
FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH

0627/01

Paper 1 Reading Passages

May/June 2019

READING BOOKLET INSERT

2 hours 10 minutes

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.
The Reading Booklet Insert is **not** assessed by the Examiner.



This syllabus is regulated for use in England as a Cambridge International Level 1/Level 2 (9–1) Certificate.

This document consists of **5** printed pages and **3** blank pages.

Passage A: The unveiling of the stranger

Mrs Hall, the landlady of the ‘Coach and Horses’ inn, and several interested villagers are awaiting the arrival of Bobby Jaffers, the village constable, who is investigating a crime. There have been rumours about the strange guest who has been staying at the inn and was missing overnight. The guest returned unseen, and has been kept waiting for his breakfast in the parlour since 05:30.

Inside the parlour, the stranger, in his uncomfortable hot wrappings, pored through his dark glasses upon his paper, and occasionally swore savagely. About noon he suddenly opened the door and stood glaring at the people in the bar. Somebody sheepishly called for Mrs Hall.

Mrs Hall appeared after an interval: ‘Is it your bill you’re wanting, sir?’

‘Why haven’t you answered my bell?’

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‘Why isn’t my bill paid?’ said Mrs Hall. ‘You can’t grumble if your breakfast waits a bit, if my bill’s been waiting five days, can you?’

In the bar it was universally felt that Mrs Hall had the better of him.

‘Look here,’ he began. ‘I daresay in my pocket ...’

‘You told me yesterday you hadn’t any money,’ said Mrs Hall.

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‘Well, I’ve found some more ...’

‘Hel-lo!’ from the bar.

‘I wonder where you found it,’ said Mrs Hall.

That seemed to annoy the stranger.

‘Before any breakfasts,’ said Mrs Hall, ‘you tell me what everybody is very anxious to understand: how ’tis your room was empty, how you got in again, and ...’

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The stranger raised his gloved hands and said, ‘Stop!’ with such extraordinary violence that he silenced her instantly. ‘You don’t understand. I’ll show you.’ He removed his spectacles. Everyone gasped. He took off his hat, and tore at his whiskers and bandages. A flash of horrible anticipation passed through the bar. Then off they came.

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It was worse than anything. Mrs Hall, standing open-mouthed and horror-struck, shrieked at what she saw. Everyone began to move. They were prepared for scars, disfigurements, tangible horrors, but nothing! The bandages and false hair flew across the bar. Everyone tumbled on everyone else down the steps. For the man was a solid, gesticulating figure up to the coat-collar, and then—nothingness, no visible thing at all!

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People down the street heard shouts, and looking up saw the inn violently firing out its humanity. They saw Mrs Hall fall down and others jump to avoid tumbling over her, and heard the frightful screams of Millie, who, emerging from the kitchen at the noise, had come upon the headless stranger from behind.

In a miraculously short space of time a crowd of perhaps forty people swayed and hooted and inquired and exclaimed and suggested in front of Mrs Hall’s establishment. In its struggles to see in through the open door, the crowd formed itself into a straggling wedge, with the more adventurous apex nearest the inn.

30

‘That’s not a man,’ said a villager. ‘Just empty clothes. Look ...’. He extended his hand.

‘Keep your fingers out of my eye!’ said the aerial voice. ‘The fact is, I’m all here – head, hands and all the rest, but it happens I’m invisible.’ The suit of clothes, now unbuttoned and hanging loosely upon its unseen supports, stood, arms akimbo. 35

Other folks had now entered the room. ‘Invisible, eh?’ said one.

‘It’s not a crime.’

‘That’s a different matter,’ said Jaffers, the village constable, stepping forwards. ‘There’s a house been broke into, money took and circumstances certainly point ...’ 40

‘Nonsense!’ said the figure sitting down. Before anyone knew what was being done, slippers, socks, and trousers had been kicked off. Then he sprang up again and flung off his coat.

‘Here, stop that,’ said Jaffers loudly, suddenly realising what was happening. ‘Hold him! Once he gets the things off ...’ 45

There was a rush. ‘Look out!’ said everybody, fencing at random and hitting at nothing, with excited cries of ‘Don’t let him loose!’ ‘Invisible!’ and ‘Shut the door!’

A woman screamed as something pushed by her; the Invisible Man had escaped.

**Passage B: The world needs invisible people:
why fame-seekers and attention-cravers have it all wrong**

This article, published in a magazine, considers the benefits of keeping a low profile.

Everyone wants attention today. From never-ending crops of contestants on reality TV, to all of us spending our time online hoping for more ‘likes’ and ‘followers’, attention seems to be a goal (perhaps the only goal for many). Yet I’m no longer persuaded that this attention leads to success and happiness.

