
ENGLISH

0844/02

Paper 2

For Examination from 2012

SPECIMEN INSERT

1 hour

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet

This document consists of **2** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



Read this passage from ‘Why the Whales Came’ by Michael Morpurgo and then answer the questions.

“We mustn’t talk to him. We’re not supposed to.”

Gracie and Daniel have been warned to stay away from the Birdman.

Dragging Daniel behind me I ran for the door which opened in front of us just as we reached it. Prince [*the Birdman’s dog*] was suddenly around our legs, jumping up at us and shaking himself all over us; and blotting out the light from the doorway was the black, hooded silhouette of the Birdman with a kittiwake [*bird*] perched on his shoulder. Above him I could see the sky was white with screeching gulls. Daniel and I backed away towards the stove knocking over a chair as we went. Prince followed us sniffing at the bread in Daniel’s hand.

‘Hungry, were you?’ came the voice from inside the sou’wester [*waterproof hat*]. ‘Plenty of bread, always make plenty of bread. Bake one a day. Always have plenty in reserve in case I get ill. I keep the freshest till last, on the top shelf – you can have some of that if you like.’ The kittiwake lifted off his shoulder and landed clumsily amongst the carvings on the table, knocking one of them over. He hopped on one leg; the other seemed curled up and stunted and he would not use it. The Birdman shut the door behind him, pulled off his sou’wester and shook it dry.

‘Bit of a bluster out there I can tell you,’ he said. The words he spoke were unformed and unfinished. They seemed yawned out rather than spoken and then thrown out from the top of his mouth. He heaved his black cape off his shoulders wincing as he did so, folded it and laid it carefully on the floor. All his movements were painfully slow and stiff. He whistled sharply and Prince left us at once and sat down on the cape, looking from the Birdman to us and back again as if waiting for someone to say something, but no-one said a word.

We must have spent a full minute looking at each other. The old man I saw in front of me was not at all as I had expected him to be. All my life I had thought he would have a predatory look of an ancient crow under the shadow of his sou’wester. I could hardly have been more wrong. Only the tired stoop of his body and the loose, mottled skin of his forearm betrayed his age. His face was the colour of a well-worn polished brown boot. The skin was creased but still young and supple – not that you could see much of his face for it was almost entirely hidden by a head and beard of wild white hair. But it was his eyes that marked him out from any other man I had ever seen, for they drew you into them somehow so that you could not look away even if you wanted to.

‘So, at last we meet,’ he said, breaking the long silence. ‘I’m glad you came. I was afraid you never would you know.’

Now answer the questions in the answer booklet.

Copyright Acknowledgements:

Reading Passage

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