

#### FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH

Paper 1 Reading Passages (Core) READING BOOKLET INSERT 0500/13 October/November 2018

1 hour 45 minutes



### READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

This Reading Booklet Insert contains the reading passages for use with **all** 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.

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



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### Part 1

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

## Passage A: A visit to Clytha Castle

### In this extract the writer describes a short holiday, staying in a castle in Wales, with her two children.

It was with some anxiety that I turned our car onto the dirt track that serves as the driveway to Clytha Castle. In the British Landmark Trust handbook there are two photographs and a 19th-century sketch of Clytha. It was these, I suppose – plus the very term 'castle' – that made me anticipate something large, with a moss-clad, grey exterior and echoing stone rooms. The handbook had also led me to expect the haunting moan of owls at night and the weird, rattling call of rooks from the trees at dawn.

Clytha sits on a curious bump of a hill, but all we could spot, at first, were some small pointed towers peering coyly from behind a grove of trees. To see it whole, we had to proceed up the hill, through an iron gate, and along a meandering, overgrown pathway. The castle wasn't completely revealed until we were nearly in the courtyard, and it turned out to be not at all forbidding. Clytha is compact, charming and virtually unknown, even to its neighbours.

It is said that no country on Earth has more castles per square kilometre than Wales. This fact was plainly illustrated by the 20-minute drive from the English border to Clytha, during which we spotted three. There is a unique quality to the Welsh landscape: hills erupt unexpectedly out of gently rolling terrain, with castles clinging to them.

The castles are the most visible sign of an embattled past when England and Wales were at war. It was the English who built the area's most awesome castles: Conwy, Harlech, Caernarfon, and many others, enormous waterfront fortresses that grew into towns. The Welsh princes built castles of their own, smaller structures on steep, rocky hillsides.

By the 19th century, the Welsh castles that were being built spoke more of tremendous wealth 20 than of warfare. But times changed; with economic problems, the decline of the once prosperous coal mining industry resulted in unemployment and poverty.

Help has come in the form of tourism; the fortresses may now assist a country they once helped dominate. Clytha is not a castle at all in the medieval sense. Built in 1790 by William Jones, in memory of his wife, it has pointed arches and highly decorative windows and doors, and many other ornate features. It is grey only in photographs; the walls are covered with plaster that changes from shades of pink to terracotta or moss, depending on the light, moisture and the time of the day. Sheep graze up to, and occasionally in, the waterless moat that runs around its base.

One of its four towers has been made into a bedroom, a high-ceilinged octagonal room with windows that run right down to the floor, and a bed decorated by rivers of cream-coloured cloth. My son, David, is fascinated by castles. He imagines charging up curving stairways to survey the world from a high tower, knights exchanging blows with mighty swords and the sound of the wind wailing around the battlements. As soon as we arrived, he disappeared, exploring every dark corner. My eight-year-old daughter, Jane, has always wanted to live the life of a princess, so the room and the castle proved ideal. She parked her luggage, her teddy bear, and herself in the middle of the bed, smiled sweetly and fell fast asleep.

It would have been easy to spend our whole week at Clytha enjoying the delights of the castle. Instead we went from one unique experience to another; from a solitary castle to a whole fairytale village called Portmeirion. But that, as they say, is another story.

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### Part 2

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

## Passage B: Uluru

Uluru is a large sandstone rock formation in central Australia, in the Northern Territory. It is also known as Ayers Rock and is located 350 kilometres south-west of Alice Springs. It is thought to be the largest monolith in the world, more than 318 metres high and 8 kilometres around. It also extends 2.5 kilometres into the ground.

Uluru is an inselberg, an isolated remnant left after the slow erosion of an original mountain range. Although it is referred to as a monolith, this is a somewhat ambiguous term because of its multiple meanings, and thus a word generally avoided by geologists.

Ayers Rock was named in honour of a former Premier of South Australia, Sir Henry Ayers. Approximately 500 million years ago it was part of the ocean floor at the centre of Australia. Some report that there is a light source emanating from it at various times of the year. Most likely this can be explained scientifically.

The Aboriginal Australians believe that Uluru is hollow below ground, and that there is an energy source that they call 'Tjukurpa' (Dreamtime). In Dreamtime the world existed, but was featureless. Giant semi-human beings, resembling plants or animals, rose up from the plains where they had been sleeping for countless ages.

These ancient heroes roamed the land carrying out tasks that the Aboriginal Australians do today including camping, making fires, digging for water and performing ceremonies. When the heroes became tired of doing these things, that was the end of Dreamtime.

Dreamtime is part of the Aboriginal Australians' religion and culture. The saying 'As it was done in the Dreamtime, so it must be done today' dominates all aspects of their behaviour. Their belief in Dreamtime affects all aspects of daily life including ceremonies and rituals, the telling of stories and their artwork.

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