



FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH

0627/01

Paper 1 Reading Passages

For Examination from 2017

SPECIMEN INSERT

2 hours 10 minutes

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

This Reading Booklet Insert contains the reading passages for use with **all** the questions on the Question Paper.

You may annotate this Reading Booklet Insert and use the blank spaces for planning.
This Reading Booklet Insert is **not** assessed by the Examiner.

This syllabus is regulated in England as a Cambridge International Level 1/Level 2 (9–1) Certificate.

This document consists of **5** printed pages and **1** blank page.

Passage A: Treasure Island

Teenager, Jim Hawkins, is about to set out on a voyage to Treasure Island. He is leaving his mother, to work as a cabin boy aboard a grand, wooden sailing ship called a schooner. Squire Trelawney has hired the ship and crew to sail in search of treasure.

The next morning old Redruth and I set out on foot and I found my mother in good health and spirits. Squire Trelawney had had everything repaired and repainted and had added some furniture. He had found my mother a boy as an apprentice also, so that she should not want for help at her inn while I was gone.

It was on seeing that boy that I understood, for the first time, my situation. I had thought up to that moment of the adventures before me, not at all of the home I was leaving; and now, at sight of this clumsy stranger, who was to stay here in my place beside my mother, I had my first attack of tears. I am afraid I led that boy a dog's life; for as he was new to the work, I had a hundred opportunities of setting him right and putting him down, and I was not slow to profit by them. 5 10

The night passed, and the next day, after dinner, Redruth and I were afoot again, and on the road. I said goodbye to mother and the seaside village where I had lived since I was born. Next moment we had turned the corner, and my home was out of sight.

The mail coach picked us up at dusk on the heath. I was wedged in between Redruth and a stout old gentleman, and in spite of the swift motion and the cold night air, I must have dozed a great deal from the very first, and then slept like a log, up hill and down dale; for when I was awakened at last, it was by a punch in the ribs, and I opened my eyes to find that we were standing still before a large building in a city street, and that the day had already broken a long time ago. 15

'Where are we?' I asked. 20

'Bristol,' said Redruth. 'Get down.'

Squire Trelawney had taken up his residence at an inn far down the docks, to superintend the work upon the schooner. Thither we had now to walk, and our way, to my great delight, lay along the quays and beside the great multitude of sailing ships of all sizes and nations. In one, sailors were singing at their work; in another, there were men aloft, high over my head on the tall masts, hanging to threads that seemed no thicker than a spider's. Though I had lived by the shore all my life, I seemed never to have been near the sea till then. The smell of tar and salt was something new. I saw the most wonderful figureheads¹ that had been far over the ocean. I saw, besides, many old sailors, with rings in their ears, and whiskers curled in ringlets, and tarred pigtails, and their swaggering, clumsy sea-walk; and if I had seen as many kings or archbishops I could not have been more delighted. 25 30

And I was going to sea myself; to sea in a schooner, with pig-tailed singing seamen; to sea, bound for an unknown island, and to seek for buried treasures!

While I was still in this delightful dream, we came suddenly in front of a large inn, and met Squire Trelawney, all dressed out like a sea-officer, coming out of the door with a smile on his face, and a capital imitation of a sailor's walk.

'Here you are,' he cried. 'Bravo! The ship's company complete!'

'Oh, sir,' cried I. 'When do we sail?'

'Sail!' says he. 'We sail tomorrow!'

¹ *Figurehead*: large, painted carving of a person or an animal on the front of a ship.

Passage B: Taking a gap year

In this article, the writer talks about young people taking a year out of work and education to volunteer and to experience different parts of the world.

There's a familiar scene played out in airport departure lounges all over the UK. Students, like a clutch of freshly-hatched turtles, stagger under the weight of over-laden backpacks as they hug nervous parents goodbye and head off for a 'gap-year' adventure. Flying to far-flung corners of the globe, they volunteer in orphanages, schools and animal sanctuaries, gathering invaluable additions to their CVs. Travel companies charge thousands of pounds for volunteering packages which are often sold as a life-changing experience. In fact, 'voluntourism', as it's been called, is worth an estimated £1.3 billion globally.

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Yet how much 'good' are these youngsters actually doing? According to some experts, this thirst for volunteering can actually make problems worse and in some cases volunteers' time and money end up feeding a corrupt and immoral trade. This summer, one tour operator announced that it was dropping all orphanage placements after concerns that institutions were being set up purely to make money from tourists, using children who were not genuine orphans.

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Caroline Green had her eyes opened when she volunteered in another country. 'I've always wanted to go and volunteer abroad. There were videos on the orphanage's website and it all looked amazing.' A charity was offering voluntary placements at the orphanage. Caroline paid in advance. On arrival, she met other gap-year volunteers, but within days sensed that something was seriously wrong. 'The children slept on the floor with no blankets,' she says. 'The youngest was only two years old. At dinner, they had one chicken and a few vegetables between 29 children. All the volunteers were paying, so where was all the money going?'

