peacock blue. Roshanna usually stands out like a butterfly against the grey dustiness of the city and even against the other women on the streets, in their mostly drab, dark clothing. But today she observes the traditional behaviour of a bride on the day of her engagement party or wedding. She has left her parents' house under the cover of a burqa and will emerge six hours later wearing her body weight in eye shadow, false eyelashes the size of sparrows, monumentally big hair, and clothes with more bling³ than a fairground ride.

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The cook arrives just behind the women, whispering that she'll make the tea, and Topekai, Baseera, and Bahar, the other beauticians, rush into the salon and take off their head scarves. Then we begin the joyful, gossipy, daylong ordeal of transforming twenty-year-old Roshanna into a traditional Afghan bride. Most salons would charge up to two-hundred-and-fifty-dollars – about half of the annual income for a typical Afghan – for the bride's services alone. But I am not only Roshanna's former teacher but also her best friend, even though I'm more than twenty years older. She is my first and best friend in Afghanistan. I love her dearly, so the salon services are just one of my gifts to her.

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¹*mullah*: a scholarly or educated person in Islamic law and theology

²*shalwar kameezes*: traditional clothing worn in many south-central Asian countries

³*bling*: a slang term in popular culture meaning flamboyant or showy in appearance

3 The following extract is from the opening chapter of Barbara Kingsolver's novel, *The Lacuna*.

(a) Comment on the language and style of the passage. [15]

(b) The young boy's mother records her thoughts and feelings about her new life with Enrique. Basing your writing closely on the material of the original extract, write an entry in the mother's journal after a typical day during her first year in Mexico. [10]

In the beginning were the howlers. They always commenced their bellowing in the first hour of dawn, just as the hem of the sky began to whiten. It would start with just one: his forced, rhythmic groaning, like a saw blade. That aroused others near him, nudging them to bawl along with his monstrous tune. Soon the maroon-throated howls would echo back from other trees, farther down the beach, until the whole jungle filled with roaring trees. As it was in the beginning, so it is every morning of the world.

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The boy and his mother believed it was saucer-eyed devils screaming in those trees, fighting over the territorial right to consume human flesh. The first year after moving to Mexico to stay at Enrique's house, they woke up terrified at every day's dawn to the howling. Sometimes she ran down the tiled hallway to her son's bedroom, appearing in the doorway with her hair loose, her feet like iced fish in the bed, pulling the crocheted bedspread tight as a web around the two of them, listening.

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It should have been like a storybook here. That is what she'd promised him, back in the cold little bedroom in Virginia, North America: if they ran away to Mexico with Enrique she could be the bride of a wealthy man and her son would be the young squire, in a hacienda¹ surrounded by pineapple fields. The island would be encircled with a shiny band of sea like a wedding ring, and somewhere on the mainland was its gem, the oil fields where Enrique made his fortune.

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But the storybook was *The Prisoner of Zenda*. He was not a young squire, and his mother after many months was still no bride. Enrique was their captor, surveying their terror with a cool eye while eating his breakfast. 'That howling is the *aullaros*,' he would say, as he pulled the white napkin out of its silver ring into his silver-ringed fingers, lacing it on his lap and slicing into his breakfast with a fork and knife. 'They howl at one another to settle out their territories, before they begin a day of hunting for food.'

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Their food might be us, mother and son agreed, when they huddled together inside the spiderweb of bedspread, listening to a rising tide of toothsome roars. *You had better write all this in your notebook*, she said, *the story of what happened to us in Mexico. So when nothing is left of us but bones, someone will know where we went.* She said to start this way: In the beginning were the *aullaros*, crying for our blood.

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Enrique had lived his whole life in that hacienda, ever since his father built it and flogged the native people into planting his pineapple fields. He had been raised to understand the usefulness of fear. So it was nearly a year before he told them the truth: the howling is only monkeys. He didn't even look across the table when he said it, only at the important eggs on his plate. He hid a scornful smile under his moustache, which is not a good hiding place. 'Every ignorant Indian in the village knows what they are. You would too, if you went out in the morning instead of hiding in bed like a pair of sloths.'

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It was true: the creatures were long-tailed monkeys, eating leaves. How could such a howling come from a thing so honestly ordinary? But it did. The boy crept outdoors early and learnt to spot them, high in the veil of branches against white sky. Hunched, woolly bodies balanced on swaying limbs, their tails reaching out to stroke the branches like guitar strings. Sometimes the mother monkeys cradled little babes, born to precarious altitudes, clinging for their lives.

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So there weren't any tree demons. And Enrique was not really a wicked king, he was only a man. He looked like the tiny man on top of a wedding cake: the same round head with parted, shiny hair, the same small moustache. But the boy's mother was not the tiny bride, and of course there is no place on that cake for a child.

When Enrique wanted to ridicule him after that, he didn't even need to mention devils, he only rolled his eyes up at the trees. 'The devil here is a boy with too much imagination,' he usually said. That was like a mathematics problem, it gave the boy a headache because he couldn't work out which was the wrong part of the equation: being a Boy, or being Imaginative. Enrique felt a successful man needed no imagination at all.

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¹*hacienda*: a large estate, especially in a Spanish-speaking country

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