



Cambridge International Examinations
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH

0522/01

Paper 1 Reading Passages (Core)

For Examination from 2015

SPECIMEN READING BOOKLET INSERT

1 hour 45 minutes

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

This Reading Booklet Insert contains the reading passages for use with **all** the questions on the Question Paper.

You may annotate this Reading Booklet Insert and use the blank spaces for planning.
This Reading Booklet Insert is **not** assessed by the Examiner.

The syllabus is approved for use in England, Wales and Northern Ireland as a Cambridge International Level 1/Level 2 Certificate.

This document consists of **3** printed pages and **1** blank page.

Part 1

Read **Passage A** carefully, and then answer **Questions 1** and **2** on the Question Paper.

Passage A: School Visit

A teacher, Will Randall, is deciding whether to accept a job in a school in Botswana, southern Africa. The school is moving to new premises next term.

The following morning, before making my decision, I was invited to the end of term assembly and prize-giving. Please would I come?

When we arrived at what was now being referred to as the 'old school', the boys and girls were already arriving with their parents. All of them had dressed up in their smartest party outfits. Within minutes, boys' shirts became untucked and even the odd hole appeared in the knee of a new pair of trousers, much to the parents' dismay. The girls, however, made an altogether better attempt to keep themselves neat and tidy before we went into the old outbuilding that currently served as the schoolroom. 5

Assembly began with the singing of the school song '*Nokya ya Botsele*'; it was also the name of the school – 'The River of Life'. Sung partly in Setswana and partly in English, and with accompaniment on the piano by a large enthusiastic lady, it was tuneful and extremely well sung. 10

Next on our programme was the national anthem. It was sung by the children standing smartly to attention, their eyes to the front, and hands placed proudly and firmly over their hearts: '*Fatsho lena la rona*' (Blessed be this Noble Land). The musical effect was slightly spoiled by the patriotic efforts of the piano player. She sang so loudly that she drowned out the combined efforts of everyone else. Despite this, I felt so drawn to the experience that I too found myself standing straight-backed and solemn. It was all conducted with a simple dignity and pride. 15

The musical session over, a number of children stood up to report in English on the term's events as this was a school in which all lessons and activities were conducted in English. These events seemed to have been impressively numerous. They included football tournaments, netball games, swimming competitions, maths prizes, school camps, trips in every direction, choir practices, academic achievements and sporting triumphs – all seemed to have played their part in the course of the term. Bearing in mind the isolated location of the school, I was deeply impressed that the efforts of the staff had provided all this for the children. I was surprised when I heard one boy mention that his football team had been to a town called Ghanzi to play a match. I estimated that it must have been roughly 600 miles away from the school. 20 25

Next prizes were awarded. I think each and every child had the chance to stand up and receive a small neatly wrapped parcel. Eventually it was time for the Headteacher to wish everyone a happy holiday and tell them how much he was looking forward to seeing them the following term in their smart new building. 30

'Oh, before we say our final prayer, let me introduce Mr Randall. He has come all the way from England to be with us today. We very much hope that he will be joining us next term.' All eyes were upon me. 'Don't you think it would be nice, children, if Mr Randall could join us next term and help us in our school?'

Loudly the children burst into a round of applause as Graham, the Headteacher, turned to me, with a smile of almost smug satisfaction and shrugged. Closing the lid of her piano, the music teacher turned and gave me an encouraging thump on the shoulder. Behind her, the parents were engaged in much animated discussion and enthusiastic nodding of heads. 35

Part 2

Read **Passage B** carefully, and then answer **Question 3** on the Question Paper.

Passage B: Wild Dogs in the Okavango Delta

In this blog, written for a newspaper, the writer, Stephen Moss, describes his meeting with an endangered species.

I haven't slept for more than 24 hours and I really could do with a cold drink. But when you're on a game drive in the Okavango Delta in the north of Botswana, none of this really matters.

As we drive away from the dusty airstrip, giraffes and zebras appear on cue. Impala – the fastest game animal here – run nervously away as we approach. They're right to be worried as we learn that a pack of wild dogs is hunting in the area so we take a brief detour to look for them.

Suddenly we sight one. A wild dog is one of the rarest and most endangered predators in the whole of Africa. Hated by farmers, they are shot on sight, and nowadays there are probably fewer than 5,000 of these beautiful black and tan animals in the whole of the continent.

The funny thing about wild dogs is that they look just like the dogs you keep as pets – lolling along as if out for a walk in the park. But the dog's leisurely-looking pace is deceptive; they can keep it up for hours on end, wearing down their prey before going in for the kill.

We soon lose sight of the dog as he pursues an impala into the middle distance. But our driver manages to find him again, standing guard over the body of the young impala.

But the trouble with being a wild dog is that other predators are bigger and stronger than you. Despite his best efforts, and those of his companions, two spotted hyenas soon arrive at the kill and take it over.

As dusk falls, we come across the wild dog pack, rolling in the sand, playfully fighting with one another at the end of a long day's hunting. Then it's back to camp for that long-awaited cold drink and a hot shower. I'm utterly exhausted – but having just witnessed a wild dog hunt in the heart of Africa, I really don't much care.

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Copyright Acknowledgements:

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Question 3 © Adapted: Stephen Moss; *Tracking wild dogs in the Okavango Delta*; Guardian News & Media Ltd 2008.

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