READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.
Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on the work you hand in.
Write in dark blue or black pen.
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

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.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.
Answer Question 1 and either Question 2 or Question 3.

1 The following text is from an online promotion for a cruise holiday.

(a) Comment on the ways in which style and language are used to sell the cruise holiday. [15]

(b) The same company decides to organise a tour of your country, using a different means of transport.

Write the opening (120–150 words) for this promotion. Base your answer closely on the style and language of the original text. [10]

Ivory sands, washed by neon turquoise. The sound of steel drums tinkling in the distance. And a never-ending supply of feel-good rum cocktails. It can only be one place – the Caribbean. Thomson Cruises takes you to all four corners of this sun-soaked paradise. Visit old favourites like Jamaica and St. Lucia, and spend time exploring lesser-known hideaways like Tobago and Curacao. But it doesn’t end there. The exotic shores of Colombia, Venezuela and Costa Rica line up, too. It means you can combine lazy days on the beach with sightseeing trips that tick off everything from tropical rainforests to colonial mansions, by way of bloom-filled botanical gardens. And if you want to combine sailing round the Caribbean with a spell on dry land, our Cruise & Stay option is perfect. You can team a week-long cruise with a seven-night stay in Barbados.

Book a Caribbean cruise, and you’ll set sail on Thomson Dream. It’s the biggest ship in our fleet and around 30% more spacious than most other ships in its class. And not only does it give you more room, it’s more stylish, too. Take the cabins, for example. As well as being the biggest in the fleet, they come with interior-designed good looks – think neutral colours accented by bold feature walls.

In the shared spaces, meanwhile, Thomson Dream has got all the hallmarks of a classic Thomson ship. That means large bars made for mingling, and cosy corners for a nightcap. Plus, there are four restaurants offering everything from 24-hour buffets to tasty a la carte dishes. As for extras, you’ll find two swimming pools, including one which has a retractable roof. Last but not least is the theatre. Spread over two storeys, with a mix of chairs, booths and seats for two, it’s like a little slice of the West End at sea.

Day tripping…

Each day brings new experiences and plenty of opportunities to take it easy…

It goes without saying the places we visit have got what it takes to impress. And there are plenty of things to see and do while you’re there. Swim with stingrays in Antigua. Hike through the rain forests in St. Kitts. Or take to the air for a bird’s eye view of Tortola.

We’ve done our homework in every port to find you all the best trips. Prices vary, but they’re typically in the region of £35 a half day and £75 for a full day. If you prefer to explore under your own steam, we’ll give you a map and a mini-guide to help you along the way.
Of course, sometimes you want to chill out. And Thomson Dream lets you do just that. Devote your holiday to lazing by the pool, listening to music and sipping cocktails. Find a quiet spot in the lounge, where you can read with no interruptions. Or head to the spa for a massage, manicure or facial.

Get the Premier Service

After more in the way of space and comfort? Choose a top-end cabin and add a touch of luxury to your cruise...

If you want to turn the relaxation dial up a notch, treat yourself to the best accommodation on the ship. For starters, you get more space and the added bonus of a separate seating area. The windows are bigger, too, so things are really light and airy. Some ships even offer suites with their own balconies – perfect for making the most of the sunsets.

The best bit though, is the Premier Service. You get priority check-in at the port, which means you can get your holiday started even sooner. And the special treatment doesn't stop when you get on the ship. Once a week, you can opt to wake up to breakfast in bed. Plus, our free pressing service means you can make sure you look your best for the gala dinner.

There are loads of ways you can make your cruise extra special. Maybe you want to relive your wedding day? In that case, our Blessings at Sea are perfect. Or you can get your trip off to a great start by ordering fresh flowers, chocolate-dipped strawberries or a bottle of Champagne. We’ll make sure they’re waiting for you when you get to your cabin. If you’re celebrating a big occasion, take a look at our Celebrate in Style package. It gives you everything above, as well as nice touches like a Continental breakfast, a cake, a card and a photograph. Not cruising yourself but know someone who is? You can treat your friends and family by booking any of our finishing touches for them. Just imagine their delight when you surprise them with a Champagne breakfast or a bouquet of flowers.
The following extract is part of a speech given by Barack Obama (at the time, the future president of the USA), to his political party in 2004. In it he considers the rights children should have.

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

(b) The same speaker delivers another speech to his political party. In it he considers the rights of women. Write the opening of the speech (120–150 words). Base your answer closely on the style and language of the original extract.

Tonight is a particular honor for me because, let’s face it, my presence on this stage is pretty unlikely. My father was a foreign student, born and raised in a small village in Kenya. He grew up herding goats, went to school in a tin-roof shack. His father – my grandfather – was a cook, a domestic servant to the British.

But my grandfather had larger dreams for his son. Through hard work and perseverance my father got a scholarship to study in a magical place, America, that shone as a beacon of freedom and opportunity to so many who had come before. While studying here, my father met my mother. She was born in a town on the other side of the world, in Kansas. Her father worked on oil rigs and farms through most of the Depression. The day after Pearl Harbor my grandfather signed up for duty; joined Patton’s army, marched across Europe. Back home, my grandmother raised a baby and went to work on a bomber assembly line. After the war, they studied on the G.I. Bill, bought a house through F.H.A., and later moved west all the way to Hawaii in search of opportunity.

And they, too, had big dreams for their daughter. A common dream, born of two continents.

My parents shared not only an improbable love, they shared an abiding faith in the possibilities of this nation. They would give me an African name, Barack, or ‘blessed’, believing that in a tolerant America your name is no barrier to success. They imagined – They imagined me going to the best schools in the land, even though they weren’t rich, because in a generous America you don’t have to be rich to achieve your potential.

They’re both passed away now. And yet, I know that on this night they look down on me with great pride.

