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 Reading Booklet Insert and use the blank spaces for planning. This Reading Booklet Insert is not assessed by the Examiner.
In this passage, the writer remembers her experiences as a small girl in a rural wilderness.

An eleven-year-old girl is standing alone, miles from home, in one of the last great wildernesses on earth. She has no idea where she is because, spread over the wilderness, is a veneer of main roads, grain fields, farmyards, dilapidated shacks and abandoned schoolhouses. A square, blue sign with a golden sheaf of wheat shows the road number and a standard green sign the distance to the nearest town. The girl has ridden six kilometres on gravel. Fifteen to go. She wonders if her legs can pedal all the way to town and turns back to the road.

The crunch of bicycle wheels on gravel. The distant roar of a heavy truck coming down the highway. The wind. These are the only sounds. When the girl stops and listens closely, the rustle of barley in the fields and the buzz of an occasional bee add detail to the texture of the afternoon. She walks her bike into the old schoolyard.

The pale grass is knee-high and the yard is choked with dandelions and other weeds. Shrubs form an overgrown square, open and facing the road. In the middle sits the old school. Still white from its initial coat of paint, it’s a standard one-room school building. The girl wanders around it, stopping at the bottom of steps that lead up to the door. She thinks better of walking up – even of sitting on the steps for a rest – and turns again toward her bike and the road. Who knows what animals or insects have made their home inside? Who can say what rotted old thing inside might disturb the appearance of a perfect summer’s day?

She remembers a previous occasion when she had picnicked on a rock pile, which was more of an outcrop of untouched prairie than the other man-made rock piles dotted randomly through the fields. Sitting down on the ground, she began to spread out the picnic blanket and food when a glint of light shining off a smaller, red rock at her feet captured her attention. She reached down to dig it out of the ground with her hands. She didn't mind the dirt. She picked it up, admiring the flecks of gold in red catching the sun, but turning it over found the underside crawling with huge ants. Fear, rather than disgust, made her throw down the rock, gather up her things and ride back to the house. She remembers how stupid she felt for thinking she could picnic there.

I was, at that time, maybe three or four years old, but I recall things clearly. I was walking with my mother in the meadow across the road. I remember the excitement of doing something new and the thrill that came with the sense of trespassing. In reality, the meadow was community land, but I did not know that. I had the sense, probably false, that we should not be walking there – but we were. Mum and I picked some flowers to carry home and put in a vase on the table. I felt this was what my life was going to be like. I had no idea that we would never walk to the meadow again. We would never pick wild flowers there again. But the memory remains.
In this article, the writer describes the life of explorer and scientific writer, Mary Kingsley.

Mary Henrietta Kingsley was born in 1862 in Islington, England. Her father spent much of his life travelling around the world, documenting his journeys. Her mother was an invalid, which led to young Mary assuming the roles of her mother in the household. Although she had little formal education, Kingsley had a strong intellectual curiosity. She was particularly interested in tales of voyages, reading about many different ones in her father’s large library. In 1891 Mary’s father returned from one of his voyages with rheumatic fever. With both of her parents invalids, Mary continued to take care of the household. In 1892, after the deaths of her parents, Kingsley was freed from her domestic responsibilities. She remained unmarried; she was an independent woman with an annual income of £500. At the age of thirty she decided to travel to West Africa. Before departing, she studied as much about the region as she could.

One of the most remarkable aspects of Kingsley’s voyages to West Africa was her gender. She was travelling at a time when women seldom took such dangerous trips to exotic locations. Few men even went on the kinds of trips she did. Kingsley did more than most of her gender, and more than other Europeans as a whole, had ever done in the interior of West Africa. She spent a long time going through dangerous rivers, river rapids, and mangrove swamps during her trip. She climbed to the top of Mount Cameroon. It was unheard of for women of this period to engage in any of these activities.

Kingsley’s scientific research was also something women did not often conduct during this time. She not only carried out huge amounts of research on the way of life of the African people, but also recorded a vast amount of data on the geography of West Africa and collected samples of local flora and fauna. In England, at that time, geography was considered to be a male-only subject. Kingsley, as a woman, recorded large amounts of geographical information on areas that were poorly known by Europeans.