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**FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH**

**0500/22**

Paper 2 Reading Passages (Extended)

**October/November 2017**

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: The Bear Hunt**

*Leo goes on a bear hunt in Russia. He is accompanied by an experienced bear hunter called Damian. Damian believes that taking a bear by surprise is important in a bear hunt.*

The air was frosty and sharp. Our snowshoes sank up to six inches into the soft, deep forest snow. The bear's tracks were visible ahead, and we could see how sometimes he too would sink up to his belly and plough up the snow as he went. At first, under the protection of large trees, we kept his tracks in sight, but when they turned into a thicket of firs, Damian stopped.

'Leo, we must leave the trail now,' he said. 'He is resting somewhere in there. You can see by the snow that he's been squatting down here. Let's leave the trail and go quickly and quietly around this thicket. Don't shout or cough, or we could alert him.'

Leaving the tracks, we turned off to the left. But, about five hundred yards on, we saw the bear's footprints again – right in front of us. This time we followed them, and they brought us out onto the road. We stopped to examine its surface. Here and there we could see prints of his paw, claws and all, as well as the marks of local people's shoes. The bear had evidently headed towards the village.

As we started in that direction, Damian looked thoughtful. 'He won't have gone all the way. We only need to watch out – left or right – for when the marks go into the verges.'

We walked along the road for nearly a mile, and then saw, ahead of us, the bear's footprints on the side of the road. Quickly, we examined the markings and I stood back in amazement. The toes were pointing out from the forest and towards the road. They were pointing towards us!

'This must be another bear!' I declared.

Damian looked at the footprints and considered for a moment. 'No, Leo. It's the same one. He's been playing tricks. He left the road by...walking backwards!'

We followed the reversed tracks for some ten steps to just beyond a fir tree. Damian stopped, and I looked ahead with him. In the thick belt of snow, we could see that the footprints made a half-circle then proceeded straight ahead. I was incredulous.

Damian was decisive. 'Now we need to get round the other side of him to take him by surprise. There is a marsh ahead of us, and he will have settled down there. Let's go this way around it.'

We began to make our way round the marsh and entered a stern-looking thicket of fir trees. I was too exhausted even to consider my surroundings. My legs crumpled as their snowshoes pushed against remorseless wedges of banked snow. At one point, where the snow flattened into treacherous ice patches, I found myself gliding helplessly into the black, inhospitably barbed arms of a skulking juniper shrub. One snowshoe slipped off and became wedged in the shrub's mighty, invisible depths. Drenched with perspiration, I dropped my fur cloak to retrieve it.

All the time, Damian sped ahead of me, indefatigable, gliding along as if in a boat, his snowshoes moving of their own volition, never catching against anything nor falling off. He even came back to me at one point, collected up my fur and slung it over his shoulder. Still, he kept urging me on.

As the evening glow showed red through the forest, we eventually came to a stop. We removed our snowshoes, made seats of them in the snow and began to eat, first snow and then bread with salt. The bread tasted so good that I thought I had never consumed anything like it in my life. As weariness

enveloped my body, I watched how, with a deft movement, Damian cocked his hunting rifle before sitting, his back propped against the rigid form of a fir tree, in preparation for a vigil.

I slept so soundly that when I woke I didn't know where I was. How wonderful! I was in some sort of huge edifice, all glittering and white with gleaming pillars, and when I looked up I saw, through delicate white tracery, a vault, raven-black and studded with coloured lights. I remembered then that we were actually only in a forest where there were trees covered in wet snow and grey hoarfrost.

Suddenly, to my left, but at some distance, I heard heavy movements on the snow. I peered out carefully between the tall fir trees, and saw, some fifty paces away, something big and black. My stomach turned.

## Part 2

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

### Passage B: The Teddy Bear

*Teddy bears and their popularity.*

One of the first gifts I received as a child was a teddy bear. He's called Henry. I don't remember receiving Henry as I was a newborn baby at the time, but he still sits in front of me now on my office desk – moth-eaten, rather grubby and dressed in woollen dungarees and a black felt hat. Henry has had the odd encounter with the washing machine and invigorating soap powder, but I think I rather like the fact that, a bit like me, he now looks rather jaded.

There is a convention of giving teddy bears as presents – especially to the very young, but also as gifts to celebrate special events in the lives of much older people. I wonder why we find them so appealing. After all, real bears are anything but fluffy, huggable and adorable. One of the stories I have heard is that our love of the bear dates back to the story of the former United States President, Theodore 'Teddy' Roosevelt, who refused to shoot a bear when out on a hunting trip. This resulted in a series of satirical cartoons appearing in the Washington Post in 1902 and then a business man was inspired to produce a cute little bear cub which he called 'Teddy's Bear'. Thus, the teddy bear was born.

The British are particularly fond of their bears. In one survey it was discovered that up to 35% of British adults still take their bears to bed with them. These were primarily women who kept and anthropomorphised their bears from childhood, treating them like friends, sharing problems with them and telling them about their day.

Teddy bears are a reminder of the carefree days of our childhoods and of the loved ones who purchased the bears for us. But it's not just that. Stroking the soft fur of the bear is therapeutic. On the subject of cuddling teddy bears, a psychiatrist once wrote, 'It evokes a sense of peace, security and love. It's human nature to crave these feelings from childhood to adult life.' With that in mind, various police, fire and paramedic departments routinely issue teddy bears to their officers because they are useful tools in reaching scared, lost or traumatised children. Just cuddling, naming and speaking to the teddy bear goes some way towards reducing the adverse psychological effects of stress.

Bears come in all sorts of materials but the most popular is mohair plush. This is fur from long-haired goats which is first woven into cloth, then dyed and finally trimmed. Nowadays these types of bears can be purchased in a wide variety of stores and online. A famous company called Steiff produces a huge range of these bears. Their 'baby's first bear' comes in soft washable 'plush' but they also produce expensive collector items. In 1908, Grand Duke George Mikhailovich of Russia bought a red Steiff bear for his daughter, Princess Xenia Georgievna, which she called Alfonzo. In 1989, Alfonzo was sold to a collector for the then record figure of \$19,000.

Nowadays we have 'bear artists' who produce bears from unconventional materials and dress them in outfits to suit their customers' wishes. We also have designer bears, which retail at very high prices. The world's most expensive designer bear is the Louis Vuitton bear, which fetched an eye-watering \$210,000 at auction; it is now housed at the Teddy Bear Museum in Jeju, South Korea.

We also commemorate national and historical events by the production of bears. Royal weddings are such an occasion. After the sinking of the Titanic in 1912, and as a token of respect for the many lives lost, a black Steiff bear was commissioned.

Henry is nothing (I nearly wrote 'no-one') special. He serves no practical purpose in my life. I have a feeling, though, that he will hang around with me for a good few years still to come.

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