

**CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS**

**General Certificate of Education Advanced Subsidiary Level**

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**8693/1**

PAPER 1 Passages for Comment

**OCTOBER/NOVEMBER SESSION 2002**

2 hours

Additional materials:  
Answer paper

**TIME** 2 hours

**INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

Write your name, Centre number and candidate number in the spaces provided on the answer paper/answer booklet.

Answer **two** questions.

Write your answers on the separate answer paper provided.

If you use more than one sheet of paper, fasten the sheets together.

**INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES**

All questions in this paper carry equal marks. Marks available for parts of each question are given in square brackets [ ].

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

Answer **two** questions

- 1 The passage below is taken from John F. Kennedy's first speech as President of the United States in 1960.
- (a) Comment on the speaker's style and use of language. [15]
- (b) Write a newspaper report (around 120 words) about this speech under the headline 'A New Beginning'. [10]

So let us begin anew, remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear, but let us never fear to negotiate.

Let both sides explore what problems unite us instead of belabouring those problems which divide us. 5

Let both sides, for the first time, formulate serious and precise proposals for the inspection and control of arms, and bring the absolute power to destroy other nations under the absolute control of all nations.

Let both sides seek to invoke the wonders of science instead of its terrors. Together let us explore the stars, conquer the deserts, eradicate disease, tap the ocean depths and encourage the arts and commerce. 10

Let both sides unite to heed in all corners of the earth the command of Isaiah to 'undo the heavy burdens ... [and] let the oppressed go free.'

And if a beachhead of cooperation may push back the jungle of suspicion, let both sides join in creating a new endeavour, not a new balance of power, but a new world of law, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved. 15

All this will not be finished in the first one hundred days. Nor will it be finished in the first one thousand days, nor in the life of this Administration, nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin. 20

In your hands, my fellow citizens, more than mine, will rest the final success or failure of our course. Since this country was founded, each generation of Americans has been summoned to give testimony to its national loyalty. The graves of young Americans who answered the call to service surround the globe.

Now the trumpet summons us again – not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need; not as a call to battle, though embattled we are; but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, year in and year out, 'rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation,' a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself. 25

Can we forge against these enemies a grand and global alliance, North and South, East and West, that can assure a more fruitful life for all mankind? Will you join in that historic effort? 30

In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility; I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavour will light our country and all who serve it, and the glow from that fire can truly light the world. 35

- 2 The passage below appeared in a newspaper article by D. H. Lawrence, first published in 1914. In it, at the beginning of the First World War, he describes a visit to an army training camp and considers the nature of mechanical warfare.
- (a) Comment on the writer's style and use of language. [10]
- (b) In the style of the original extract, write the opening to a magazine feature (around 120 words) called 'The Machines Have Taken Over'. [10]

What work was there to do? – only mechanically to adjust the guns and fire the shot. What was there to feel? – only the unnatural suspense and suppression of serving a machine which, for aught we knew, was killing our fellow-men, whilst we stood there, blind, without knowledge or participation, subordinate to the cold machine. This was the glamour and the glory of the war: blue sky overhead and living green country all around, but we, amid it all, a part in some iron insensate will, our flesh and blood, our soul and intelligence shed away, and all that remained of us a cold, metallic adherence to an iron machine. There was neither ferocity nor joy nor exultation nor exhilaration nor even quick fear: only a mechanical, expressionless movement. 5 10

And this is how the gunner would "let 'em have it." He would mechanically move a certain apparatus when he heard a certain shout. Of the result he would see and know nothing. He had nothing to do with it.

Then I remember going at night down a road, whilst the sound of guns thudded continuously. And suddenly I started, seeing the bank of the road stir. It was a mass of scarcely visible forms, lying waiting for a rush. They were lying under fire, silent, scarcely stirring, a mass. If one of the shells that were supposed to be coming had dropped among them it would have burst a hole in the mass. Who would have been torn, killed, no one would have known. There would just have been a hole in the living shadowy mass; that was all. Who it was did not matter. There were no individuals, and every individual soldier knew it. He was a fragment of a mass, and as a fragment of a mass he must live and die or be torn. He had no rights, no self, no being. There was only the mass lying there, solid and obscure along the bank of the road in the night. 15 20

The night came on. Suddenly, on the other side, high up in the darkness, burst a beautiful greenish globe of light, and then came into being a magic circle of countryside set in darkness, a greenish jewel of landscape, splendid bulk of trees, a green meadow, vivid. The ball fell and it was dark, and in one's eye remained treasured the little vision that had appeared far off in the darkness. Then again a light ball burst and sloped down. There was the white farm house with the wooden, slanting roof, the green apple trees, the orchard paling, a jewel, a landscape set deep in the darkness. It was beautiful beyond belief. Then it was dark. Then the searchlights suddenly sprang upon the countryside, revealing the magic, fingering everything with magic, pushing the darkness aside, showing the lovely hillsides, the sable bulks of trees, the pallor of corn. A searchlight was creeping at us. It slid up our hill. It was upon us; we turned our backs to it, it was unendurable. Then it was gone. 25 30 35

