Cambridge Assessment International Education

Cambridge International AS & A Level

ENGLISH LANGUAGE **9093/13**

Paper 1 Reading **May/June 2024**

2 hours 15 minutes

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

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INSTRUCTIONS

- Answer **all** questions.
- Follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.
- Dictionaries are **not** allowed.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The number of marks for each question is shown in brackets [ ].

This document has **8** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Section A: Directed response

Question 1

Read the following text, which is an article about bird conservation from a newspaper website.

(a) Your teacher has asked you to give a speech to your classmates about the action that your community can take to help protect the local population of wild bird species. Write the text for the opening of your speech. Use 150–200 words. [10]

(b) Compare your speech opening with the article, analysing form, structure and language. [15]

Birds are remarkable and beautiful animals – and they're disappearing from our world

When the poet Mary Oliver wrote 'Instructions for living a life,' she reminded us: 'Pay attention. Be astounded. Tell about it.'

This past autumn, wildlife officials announced that a bird, a male bar-tailed godwit, flew nonstop across the Pacific Ocean 8100 miles from Alaska to Australia in just under 10 days. Fitted with a small solar-powered satellite tag, the godwit achieved 'a land bird flight record'. But of course godwits have been doing this for centuries. Come next April-May, all things well, determined godwits will make the trip in reverse, bound for Alaska to nest and raise their young.

They won't be alone.

Northern wheatears, songbirds less than six inches long, will arrive in Alaska from sub-Saharan Africa. Arctic terns will return from Antarctica, with each bird flying the equivalent of three trips to the moon and back in a single lifetime. Bar-headed geese will fly over the Himalayas at altitudes exceeding 20 000 feet.

PT Barnum[1] was wrong. The circus is not the greatest show on Earth. Nature is.

I love birds – how they bring me joy and give me wings; how they enlarge my world, slow me down, make me listen. In every hawk I see a velociraptor. In every thrush I hear exquisite music. In every swallow I witness an aerial dance as they snap insects in midair. In every epic migration I find myself redefining what's possible. And always the same question arises: can we, the human race, in all our commerce and carbon-burning, somehow save our winged cousins?

In the past half century, North America has lost more than one-fourth of its birds. Nearly everywhere, they are in decline. Massive die-offs of flycatchers, swallows, bluebirds, sparrows and warblers – described as thousands of birds 'falling out of the sky' – have been recorded in recent years in New Mexico, Colorado, Texas, Arizona and Nebraska. Smoke from intense California fires forced tule geese to reroute their migration and take twice as long. Elsewhere, as birds lay their eggs earlier, due to a warming climate, more chicks die from sudden inclement weather events.

This is where we find ourselves, trapped in a diminished world of our own making. Today only 30% of all birds are wild; the other 70% are mostly poultry chickens. In essence,

Earth is now a coalmine, and every wild bird is a canary – what ecologists call a 'bio-indicator' – in that mine.

Their fate is ours.

Soon after news broke of the flight of the godwit, the US Fish and Wildlife Service announced newly extinct species including the ivory-billed woodpecker and Bachman's warbler. 'When the last individual of a race of living things breathes no more,' the naturalist William Beebe once observed, 'another heaven and another earth must pass before such a one can be again.'

The author and climate crisis activist Kathleen Dean Moore writes, 'Unless the world acts to stop extinctions, I will write my last nature essay on a planet that is less than half as song-graced and life-drenched as the one where I began to write.'

Of all the species that have ever existed, more than 99% are now gone, most having winked away during five major extinction events, the last caused by an asteroid that struck Earth some 66 million years ago. Today, given global habitat loss (especially deforestation and prairies turned into cropland) and widespread persistent toxins, we – modern humans – are the asteroid. The sixth mass extinction is here, with about 600 species of North American birds at risk from human-caused climate change.

We must safeguard one of nature's greatest creations: wild birds. Build a better world for them, and we'll build one for ourselves. We must defend a livable planet by electing politicians who have empathy and an ecological conscience. Act green. Restore native habitats and environmental health. Keep domestic cats indoors, and affix silhouetted hawk decals[2] to windows. In the USA alone, an estimated three to four billion birds die each year from cat predation and window strikes.

