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**FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH (US)**

**0524/21**

Paper 2 Reading Passages (Extended)

**October/November 2018**

READING BOOKLET INSERT

**2 hours**

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**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 Insert and use the blank spaces for planning.  
This Insert is **not** assessed by the Examiner.

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This document consists of **4** printed pages.



## Part 1

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

**Passage A: Mikaela and Jane**

*In this passage, Mikaela waits for Jane, who is shopping at the market.*

Mikaela watched the world pass by the window. She nodded and smiled at each and every one of these liberated pedestrians, drawn into a current in the direction of the market. Their wheeled shopping carts bounced and bounded behind them in enthusiastic obedience. The road was a sea of movement, and no one looked up at the imprisoned figure in the window.

Mikaela sighed, allowing small breaths of warm air to escape and form cloudy shapes on the glass, into which she drew stick-people jumping, skipping, and running. After a while, words replaced the sighs: "I hope she won't take too long." Her chest felt a little tight again and she screwed up her face. She knew she just had to be patient. She pressed the control under her right hand. It whirred a little, but nothing moved.

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Jane consulted her list: quite a lot of groceries this week, but she knew where she would find them. She enjoyed shopping in the large market, the buzz, the color, the unpredictability. She held her wallet closely inside her pocket. You did have to be careful in these places. There were desperate people everywhere. She thought about Mikaela. Yes, she would be quick. No loitering around those soap stalls, where pink, amber, and fiery red, pebble-shaped bars lured and distracted you with scents of unexpected and delicious promise.

Ahead, the market was beginning to wake up. Jane enjoyed watching it at this time of the day. It was like a large beast, groaning in dismay at being prodded into life, its elongated body undulating and rippling, as the stall-holders pinned and adjusted fluttering awnings and canvas covers to their correct positions. Metal trolleys squealed in angry protest as their wheels careered crazily over the tarmac to be eventually butted up against the stalls. Here they disgorged their contents, their items of sale, slipping and sliding across shiny surfaces.

Jane consulted her list again. She moved quickly through the sea of busy vendors, avoiding stacked boxes of cheerful knickknacks and rails of colorful clothing, until she came to the back of the market. She avoided looking at the soap stall nearby, trying not to sniff its heavenly aromas, and waited patiently for Niki, the fruit and vegetable vendor.

Niki was busy at his stall. Labels needed fastening to large crates of white cabbage and sweet potatoes. Jane quickly helped him pile up stacks of melons and mangoes. "Yesterday's stock on the counter, please, Jane. We have to sell that first. Today's underneath. There." Niki pointed under a flapping red cover.

"How is Mikaela?" Niki now stood with his hands on his hips, surveying Jane. He smiled.

He has such a kind smile, Jane thought. He has always been a good friend. "She is still weak. She has this cough. We hoped the doctor would come today, but it will be tomorrow now. One of the wheels on her wheelchair jammed this morning. I can move it if I tilt the chair slightly onto its back wheels, but she can't move it herself."

Niki looked concerned. "That's no good. It's too heavy for you. I will stop by tonight and fix it. Here—let's see that list. Just the freshest ingredients for Mikaela." He lifted the red cover and began to move boxes around.

Soon a heap of the freshest fruit and vegetables filled Jane's basket. "Thank you, Niki." Jane paid the vendor and began to walk quickly away. Niki watched the urgency with which she weaved her way through crowds. His eye fell on the small, brightly colored piles of soap on the stall next door. She deserved a bit of a treat, too, he thought.

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Jane let herself into the house. "Grandma, I will make the potato and onion soup now. Do you want to come and watch?" She grabbed the handles, carefully tilted the wheelchair backwards and slowly edged it into the small kitchen.

Mikaela sighed happily. "You are such a good girl. I was worried you might take a long time. I know a lot of those stalls are so tempting. After this, we can play cards and you can tell me about the market this morning. How is Niki?"

**Part 2**

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

**Passage B: A Grandfather's Advice**

*A grandfather writes a letter to his grandchildren about his life and theirs.*

To my dear grandchildren,

I watch you all energetically engaged in the noisy and frenetic dawn of your lives while I sit here in the tranquil twilight of mine. There is so much going on around you. You want to reach out and grasp it all. I, who once did the same, now prefer to watch and listen.

The world has changed since I was a child. When I was young, it was too vast a place for me to comprehend. Now you can hold the world in your hands, your thumbs moving over it quickly, creating numbers, words, and patterns on shiny screens. You can also hold these screens to your ears and laugh, scream, and talk very fast.

You are right to embrace what is new. The world will leave you behind if you don't adapt and change with it. If you never stand still for a second, reflect, look at what you possess, then you will never know what is important. Judgment, or the ability to discern between what is immediate and of no long-term value, is what will bring you true fulfillment and wealth of the mind.

As children, you have more opportunity for education than I knew, but sometimes I see students who resent the imposition of hard study. I find this so difficult to fathom. To an old person who was obliged to leave school at a very young age to help with family responsibilities, you young people, with your opportunities to take examinations and go on to further study, seem so incredibly privileged. Rejoice, as I do, in your good fortune. Education brings opportunities for more material wealth, which I hope you will enjoy, but there is more than that: it broadens your mind and develops your critical thinking. Never underestimate the importance of the education you are receiving and may continue to receive.

Not everyone knows what you know, and others have had different life experiences from you. Through social media and travel, you will have more opportunities than I have known to meet different people and learn about different cultures. Take them, but please also learn lessons from them. Our generation was not always a tolerant one. We sometimes lived in judgment and fear of others. It is only now that I am older and wiser that I know how much unhappiness and conflict are created by mistrust and ignorance of other cultures.

I wish you all happiness in relationships of the heart. These feelings can bring great happiness, but also sadness, too. We cannot all be masters of our own loves, but may I ask you this: that if you can't love another who loves you, always show these people kindness and respect. Someone who loves you is paying you the deepest honor and compliment possible: you should never wantonly inflict misery in return. Conversely, where your love is not reciprocated, it can be truly heart-breaking, but you should try to make a positive learning experience out of all hurt and set-backs: these are experiences in life that teach us the quality of resilience.

My dear grandchildren: I love you all very deeply. Now you look at me with that beautiful shine of innocence in your eyes. For now enjoy your youth. I feel that our future world will be secure in your hands.

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