



**Cambridge International Examinations**  
Cambridge International General Certificate of Secondary Education (9–1)

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**FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH**

**0627/01**

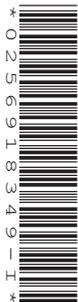
Paper 1 Reading Passages

**May/June 2017**

READING BOOKLET INSERT

**2 hours 10 minutes**

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**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.

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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: Villette**

*The narrator, Lucy, is staying with her godmother, Mrs Bretton, during the school holidays. In this passage a small girl arrives to stay at very short notice; she has recently lost her mother and has never been to the house before.*

A little girl, I was told, would shortly be my companion: the daughter of a friend and distant relation. This little girl, it was added, had recently lost her mother and Mrs Bretton had offered to take charge of her.

That same evening at nine o'clock, a servant was despatched to meet the coach by which our little visitor was expected. My godmother, Mrs Bretton, and I sat alone in the drawing room waiting her coming. It was a wet night; the rain lashed the panes and the wind sounded angry and restless. 5

'Poor child!' said Mrs Bretton from time to time. 'What weather for her journey! I wish she were safe here.'

A little before ten the door-bell announced the servant's return. No sooner was the door opened than I ran down into the hall and at the foot of the staircase was the servant with a shawled bundle in his arms. 10

'Is that the child?' I asked.

'Yes, Miss.'

I would have opened the shawl and tried to get a peep at the face, but it was hastily turned from me. 15

'Put me down, please,' said a small voice, 'and take off this shawl.' A minute hand extracted the pin and with a fastidious haste removed the clumsy wrapping. The creature now made a deft attempt to fold the shawl but the drapery was much too heavy and large to be wielded by those hands and arms. 20

'Come here, little dear,' said Mrs Bretton. 'Come and let me see if you are cold and damp: come and let me warm you at the fire.'

The child advanced promptly. Relieved of her wrapping, she appeared exceedingly tiny, but was a neat, completely-fashioned little figure, light, slight and straight. Seated on my godmother's ample lap, she looked a mere doll; her neck, delicate as wax, her head of silky curls, increased, I thought, the resemblance. 25

Mrs Bretton was rarely sentimental, often the reverse; but when this small stranger smiled at her, she kissed it, asking 'What is my little one's name?'

'Polly, Papa calls her.'

'Will Polly be content to live with me?' 30

'Not always; but until Papa comes home.'

She was allowed to slip down from the knee and seated herself on a small footstool. I observed her draw a square inch or two of pocket handkerchief from the doll-pocket of her doll-skirt, and then I heard her weep. Other children in grief or pain cry aloud without shame or restraint; but this child wept: the tiniest occasional sniff testified to her emotion. 35

The nurse was summoned and came.

‘Harriet, I must be put to bed,’ said her little mistress.

We heard Harriet propose to carry her upstairs. ‘No need,’ was her answer and her small step toiled wearily up the staircase.

On going to bed an hour afterwards, I found her still wide awake. She had arranged her pillows so as to support her little person in a sitting posture: her hands placed one within the other, rested quietly on the sheet, with an old-fashioned calm, most unchildlike. Just before extinguishing the light, I recommended her to lie down. 40

‘By and by<sup>1</sup>,’ was the answer.

I suffered her to do as she pleased. Listening awhile in the darkness, I was aware that she still wept – wept under restraint, quietly and cautiously. 45

**Notes:**

<sup>1</sup> *By and by*: in a while

### Passage B: A Parents' Survival Guide

*A mother outlines her views on modern parenting.*

I wouldn't be a kid for anything these days. From the moment someone fixes a musical toy above her cradle until the day she collects her Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award, she never gets a minute to herself. She's forever climbing in and out of a car on her way to some extra-curricular activity, with a hyperactive parent at the wheel. It worries me. When does today's child ever get a quiet moment to kick a ball monotonously against an outside wall, or pick the scab on her knee?

