



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

- 1 The following extract is taken from a speech to the Organisation of African Unity given by Kwame Nkrumah, President of Ghana, in 1963.
- (a) Comment on the ways in which language and style are used to persuade the audience. [15]
- (b) Continue the speech (between 120–150 words). You do not have to bring it to a close. Base your answer closely on the style and features of the original extract. [10]

Our objective is African union now. There is no time to waste. We must unite now or perish.

African unity is, above all, a political kingdom which can only be gained by political means. Our people supported us in our fight for independence because they believed that African governments could cure the ills of the past in a way which could never be accomplished under colonial rule. 5

If, therefore, now that we are independent we allow the same conditions to exist that existed in colonial days, all the resentment which overthrew colonialism will be mobilised against us. The resources are there. It is for us to marshal them in the active service of our people. Unless we do this by our concerted efforts, within the framework of our combined planning, we shall not progress at the tempo demanded by today's events and the mood of our people. The symptoms of our troubles will grow, and the troubles themselves become chronic. It will then be too late for pan-African unity to secure for us stability and tranquillity in our labours for a continent of social justice and material wellbeing. 10 15

What need is there for us to remain hewers of wood and drawers of water for the industrialised areas of the world? It is said, of course, that we have no capital, no industrial skill, no communications, and no internal markets, and that we cannot even agree among ourselves how best to utilise our resources for our own social needs. Yet all stock exchanges in the world are preoccupied with Africa's gold, diamonds, uranium, platinum, copper and iron ore. 20

Our capital flows out in streams to irrigate the whole system of Western economy. Africa provides more than 60% of the world's gold. A great deal of the uranium for nuclear power, of copper for electronics, of titanium for supersonic projectiles, of iron and steel for heavy industries, of other minerals and raw materials for lighter industries – the basic economic might of the foreign powers – comes from our continent. 25

Are you afraid to tackle the bull by the horn? For centuries, Africa has been the milch cow<sup>1</sup> of the Western world. Was it not our continent that helped the Western world to build up its accumulated wealth? 30

We have the resources. It was colonialism in the first place that prevented us from accumulating the effective capital; but we ourselves have failed to make full use of our power in independence to mobilise our resources for the most effective take-off into thorough-going economic and social development.

We have been too busy nursing our separate states to understand fully the basic need of our union, rooted in common purpose, common planning and common endeavour. A union that ignores these fundamental necessities will be but a sham. 35

It is only by uniting our productive capacity and the resultant production that we can amass capital. And once we start, the momentum will increase. With capital controlled by our own banks, harnessed to our own true industrial and agricultural development, we shall make our advance. 40

We shall accumulate machinery and establish steel works, iron foundries and factories; we shall link the various states of our continent with communications by land, sea, and air. We shall cable from one place to another, phone from one place to the other and astound the world with our hydro-electric power; we shall drain marshes and swamps, clear infested areas, feed the undernourished, and rid our people of parasites and disease. 45

<sup>1</sup> *milch cow*: milking cow

2 The following text is taken from a travel book. It describes the writer's experience of staying in Tahiti, an island in French Polynesia, an area of the southern Pacific Ocean.

- (a) Comment on the ways in which language and style are used to create a sense of mood and place. [15]
- (b) Later in her book, the writer describes a different type of location which has also affected her thoughts and feelings.

Write a section (between 120–150 words) of this description. Base your answer closely on the style and features of the writing in the original extract. [10]

My trip began in paradise. In Tahiti. It was one week before the French nuclear tests on the Mururoa atoll<sup>1</sup>, one week before protestors' riots and looting ripped apart the Tahitian capital, Papeete. I saw none of that coming. I had never been to a more peaceful place.

I was staying in a youth hostel, and it wasn't long before a grubby group of us invaded the Hyatt Regency Hotel, occupying the terrace restaurant and securing seats overlooking the sea. We wanted to improve on our view. We wanted beer, nuts and cocktails at eight dollars a shot, and the feeling of life being as close to perfect as it could ever be. 5

It came close that night. A magnificent South Pacific sunset graced our efforts. Gilded waves, a blazing sky containing every shade of red imaginable. We gaped at the west, our eyes never leaving it as we talked lazily about many things. Why Americans never travel anywhere. Why Germans always do. Didn't Marlon Brando<sup>2</sup> have an island somewhere around there? Didn't his daughter kill herself? We all looked over at the dreadlocked Brit who asked this last question and admonished him with our gazes: inappropriate subject. We would not tolerate such questions. Not now. Not in front of such perfection. 10 15

Every day in Tahiti ended with sentimental perfection, as if it were always the last day before the end of the world. Beauty was ostentatious there. The air reeked of *tiare*<sup>3</sup> and orange blossoms like a land wearing too much perfume; walking the streets meant treading on flowers shed like autumnal leaves. I wondered absently when I'd be dropped to earth again, a mortal. Too soon, surely. And I wasn't yet prepared for the sobering jolt. 20

The quietest of the group, I was surprised when the others joined me in silence. To the west, the night was taking over, creating an edge to the colors and slowly blowing out the scene. Mauve. Dark maroon. Slowly, slowly. The sky and sea joining. A slice of moon asserting itself. The sounds of insects. A cooler ocean breeze. 25

And night.

Something akin to disappointment overtook us. The beers and cocktails became much too expensive for us. The Hyatt Regency Hotel too stuffy. We counted out our loose change, piled it on the table, and left to the relief of the hotel staff. 30

Heading to the youth hostel with everyone in the back of an old truck, I felt like one of Tahiti's *tupapau*—ghosts—which people believed wandered endlessly and could only be persuaded to rest by lighting a kerosene lamp in the night. I was already feeling anxious to leave Tahiti. Inexplicably, I always needed to be somewhere else. I'd left behind so much this time. Graduate school, my teaching job, my chance at 35

having some savings. A boyfriend who loved me and whom I might have allowed myself to love back.

