



Cambridge International AS & A Level

ENGLISH LANGUAGE**9093/11**

Paper 1 Passages

October/November 2020**2 hours 15 minutes**

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **two** questions in total:
Answer Question 1.
Answer **either** Question 2 **or** Question 3.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The number of marks for each question or part question is shown in brackets [].

This document has **8** pages. Blank pages are indicated.

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

1 The following text is an article from a lifestyle magazine.

- (a) Comment on the language and style of the article. [15]
- (b) An advertising company has been commissioned to produce a television advertisement for the 'Instant Pot' pressure cooker.

Basing your writing closely on the material of the original article, and using 120 to 150 of your own words, write a section of the voiceover script for the advertisement. [10]

Put a lid on it

There are few domains of human life through which technology companies still fear to trample, but the tender and fraught bonds that hold couples together is one of them. Sometimes, however, a product emerges that unintentionally strengthens these.

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I've discovered a gadget that looks like it could preserve relationships – it may well save mine. The Instant Pot is an electric pressure cooker whose other skills include slow cooking, steaming, sautéing and rice-cooking. There is even a yoghurt-making function for people who lack jobs, dependents and a sense of purpose in their lives. Though Instant Pot has been available since 2010, it broke out late last year when it became one of the top-five best sellers in Amazon's Black Friday sale.

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Fill it up, slosh in some liquid, crank on the lid and set the timer. Food cooks much faster under pressure, so dinner arrives quickly and there is little washing up. This looks like a lifeline for me and my girlfriend who have such opposing culinary temperaments that we can only cook together if a dish requires the separate preparation of two different elements that play to our strengths. I'm meticulous to the point of insanity and have spent half a lifetime pondering the difference in millimetres between 'sliced' and 'finely sliced'. She thinks dicing is for wimps and that improvisation is the godmother of inspiration. A one-pot wonder, which can cook practically anything on its own, looked like the cornerstone of domestic harmony.

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At first, she was sceptical of the new arrival in the kitchen and bemoaned the amount of space it would take up. We managed to have an argument over what to cook, so at least tradition was not flouted. She is a vegetarian, who disdains noodles and pasta, but I found a recipe by an Instant Pot fanatic for an acceptable stew. She sounded unimpressed.

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'What does it have in it?' she asked suspiciously.

'Er, lentils and rice,' I said.

'Rice?' she said, her voice rising with incredulity.

Indeed, I thought to myself, but veggers can't be choosers. 'It's got cheese in it,' I replied, scrabbling to locate something flavourful in the mix.

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'Cheese?!' she spluttered in outrage. Happily, she was won over by the perky Tex Mex concoction. It may have been sludge, but it was tasty sludge.

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My family has history with pressure cookers. My mother used one to make salt beef, a bay leaf, an onion and a carrot bobbing alongside the brisket. This low-grade meat required prolonged slow-cooking and it was one of the few that my ancestors could afford (brisket is a staple of African-American barbecue for the same reason).

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Immigrants sustain their heritage by cooking the old favourites, even as they move up in their new world. While my great-grandmother would have sat for hours over simmering pans, my mother sorted out her salt beef in a quarter of the time. The pressure cooker was a small but powerful symbol of the meeting of modernity and tradition. It represented assimilation and advancement into the middle class. The Instant Pot's success in America should be no surprise. It has always prided itself as the melting pot of nations. On thousands of kitchen counters, a newer pot is keeping small spoonfuls of the country's soul warm.

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- 2 The following text is taken from a short story entitled *The Canary*, by the nineteenth-century New Zealand writer Katherine Mansfield.

- (a) Comment on the language and style of the text. [15]
- (b) Imagine you are one of the three young men staying at the narrator's house. You record your thoughts and feelings about daily events in a journal.

Basing your writing closely on the material of the original story, write a section of your journal using 120 to 150 of your own words. [10]

The Canary

... You see that big nail to the right of the front door? I can scarcely look at it even now and yet I could not bear to take it out. I should like to think it was there always even after my time. I sometimes hear the next people saying, 'There must have been a cage hanging from there.' And it comforts me; I feel he is not quite forgotten.

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... You cannot imagine how wonderfully he sang. It was not like the singing of other canaries. And that isn't just my fancy. Often, from the window, I used to see people stop at the gate to listen. I suppose it sounds absurd to you – it wouldn't if you had heard him – but it really seemed to me that he sang whole songs with a beginning and an end to them.

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For instance, when I'd finished the house in the afternoon, and changed my blouse and brought my sewing on to the verandah here, he used to hop, hop, hop from one perch to another, tap against the bars as if to attract my attention, sip a little water just as a professional singer might, and then break into a song so exquisite that I had to put my needle down to listen to him. I can't describe it; I wish I could. But it was always the same, every afternoon, and I felt that I understood every note of it.

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... I loved him. How I loved him! Perhaps it does not matter so very much what it is one loves in this world. But love something one must. It surprises me even now to remember how he and I shared each other's lives. The moment I came down in the morning and took the cloth off his cage he greeted me with a drowsy little note. I knew it meant 'Missus! Missus!' Then I hung him on the nail outside while I got my three tenants their breakfasts, and I never brought him in until we had the house to ourselves again.

