

150/06

ENGLISH
HIGHER TIER
PAPER 2

P.M. THURSDAY, 7 June 2007

(2 Hours)

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

A 12 page answer book.

Resource Material for use with Section A.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Answer **all** questions in Sections A and B.

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided.

You are advised to spend your time as follows:

Section A – about 50 minutes

Section B

Q. B1 – about 35 minutes

Q. B2 – about 35 minutes

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

Section A (Reading): 40 marks

Section B (Writing): 40 marks

The number of marks is given in brackets at the end of each question or part-question.

SECTION A: 40 marks

Answer **all** the following questions.

The Resource Material for use with Section A is a leaflet entitled 'Walk more - feel the difference'.

The extract opposite, 'A Walk in the Woods', was written by Bill Bryson.

Look at the extract 'A Walk in the Woods' on the opposite page.

A1. Read lines 1-36.

Bill Bryson thinks American attitudes to walking are 'ridiculous'. What evidence does he use to suggest this? [10]

A2. Read lines 37-55.

In these lines Bill Bryson describes his attempt to walk to a K-mart to buy insect repellent. Explain why he arrived 'grubby' and 'trembling'. [10]

Now look at the leaflet, 'Walk more – feel the difference'.

A3. How does this leaflet try to encourage people to 'walk more'?

You should consider:

- what is said;
- how it is said and presented;
- the effect of the pictures.

[10]

To answer this question you will need to consider both texts.

A4. These two texts present walking as an activity in very different ways. Compare and contrast them.

You should organise your answer into three paragraphs using the following headings:

- the attractions of walking;
- the problems involved in walking;
- how the texts try to capture and hold the interest of the reader.

[10]

A Walk in the Woods

Bill Bryson, in the company of his friend Stephen Katz, set off to walk the Appalachian Trail, a path which stretches for over two thousand miles along the East Coast of the United States. The extract below is taken from his account of the journey.

Now here's a thought to consider. Every twenty minutes on the Appalachian Trail, Katz and I walked further than the average American walks in a week. For 93 per cent of all trips outside the home, for whatever distance or whatever purpose, Americans now get in a car. That's ridiculous.

When we moved to the States one of the things we wanted was to live in a town where we could walk to the shops and post office and library. We found such a place in Hanover, New Hampshire. It's a small town, with an old-fashioned main street. Nearly everyone in town is within an easy level walk of the centre, and yet almost no-one walks anywhere ever for anything. I have a neighbour who drives 800 yards to work. I know another – a perfectly fit woman – who will drive 100 yards to pick up her child from a friend's house. When school lets out here, virtually every child gets picked up and driven from a few hundred yards to three-quarters of a mile home. (Those who live further away get a bus.) Most of the children sixteen years or older have their own cars. That's ridiculous too. On average the total walking of an American these days adds up to 1.4 miles a week, barely 350 yards a day.

At least in Hanover we can walk. In many places in America now it is not actually possible to be a pedestrian, even if you want to be. I had this brought home to me in Waynesboro when I left Katz at a launderette and set off to find some insect repellent for us.

Waynesboro had a vaguely pleasant central business district, but, as so often these days, most retail businesses have moved out of town, leaving little but a sprinkling of dusty second hand shops in what was presumably once a thriving downtown. Lots of shops were dark and bare, and there was nowhere I could find to get insect repellent, but a man outside the post office suggested I try K-mart.

"Where's your car?" he said, preparatory to giving directions.

"I don't have a car."

That stopped him. "Really? It's over a mile, I'm afraid."

"That's OK."

He gave his head a little dubious shake, as if disowning responsibility for what he was about to tell me. "Well, then what you want to do is go up Broad Street, take a right at the Burger King and keep on going. But, you know, when I think about it, it's *well* over a mile – maybe a mile and a half, mile and three quarters. You walking back as well?"

"Yeah."

Another shake. "Long way."

"I'll take emergency provisions."

If he realised this was a joke he didn't show it.

"Well, good luck to you," he said.

"Thank you."

"You know, there's a cab company around the corner," he offered helpfully as an afterthought.

"I actually prefer to walk," I explained.

He nodded uncertainly. "Well, good luck to you," he said again.

So I walked. It was a warm afternoon, and it felt wonderful – you can't believe how wonderful – to be at large without a pack, bouncy and unburdened. Without a pack, you are liberated. You walk erect. You look around.

Or at least you do for four blocks. Then you come to a mad junction at Burger King and discover that the new six-lane road to K-mart is long, straight, very busy and entirely without facilities for pedestrians – no sidewalks, no zebra crossings, no central refuges, no buttons to push for a WALK signal at lively intersections. I walked across restaurant car parks, clambered over concrete barriers, crossed lawns, and pushed through neglected ranks of privet at property boundaries. At bridges over creeks, I had no choice but to walk on the road, pressed against the dusty railings and causing less attentive cars to swerve to avoid me. Four times I was honked at for having the temerity to proceed through town without benefit of metal. One bridge was so patently dangerous that I hesitated at it. The creek it crossed was only a reedy trickle, narrow enough to step across, so I decided to go that way. I slid and scampered down the bank, found myself in a hidden zone of sucking grey mud, pitched over twice, hauled myself up the other side, pitched over again, and emerged at length streaked and speckled with mud and extravagantly decorated with burrs. When I finally reached the K-mart Plaza I discovered that I was on the wrong side of the road and had to dash through six lanes of hostile traffic. By the time I crossed the car park and stepped into the air conditioned, muzak-happy world of K-mart I was as grubby as if I had been on the trail, and trembling all over.

The K-mart, it turned out, didn't stock insect repellent.

SECTION B: 40 marks

Answer Question B1 and Question B2.

*In this section you will be assessed for your writing skills, including the presentation of your work.
Take special care with handwriting, spelling, punctuation and layout.*

Think about the purpose and audience for your writing.

A guide to the amount you should write is given with each question.

B1. Write a lively article with the title ‘The Joys of Exercise’ for a magazine for people of your age. [20]

The quality of your writing is more important than its length. You should write about one to two pages in your answer book.

B2. A local businessman has applied for permission to hold an outdoor music festival in your area.

Write a letter to your local newspaper either supporting or opposing this idea. [20]

The quality of your writing is more important than its length. You should write about one to two pages in your answer book.