



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

FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH

0627/01

Paper 1 Reading Passages

October/November 2019

READING BOOKLET INSERT

2 hours 10 minutes



READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

This Insert contains the reading passages for use with **all** the questions on the Question Paper.

You may annotate this Insert and use the blank spaces for planning.
The 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 **4** printed pages and **4** blank pages.

Passage A: The Mill on the Floss

In this passage, Maggie goes fishing with her older brother, Tom. Maggie is an intelligent young girl who loves reading, but Tom finds lessons difficult and prefers practical things.

The next morning Maggie was trotting with her own fishing rod in one hand and a handle of the basket in the other, stepping always in the muddiest places, and looking radiant from under her bonnet because Tom was good to her. She had told Tom, however, that she should like him to put the worms on the hook for her, although she accepted his word when he assured her that worms couldn't feel (it was Tom's private opinion that it didn't much matter if they did). He knew all about worms, and fish, and those things; and what birds were mischievous, and how padlocks opened, and which way the handles of the gates were to be lifted. Maggie thought this sort of knowledge was very wonderful – much more difficult than remembering what was in the books; and she was rather in awe of Tom's superiority, for he was the only person who called her knowledge 'stuff', and did not feel surprised at her cleverness. Tom, indeed, was of the opinion that Maggie was a silly little thing; all girls were silly – they couldn't throw a stone so as to hit anything, couldn't do anything with a pocket-knife, and were frightened at frogs. Still, he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punish her when she did wrong. 5 10

They were on their way to the Round Pool – that wonderful pool, which the floods had made a long while ago. No one knew how deep it was; and it was mysterious, too, that it should be almost a perfect round, framed in with willows and tall reeds, so that the water was only to be seen when you got close to the brink. The sight of the old favourite spot always heightened Tom's good humour, and he spoke to Maggie in the most amicable whispers, as he opened the precious basket and prepared their tackle. He threw her line for her, and put the rod into her hand. Maggie thought it probable that the small fish would come to her hook, and the large ones to Tom's. But she had forgotten all about the fish, and was looking dreamily at the glassy water, when Tom said, in a loud whisper, 'Look, look, Maggie!' and came running to prevent her from snatching her line away. 15 20

Maggie was frightened lest she had been doing something wrong, as usual, but presently Tom drew out her line and brought a large fish bouncing on the grass. 25

Tom was excited.

'O Magsie, you little duck! Empty the basket.'

Maggie was not conscious of unusual merit, but it was enough that Tom called her Magsie, and was pleased with her. There was nothing to spoil her delight in the whispers and the dreamy silences, when she listened to the light dripping sounds of the rising fish, and the gentle rustling, as if the willows and the reeds and the water had their happy whisperings also. Maggie thought it would make a very nice heaven to sit by the pool in that way, and never be scolded. She never knew she had a bite till Tom told her; but she liked fishing very much. 30

It was one of their happy mornings. They trotted along and sat down together, with no thought that life would ever change much for them; they would only get bigger and not go to school, and it would always be like the holidays; they would always live together and be fond of each other. 35

Passage B: Ending the gender divide

This newspaper article, published in 2017, explores the gender stereotyping of toys.

Walk into any British toy shop and you'll be faced with a fork in the road: do you take the blue lane, with its miniature helicopters, chemistry sets and binoculars, or do you take the pink lane, with its kitchens, dolls and make-up kits? Despite the leaps and bounds in the gender equality movement over the past few decades, children's learning tools are still stuck in the last century.

Despite it being the 21st century, gender stereotypes are attached to children from a startlingly young age – in fact, often before they are even born. Parents-to-be paint babies' rooms blue or pink while aunts and uncles buy gender-specific gifts. Once the baby arrives, it will no doubt drink out of a bottle decorated with either pirates or princesses. And so the separate paths begin. 5

Toy manufacturers and retailers are consumed by the idea that boys are born with different passions, hobbies and skills than girls. Certainly, there are some innate differences between the sexes – studies from neuroscientists suggest that boys have better spatial awareness while girls are more verbally fluent – but there is no doubt that culture plays a huge part in the gender roles we assign to men and women. 10

