

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**1115/02, 1120/02, 1123/02  
1124/02, 1125/02**

Paper 2 Comprehension

October/November 2006

INSERT

**1 hour 30 minutes**

**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

This insert contains the passage for comprehension.

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



*(Anna has travelled to another country to take up a college place. The passage describes her arrival in her new surroundings.)*

- 1 'Just remember, Anna, your father and I are very proud of you.' Her mother's words to her before she left rang in Anna's ears and she felt tears prick her eyes. She forced herself to stop thinking about her mother, afraid of making a spectacle of herself in such a public place as an airport.
- 2 Her heart sank when she realised that there were crowds of people waiting to have their passports checked. In a state of great anxiety, she chose what seemed to be the shortest queue, and fished in her overloaded handbag for her passport. Panicking, she was convinced she had lost it, only seconds later to find it. All around her were people of different nationalities, united in their common purpose – to have their passports checked as soon as possible, leave the bustle of the airport and enter the country. Anna smiled at the young mother behind her who, with a squalling baby tucked under one arm, was simultaneously trying to hold the hand of a wriggling toddler. Clearly exasperated, the mother merely stared angrily back at her. Anna stretched out a hand to the little girl, but the startled and hostile look she received in exchange discouraged further contact. 5 10
- 3 Despondently, Anna soon realised that she had picked the wrong queue; the young man being dealt with at the passport desk for which she was queuing apparently had a problem which could not be solved, and passengers in other queues were checked through much more quickly. When she eventually reached the desk, Anna presented her passport to the immigration officer, who did not respond to her cheerful greeting. A flicker of recognition crossed his face as he compared Anna with the photograph on her passport and with a brisk, unfriendly flourish of his hand he waved her through. 15 20
- 4 'Now for my baggage,' thought Anna, following the appropriate airport signs. Her mother had told her that all the suitcases from her aircraft would be placed on a moving conveyor belt, and that she would have to identify and retrieve her own suitcase from among all the others. Sure enough, a suitcase appeared through a door at the edge of a conveyor belt, and then another, and another, until there was an ever-changing mixture of baggage of all colours and shapes moving slowly round before her eyes. A well-dressed businessman pushed rudely in front of Anna to haul his expensive-looking suitcase from the conveyor belt; his inconsiderate behaviour was repeated by a teenage boy who bumped into Anna as he collected a dilapidated backpack. Anna searched for her own suitcase, but with no success. Bags were collected, people came and went, until Anna was left standing tearfully in an empty hall. 25 30
- 5 By now she had been spotted by a uniformed official. 'Please come with me,' he said to Anna, not unkindly, leading her to a little office, where he picked up a pen and printed form. Clearly this was mere routine for him. 'Now, please give me details about your missing bag – make, colour, size.' Because she was by now wildly agitated, Anna's mind had gone blank and she was unable to answer any of these questions. With a disdainful sigh, the official informed her that when her baggage was traced it would be delivered to the city address which Anna was able - miraculously, his look suggested - to give him. He glanced at his watch and sighed again. 35 40
- 6 As she left the airport through the revolving doors, there was a flurry of activity as several taxi drivers pestered her, each trying vociferously to persuade her to travel in his cab. She engineered her way round them, and was relieved to find herself at a bus stop, where she boarded a bus bound for the city centre. She took out her purse and fumbled with the strange notes and coins her mother had given her. With thinly veiled impatience, the driver accepted the proffered coins, and the bus rattled away. Anna slumped dejectedly into a seat, took her map from her bag, and studied the route from airport to college. She became so 45

engrossed in this that she raised her head just in time to see the bus moving away from a sign which pointed to the college. Annoyed at her own stupidity, she leapt to her feet and jumped off at the next stop, from which she had a long walk back to the college. 50

7 When she reached the student accommodation, she was disappointed that no suitcase awaited her in her room, although she consoled herself with the thought that, given the time-scale, this was hardly surprising. She surveyed the tiny room which was to be her home for at least the next year. It seemed so empty and unfriendly after the warmth of home. 'Perhaps I shall feel better about it in the morning,' thought Anna, as she climbed into bed. The last thing she remembered before sleep overtook her was an ache of homesickness in the pit of her stomach. 55

8 In the morning, she felt considerably brighter and searched in her handbag for clean clothes and toiletries, determined to make the most of her free day by investigating her new environment. Remembering her mistake of the previous evening, she negotiated her way to the correct bus stop. She also dealt with the foreign currency with a speed and accuracy which caused her to smile at her growing confidence. The bus shuddered to a halt at the city centre; how different this all was from the village she had left! Dizzily scanning the buildings, Anna could appreciate why they were called skyscrapers. People surged past, their faces set impassively, as they hurried towards their destinations. Cars gave off clouds of exhaust fumes as they inched along the road, their drivers tapping their fingers in impatience on the steering wheels. Motor bikes zigzagged through the lines of cars. With a somewhat inconsistent attention to safety, the bikers wore helmets while their bareheaded passengers perched on the edge of their seats, often carrying children. The traffic lights changed; Anna was propelled across the road by the crowd standing on the pavement, and found herself outside a huge covered market. 60  
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9 The coolness inside provided a refreshing change to the heat outside. There was an aroma of spices and fruit, and the sound of voices echoed around the high space. Fearfully, Anna took the precaution of clutching her bag tightly as she walked around, nevertheless relishing the vastness of the market and the variety of goods on display. At one stall a young woman was selling ribbons and cheap jewellery in a rainbow of colours, and Anna bought a gift to send to her baby sister, a bracelet of pink beads. She could imagine it being placed around her sister's chubby wrist and again she had to fight against waves of homesickness. 75

10 By now, it was raining outside. People pushed into the market, many with newspapers over their heads, rain running in little rivers from their chins, their hair, their sandals. A queue for taxis had formed and people edged to the front of it, watching intently every vehicle that screeched round the corner. The sun blazed down again and steam hissed up from the pavement. It was time for Anna to go back to her little room. 'Back home?' she wondered, amazed at the difference a day could make. As she opened the door of her room, she found that she was not entirely alone. Standing in the middle of her floor, with make, colour and size clear to see, was the suitcase she had lost the previous day. Happily, Anna went downstairs to phone her mother. 80  
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'Anna! How are you? How was your journey?'

'I'm fine,' laughed Anna. 'And so was the journey.'

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