I’ve spent two years meeting with people I call ‘Invisibles’ – highly-skilled individuals whose work is critical to whatever enterprise they’re a part of, yet who go largely unnoticed by the public. I wanted to know, in a culture where recognition is so prized that fame is often an end in itself, what kind of person thrives – both professionally and personally – behind the scenes. 5

Years ago I worked as a magazine fact-checker. Carrying out what was often tedious work, I realised something: the better I did my job the more I disappeared. In fact, if I did my job perfectly I was invisible. When you read something great, you may think of the writer. But you only think of the fact-checker if there’s a mistake. This is essentially the opposite of how most of us operate. The better we do our jobs, the more recognition we expect. 10

I began to wonder if there were other professions that shared this same inverse relationship between work and recognition. I found many. Among the people I met were an elite interpreter at the United Nations, the chief guitar-technician for a legendary rock band, and a structural engineer on one of the tallest buildings around the globe. 15

When we see incredible modern buildings, we praise the architects. Yet without Dennis Poon (that leading structural engineer) and those like him, these constructions would never stand. Poon’s calculations directly affect the safety of such skyscrapers. As I rode a trembling open-air elevator beyond the cloud-line with Poon towards the top of the Shanghai Tower, I asked him how he handled the pressure. He replied, ‘It’s an honour.’ Poon relishes his behind-the-scenes responsibility – one reason he has reached the top of his field. For nearly all Invisibles, the better they do their jobs, the more they disappear. Yet they tend to be very fulfilled. 20

Most of us recognise on some level that the value of our work, not the volume of our praise, is what will bring us lasting fulfilment. Yet this notion seems to be drowned out amid a cacophony of personal horn-tooting. No matter how much of a buzz it is to get attention, that feeling fades and you crave it again. Invisibles don’t offer a formula for happiness. Rather, they recognise that the most intense rewards come from within and take immense pride in a job well done. 25

Intriguingly, Invisibles don’t just experience psychological benefits from their approach. Their qualities are linked with high levels of achievement. Work by Adam Grant, a renowned professor, shows that people who ‘contribute to others without expecting anything in return,’ are often the most successful people. 30

Most of us need to promote ourselves and our work at times, but Invisibles show us that it isn’t about whether you’re seen or not, it’s about what motivates you. Focus less on waving a flag for ourselves and more on the work itself, and we may find, as so many Invisibles have, fulfilment and success. 35

Passage C: Our invisible poor

This article was published in January 1963 and discusses attitudes to the poor in the United States of America at that time.

In the last year we seem to have awakened, rubbing our eyes, to the fact that poverty persists, and that it is one of our gravest social problems.

What is 'poverty'? Poverty should be defined in terms of those who are denied the minimal levels of health, housing, food, and education that our present stage of scientific knowledge specifies as necessary for life as it is now lived. 5

Estimates are that about a quarter of the population are now living in poverty – real poverty, in the old-fashioned sense of the word that they are hard put to get the mere necessities, beginning with enough to eat. This is difficult to believe in our country in 1963, but one has to make the effort. The extent of poverty has suddenly become visible. The problem persists on a scale that is 'statistically significant,' as economists put it. 10

Statistics on poverty are trickier than most. There is a distinction between poverty and low income, and age and geography make a difference. A childless young couple is not poor in the way an elderly couple might be with the same income. The young couple's poverty may be a temporary inconvenience; if the couple are graduates, there are prospects of later affluence, but the old couple can look forward only to diminishing earnings. Geographically, a family in a small town may be better off than a family in a city – lower rent, no bus fares to get to work, fewer occasions (or temptations) to spend money. Even more so with a rural family – it is impossible to calculate how much money they don't spend on clothes, say, or furniture, because they don't have to keep up with others. Lurking in the crevices of a city, like piranha fish in a Brazilian stream, are numerous tempting opportunities for expenditure, small but voracious, which can strip a budget to its bones in a surprisingly short time. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that there is some disagreement about just how many millions are poor. 15 20

It is becoming harder simply to see the one-quarter of our fellow citizens who live below the poverty line. The poor are increasingly isolated from contact with, or sight of, anybody else. This city has been transformed. The poor inhabit the miserable housing in the central area. Living out in the suburbs, it is easy to assume that ours is, indeed, an affluent society. These invisible people include unskilled workers in offices, hotels, restaurants, hospitals and other service jobs. Clothes make these poor invisible too: this country has the best-dressed poverty the world has ever known. It is much easier in this country to be decently dressed than it is to be decently housed or fed. 25 30

Many of the poor are the wrong age to be seen – a good number of them are sixty-five years of age or more, an even larger number are under eighteen. And finally, the poor are politically invisible. As a group, they have no face; they have no voice. There is a monotony about the injustices suffered by the poor; everything seems to go wrong with them. They never win. It's just boring. 35

The main reason the poor are invisible today? The poor are a minority, and minorities can be ignored.

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