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... Company, you see – that was what he was. Perfect company. If you have lived alone you will realise how precious that is. Of course there were my three young men who came in to supper every evening, and sometimes they stayed in the dining-room afterwards reading the paper. But I could not expect them to be interested in the little things that made my day. Why should they be? I was nothing to them. In fact, I overheard them one evening talking about me on the stairs as 'the Scarecrow'. No matter. It doesn't matter. Not in the least. I quite understand. They are young. Why should I mind? But I remember feeling so especially thankful that I was not quite alone that evening. I told him, after they had gone out. I said 'Do you know what they call Missus?' And he put his head on one side and looked at me with his little bright eye until I could not help laughing. It seemed to amuse him.

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... Have you kept birds? If you haven't all this must sound, perhaps, exaggerated. People have the idea that birds are heartless, cold little creatures, not like dogs or cats. My washerwoman used to say, 'There's no comfort, Miss, in a canary.' Untrue. Dreadfully untrue. I remember one night. I had had a very awful dream – even after

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I had woken up I could not get over it. So I put on my dressing-gown and went down to the kitchen for a glass of water. It was a winter night and raining hard. I suppose I was still half asleep. And suddenly I felt it was unbearable that I had no one to whom I could say 'I've had such a dreadful dream.' And then there came a little 'Sweet! Sweet!' His cage was on the table, and the cloth had slipped so that a chink of light shone through. 'Sweet! Sweet!' said the darling little fellow again, softly, as much as to say, 'I'm here, Missus! I'm here!' That was so beautifully comforting that I nearly cried. 40 45

... And now he's gone. I shall never have another bird, another pet of any kind. How could I? When I found him, lying on his back, with his eye dim and his claws wrung, when I realised that never again should I hear my darling sing, something seemed to die in me. My heart felt hollow, as if it was his cage. I shall get over it. Of course. I must. One can get over anything in time. And people always say I have a cheerful disposition. They are quite right, and I am thankful for it. 50

3 The following text is taken from the travel section of a British newspaper's website.

- (a) Comment on the language and style of the text. [15]
- (b) Imagine you have recently returned from a visit to Antarctica, and were disappointed by the experience. You decide to write a letter to the newspaper to express your dissatisfaction.

Basing your writing closely on the material of the original text, and using 120 to 150 of your own words, write a section of your letter. [10]

Everything you need to know about visiting Antarctica

It's hard to escape the rat race these days. There are queues to reach the summit of Everest, direct flights to remote Pacific islands and luxurious hotels in the rainforest. We've tamed and colonised most of the world, but one vast stretch of the planet remains beyond our grasp: Antarctica. This frozen continent at the end of the Earth has never been permanently occupied by man. Accessible only from November to March, it has no towns or villages, no habitation bar the odd research station or expedition hut; just grand, icy, unpredictable wilderness. Even if you're travelling there on a cruise ship, as most people do, the solitude and the emptiness will envelop you and bring you down to scale. 5 10

Not that solitude is the first thing that comes to mind when you're standing in the middle of a penguin colony on an Antarctic shoreline. When I visited, in early February, there were thousands of birds packed tightly on every rock, both shy gentoo penguins and the bolder adélies, which seemed happy for us to wander among them, cameras clicking furiously at the grey fluff-ball chicks tapping their parents' beaks to be fed. Adult penguins nudged each other into the sea and 'porpoised' through the water like leaping salmon, their oiled white feathers gleaming silver in the sun. Later in the trip we came across chinstrap penguins on Livingstone Island, looking for all the world as if they were sporting old-fashioned motorcycle helmets. 15

Penguins are by no means the only stars of the show here. It was equally thrilling to see a wandering albatross circling above our ship, dipping its great wings into the rolling waters of the Drake Passage. Or fat elephant seals lolling on the beach in a soup of algae, snorting and bellowing at each other like elderly members of a gentlemen's club. 20

Most exciting of all, though, were the whales. As the call went up from the bridge – 'Humpbacks!' – we spotted three of them leaping from the water beside the ship – their magnificent tails emerging and dipping as if in slow motion, so close that we could see their great barnacled heads, their eyes and blowholes. 25

One even swam under the ship, flippers outstretched like an enormous aeroplane, clearly visible in the clear turquoise water. Later, several whales played alongside us as we took a dinghy cruise among the icebergs. 30

Ah, the icebergs. The glassy world of the Weddell Sea is a surreal panorama of icy skyscrapers stretching to the horizon. Some are whipped by wind and water into fantastical shapes – oriental palaces, ruined fortresses, even an Art Deco cinema. In others you can glimpse arches and grottos of such intense blue they look as though they're lined with topaz or aquamarine. 35

'Of course many of the people who go on those big Alaskan cruise ships would hate this,' a fellow passenger said to me as we were buffeted by winds and showered

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with icy water on one of our Zodiac trips ashore. 'There's no disco and no spa. It would be too rough and remote for them, too strange, too adventurous.'

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But that is precisely what makes a voyage here so wonderful and extraordinary. A journey to Antarctica is about as other-worldly a travel experience as you can have, short of a flight to the Moon. Afterwards you'll never look at the natural world in quite the same way again.

Who to travel with

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Discover the World (discover-the-world.co.uk) has a good range of cruises on various expedition ships. If you want a deeper level of comfort, opt for a cruise on Abercrombie & Kent's Le Boreal or Le Lyrial (abercrombiekent.co.uk). Noble Caledonia (noble-caledonia.co.uk) also offers a range of expedition cruises in the area, and even a combined Arctic and Antarctic trip by private jet – a snip at £69,995. See the IAATO website for details of other operators and cruise lines visiting the region.

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