Put a birdfeeder out the window of a nursing home and watch the patients inside brighten. Birds bring happiness and improved health. A European study suggests that a backyard full of birds creates greater human satisfaction than a modest pay raise. Our survival and mental wellbeing are intricately tied to that of healthy lands, waters and biodiversity; nothing proves it better than wild birds.

[1]***PT Barnum***: an American showman and circus owner
[2]***decals***: stickers used as window decorations

Section B: Text analysis

Question 2

Read the following text, which is a piece of travel writing about a journey through the Himalayas.

Analyse the text, focusing on form, structure and language. [25]

Day Sixty: Tingri to Rongbuk, Tibet

Though perfectly comfortable in my congenial little room, sleep was light and fleeting and broken by twinges of headache and nausea. The zero temperatures with which Mr Tse Xiu threatened us didn't materialise and when I should have been sleeping I was engaged in an energy-consuming nocturnal strip, peeling off the layers of clothing I'd gone to bed in and dropping them out of my sleeping bag one by one.

Open the curtains to find a yak calf helping itself to a bowl of water which has been put outside my room.

Wash in what's left of it and join the others for breakfast. On the way there I notice a big satellite dish in one corner of the courtyard. There's no evidence of a television anywhere about the place.

This is my first chance to have some time with Migmar, who has so far been preoccupied with getting us into China. He's 27, the son of Tibetan nomads who were enlightened enough to send him to school, from where he won a place at Lhasa University. He read Chinese (the Dalai Lama would have approved) and English, which, despite the fact he's never left Tibet, he speaks pretty well.

I'm impressed by the richness of the decoration on almost every inch of the timber columns, beams and ceiling boards, and Migmar explains that in the ninth century a Tibetan warlord tried to eradicate Buddhism and the only way that the culture survived was through a pictorial code. The Buddhist heroes were depicted as animals: dragons, tigers, even sheep. What began as a cipher developed into a rich tradition of imaginative painting.

Instead of continuing along the Friendship Highway to Lhasa, we turn south on a dirt road, towards the heart of the Himalayas. Apart from the occasional four-wheel drives like our own, traffic consists of horses and carts trotting between isolated settlements, usually of low, whitewashed houses with prayer flags fluttering from poles at each corner of the roof. The harshness of life up here in this dry and windy rain shadow of the Himalayas is etched on the faces of the farmers and their families. Skin is weathered and faces prematurely aged. The children, noses running and cheeks red and rough from the sun, cluster round as soon as we stop, asking us to give them something.

At one stop the villagers are celebrating with music and dancing. Music seems to lighten the load, and getting out the three-string guitars is a popular move. Soon a circle is formed and the dancers are moving slowly round with a step that doesn't seem to vary, though judging by reactions, the words they sing have been brought up to date. The women wear big, coral earrings, flower pattern shirts and the traditional Tibetan ***chuba,*** a long, sleeveless dress tied with a sash at the waist. Some of the men wear their version

of the ***chuba,*** big, wide-sleeved coats, and one or two are in sheepskin jackets, leggings and heavy boots of the kind I haven't really seen since the pop festivals of the late sixties.

Migmar says that at times like New Year, dances like these can be spun out for several days.

We move on, through desert scenery, with minimal vegetation but every kind of eye-catching rock formation: deep gullies, bluffs with soaring, scree-covered slopes, exposed synclines and anticlines, red and angry, as if freshly split from the cliffs around them. A brisk wind creates the only movement in this dead landscape, sending dust devils spiralling across the track in front of us.

From the entrance to the Qomolangma National Park, a metalled road, recently upgraded, leads us smoothly up to the next big pass, Pang La. This is the high point of our day's journey, in every respect. At the summit, a smooth, wide hill at 17 000 feet (5180 m), one of the finest views in the world is suddenly, almost abruptly, revealed. The full, majestic spread of the central Himalayas is laid out before us, like white-topped waves in a frozen ocean.

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