



Cambridge International AS & A Level

ENGLISH LANGUAGE**9093/11**

Paper 1 Reading

October/November 2023**2 hours 15 minutes**

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **all** questions.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

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. Any blank pages are indicated.



Section A: Directed response**Question 1**

Read the following text, which is a magazine article about stargazing.

- (a) Your teacher has asked you to give a speech to your class about the benefits to well-being of appreciating the sky at night. Write the opening of your speech. Use 150–200 words. [10]
- (b) Compare the opening of your speech with the article, analysing form, structure and language. [15]

Reach for the Stars

Dark winter nights provide the perfect opportunity for stargazing – a scientifically proven way to make us calmer, happier and more creative.

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Try to get out in early January: the Quadrantid meteor shower is one of the most active, producing between 50 and 100 meteors an hour during its peak at this time.

Section B: Text analysis**Question 2**

Read the following text, which is an extract from the autobiography of a chef.

Analyse the text, focusing on form, structure and language.

[25]

Scrambled Egg

‘Just try it,’ pleaded my father, holding out a plate of particularly yellow scrambled egg. ‘You won’t taste the eggs, I promise.’

He had become cunning of late; a promised pancake had turned out to be an omelette, some slices of hard-boiled egg had been slipped into a salad sandwich and, in a moment of spectacular deceit, he had attempted to hide the yolk of a fried egg under a mound of baked beans.

5

I was having none of it. Every morsel of food was inspected both on the plate and again on the fork for signs of the dreaded *oeuf*¹. No lettuce leaf or bridge roll was left unchecked, no salad dressing went un-sniffed, every sandwich was prised apart. The more wily he became, the more untrusting I learned to be. At one point I used to sit on the kitchen counter talking to him as he made supper, just to check that no new-laid wonder found its way on to my plate.

10

I promised I’d give it a go. He didn’t leave the room. I sniffed the golden slop suspiciously. It did, sure enough, smell of cheese. The colour was deep and rich, like that of a crocus, and it had a clear moat of yellow fat round it, which looked the same as the fat which came out of one of his less successful attempts at cheese on toast. A timid forkful proved edible. A second went down easy enough and soon I had finished the lot. I am not sure who was the happiest.

15

As the weeks went by, my scrambled suppers became less manageable. By the fourth week, the egg had become detectable; by the sixth, the cheese was barely noticeable. But by this time my father had seen enough empty plates to know I could be trusted to eat up my supper without him peering over my shoulder. Sad, then, that I couldn’t trust him not to gradually cut down on the cheese. Even sadder, then, that I started feeding it to the dog.

20

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He would come home early all the time now. Only an hour or so after I got in from school, he would appear and make me something to eat. Then he would leave the house in a whirlwind of aftershave and freshly ironed shirt, leaving me alone again, eating at the table. His cheeks had got more colour recently. His hair glistened with Brylcreem scooped from a red plastic pot and his face and neck scrubbed up pink.

30

In the normal course of events, my father and Mrs Potter never would have met. He didn’t inhabit a world where women wore Crimplene². He had never come across a woman who did her housework with her hair in rollers. Come to think of it, he didn’t even know any women who did their own housework, let alone other people’s. They got to know one another through the raffles and whist drives they organised for a local disabled

35

group. 'It nearly did my back in doing the waltz with Mr Guthrie,' Joan Potter announced one evening after a wheelchair dance in the function room of the Battle of Britain pub.

She wore her hair in a tight perm. Her eyes were small and twinkling, like espresso coffee. Her mouth was as tight as a walnut and carried above it the faintest of moustaches. Yet she was strangely attractive.

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¹*oeuf*: French for 'egg'

²*Crimplene*: a man-made fabric often used in clothing in the 1960s

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