

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH**

**0500/02**

Paper 2 Reading Passages

October/November 2005

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.  
Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.  
Write in dark blue or black pen on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.  
Dictionaries are **not** permitted.

Answer **all** questions.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.

This document consists of **5** printed pages and **3** blank pages.



## Part 1

Read **Passage A** carefully, and then answer **Questions 1** and **2**.

### Passage A

*In this extract from a novel called The Great Gatsby, the narrator describes Gatsby's lavish parties. The story takes place in the 1920s.*

There was music from my neighbour's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft, or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On weekends his Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon scampered like a brisk yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants, including an extra gardener, toiled all day with mops and scrubbing-brushes and hammers and garden-shears, repairing the ravages of the night before.

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York – every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb.

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with several hundred feet of canvas and enough coloured lights to make a Christmas tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors-d'oeuvre, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another.

By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived, no thin five-piece affair, but a whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos, and low and high drums. The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing upstairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colours, and hair bobbed in strange new ways, and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing, and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside, until the air is alive with chatter and laughter, and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot, and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names.

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun, and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath; already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the centre of a group, and then, excited with triumph, glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and colour under the constantly changing light.

Suddenly one of these gypsies, in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and, moving her hands like Frisco, dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her, and there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes round that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the Follies. The party has begun.

- 1** Imagine that you live near to Gatsby's house where the parties take place. You object to the parties for several reasons, including the lavish display of wealth.

Write a letter to the owner of the house, setting out your various objections and justifying each one by developing ideas and details from the passage.

You should write about 1½ to 2 sides, allowing for the size of your handwriting.

Begin your letter: Dear Mr Gatsby...

Up to fifteen marks will be available for the content of your answer and up to five marks for the quality of your writing.

**[20 marks]**

- 2** Re-read paragraphs 4, 5 and 6, which describe:

**(a)** the lights and the colours of the party

**(b)** the sounds of the party.

By referring closely to the language used by the writer, explain how he makes these descriptions effective.

**[10 marks]**

## Part 2

Read **Passage B** carefully, and then answer **Question 3**, which is based on both **Passage A** and **Passage B**.

### Passage B

*Sophia is twelve and lives in Kingale, Rwanda. Her parents are both dead. Sophia looks after her two sisters so that most of her family can stay together. Their brother, Beaufirs, lives with Sophia's grandparents.*

#### A life in the day of Sophia Ingibire Tuyisenge

If I wake up during the night I always look up at the hole in the tin roof. If I cannot see it I know I can go back to sleep, but if it is getting light then it is nearly time to get up. My sisters, Solange, who is three, and Claudette, who is eleven, and I all sleep in the same bed since our mother died.

Sometimes Solange wakes me up in the middle of the night to tell me what she's been dreaming about, or that she wants to go to the toilet. But of course then we have to go outside, so I try to persuade her to go back to sleep.

Our house is at the top of a steep hill, next to several other houses, with a small latrine. It has two rooms. In the back room, where we sleep, I keep our food in old rice sacks and our clean clothes in plastic bags that are hanging above the floor, so they don't get wet when the rain comes through. Even in daytime, our bedroom is very dark, so first thing I light a paraffin lamp. Then either Claudette or I will climb down the hill with jerry cans to get some water from the pump. It is heavy carrying them back, and when it is raining the ground gets muddy, so you can slip all over the path. When we've got water we make porridge, which we eat out of plastic mugs, sitting around the table in the front room.

Then Claudette goes to school while I clear up. I wash the mugs, then sweep and scrub the floor. Of course, Solange has to help too, and she can be very noisy, as she copies me, shouting and laughing and brushing away. She can be quite a handful, and she wants to be carried all the time. Sometimes I wish she would stop chattering and making so much noise. But she is our little sister and we love her very much. We are so pleased not to be separated from her. Really, I am Solange's mother now.

While Claudette is at school I give Solange a bath. I take the basin outside, pour in the water, and Solange jumps in. I wash her hair and give her ears and her nails a good scrub while she splashes around. After I have dried her on my knee, I rub Vaseline into her skin, like my mother showed me.

Annunciata, a social worker, gives us flour for porridge, rice and some other dried foods. She is from a charity called Uyisenga. In the afternoon, I peel some potatoes or cook rice with cassava for the main meal of our day, which we eat about two o'clock, when Claudette comes home and before I go to school. Late afternoon we may play cards together, or I go down to the road and buy vegetables. Sometimes I go to the petrol station, where I buy two litres of paraffin. Solange often comes too, and she makes me carry her on my back for most of the way. Then I make a funnel and pour some of the paraffin into empty Fanta bottles. I sell them at the bottom of the path to our house, for 20 Rwandan francs (a tiny amount). The money I earn pays for our soap and vegetables.

Sometimes Solange chatters so much I try to persuade her to go to bed early with a biscuit. But mostly I am so tired, we go to bed at the same time. It is better if we do all go to bed together, because we don't waste our paraffin by lighting the lamp. Every night I think about my mother as I lie in bed. I miss her so much. She told us that we should be brave and we must look after our brother and little sister. She told us we should have no fear because God would look after us. We can see that is true: today, two years after she died, we are doing just fine.

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**3** Read **Passage B** and re-read **Passage A**.

Summarise the main features of the lifestyles described in **each** passage.

You should write about 1 side in total, allowing for the size of your handwriting.

Up to fifteen marks will be available for the content of your answer and up to five marks for the quality of your writing.

**[20 marks]**

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*Copyright Acknowledgements:*

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Question 3      © Ann McFerren /The Sunday Times Magazine, *A Life in the Day*, 6 April 2003.

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