ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 1 Passages

October/November 2016
2 hours 15 minutes

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: Question 1 and either Question 2 or Question 3.
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.
The passage below is a speech made by Julia Gillard, Australian Prime Minister, in response to an attempt by the leader of the opposition – Tony Abbott – to remove the speaker (chair) of the Australian parliament from office because of sexist remarks made by text message.

(a) Comment on the style and language of the extract. [15]

(b) Julia Gillard makes an entry in her diary the night before she gives this speech. Write this entry (between 120 and 150 words), basing your answer closely on the material of the speech. [10]

Thank you very much Deputy Speaker and I rise to oppose the motion moved by the Leader of the Opposition. And in so doing I say to the Leader of the Opposition I will not be lectured about sexism and misogyny by this man. I will not. And the Government will not be lectured about sexism and misogyny by this man. Not now, not ever.

The Leader of the Opposition says that people who hold sexist views and who are misogynists are not appropriate for high office. Well I hope the Leader of the Opposition has got a piece of paper and he is writing out his resignation. Because if he wants to know what misogyny looks like in modern Australia, he doesn't need a motion in the House of Representatives, he needs a mirror. That's what he needs.

Let's go through the Opposition Leader's repulsive double standards, repulsive double standards when it comes to misogyny and sexism. We are now supposed to take seriously that the Leader of the Opposition is offended by Mr Slipper's text messages, when this is the Leader of the Opposition who has said, and this was when he was a minister under the last government – not when he was a student, not when he was in high school – when he was a minister under the last government.

He has said, and I quote, in a discussion about women being under-represented in institutions of power in Australia – the interviewer was a man called Stavros. The Leader of the Opposition says, “If it’s true, Stavros, that men have more power generally speaking than women, is that a bad thing?”

And then a discussion ensues, and another person says, “I want my daughter to have as much opportunity as my son.” To which the Leader of the Opposition says “Yeah, I completely agree, but what if men are by physiology or temperament, more adapted to exercise authority or to issue command?”

Then ensues another discussion about women’s role in modern society, and the other person participating in the discussion says, “I think it’s very hard to deny that there is an under-representation of women,” to which the Leader of the Opposition says, “But now, there’s an assumption that this is a bad thing.”

This is the man from whom we’re supposed to take lectures about sexism. And then of course it goes on. I was very offended personally when the Leader of the Opposition, as Minister of Health, said, and I quote, “Abortion is the easy way out.” You said that in March 2004, I suggest you check the records. I was also very offended on behalf of the women of Australia when in the course of this carbon pricing campaign, the Leader of the Opposition said, “What the housewives of Australia need to understand as they do the ironing…” Thank you for that painting
of women’s roles in modern Australia. And then, of course, I was offended too by the sexism, by the misogyny of the Leader of the Opposition catcalling across this table at me as I sit here as Prime Minister: “If the Prime Minister wants to, politically speaking, make an honest woman of herself…”, something that would never have been said to any man sitting in this chair. I was offended when the Leader of the Opposition went outside in the front of Parliament and stood next to a sign that said “Ditch the witch.”

And now, the Leader of the Opposition wants to be taken seriously, apparently he’s woken up after this track record and all of these statements, and he’s woken up and he’s gone, “Oh dear, there’s this thing called sexism, oh my lords, there’s this thing called misogyny. Now who’s one of them? Oh, the Speaker must be because that suits my political purpose.”

Doesn’t turn a hair about any of his past statements, doesn’t walk into this Parliament and apologise to the women of Australia. Doesn’t walk into this Parliament and apologise to me for the things that have come out of his mouth. But now seeks to use this as a battering ram against someone else.

Well this kind of hypocrisy must not be tolerated, which is why this motion from the Leader of the Opposition should not be taken seriously.

1 *misogyny*: hatred of women.

2 Ms Gillard had a partner but was not married at the time of the speech.
The following extract is from *The Art of Travel* by Alain de Botton.

(a) Comment on the language and style of the extract. [15]

(b) Later in his travels, Alain de Botton takes a journey in your own country. Write the opening of the passage (between 120 and 150 words) in which he describes this experience. Base your answer closely on the style and language of the original passage. [10]

Awakening early on that first morning, I slipped on a dressing gown provided by the hotel and went out on to the veranda. In the dawn light the sky was a pale grey-blue and, after the rustlings of the night before, all the creatures and even the wind seemed in deep sleep. It was as quiet as a library. Beyond the hotel room stretched a wide beach which was covered at first with coconut trees and then sloped unhindered towards the sea. I climbed over the veranda's low railing and walked across the sand. Nature was at her most benevolent. It was as if, in creating this small horseshoe bay, she had chosen to atone for her ill-temper in other regions and decided for once to display only her munificence. The trees provided shade and milk, the floor of the sea was lined with shells, the sand was powdery and the colour of sun-ripened wheat, and the air – even in the shade – had an enveloping, profound warmth to it so unlike the fragility of northern European heat, always prone to cede\(^1\), even in midsummer, to a more assertive, proprietary\(^2\) chill.

