

## QUESTIONS AND RESPONSES

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### Paper 8693/2 Composition

#### Question 1

Write a complete short story called 'The Conversion'. In writing the piece you should describe the ways in which a particular character's thoughts and attitudes are dramatically altered by his or her experiences.

[25]

#### Question 2

#2  
Write two contrasting descriptive pieces [around 300–450 words each] which portray the scene **before** a party **or** a festival and the scene **after** it. In your writing you should bring out differences in mood and atmosphere.

[25]

#### Question 3

In the form of a series of diary entries **or** a letter home, describe the experiences and emotions of a character who travels abroad for the first time. In your writing you should bring out his or her feelings about the new country compared with the one he or she has lived in before.

[25]

#### Question 4

#1  
#3  
Write a monologue in which the narrator is a camera **or** mirror which records changes in a particular place **or** a particular character over a period of time. In your writing you should bring out differences in mood and atmosphere.

[25]

#### Question 5

Can it ever be right for one nation to interfere in the affairs of another?

[25]

#### Question 6

The United Nations is running an international competition called 'What My Country and Culture Can Offer Others'. To enter, write an essay explaining what people around the world could learn from your country's traditions and ways of life.

[25]

#### Question 7

You are to be left alone on a desert island, from which you cannot escape, for a month. You have basic survival rations, but you are also allowed three luxury items. Explain which luxury items you would take with you and why.

[25]

## Candidate C

- 4 Every day, I was standing behind the window, over the tripod, was always stand-by to catch - up the unforgettable beauty in front of me. I knew well of all about her, she was fickle. Her brook, her vegetations, soil and so forth, were in definitely changing. I like her, especially when she has just waken up and preparing for dinner. There are beauty of hopeful face and mature manner.

#1  
Every morning, she was called up by the first slice of sunshine. Not so clear - minded, every action was so slow and tedious. Indeed, she was nice, and positive, she would never wallow herself in laziness. She then made-up as a fair lady. The brook gave every greeting to every boulders, with its sincere splash. Owing to the comparatively low temperature of the morning, it had worn a thin and light coat. The coat was made from tinted silver, disminutive silk, it was made in the sun. Along the winding brook were clusters of shrubs and lines of trees, all were in rich green. Sometimes, there were a bit of white star flowers. I called them "star flowers" because they were tiny and glittering. They were the invaluable perfume of her, contributed their blossom without hesitation. When shining particles of the sun sprinkled over the leaves, there were no inch of place for the dews to hide any more. They reflected her non-oppressive spirit and belief. They were glistening on the cheek of hope. They slid quietly to the lip of leaves, dripping continuously, drop by drop. They soon drowned into the soil and gave new hopes of brilliant life to the tree.

After a day of hustle-and-bustle, she was all in. Her experience had added spice to her beauty, it was the beauty of maturity. The enticing particulars were stemmed from her elegance temperation. Her blushing cheek had burnt the boundless sky, clouds were burnt too. There were fire-bombs floating and sinking in the lurid sea of sky, without any regularity. Her affection was so plain and obvious, the sky was bashful to receive it, though she was weary. Her admiration was clouded with shadow. The brook became quiet. It passed by without nettling anyone, pensively retrospecting what had just happened. The fine green leaves, stirred by lurid affection and dark fatigue, or perhaps a little bit of disappointment. Closed their ages and lied down. Stems and branches were their only dependence now. Everything of the day was over. She was quietly waiting for the next day which would be filled-up with hope and affection.

I gazed at her everyday with every moment. Some of her artless smiles were captured in my mind. I stored then carefully, in the form of film, as my eternal memory.



## Individual Candidate Response

Candidate A

2 SECTION A

BEFORE THE PARTY.

Everything was carefully planned out. The numbers of chairs and tables enough to seat a thousand people was shaped into the wings of an eagle. The location of the greek style garden next to the beach was vast and gave a panoramic view over the crystal blue sea. The air was sweetly scented with the smell of jasmine from the tree at the centre of the garden. The sky was a clear turquoise and had sweeps of pink and purple, the clouds melting into the rays of the setting sun. The sound of the waves crashing out on the beach was like a thunderous applause.

People were hustling and bustling about like busy bees trying to get everything in order: Waiters were laying out the tables with the finest china and crystal, folding napkins into delicate swans. Two people were dragging a 50 kilogram ice sculpture on a barrow over the finely manicured lawn making train tracks as they went. A short, fat balding man was gibbering on his very expensive phone with a worried look on his face, brows knotted, his free hand gesticulating in disbelief.

The tables were laid out with soft Egyptian silk in a tense white. And just as the red hot sun dipped down behind the cool sea, the tension and work became more intense. The flooring of a creamy butter scotch marble was given a final shine. The excitement was all around for the party to begin. I was nervous and scared, thinking about how it would turn out. I looked around. There was still much to do. The grass was being cut for a final carpet finish and a special liquid was lightly sprayed on the grass to give it a glossy finish.

The aroma of the food that was being brought in by numerous caterers was absolutely mouth watering. Bows were being placed on top of the chairs with name tags. The disc Jockey arrived and began setting up gigantic speakers around the circular dance floor which was designed to look just like the moon. And in a few minutes it would glow like a bright light that was seen at the end of a long tunnel. Everything was almost complete. Before I forgot: I had just one more thing to do. I stood up on the balcony that was designed like a fort and took picture when everything the way it was supposed to be and everything was perfect.

AFTER THE PARTY.

I looked around at the utter chaos. It looked like the whole place had been hit by a tsunami. I sat down and kicked my heels off. There was bits of food and tissue on the sole. I massaged my foot, while watching the staff working slowly to clean up our mess. They were now absolutely drained and their pace was slower than snails. The ice sculpture that stood tall at six feet five inches was now shrunk down to a size of a five year old child. Chunks of ice lay around on the dance floor, as though we had been hit by a huge ice storm. The head lay on the stairs to the beach sadly melting as though the frozen water wanted to merge with the warm sea.