They stand here – and I stand here today, grateful for the diversity of my heritage, aware that my parents’ dreams live on in my two precious daughters. I stand here knowing that my story is part of the larger American story, that I owe a debt to all of those who came before me, and that, in no other country on earth, is my story even possible …

That is the true genius of America, a faith – a faith in simple dreams, an insistence on small miracles; that we can tuck in our children at night and know that they are fed and clothed and safe from harm; that we can say what we think, write what we think, without hearing a sudden knock on the door; that we can have an idea and start our own business without paying a bribe; that we can participate in the political process without fear of retribution; and that our votes will be counted – at least most of the time.

And fellow Americans, Democrats, Republicans, Independents, I say to you tonight: We have more work to do – more work to do for the workers I met in Galesburg, Illinois, who are losing their union jobs at the Maytag plant that’s moving to Mexico, and now are having to compete with their own children for jobs that pay seven bucks an hour; more to do for the father that I met who was losing his job and choking back the tears, wondering how he would pay 4500 dollars a month for the drugs his son needs without the health benefits that he counted on; more to do for the young woman in East St. Louis, and thousands more like her, who has the grades, has the drive, has the will, but doesn’t have the money to go to college.

Now, don’t get me wrong. The people I meet – in small towns and big cities,
diners and office parks – they don’t expect government to solve all their problems. They know they have to work hard to get ahead, and they want to. Go into the collar counties around Chicago, and people will tell you they don’t want their tax money wasted, by a welfare agency or by the Pentagon. Go in – Go into any inner city neighborhood, and folks will tell you that government alone can’t teach our kids to learn; they know that parents have to teach, that children can’t achieve unless we raise their expectations and turn off the television sets and eradicate the slander that says a black youth with a book is acting white. They know those things.

People don’t expect – people don’t expect government to solve all their problems. But they sense, deep in their bones, that with just a slight change in priorities, we can make sure that every child in America has a decent shot at life, and that the doors of opportunity remain open to all.

They know we can do better. And they want that choice.
3 The extract below describes the bombing of a town.

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

(b) Write a description (120–150 words) of another dramatic event (real or imaginary) where a peaceful environment is suddenly disturbed. Base your answer closely on the style and language of the original extract.

The town far below was asleep. It lay pillowed on the secure shore; violet shadows leaned against its pale buildings; there was no movement in its streets; no smoke from its chimneys. The ships lay still in the deep close harbour; their masts rose out of the turrets of the warships like strange plants among them. The sea was smooth as a silver plate; there was no sound anywhere.

The aeroplane descended in slow spirals upon the town, tracing an invisible path through the pearly air. It was as if a messenger from heaven were descending upon the people of the town who dreamed.

Suddenly a scream burst from the throat of the church tower. For an instant the sky seemed to shiver with the stab of that wail of terror rising from the great stone throat. Surely the town would waken in a panic – and yet, no, nothing stirred. There was no sound or movement in any street and the sky gave back no sign.

The aeroplane continued to descend until it looked from the church tower like a mosquito; then there dropped something from it that flashed through the air, a spark of fire.

Silence had followed the scream.

The aeroplane, superbly poised now in the spotless sky, watched the buildings below it as if waiting for some strange thing to happen; and presently, as if exorcised by the magic eye of the insect, a cluster of houses collapsed, while a roar burst from the wounded earth.

Still, the neat surface of the wide city showed no change, save in that one spot where the houses had fallen. How slow to wake the town was! The daylight brightened, painting the surfaces of the buildings with pale rose and primrose. The clean empty streets cut the city into firm blocks of buildings; the pattern of the town spread out on the earth, with its neat edges marked by walls and canals, gleamed like a varnished map.

Then the siren in the church tower screamed again; its wail followed by a second roar and a ragged hole yawned in the open square in the middle of the town. The aeroplane circles smoothly, watching.

And at last signs of terror and bewilderment appeared in the human ant hill beneath it. Distracted midgets swarmed from the houses: this way and that they scurried, diving into openings in the ground: swift armoured beetles rushed through the streets; white jets of steam rose from the locomotives in the station yard: the harbour throbbed.

Again there was a great noise, and a cloud of debris was flung into the air as from a volcano, and flames leapt after it. A part of the wharf with a shed on it reeled drunkenly into the sea with a splash.

The white beach was crawling now with vermin; the human hive swarmed out on to the sands. Their eyes were fixed on the evil flying thing in the sky and at each explosion they fell on their faces like frantic worshippers.

The aeroplane cavorted, whirling after its tail in an ecstasy of self-gratification. Down among the sand dunes it could see the tiny black figures of men at the antiaircraft guns. These were the defenders of the town; they had orders to shoot to death a mosquito floating in boundless heaven. The little clouds that burst in the sunlight were like materialised kisses.
The face of the city had begun to show a curious change. Scars appeared on it like the marks of smallpox and as these thickened on its trim surface, it seemed as if it were being attacked by an invisible and gigantic beast, who was tearing and gnawing it with claws and teeth. Gashes appeared in its streets, long wounds with ragged edges. Helpless, spread out to the heavens, it grimaced with mutilated features.

Nevertheless the sun rose, touching the aeroplane with gold, and the aeroplane laughed. It laughed at the convulsed face of the town, at the beach crawling with vermin, at the ant people swarming through the gates of the city along the white roads; it laughed at the warships moving out of the harbour one by one in stately procession, the mouths of their guns gaping helplessly in their armoured sides. With a last flick of its glittering wings, it darted downward defiant, dodging the kisses of shrapnel, luring them, teasing them, playing with them: then, its message delivered, its sport over, it flew up and away in the sunshine and disappeared. A speck in the infinite sky, then nothing – and the town was left in convulsions.