I found a deck chair at the edge of the sea. I could hear small lapping sounds beside me, as if a kindly monster was taking discreet sips of water from a large goblet. A few birds were waking up and beginning to career through the air in matinal\(^3\) excitement. Behind me, the raffia roofs of the hotel bungalows were visible through gaps in the trees. Before me was a view that I recognized from the brochure: the beach stretched away in a gentle curve towards the tip of the bay, behind it were jungle-covered hills, and the first row of coconut trees inclined irregularly towards the turquoise sea, as though some of them were craning their necks to catch a better angle of the sun.

Yet this description only imperfectly reflects what occurred within me that morning, for my attention was in truth far more fractured and confused than the foregoing paragraphs suggest. I may have noticed a few birds careering through the air in matinal excitement, but my awareness of them was weakened by a number of other, incongruous and unrelated elements, among these, a sore throat that I had developed during the flight, a worry at not having informed a colleague that I would be away, a pressure across both temples and a rising need to visit the bathroom. A momentous but until then overlooked fact was making its first appearance: that I had inadvertently brought myself with me to the island.

\(^1\)cede: give way.

\(^2\)proprietary: customary.

\(^3\)matinal: morning.
The following text is an entry from an internet diary kept by Simon Dixey, a member of the crew of a sailing boat during their round-the-world race in 2014.

(a) Comment on the language and style of the extract. [15]

(b) Write Simon Dixey's internet diary entry (between 120 and 150 words) for his first night at home after nearly a year at sea. Base your answer closely on the style and language of the original. [10]

I knew it was my underwear. It had fallen from the black bin bag and was lying in a damp black heap on the floor, but surely there was something familiar – yes, there the hole in the left cuff, and just here had the moths eaten that pattern of holes in the leg. My trusty Icebreakers\(^1\) for sure. It had not been in the search for thermal base layers that I had investigated this bag, thrust to the back of our storage bunk, although I was glad enough to find them. I was really searching for my best pair of earphones (still missing, by the way) – and while on the subject, has anybody seen my coffee mug, lost since San Francisco? Just asking …

Ah well, if that's all I end up losing after nearly a year at sea, I guess I have not done too badly. On the subject of losses, however, people have been known to ask about our routes on these races. From the comfort of their armchairs, they see our wriggly tracks, hairpin bends and general meanderings and sometimes speculate as to whether we have lost our way.

One mutters about weather, currents, great circles and the like, but I can see they are not convinced. And thinking about it, I am wondering if the truth is not a lot more complicated.

I think it's all Carolus’s fault. He's a mathematician you see, and has been trying to educate us about some of the more arcane\(^2\) areas of mathematical theory, during those long hours when our boat is in BG mode (Bobbing Gently). The shortest distance between two points is a straight line, so you might think. But not always. On the surface of a globe, for instance, this is no longer true. And it turns out there are many other geometries in which this axiom\(^3\) does not apply – these non-Euclidian geometries are described by Riemann and others. So it is entirely possible that we are sailing in a non-Euclidian dimension much of the time, just popping back into 3D at Race Viewer moments and at stopover ports. So just remember: for walking or cycling then you could use Euclid, but for wandering seamen then Riemann is best.

Anyway, back to planet Earth for a moment, and moving from things lost to things missed. Many of us have been thinking now about what we will miss when this adventure is over. I don't know about missing things, but I think I will remember our boat by its little peculiarities. For instance:

- The wind angle reading that differs by 20 degrees depending on whether we are on port or starboard tack\(^4\).
- The hatches that drip on you while you cook.
- Navigation lights constantly on the blink.
- How to close the starboard engine room door (use your hip).
- Which heads\(^5\) pump out best on which tack.
- The best way to tie up your lee cloth\(^6\).
• How to reach underfloor plumbing.

And so on.

And perhaps that's the basis for many affectionate relationships, this growing familiarity with endearing eccentricities and imperfections. So do we know them – our friends, spouses or partners, the boat we have lived on for nearly a year – even in the dark, even by a touch, a smell, by the odd sounds made in the night. And it's a wise man that knows his own underwear.

That last line might serve as an epitaph; it is certainly a farewell. This is my absolutely, final, last crew diary entry. The race is nearly over, we have sailed into our last sunrise. In a few days’ time the sun will set on our voyage as we leave The Netherlands and head west, for London and home.

Simon Dixey

1Icebreakers: a brand of thermal underwear.
2more arcane: more abstract.
3axiom: mathematical rule.
4tack: direction of a boat relative to the wind.
5heads: ship's lavatories.
6lee cloth: a length of cloth fixed to stop sailors falling out of their bunks.