The wind had picked up, drizzles of sea water and sand slapped me on my face. I picked up a swan napkin which now looked more like a duck and tried to wipe and the stains of food on the lovely Egyptian silk. No use. The DJ's helpers were packing up, Wires that were snaking up in all directions were now slowly disappearing. The DJ himself was sitting at a table from across the dancefloor, which was dented with heels and covered with grime, as a cleaner helplessly tried to wash away the dirt. He seemed asleep, his head resting on the chair, while his hand near his plate as though he was trying to protect it, but didn't seem to mind the kitten happily munching away at the goodies. The lights of the lanterns shone dimly and weakly across the floor like the rest of us.

The sea had spent its energy. It was gently seeping up the shore and lapping against the jagged rocks. I was drained but couldn't stop smiling at my success of being able to host a mind blowing party. I picked up a bottle of red wine which had strewn its contents all over the floor, The pungent smell of the alcohol filled the air like a poisonous gas. I poured myself a glass and looked around at the mess made by a thousand people. I raised my glass to the mess and smiled.



## Individual Candidate Response

Candidate B

4 SECTION A

I've been looking. I've looked at this station for many years now and it always seems strange when I try to look back at what we could begin to call the old days. Some interesting stories I've got. Most of which I'd be ashamed to tell simply because of the viciousness they describe.

I've watched absolutely inert and completely still as this little world of mine evolves.

This small space has been a small peek I've taken into the outer world. Through this niche of people coming through and out I have been able to realize even the most subtle changes in the world over these fifty years.

It all started with loud speakers and microphones talking of the new peace and progress in the world. With joy and politics, with love and anarchy.

Light shone through this window and made the surrounding communities more modern and effective.

The first days many people came, but their transit through subway station 38b was not because of need. They admired the new technology, and some tourists took a picture of the inside.

For some years the quiet remained, even the loud braking sounds of the trains had a rythm of dancing. People were happy, they enjoyed the ride and accepted it as a part of life. This only lasted for a while.

With the new government in place and different interests in politics there was a sudden downturn. 'The people changed' some said but of course we know that people dont just change for no reason. The reason was not clear but at times it seemed as though reason was lacking from peoples brains.

We returned to the very jungle, young ones did not look after the old, They were too busy scribbling things on walls. No-one really helped anybody no more and no-one had enough. The quiet had been drowned by the rattle of the old wagons, Harmony had been lost and the rythm was now too fast to keep up.

Passengers had to stand up, children were held tightly in fear of them getting lost. Yes, it was fear, the price that had to be paid for change. However, this change was not like last time. It was now time that had caught us off guard and not many cared anymore.

Most tried to keep up but like always, the ones who get behind are left behind.

Now it was hard to focus, like bright stars fade when you look at them directly, you could not see a person, but masses, millions of fast stories with no clear end.

Our station is not safe anymore, Nervous looks have flooded it. We try not to look and pretend that others are responsible. It is tempting to think that the lady collecting cans from trash containers has probably done something to deserve her fate. We can also think

stupid to aid the rushing salesman to get to work but a thing that we can never see as silly is help.

The tremendous growth that has taken over everywhere should not control us. The walls in this station controlled the place. They were enough to keep transit but now it is too small, the usage of this station has been stretched and once a limit is found walls will crack and even changing won't be enough.

Through my narrow view of change in the world here at station 38b a hypothesis to explain the changes in the world is easy to deduce. When you look at the world, think for a minute where is it going? No-one really thinks there is an answers to that question. It is inevitable, we believe it is out of our control. To answer that complex question it only takes another question to be asked. Really ask yourself where do you want the world to go to.

Its only our will and nothing else that has changed and will change the world so what do you want?



### Examiner Comment

#### Candidate C

- #1
- 4 This is an ambitious response but slightly hit and miss in its choice of vocabulary and expression. There are some poetic aspects ['Along the winding brook were clusters of shrubs and lines of trees, all were in rich green'] and yet some occasions where the style seems a little strained: 'After a day of hustle-and-bustle she was all in.' This inconsistency creates a sense of uneven competence to the piece where two styles do not quite gel – for example, 'It passed without nettling anyone, pensively retrospecting what had just happened.' This approach blends some effective ideas with a rather forced style.

C/3 Band

14 marks

### Examiner Comment

- #2
- 2 The candidate produces a pleasing sense of contrast with quite an unexpected ending. Initially, there is a pleasing sense of description using an effective range of vocabulary to set the mood and the scene. Colours and sounds are employed to create a strong visual impact. There are some incisive references to passing activities ['A short, fat balding man was gibbering on his very expensive phone, his free hand gesticulating in disbelief'] but the writer does not let such events turn into a narrative. There is a strong sense of observation before the personal voice is foregrounded. The contrasting scene is brought out sharply, interweaving the personal voice again before moving on to more detailed, descriptive writing. There is the occasional deployment of stylistic devices [such as 'No use.'] to create sharp effects. The contrasting sense of colours, sound and light is nicely evoked but the composition ends on an ironic touch quite skilfully.

A/1 Band

23 marks

### Examiner Comment

#### Candidate B

- #3
- 4 This is an unusual and challenging piece of work which conveys a sense of the passivity of the camera and the changes it has witnessed. It manages to endow the voice with a sense of loss and some philosophical musing. There are some nice touches such as the description of the rhythm of the braking of the trains and how that rhythm has changed. Expression is lively, perhaps occasionally a little strained. The ending of the piece does not quite seem so successful but still tries to provoke thought in the reader.

B/2 Band

18 marks