5

The second car is to blame for a lot of it. I had devoted parents but I never got to have accordion lessons because it would have meant such a long wait for the bus. Now you can stand outside any school gate and watch the cars move off laden with little gymnasts and swimmers. A lot of them look like they'd be happier going straight home for a biscuit and a cuddle with the cat. But they can't because they have crazy, upwardly mobile parents intent that their family shall leave no experience untested. They arrange all the classes they can, and, if they're left with a spare evening, it haunts them until they can find something to fill it. Anything! The whole affair has reached epidemic proportions and it's easy to see why. What sort of parent is going to sit idly by and let their child fall behind in the scramble to attain a smattering of everything? If someone else's child is going for their bronze medal at swimming and your child still cries at the smell of chlorine, it can be a very worrying time.

10

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But hold on, as a woman who doesn't have a second car (or a microwave oven), and for whom time and money are always in short supply, let me tell the rest of you with no money and no second car something important. Our children will be fine. The benefits of all that frantic leisure activity are illusory. All that happens is that a lot of children attempt and then give up on a lot more things than they ever used to.

20

My recommendation is for no more than one activity each week. More than that and the child will get exhausted, you will get exhausted, and worse, she will never have the time that she needs for doing absolutely nothing. Watching television doesn't count. Just because it takes up a lot of time and you can't remember any of it when it has finished, doesn't make it the same thing as doing nothing. The easy way out of television is to put it back in its cardboard box and have it taken away.

25

I'm a great believer in fresh air for children, fresh air and the minimum of equipment. They can do a lot with nothing more than their own bodies: leap-frogging, running up and down the street, hiding from each other and leaning on lamp-posts. This can fill up weeks of their lives and your only contact with them will be messages shouted through the letterbox, like: 'When is tea-time?' If it starts to snow and you feel you can't decently ask them to stay out any longer, life immediately becomes more complicated.

30

### Passage C: Barack Obama on Fatherhood

*This is an extract from a speech that the US President, Barack Obama, delivered at a church service on Father's Day.*

I know what it means to have an absent father. My father left us when I was two years old, and I only knew him from the letters he wrote and the stories that my family told. I was luckier than most. I had two wonderful grandparents who helped my mother raise my sister and me, who taught us about love and respect.

Still, I know the toll that being a single parent took on my mother, how she struggled at times to pay the bills, to give us the things that other kids had. And I know the toll it took on me. So I resolved many years ago that if I could be anything in life, I would be a good father to my girls: I would give them that rock, that foundation, on which to build their lives.

I say this knowing that I have been an imperfect father, knowing that I have made mistakes and will continue to make more. I say this knowing all of these things because, even as we are imperfect, even as we face difficult circumstances, there are still certain lessons we must strive to live and learn as fathers.

The first is setting an example of excellence for our children. It's great if you have a job. It's a wonderful thing if you are married and living at home with your children. But don't just sit in the house and watch sport on TV all weekend long. As fathers and parents, we've got to spend more time with them, and replace the video game or the remote control with a book once in a while. That's how we build that foundation.

We know that education is everything to our children's future. We know that they will compete for good jobs with children from all over the world. It's up to us, as fathers, to instil this ethic of excellence in our children. It's up to us to say to our daughters, don't ever let images on TV tell you what you are worth, because I expect you to dream without limit. It's up to us to tell our sons that those songs on the radio may glorify violence, but in our house we glorify achievement, self-respect, and hard work. It's up to us to set these high expectations.

We need to pass on the value of empathy to our children – the ability to stand in somebody else's shoes, to look at the world through their eyes. Our society says this is somehow soft: that we can't show weakness, therefore we can't show kindness. Our young boys and girls see when you are inconsiderate at home, or are thinking only of yourself, so it's no surprise when we see that behaviour in our schools or on our streets. We need to show our kids that you're not strong by putting other people down – you're strong by lifting them up. That's our responsibility as fathers.

We will still face difficult challenges in our lives. There will still be days of struggle and heartache. The rains will still come and the winds will still blow. We must learn as fathers the greatest gift we can pass on to our children, and that is the gift of hope. I'm not talking about an idle hope that's little more than blind optimism or wilful ignorance. I'm talking about that spirit inside us that insists that something better is waiting for us if we're willing to work for it and fight for it.





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