



THE INDIAN PUBLIC SCHOOL, KOCHI
GRADE IX- IGCSE
SUBJECT-FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH

WORK SHEET 1-LETTER WRITING

Please read the extract and answer the question that follows-

Passage A: Honey Hotel

Al, the owner of the Honey Hotel, wants to attract new business to his hotel and hopes that his competition winner will help him.

Al waited at the airport – unusual for a hotel owner. He wanted to impress these guests. Besides, they might have difficulty persuading a taxi to drive out as far as his place. Honey Hotel's remoteness meant a two-hour, suspension-challenging drive each way.

Last month, Al had advertised online: images of classical architecture, legendary landscapes and his newly-extended dining room would entice tourists in more profitable numbers, he felt sure. Struggling to describe his hidden paradise, he'd hit on the idea of offering the chance to stay for free to anyone booking who successfully completed in less than 100 words, 'Why I want to visit...' There'd been a handful of entries amongst the dozen or so enquiries he'd received.

'Mostly mediocre,' his wife had observed. 'This one's amazing though,' she'd said, passing him the name of the winner. 'Really understands the spirit of the place.'

He agreed. Reading the winning entry, he'd been entranced by the sensitivity with which its gifted writer staged scenes of ancient civilisations and romantic journeys along half-forgotten sandy roads –conjuring a charming mirage of white-washed walls, embroidered gowns and orange trees laced with sunlight.

Al had been immediately anxious to meet the winner: M. R. Head. Correcting the poor punctuation, he'd moved Mr Head (and his wife) to the best suite, sighing over the half-full booking list. Perhaps Mr Head could be persuaded to write a glowing review for the website? The week's itinerary had been carefully planned to encourage this.

On the second morning, Al sourced ingredients fresh from the market as usual – doubling up on everything – an unnecessary expense, but he didn't want popular dishes to run out again tonight. Laden with the rainbow of produce he'd procured, Al worked his way back through the beehive that was the Old Town. Mr Head had seemed unimpressed during their tour here yesterday, complaining loudly to his wife of 'straggling market stalls, tatty trinkets and bits of cloth'.

He'd refused even to visit the animal sanctuary or 'that pile of rubble on the hilltop'. At dinner, he scoffed at 'boring' plans for the next day, bullying Al into including him in a planned excursion for a group of white-water rafters who came back year after year. Other guests said they'd also enjoy a trip on the water, so finally a small coach was hired. 'Stay on flat water if you like,' Mr Head goaded as guests piled onto the vehicle after breakfast. 'I'm with the white-water boys.'

Only later did Al realise Mrs Head had not gone too. She sat with a notebook under the palms on the hotel terrace. Al worried what to offer her. The coach party had

decimated the breakfast banquet like a hoard of locusts. He had only mint tea for his own elevenses he explained; she was welcome to that. She accepted gratefully, remaining for nearly an hour sipping the tea and idly fussing a stray cat playing around her feet.

Still later, he noticed her talking with the gardener about his bees – curious to know more about the health benefits of their honey, saddened they were threatened by farmers guarding precious crops against other less friendly insects.

Al expressed concern that the 'pain in her neck' she'd given as her reason for not joining the others might have been caused by the pillows. He offered to change them for others less soft.

'No,' she smiled. 'The pillows are perfect. The pain has gone now. Please, call me Maria.'

That evening Al was busy, so wasn't paying full attention when the coach party returned. He caught only snippets of sniggered conversation as guests re-entered the lobby dispersing to their rooms. 'Told him... should've listened... good job the others knew what they were doing.' He noticed Maria listening to one of the rafters in the corner, nodding softly, stopping only to raise her eyebrows and smile apologetically.

The word 'hospital' caught his attention. Al strained anxiously to hear more: 'Nothing serious – a few bruises, hurt pride. Told us he knew what he was doing...' finished the rafter.

'Sorry to trouble you,' Maria began, approaching the desk. 'It looks like my husband will need collecting. Could we stop off on Friday on the way back to the airport perhaps? I'll sign any forms you require now – it wasn't anyone else's fault. He won't be putting in any kind of complaint, I promise.'

Relieved, Al received the incident form dated and signed: Maria Rose Head.

'M. R. Head,' he noted. Now he understood.

Question 1

You are Maria from Passage A. The day after the rafting trip you write a letter to a friend back home.

Write the letter.

In your letter you should comment on:

- your impressions of the hotel and its staff
- your thoughts and feelings about your husband's attitude and behaviour on the holiday
- your plans for the remaining days of your holiday.

Base your letter on what you have read in Passage A, but be careful to use your own words. Address each of the three bullet points.

Begin your letter, 'Dear friend,

This place is everything I imagined...'

Write about 250 to 350 words.

Up to 15 marks are available for the content of your answer, and up to 10 marks for the quality of your writing.