

## PAPER 1 READING (1 hour)

### Part 1

You are going to read an extract from a novel. For questions 1–8, choose the answer (A, B, C or D) which you think fits best according to the text.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

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‘He’ll be in soon for this,’ thought Mrs Bland, who ran the village shop, putting on her glasses to examine the envelope more closely. Every Friday, for over a year, she’d received a letter addressed to Mr Smith. She hadn’t, at first, objected when he asked if his post might be sent care of her address. After all, he was new to the village and she liked to oblige people, especially a customer. He’d taken a cottage, he’d explained, a couple of kilometres out of the village and wanted to be sure of getting his letters regularly. So she’d agreed. There seemed no harm in it.

He hadn’t been so odd, either, in those first few weeks; a bit untidy, admittedly, and apparently rather shy, but anyone could tell he came from a good background; he was well spoken and polite. There had been gossip about him among the locals, of course. Where had he come from and why had he chosen to live in Stokes Cottage? It had been empty for two years because nobody wanted to live up that lane, far from the main road. The villagers came to the conclusion that the newcomer was from London and had been ill or, more likely, unlucky in love. He had the withdrawn, faded look of illness or disappointment.

As the months passed, however, Mrs Bland became less sure of her decision. With time, he became even less talkative. He would stand silently in the shop, looking out of the window, running his hands through his increasingly long and untidy-looking beard, if another customer was being served. Nobody could draw him into conversation, let alone find out anything about him, and in the end people gave up trying. Some of them complained that he made them feel uneasy and avoided coming into the shop while he was there. But, as Mrs Bland said to them, what could she do? He only came in once a week, on a Friday morning, and she couldn’t refuse to serve him on the grounds that he wasn’t sociable. ‘Besides,’ she added to herself, ‘I can’t start turning people away for no reason.’

She wondered about him, though, and every week looked at the envelope, hoping to find out something. She’d decided that it must contain money, although she couldn’t be sure because it was never opened in her presence and even her most inquisitive customers hadn’t dared to question him about it. There was clearly something thin and flat inside anyway. The London postmark never varied, and the typewritten address gave no clue as to the sender.

*line 27* A storm had broken that Friday morning. Mrs Bland had run to put down newspapers to save the flooring tiles from the worst of the wet and mud, and that’s when she saw him coming. He was trudging along with his head bent against the downpour. When Smith entered the shop, Mrs Bland felt the need to begin a conversation immediately, although she knew he would not respond.

‘Good morning, Mr Smith. What dreadful weather we’re having. Your letter’s come.’

‘Yes,’ said Smith. He took the envelope and put it, without looking at it, into his inside pocket, handing her in exchange the shopping list he always had prepared.

*line 33* She read through the list of items, saying each one aloud as she fetched it from the shelf and entered the price in the till. She liked talking. Even when alone, she chatted to herself in her head, but she was afraid of serious conversations. She left that sort of thing to her husband, who was clever with words and sometimes alarmed her with the force of his opinions. You had to be so careful what you said to people in a shop. She would have hated to cause offence, so she limited herself to pleasant chat that said little and harmed nobody. And when Smith was in the shop, she didn’t notice his silence so much if she talked, but her thoughts ran alongside her speech, deeper and less comfortable.

## Part 2

You are going to read a newspaper article about an elephant. Seven sentences have been removed from the article. Choose from the sentences **A–H** the one which fits each gap (9–15). There is one extra sentence which you do not need to use.

Mark your answers **on the separate answer sheet**.

*Douglas Turner tells the story of a baby elephant who was taken on a 1,500 km journey in order to save her life.*

The first time I saw Wiwin, she looked like a wizened old woman with wrinkly skin, but she was in fact a baby elephant. She had been left behind when her family group was chased back into the forest after being caught raiding a rice field in Southern Sumatra, Indonesia. She had been rescued by the local people, who quickly realised that they lacked the means to care for her.

So she was brought to the local office of the Wildlife Conservation Society. Wiwin was desperate for affection. **9**  Because her growing teeth were sore, she had also taken to chewing on anything and everything.

Everyone at the Conservation office was impressed by her spirit; she was clearly a survivor, but having her there presented a number of problems. **10**  So the staff desperately contacted anyone who could give advice and began constructing feeding equipment from a length of tubing attached to a plastic bottle. Once they discovered the formula of a blend of cow's milk, coconut water and milk powder, Wiwin started to take in liquids.

