



# Cambridge International AS & A Level

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**9093/13**

Paper 1 Reading

**October/November 2022**

**2 hours 15 minutes**

You must answer on the enclosed answer booklet.

You will need: Answer booklet (enclosed)

## 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 or part 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 extract from a travelogue by the writer Pankaj Mishra, about his travel experiences in some small towns in India in 1995.

- (a) Imagine you work for the Health and Safety Department of the ISBT. You write a report, making recommendations about how to improve the bus terminal. Write the text for your report. Use 150–200 words. [10]
- (b) Compare your report with the original text, analysing form, structure and language. [15]

‘VERY SENIOR OFFICER and very honest,’ Mr Chugh was saying, now for the fourth time, ‘but his wife won’t let him be. She wants him to make money. She’s mad, I tell you, and she’ll drive my brother mad.’

A short, stoutish, balding man in his early fifties, he spoke as though he was an acquaintance. In fact, I had met him barely ten minutes ago on platform No. 36, where he was waiting, like me, for the late-night bus to Muzaffarnagar. There, amidst the general wretchedness of Delhi’s Inter State Bus Terminal (ISBT) – the thick fog of low-octane diesel smoke, the stench from open, unflushed toilets, the roar of bus engines, the countless cassette players blaring simultaneously, the muddy floor, the swirling mobs of bewildered travellers, the thuggish touts for private buses, the aggressive child-beggars, the bawling babies – amidst such oppressive disorder, the anxiety-ridden face of Mr Chugh seemed like a mirror image of my own: a fellow sufferer, I thought, and immediately felt a bond of empathy between us. 5

‘Do you know anything about this Muzaffarnagar bus?’ He had spoken to me first in English, in a thin, quavering, unnaturally high-pitched voice. Subsequently, he spoke only in Hindi. But the initial use of English was important. It was the sole means open to Mr Chugh of distinguishing himself from the squalor of his surroundings; and it was a coded overture to another presumed English-speaker, an invitation to privileged distress. 10

I replied that the bus hadn’t arrived and that this was all I knew. 20

‘Have you asked the Roadways office?’

I hadn’t. I wasn’t even aware of its existence.

‘Let’s go. Let’s see what they’re up to.’

His company gave me the strength to walk up two ramps to the UP Roadways office, and enquire about the delayed bus. Then, on being told about its uncertain status, we wandered around the huge waiting hall on the first floor, trading tales of public-sector ineptitude – no better basis for such impromptu acquaintanceships – before finding a small partitioned-off waiting room in a corner. There, shielded from the rest of ISBT by its cracked and grimy glass wall, through which the dimly lit waiting hall appeared subaqueous and the bales of humans asprawl on the floor like so much marine detritus, under a fan which, miraculously, in the midst of such complete breakdown, still worked, we seated ourselves, and Mr Chugh got started on topics only a severely undermined traveller would take up. 25

An intense excitement animated his sweat-drenched face; his voice cackled with nervous energy; he was in a hurry to confide in me as much as he could. And, less than 15 minutes after we had met, I was taken on a whirlwind tour of Mr Chugh's life. 35

I learnt, for instance, that he lived in Muzaffarnagar; that he was returning from Jaipur where his brother lived with his mad wife; that he himself had been a doctor in Toronto. But – and here the story turned strange – he was not paid his salary for ten years. So, he came back to India and started working as a consultant to an engineering firm. But he was disappointed by India. His wife was like his mad sister-in-law; she wanted him to make money. He was now thinking of going back to Toronto. They were now willing to pay his salary. 40

At any other time, Mr Chugh's story would have seemed slightly garbled, hiding some unpleasant reality (for instance, the bit about his withheld salary: was it because of some wrongdoing on his part?). In its present setting, however, part as though of the disorderly world around us, it appeared plausible. And the mood was infectious. Mr Chugh asked me no questions about myself; but I had had to stop myself twice from blurting out a few family secrets of my own. 45

Soon, Mr Chugh began to repeat himself: not just the themes, but also the exact sentences he had used earlier. It looked as if he was working himself into a state. The thought that he might any moment go completely berserk crossed my mind. It was disturbing: sitting next to him, staring into his thick-jowled, ruddy-cheeked face, and slowly realizing that such delirium could be less aberrant than what a sweltering May night at ISBT might make it seem, that it might have its sources in the peculiar circumstances of Mr Chugh's life. 50  
55

## Section B: Text analysis

### Question 2

Read the following text, which is an extract from the diary of Dara MacAnulty, a teenage Irish writer and naturalist, after he and his family had moved to a new house in Northern Ireland.

Analyse the text, focusing on form, structure and language.

[25]

#### Wednesday 1 August

We take Rosie into the Castlewellan Forest Park, which is fewer than 300 steps from our front door – even fewer if you hop over the back fence. Rosie is our constant companion on walks. She always wants to walk the same route. If we're not all together, or if Mum isn't with us, Rosie stops suddenly, digs her heels in. I remember once Dad phoning Mum pleading for help because Rosie wouldn't budge. Mum had to go out and physically move her. Since then, it's a standing joke that Mum is top dog. She-wolf.

5

The walk is easy and I'm chatting with Mum because I've promised myself, and her, that I won't hold things in to fester any more. First I tell her how much I'm missing our Fermanagh places, and that everything here is so strange and different. 'It smells different,' I explain. 'Not in a bad way, it just does. It sounds different, too, in a good way. There are definitely more birds here, more insects.'

10

I then go on to tell her about Jude next door, my new friend. This makes her smile and the dimples in her cheeks become more pronounced – this happens when she's tired. There are also shadows under her eyes, and seeing them I want to find the beauty in everything and promise not to let the bullies weigh me down. I have so much love around me. I want to do it for her. I want to do it for myself. It's all around me, beauty, so why should it be hard?

15

Darkness comes in quick and it's time to head for home. Mum grabs my arm and we stop in the falling darkness to watch shadows fly from one side of the road to the other. Bats. Mum and I laugh, and the excitement bubbles up. We rush back to the house: I find the bat detector and pummel through the kitchen and out the back door. In the garden more shapes mobilise from the trees – the bat detector is forgotten as I watch this origami take flight, the bats' nimble wings making strange angles as they take to the air to feed.

20

25

I stay out when Mum heads back inside, watching the night sky. I notice a new feeling, a buzzing in the air, a pulsation that makes me look over to the buddleia growing in the garden. It's whizzing with life and movement is palpitating in and around it. When the light goes on in the kitchen and I'm joined by everyone – Lorcan and Bláthnaid first, followed by Mum and Dad – I realise I must have shouted but don't remember doing it.

30

We watch in wonder as countless silver Y moths feast on the purple blooms. Some rest, drunk with nectar, before refilling, whirling and dancing in constant motion. The feather-like scales, brown flecked with silver, are shimmering with starry dust, protecting them from being eaten by our other nocturnal neighbours. I find it fascinating that silver Y fur can confuse the sonar readings of bats, and even when they are predated they can escape, leaving the bat with a mouthful of scales. And here we all are, the MacAnultys congregated in worship of these tiny migrants. Soon they will make the journey to their birthplace, silver stars crossing land and sea to North Africa.

35

The night crackles as the storm of flitting moves off. We jump up and down and hug each other, tension leaking out. We chat and look at the sky, sparkling with Orion, Seven Sisters and the Plough. This is us, standing here. All the best part of us, and another moment etched in our memories, to be invited back and relived in conversations for years to come. Remember that night, when fluttering stars calmed a storm in all of us.

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