Then out of a little wood at the foot of the hill came the intolerable crackling and bursting of rifles. The men in the trenches returned fire. Nothing could be seen. I thought of the bullets that would find their marks. But whose bullets? And what mark. Why must I fire off my gun in the darkness towards a noise? Why must a bullet come out of the darkness, breaking a hole in me? But better a bullet than the laceration of a shell, if it came to dying. But what is it all about? I cannot understand; I am not to understand. My God, why am I a man at all, when this is all, this machinery piercing and tearing? 40 45

- 3 The passage below describes how Merv Hector, an Australian bus driver, seems to live in the real world – until his contentment is shattered by an accident.
- (a) Comment on the writer's style and use of language.
- (b) This passage is written as if it is Merv, the bus driver, thinking. Imagine that Ron, the conductor, is telling his version of events in the same way. Write the opening (around 120 words) of Ron's account. [10]

Breaking into light, this long silver bus. It comes rumbling from its concrete pen. Grunting away. It reaches North Terrace by stopping and yawning; its full length swings.

Yawns left, climbs past Rosella, hesitates at Maid'n'Magpie, take the left, roads are empty, petrol stations are empty, car yards are empty, shops are empty, hold her steady, chassis doesn't pitch then, there are couples behind curtains, there's a dog, watch him, man on a bike, shiftworker in a coat probably. Now the road's stirring, milkman turns a corner, leaves the road open, driver taps the steering wheel rim, enormous view of life in the morning, foot taps contented by it.

The bus had PARADISE printed on the front, sides and back. It was a long run to the suburb. At the outer reaches it specialised in young married women with prams; and Merv Hector had to smile. From his position in the driving seat he could see the new generation hairdos, skirts, worried eyebrows. Gentle, slow-eyed Hector waited for them, was happy to be of service. When one of them waved between stops he could stop the great silver machine every time. His conductors were quick to see they were riding with a soft heart. Straightforward characters, they were quick to assert themselves. 'Be an angel, Merv. Stop at the shops there for some smokes.' They also went to him when sick of things.

This time his conductor was Ron. His voice, tightly pitched. 'Getting up at this hour really makes me wonder. We're not carrying a soul. Look, it really makes me sick.'

Merv shook his head. Through the pure windscreen the road was alive ahead of him. Below his feet the bus was really travelling. It made you feel alive.

'There's the people we get on the way back,' Merv said.

He made a long sentence of it, as he did when contented, and heard Ron's breath come out dissatisfied.

'There's too bloody many then. We should have two here serving then. All the school kids; they never have to pay properly. What time is it?'

They were entering Paradise. As usual Hector waited to be thrilled by it, he stared and was ready, but a disappointment spread like the morning shadows. Streets were golden but it seemed more like a finishing sunset than the beginning of the day. When he stopped the bus it seemed to be further away – Paradise did. New tiles pointing in the sky spoilt the purity. But Paradise could be close by. It felt close by. The air light, bright; he was at the edge of something. Hector's stubborn fifty-four year old eyesight produced these messages for this heart but he was required to turn the bus, and he turned the bus around.

'Hell, we're going to really get hot and crowded.'

It was Ron running his finger around his collar.

'She'll be right,' said Hector.

'Hang on a sec. Let us out at the shop. You want some chewy?'

Stopped. Merv Hector was milk cheese from Norwood. At the M.T.T.<sup>1</sup> he was considered slow and forgetful. But he was dependable enough, and voiced no objections to the long early morning runs. His moon wife was stupefied by his sincerity. He was older. Their garden grew weeds. His watch was inaccurate, and he stumbled near the garden. 'Dear?' he sometimes said to Enid and faded out.

The distance to Paradise, with the great screen framing all kinds of life, gave him this gentle advice: move, slow down, stop, let them get on, move, see, Paradise. The world was beautiful. It was plainly visible.

Now Ron said something again.

'Look at all the bloody kids. Just what I need. All right! Move down the back!' 50

The bus grew squatter and fatter with the weight of everybody. Ron battled through, and the air was hot and human. They were now channelled by houses near the city, yet it was confusing.

A green bread van turned while Merv wondered. The shape was smacked by the metal at Merv's feet and the whole green turned over and over like a dying insect, a round pole came zooming forward. Hector's world entered it and splintered. Glass splattered. A crying uniform over Hector's shoulder cracked the windscreen. 55

There was the crash, Hector remembered. And the memory of Paradise persisted. If there was a beautiful place he could watch for like that. 60

He was wrinkling and gave a twitch.

<sup>1</sup> The local bus depot