There could be no question of releasing her back into the wild. The only option was for her to go to an elephant training centre (ETC), which cared for orphaned elephants. The nearest ETC was 1,500 km away, but transporting Wiwin over that distance would be extremely difficult, especially as she was so weak. **11**  We set off in convoy. Wiwin was in a jeep on a cushion of

coconut palms, with the wildlife centre staff; I followed with a photographer.

The first twenty-four hours went well. **12**  Mostly, we travelled in the cool of the night, driving through sleeping villages and setting up camp at daybreak, putting up a tent to give Wiwin shade.

We continued on our way in the late afternoon and drove straight into a torrential rainstorm. Trees were blown down, even blocking the road in places. **13**  We stopped for breakfast at a roadside café, where one local peered in and touched her nervously as if expecting an electric shock.

After three days we arrived at the Sebang ETC, to be met by the resident vet, Joanne Hammatt. She agreed that we should try to see if the elephant with the newborn calf might let Wiwin into their group to feed. **14**  However, she did soon settle into life at Sebang, interacting well with the other elephants.

So, after a week we left Wiwin at the centre. Regular updates from Joanne kept us informed of Wiwin's improving condition. It could be questioned whether we were justified in putting all this effort into keeping just one animal alive – in order for it to live a limited life in captivity. **15**  She was a symbol of hope for a group of weary conservationists who are very aware that it takes an enormous amount of time and stamina to make a difference.

Five young people remember their 'gap year' experiences, when they travelled the world between finishing school and going to university.

**A** Tom Baker

After my exams, I read through all the gap year literature, but I'd had enough of having to turn up to lessons every day at school. So I flew to New Zealand, without any structured plans, just to see what happened. I had to live very cheaply, so I didn't use public transport, preferring to hitchhike the long distances between the towns. I was amazed how generous people were. I was always being picked up by strangers and invited into their homes after nothing more than a conversation at the roadside. My hosts invited me to climb volcanoes, go trekking with them, even play a part in a short film. In a way, I learned just as much about life as I did when I was at university back in the UK.

**B** Robin Talbot

It all began when I was on summer holiday staying at a friend's house in New York. By the autumn, I was convinced I didn't want to leave and I stayed there for a year. I worked three days a week in a bar and two nights in a restaurant, which gave me plenty to live on. The Brazilian band that worked in the bar offered me a room in their apartment, and we played salsa music and had barbecues all summer. I realised eventually that I couldn't be a waiter for ever, so I came back to university.

**C** Mark Irvin

I couldn't face another three years studying straight after school so, like many of my classmates, I decided to do a round-the-world trip. I wanted to set off at the end of the summer, but it took six months of working before I had enough money. I'd planned my route so that I'd be travelling with friends for part of the way and alone the rest of the time. In Japan I met some incredibly generous people who invited me into their homes. I found their culture fascinating. But in Australia it was less interesting because it was more difficult to

meet the locals, as I could only afford to stay in hostels and these were full of British travellers like me.

**D** Simon Barton

Going to Latin America was quite a courageous decision for me, and the first time I had travelled without a fixed route or any companions. I was worried that my last-minute Spanish course would not be enough. I was originally planning to fly to Mexico, then go overland by bus to Belize, but a hurricane intervened and it was too risky. So I went west by bus to Guatemala. The people were very friendly, but as I'm blond-haired and blue-eyed they stared a bit, which didn't bother me. I just smiled. I dutifully kept all my important stuff on me, as suggested in the *World Travellers' Guidebook*, but I didn't run into any trouble at all. And despite what I thought might happen, I ate anything and everything and didn't have any problems. It was great! I'm already saving for my next trip.

**E** Andrew West

Everyone I knew was going to Australia, but I wanted to go somewhere more exotic, less predictable. I went with 'Quest Overseas', who arrange gap-year holidays. I started in Ecuador with a three-week Spanish course, then went off trekking in the Andes, which was tough. It's a good thing I had my first-aid kit, I was covered in scratches! I had arranged my flight back, but I put it off to go touring in Mexico for two weeks with some friends I'd made. My advice would be, plan ahead, but don't worry if things change. Keep your cash in various places in your clothing, and take advice about the places to avoid at night. I never felt scared, I just enjoyed the adventure. And when I came back I decided to do a degree in South American History, which I'd never have considered before. I thought living in a flat again would be dull, but in fact I'd had enough of always being on the move.