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The other concern is that vulnerable children are being cared for by gap-year students with no training who often come for just a couple of weeks. As Caroline says, 'My two-week placement at the orphanage was a joke. I had no guidance. Some of the kids really started to trust me, and then I just left.'

It's not just orphanage trips that are under the spotlight. Travellers have reported spending months building a school or toilet block in an impoverished village, only to discover it will stand empty, or even be demolished because there is no money for staff to maintain it or no electricity supply.

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The market for volunteering has grown faster than the supply, and projects are being created to fill the gap. One volunteer turned up to teach at a school, and wondered why he didn't get a warm welcome. Later he discovered the local teacher had been fired because a volunteer was coming to teach for free.

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Matthew paid £3,000 to work in an animal rehabilitation centre. 'Soon after arriving I discovered this was just a poorly run zoo,' says Matthew. 'I was put to work feeding the animals and cleaning out their cages. There was no indication of any of them being released into the wild. The keepers used to antagonise the lions to make them roar so the tourists could get a good photo. The people who owned the centre had a plush house, with plasma TVs. I was naïve. I thought because I'd paid a lot it would be a worthwhile project.'

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Experts are urging volunteers to do some research before they book their gap-year 'adventure'.

Passage C: Survive the savage sea

In 1971, the Robertson family set sail on a round-the-world voyage on a fifty-year-old wooden schooner. After eighteen months at sea their boat, Lucy, was attacked by killer whales in the Pacific and sank in minutes. The family was left adrift in a life raft.

We sat on the salvaged pieces of flotsam lying on the raft floor, our faces a pale bilious colour under the bright yellow canopy, and stared at each other, the shock of the last few minutes gradually seeping into our consciousness. Neil, his teddy bears gone, sobbed in accompaniment to Sandy's hiccup cry, while Lyn, comforting them, sang 'For those in Peril on the Sea'. Our eyes travelled over to the heaving undulations of the horizon, already searching for a rescue ship while knowing there would not be one. Our eyes travelled fruitlessly across the limitless waste of sea and sky, then once more ranged over the scattered debris. Of the killer whales, which had so recently shattered our very existence, there was no sign.

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I leaned across to Neil and put my arm around him, 'It's all right now, son, we're safe and the whales have gone.' He looked at me reproachfully. 'We're not crying because we're frightened,' he sobbed, 'we're crying because Lucy's gone.' Lyn gazed at me over their heads, her eyes filling with tears. 'Me too,' she said, and then added, 'I suppose we'd better find out how we stand.'

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This was the moment I had been dreading; feelings of guilt that our present predicament was not only due to my unorthodox ideas on educating children, but also that I had failed to foresee this type of disaster, now engulfed me. There had been plenty of critics suggesting that I was needlessly jeopardising the children's lives, and this, added to the fact that we had lost almost everything we possessed as well as *Lucy*, depressed me to the depths of despair. How could I have been so foolish as to trust our lives to such an old schooner?

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I looked at my eldest son, Doug. He had grown to manhood in our eighteen months at sea; the twins, previously shy, introspective little boys, had become interested in the different people we had met and their various ways of life, and were now keen to learn more. Lyn and I felt that they had become citizens of the world, learning to communicate without the help of language. I tried to ease my conscience with the thought that they had derived much benefit from their voyage around the world, and that our boat sinking was as unforeseeable as an earthquake, or other natural disaster.

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We cleared a space on the raft floor and opened the survival kit. Slowly we took stock of the food inside: vitamin-fortified bread and glucose for ten men for two days; eighteen pints of water. There were also flares, two fish hooks and a fishing line, a knife and a first-aid box. In addition there was a bag of a dozen onions, a tin of biscuits and a bottle of glucose sweets which Lyn had grabbed as *Lucy* sank. As I looked at our meagre stores my heart sank. It must have shown on my face for Lyn put her hand on mine; 'We must get these boys to land,' she said quietly. I looked at her and nodded, 'Of course, we'll make it!' The answer came from my heart, but my head was telling a different story: we were hundreds of miles from land and the current was against us.

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Copyright Acknowledgements:

Questions 2 & 3

© Chloe Lambert; *Fake orphanages. Bogus animal sanctuaries. And crooks growing rich on Western gullibility... why do-gooding gap year holidays may be a horrifyingly callous con*; <http://www.dailymail.co.uk/femail/article-2418074/Fake-orphanages-Bogue-animal-sanctuaries-And-crooks-growing-rich-Western-gullibility-gooding-gap-year-holidays-horrifyingly-callous-con.html#ixzz3Wc8ia3Hk>

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