The stars above, for all of the truck's speed, didn't seem to move. The wind lashed our hair back, sent our clothes beating upon us. Tahiti and its people appeared in glimpses of light: an old man walking beneath a street lamp, a pale ocean, a mother on her front steps calling to a child. 40

I looked at the young people around me. Most of them had been in Tahiti for months, glorying like Fletcher Christian's mutineers<sup>4</sup> in how successfully they had evaded the rest of the world and its responsibilities. They lived, as I did, out of a backpack. 45 They spent their nights getting Polynesian tattoos and drinking beer around bonfires on the sand, a society of merry vagabonds. I was always tentative about joining them, sitting on the fringe of the circle of light. I liked to watch them, wondering what happened when paradise officially became one's home. Did the escapes stop then? Did one live a charmed life? For their lives, these happy people's, indeed seemed 50 charmed.

I'd found that the most paradisiacal places in the world only distracted me for a few blessed days. It was like having an out-of-body experience: I stepped away from myself and my past, and resided in turquoise waters and white sands, pretending I wouldn't ever have to return to anything. Rest and relaxation, people called it. I called it hope. 55

<sup>1</sup> *atoll*: coral island

<sup>2</sup> *Marlon Brando*: a Hollywood film star

<sup>3</sup> *tiare*: a type of gardenia plant

<sup>4</sup> *Fletcher Christian's mutineers*: sailors, led by Fletcher Christian, who rebelled against their commanding officer on an expedition to Tahiti in the eighteenth century

3 The following text describes how the writer, an English tutor, tries to help one of her students to take life less seriously. They are sitting in a Japanese sushi restaurant where food travels by conveyor belt.

(a) Comment on the ways in which language and style are used to present the characters and the setting. [15]

(b) Later, Yumiko records her thoughts and feelings about the evening in her diary.

Write a section (between 120–150 words) of the diary entry. Base your answer closely on the material of the original extract. [10]

That night at the cheap sushi place, Yumiko was complaining about her boyfriend. Yumiko didn't really love him. He was boring. A purple running shoe rounded the bend behind a tub of wasabi<sup>1</sup>. I blinked and it was still there, unhurriedly cruising the conveyor belt.

"... but love is not everything and I am getting old." She bit her glossy lower lip. "You understand, Natalie?" 5

Maguro<sup>2</sup>, shrimp, melon slice, wasabi, shoe.

Yumiko saw it too. The running shoe crept by, its frayed laces dangling over the edge of the counter.

Laughing, I turned to look at the other diners. The room was wide and white, with four rows of blood-orange seats lining the snakelike progression of the sushi track. The ceiling spewed out fluorescent light over the constant noise—children squealing, waiters singing welcome, men barking orders into tableside speakers. "I wonder what kind of person wears a purple shoe," Yumiko said without smiling. She paused to brush her long braid over her shoulder. 10  
15

I was still laughing. "This is truly awesome."

"It's not funny."

"Don't worry," I said.

"Yes, you're right," she said, and relief spilled over her face. She scooped a heap of ginger out of a plastic bin on the table. I peeked across the restaurant. A few people were smiling and pointing. 20

She looked across the restaurant. "My father thinks Satoshi will be a good husband."

I shoved a thick slab of salmon and rice into my mouth. The fish was a little oily, and everything melted on my tongue. I reached for another piece while I was still chewing, then realized Yumiko was waiting for me to say something. I swallowed. 25

I saw the high heel only as it reached Yumiko's right shoulder. It was black and it reflected stripes of light.

She gasped. "We should leave, maybe."

I laughed, listening as the key of the restaurant changed from flat to sharp, with high-pitched tones of wonder winding through the place. "No way we're leaving now!" 30

Look!”

Across the aisle, a woman was wiping the face of a tiny baby in a booster seat. The little girl behind her had slipped off her shoe and was reaching up toward the moving belt. Her smile, stretched to its limits, burst into a shriek of laughter as she carefully set the shoe down. She stood up on the bright plastic seat and leaned over the plates of sushi to watch it disappear. 35

“I cannot believe that girl!” Yumiko said. “Just watch what her mother will say.”

The mother finally did turn back to the girl, who was still leaning against the counter. She looked at her daughter standing in the seat, and took one look at her bare foot before she threw her head back, giggling. She spun back to the baby in the booster seat, who was now kicking his feet, riding an imaginary bicycle. Off came a green knitted bootie. From mother’s hand to daughter’s, and onto the belt between two pieces of eel. 40

I grinned at Yumiko, who was still chewing absently, and bent down. 45

“No! Stop! Don’t do it please.” Her voice was desperate.

“What’s wrong? This is funny. Come on, everyone’s laughing.” I patted a passing green tennis shoe.

“I think I’m going to call Satoshi.” She reached for her phone. Her hand trembled. I reached across the table and touched her arm. 50

“Yumiko, come on. No one’s getting hurt.”

All around us, groups were shouting, laughing, taking plates off the conveyor belt in order to make more room for the shoes that were beginning to crowd it. Waitresses continued buzzing, whisking beers and soup bowls with the efficiency of worker bees. 55

As the noise level of the restaurant billowed up towards hysterical, Yumiko smiled. Her phone rang. She looked at me; we both looked at the phone. The room broke into applause and instead of answering the call she swung her legs around to stand up on her seat along with me and some other customers. We whistled and whooped.

Her phone was still ringing.

<sup>1</sup> *wasabi*: spicy vegetable sauce

<sup>2</sup> *maguro*: tuna sushi dish

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