Unfortunately, the small matter of whether we give children train sets or dolls to play with has lasting effects: a recent study found that both sexes are still being held back in their careers by outdated stereotypes. A recent survey, which questioned 2000 people on attitudes in the workplace, revealed that many of us think certain jobs should only be filled by men, and some only by women. Two thirds of those surveyed thought men make better mechanics and plumbers than women, and 64 per cent would rather buy flowers from a female florist. Even worse, 9 per cent might not trust a female pilot, 5 per cent would be genuinely worried if they found out their flight was piloted by a woman, and 3 per cent would either get off the plane, or complain! 15 20

The parent-led 'Let Toys Be Toys' campaign asks retailers to arrange toys by theme and function, rather than gender, to avoid limiting the skills and hobbies children feel they are allowed to pursue. One campaigner said, 'Children take in these messages about what girls and boys are supposed to like. They look for patterns and social rules and they understand the gender rule, "This is for boys and that is for girls", in the same way as other sorts of social rules, like "Don't hit".' 25

The toys we give children are so much more than playthings: they inspire their imaginations and nurture their learning. They teach boys and girls how to solve problems, socialise, and develop their physical skills. Pushing boys away from playing with dolls potentially excludes them from entering caring professions; likewise, stopping girls from building miniature aeroplanes could be the reason for the lower number of women in STEM (science, technology, engineering and maths) careers. 30

Even though men and women are more equal in the workplace than ever before, it seems our prejudices are still holding us back. So next time you're in the local toy shop, buy a girl a tractor and a boy a pram – you never know, you might be introducing them to their future career. 35

Passage C: The fun of it

Amelia Earhart was the first woman to fly a plane across the Atlantic Ocean, something she achieved in 1928. This is an extract from her autobiography, which was written in 1932.

Whenever anyone asks me about my work in aviation¹ I know that sooner or later I shall hear, 'And, of course, you were mechanically-minded when you were a girl, weren't you?' As a matter of fact, I was, but my girlhood was much like that of many other American girls who were growing up at the same time as I was.

Looking back now, I can see certain threads in what I did that were as important in leading me to aviation as being mechanical was. There is the thread of my father being a railroad man and the trips we had together, by which I discovered the fascination of new people and new places. There is the thread of liking all kinds of sports and of not being afraid to try those that some of my elders in those days looked upon as being only for boys. There is the thread of liking to experiment – and of the something inside me that has always liked to try new things. There they all are, weaving in and out through the years before aviation and I got together. 5 10

I lived in a time when girls were still girls. Though reading was considered proper, many of my outdoor exercises were not. I was fond of basketball, cycling, tennis, and I tried all strenuous games. Unfortunately, many boys have easy access to coaching in various games and track events, and most girls do not. Consequently, little incentive is provided for girls to develop athletically, and also little opportunity when they desire to. 15

Of course there is more than the mere lack of facilities and coaching to consider. Feminine clothing consisting of skirts and high heels (after one begins to grow up) certainly makes natural freedom of movement more difficult. Then, dresses are much more fragile than masculine garments, so the wearers are usually hampered by being on guard against tearing them. 20

Tradition hampered just as much as clothing. From the period when girls were not supposed to be able to do anything came a natural doubt whenever they attempted new or different activities. I know that I worried my grandmother considerably by running home from school and jumping over the fence which surrounded her house.

'You don't realise,' she said to me one day, 'that when I was a small girl I did nothing more strenuous than roll my hoop in the public square.' 25

I felt extremely unladylike and went through the gate for several days in succession. Probably if I'd been a boy, taking a short cut by jumping over the fence would have been entirely natural.

A Christmas letter to my father written at about this time began, 'Dear Dad, Muriel and I would like footballs this year please ...'. Christmas came and so did the footballs. My sister also triumphantly produced a popgun which she had wheedled on her own. But what chances we had to use our new playthings were often spoiled by the realisation our activities were frowned upon by those we cared for most amongst the grown-ups. Anyway, after a few days of popping bottles off the back fence, the popgun mysteriously disappeared. When we enquired, the explanation was that little girls should not go around shooting. 30 35

¹aviation: flying aircraft

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