READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

An answer booklet is provided inside this question paper. You should follow the instructions on the front cover of the answer booklet. If you need additional answer paper, ask the invigilator for a continuation booklet.

Answer two questions.
You should spend about 15 minutes reading the passages and questions before you start writing your answers.
You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.
Both questions carry equal marks.
The following text is a newspaper article about self-driving cars, published in 2015.

(a) Read the article. Write a response to the article in 120–150 words, giving your thoughts about self-driving cars. Your response will be posted in the newspaper’s online comments section.

(b) Compare the language and style of your response with the language and style of the original text.

Why self-driving cars won’t happen overnight

Last week, your humble correspondent very tentatively took his hands off his steering wheel on a busy public motorway and let the car drive itself. I should point out that this isn’t to be advised at home; the car in question had been engineered for this purpose and, thanks to the car manufacturer’s boffins, did it very well.

Lovely. But it isn’t exactly the end of the matter. The self-driving car is still a way off appearing on every street. And although it might not be quite ready to go on general sale just yet, the reason isn’t the technology.

The first problem is the law. In most countries, for a car to be able to drive itself legally, it must retain a nominated driver. And secondly, that driver must be able to disengage any autonomous driving systems and take over control manually.

That isn’t the only issue though. We still haven’t quite dealt with the matter of what you do in your self-driving car.

After all, there’s no point in having such a thing if you have to stare at the road, hands poised to re-take the steering wheel again. If you decide to read a book, get on with some work, or make a phone call, though, the question is whether this would be legal.

And each question seems to lead only to more questions. In fact, you’re probably thinking of one right now.

Which leads me on, in a neat and not-at-all-contrived manner, to the second big hurdle for self-driving cars. And that’s you.

Well, not you specifically. But the buying public as a whole. The majority of people I’ve spoken to about it have reacted either with scepticism or caution to the idea of a car that can drive itself.

Reactions have ranged from “You wouldn’t catch me behind the wheel of one of them” to “Ooh, that sounds weird.” Only one person has said that it sounds “exciting”.

And things aren’t likely to improve much as the concept of car hacking becomes more widely known. This is the worryingly viable notion that self-driving cars could be hacked into and controlled externally.

“We will have to work hard to keep up with the hackers,” is the only solution Dr Arne Bartels, an automated driving project leader, can offer for now. “It is like thieves breaking into a safe – you make the safe stronger, and they crack it.” In other words, this is one issue which hasn’t been solved yet, and when it is, it’s only likely to be until the next hacker finds a way around. Not exactly the cast-iron guarantee people will want.

So, get ready for the era of the self-driving car. But also treat any hype about its imminence with a pinch of salt. It’s coming, for sure – but behind the sparkling prototypes, there’s still an awful lot of work to be done.
Texts A and B are both about the hut in which author Roald Dahl produced much of his writing.

Text A is an extract from a biography of Dahl written by Donald Sturrock. In this extract Sturrock recalls being taken to see the writing hut by Dahl.

Text B is a transcription of an extract from a radio broadcast made some years after Dahl’s death. The presenter plays a recording of Dahl’s voice and then speaks to his granddaughter, Sophie Dahl.

Compare the language and style of Text A and Text B.

Text A

We walked down a stone path bordered with leafless lime saplings, tied onto a bamboo framework that gently arched over our heads. He explained to me that in time the saplings would grow around the structure and make a magical, shady tunnel.

He opened the door to the hut and I went into his writing space. A carpet of dust, pencil sharpening and cigarette ash covered the worn linoleum floor. A plastic curtain hung limply over a tiny window. There was almost no natural light. A great armchair filled the tiny room – Dahl frequently compared the experience of sitting there to being inside the womb or the cockpit of a fighter plane. He had chopped a huge chunk out of the back of the chair, he told me, so nothing would press onto the lower part of his spine and aggravate the injury he suffered when his plane crashed during the war. A battered anglepoise1 lamp, like a praying mantis,2 crouched over the chair. A single-bar electric heater, its flex trailing down to a socket near the floor, hung from the ceiling. He told me that by poking it with an old golf club he could direct heat onto his hands when it was cold.

Everything seemed ramshackle and makeshift. Much of it seemed rather dangerous. Its charm, however, was irresistible. An enormous child was showing me his treasures: the writing board he’d designed himself, the filthy sleeping bag that kept his legs warm, and – most prized of all – his cabinet of curiosities. These included a glass vial filled with pink liquid, in which some stringy glutinous bits of his spine were floating; a split piece of rock with a cluster of purple crystals nesting within; a tiny model aeroplane; and a metal ball made, so he assured me, from the wrappers of hundreds of chocolate bars. Finally, he pointed out a gleaming steel prosthesis.3 It had been temporarily fitted into his pelvis during an unsuccessful hip replacement operation. He was now using it as an improvised handle for a drawer on one of his broken-down filing cabinets.

1 anglepoise: a type of reading lamp which has an adjustable arm.
2 praying mantis: a long-legged tropical insect with a triangular head.
3 prosthesis: an artificial body part.
Presenter: under a canopy of lime trees (.) you walk along a paved path (.) to the little hut in the garden of roald dahls home (.) where he wrote his most famous stories (1) once inside and the hut is exactly as roald dahl left it when he died (.) theres the faded winged back chair he sat in (.) the wooden writing board he balanced on his lap (.) and piles of lined yellow notepads (1) have a listen to roald dahl speaking in nineteen eighty eight and explaining how he came to write here

Roald Dahl: sitting in a comfortable chair like this with a comfortable place to work (.) probably arose from the fact that er my back was badly hurt (.) and i was there was no way i was going to sit up and write at a desk (.) and when i am in this little place its lovely (1) and you can lose yourself in your work (.) it is my little nest (.) my womb

Presenter: well joining me here in the hut is sophie dahl (.) the granddaughter of roald dahl and the patron of the roald dahl museum and story centre (1) and and sophie to start with what do you remember about roald dahl working in here

Sophie Dahl: i remember that we were not allowed to disturb him [laughs]

Presenter: [laughs]

Sophie Dahl: that was the number one thing it was a very sacred place and the treat (.) if you were little (.) was you were allowed to summons him to come in for a drink at the end of the day so sometimes we’d be allowed to knock on the door and youd get this COME IN (1) and youd sort of teeter just on the edge of the step outside

Presenter: and you were never tempted to sneak in

Sophie Dahl: i dont think youd (.) he wasnt that sort of a grandfather he was (.) he was very warm and loving but he was in his own way quite formidable

Presenter: the hut was built in the nineteen fifties (.) it was never built to last and it is as we stand here quite clearly decaying isnt it

Sophie Dahl: yes its very fragile (.) the walls are (.) cracking you can smell (.) you can smell the decay (.) its sort of like like coming into a very ancient tomb in a way theres something still quite sacred about it (.) and its in a bit of a state poor little hut (.) it needs help