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**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**9093/11**

Paper 1 Passages

**October/November 2016**

**2 hours 15 minutes**

No Additional Materials are required.

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**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.



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This document consists of **6** printed pages, **2** blank pages and **1** insert.

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

1 The following text is by British writer Josie Dew, who is about to set off on a long cycle journey round New Zealand, after a journey by boat across the Pacific. She has arrived in the city of Auckland on Christmas Eve.

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

(b) Later, Josie Dew decides to make another cycle journey in your own country. Describe the beginning of her journey (between 120 and 150 words). Base your answer closely on the style and language of the original. [10]

Before long I was dumped at the port gate, where I set about hooking and strapping and bungeeing a bewildering heap of bags on to my bike. Although I was burdened with exactly the same amount of luggage as I'd had when cycling to my ship rendezvous point all those blue moons and numerous seas ago, it had somehow expanded tenfold. I believe this is a phenomenon known in physicist circles as The Law of Voluminous Mass of Weighty Density Gone Round the Bend Bonkers. Also known as BABE (Blinking Automated Bag Extension) for short. Either way, I found myself struggling to house my mountain of kit in anything resembling a conveyable fashion. 5

Half a day later I had my bursting charges under some sort of control and wheeled my steed out on to Quay Street, where I prepared my unseasoned legs to mount up. Quay Street sounds like it should be a small, dainty and narrow cobbled byway lined with topsy-turvy olde worlde houses on one side where smugglers had once secreted their illicit contraband in intricate underground passages, and quaint brightly coloured tubby-girthed fishing vessels tethered to an ancient stone-walled harbour front on the other. Instead it's a big fast thoroughfare officially termed Main Urban Route 6 which, if followed in either direction, will filter you on to the truck-stonking State Highway 1 – a low-numbered but high-ranking swathe of tarmac that stretches the length of North Island: 1,098 kilometres (682 miles) from Cape Reinga in the north to Wellington in the south. 10 15 20

Luckily, tackling this stately highway on my wheels could wait. And a good thing too: wobbling around on my feet fresh off a lurching boat meant that I was in no fine shape to do battle with 50-tonne logging trucks. The wobbliness didn't last for long though as I swiftly substituted my sea legs with my cycling legs, bypassing the more unstable land legs (cycling, it seems, is the perfect antidote for ocean-swaying unsteadiness). I then spun myself the short distance down Quay Street to the big ninety-one-year-old neoclassical Ferry Building that, among all the foresting tower blocks of silvery glass and steel, sat solidly squat on the city's waterfront like a friendly fat red toad. 25

As I was in search of an address in a district called Bayswater I took off across the harbour (lovely view!) on board a passenger ferry to Devonport. Devonport is one of Auckland's oldest suburbs, a good 160 years old, which for a relatively new land like New Zealand is saying something. 30

It was still raining cats and kiwis as I wheeled my bike down the pier and along the waterfront. Everything was looking very Christmassy (glittery decorations wrapped around street lamps; piped carols emanating from shop doorways across the road, including an overload of *Jingle Bells*, or *Jungle Bills* as it seemed to mutate into in the Kiwi accent) though I couldn't for the life of me think why. Oh, yes. It was Christmas tomorrow. How could I possibly forget? Quite easily actually. 35

2 The following passage is an entry from the online weekly blog called 'Life as a Junior Doctor' by Nick Knight.

(a) Comment on the language and style of the extract from the blog. [15]

(b) After a week back at work, the writer produces another entry for his blog. Write the opening of this entry (between 120 and 150 words). Base your answer closely on the language and style of the original. [10]

**The Penny Dropping**  
Posted on **July 17, 2014**

Hello all,

Now, I may have neglected to mention in my last blog entry that I am indeed on

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Have a great week everyone,

Dr Nick

3 The extract below is from Daphne du Maurier's 1938 novel *Rebecca*. It describes the narrator's return to her former home, Manderley.

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

(b) Write a description of a familiar place that has been neglected (between 120 and 150 words). Base your answer closely on the style and language of the original extract. [10]

Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again. It seemed to me I stood by the iron gate leading to the drive, and for a while I could not enter, for the way was barred to me. There was a padlock and chain upon the gate. I called in my dream to the lodge-keeper, and had no answer, and peering closer through the rusted spokes of the gate I saw that the lodge was uninhabited.

5

No smoke came from the chimney, and the little lattice windows gaped forlorn. Then, like all dreamers, I was possessed of a sudden with supernatural powers and passed like a spirit through the barrier before me. The drive wound away in front of me, twisting and turning as it had always done, but as I advanced I was aware that a change had come upon it; it was narrow and unkempt, not the drive that we had known. At first I was puzzled and did not understand, and it was only when I bent my head to avoid the low swinging branch of a tree that I realized what had happened. Nature had come into her own again and, little by little, in her stealthy, insidious<sup>1</sup> way had encroached upon the drive with long, tenacious<sup>2</sup> fingers. The woods, always a menace even in the past, had triumphed in the end. They crowded, dark and uncontrolled, to the borders of the drive. The beeches with white, naked limbs leant close to one another, their branches intermingled in a strange embrace, making a vault above my head like the archway of a church. And there were other trees as well, trees that I did not recognize, squat oaks and tortured elms that straggled cheek by jowl with the beeches, and had thrust themselves out of the quiet earth, along with monster shrubs and plants, none of which I remembered.

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The drive was a ribbon now, a thread of its former self, with gravel surface gone, and choked with grass and moss. The trees had thrown out low branches, making an impediment to progress; the gnarled roots looked like skeleton claws. Scattered here and again amongst this jungle growth I would recognize shrubs that had been landmarks in our time, things of culture and grace, hydrangeas whose blue heads had been famous. No hand had checked their progress, and they had gone native now, rearing to monster height without a bloom, black and ugly as the nameless parasites that grew beside them.

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On and on, now east now west, wound the poor thread that once had been our drive. Sometimes I thought it lost, but it appeared again, beneath a fallen tree perhaps, or struggling on the other side of a muddied ditch created by the winter rains. I had not thought the way so long. Surely the miles had multiplied, even as the trees had done, and this path led but to a labyrinth, some choked wilderness, and not to the house at all. I came upon it suddenly; the approach masked by the unnatural growth of a vast shrub that spread in all directions, and I stood, my heart thumping in my breast, the strange prick of tears behind my eyes.

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There was Manderley, our Manderley, secretive and silent as it had always been, the grey stone shining in the moonlight of my dream, the mullioned<sup>3</sup> windows reflecting the green lawns and the terrace. Time could not wreck the perfect symmetry of those walls, nor the site itself, a jewel in the hollow of a hand.

40

The terrace sloped to the lawns, and the lawns stretched to the sea, and turning I could see the sheet of silver placid under the moon, like a lake undisturbed by wind or storm. No waves would come to ruffle this dream water, and no bulk of cloud, wind-driven from the west, obscure the clarity of this pale sky. I turned again to the house, and though it stood inviolate<sup>4</sup>, untouched, as though we ourselves had left but yesterday, I saw that the garden had obeyed the jungle law, even as the woods had done.

<sup>1</sup>*insidious*: gradual and secretive.

<sup>2</sup>*tenacious*: grasping.

<sup>3</sup>*mullioned*: stone-framed.

<sup>4</sup>*inviolable*: safe from harm.



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