ZIMBABWE SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL

General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level

ENGLISH LANGUAGE 4005/2

PAPER 2
INSERT

JUNE 2019 SESSION 2 hours

Additional materials:
No additional materials

The insert **should not be posted** to ZIMSEC with the answer booklet.

Allow candidates 5 minutes to count pages before the examination.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Check if the insert has all the pages and ask the invigilator for a replacement if there are duplicate or missing pages.

Read the following passage very carefully before you attempt any questions..

Answer **all** questions in the spaces provided in the question and answer booklet using **black** or **blue** pens.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.

You are advised to spend 1 hour 30 minutes on Section A and 30 minutes on Section B.

Mistakes in spelling, punctuation and grammar may be penalised in any part of the paper.

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SECTION A (40 MARKS)

Read the following passage very carefully before you attempt any questions.

Answer **all** the questions in the spaces provided on the question paper.

Mistakes in spelling, punctuation and grammar may be penalised in any part of the paper

The Bombing of London

(For eight hellish months, early in World War II, Nazi (German) bombers pounded London, the capital of Britain, by night. In this story, Cameron Thomas narrates his experiences during the bombardment of the city.)

1. When the bombs hit, my brother Pete and I were in the coffee-shop **adjoining** the Balham Underground Station. The underground is a railway line running under the city. There was a terrible blast of hot air, and a roaring noise like one of today's jets taking off. Then, I was lifted from the stool and hurled to the floor just under the big window. The glass had **shattered**; there were bits sticking out of everything. The lights were out but we could see clearly from the flames just outside. I waited for another explosion, but it did not come.

2. I was drenched with sweat, more from sheer terror, I think, than from the heat, but I was alive and miraculously unhurt except for a couple of bruises I had got when I had hit the wall. Pete was unhurt too. We were worried about our mother.

3. We tried to go up Station Road to our usual shelter in the cellar of the fish-and-chips shop, but the police turned us back. There was a lot of shouting and screaming and people running. Rescuers were still trying to get down to the people below in Balham Underground Station, so we ran up the High Road.

4. Then, the guns on Green Common opened up, and we heard the drone of another Heinkel. You could always tell a Heinkel because its engines seemed to be misfiring. We dived for cover behind a mound of debris that I think was a bakery the day before. The bombs came down about half a kilometre away.

5. When we reached the shelter, everyone was all right. Mother was crying. She said she thought she had lost us. Lotta was singing. Lotta was the shopkeeper's daughter, and though not blessed with the gift of music or voice, she insisted on, 'keeping up spirits' of her 'captive audience' far too often for my liking. Unfortunately, she seemed to know only two songs all the way through: 'All the Things You Are' and 'We'll Meet Again.'

6. It was October 14, 1940, the night we lost our second house, the 38th night of the great air bombardment of London, later to become famous forever as the 'Blitz.'

7. 'For fifty-seven nights, the bombing of London was **unceasing,**' Winston Churchill was to write in *Their First Hour*. Never before was so wide an expanse of houses subjected to such bombardment or so many families required to face its problems and terrors.

8. Then, fifty years later, I left my Canadian home to return to Balham, chiefly to find out who and what still remained among the fragments of my childhood. I also

returned with mixed emotions. I searched for old friends, looking for fresh faces I knew then, and I could not find them. However, the streets were the same.

9. Balham was referred to in those days as lower-middle to working class, according to which end of the town you lived in. It stretched a little more than a kilometre from Clapham South Station, at the top of the hill to Balham Station. It was well served for its size, boasting three cinemas, countless pubs, and at the bottom of the hill, the Hippodrome Music Hall, known simply as the Balham Hip.

10. They are gone now. Where the Hip had stood is an ultra-modern apartment block. The picture house had been replaced by a super-drug store. John Best, the butcher I worked for each Christmas, plucking turkeys in a cold back room for a few pence a bird, had gone too.

11. Yet, I discovered that a few places remained: Woolworths and the old public school in Oldridge Road and the greengrocer, R. Kelly and Sons. The Kellys have been in business there since 1938, and Bob, the grandfather still puts in a half day's work, helping his nephew Alan run the business. Even the coffee-shop is still there. It is called Nick's Quick Snacks now.

12. Just before five-o'clock on the afternoon of September 7, 1940, the first wave of German bombers, some 300 of them, **escorted** by twice as many fighters, followed the River Thames to London, dropping their bombs on the Royal Arsenal, power stations, gasworks, and the kilometres of docks that lined the river. Many port records of the time were destroyed in the bombing, but Bob Aspinall of the Museum in Docklands, told me that there were possibly as many as 500 ships, carrying half a million tons of food and other vital supplies moored that night. By late evening, many of them were on fire or sinking, or very often both.

13. On that first night, the twins, Lily and Ethel Wilkins, were preparing to sit down to tea with their family in East Ham when the siren wailed. Like hundreds of thousands of other school children, including my two younger sisters, they had been evacuated from London the previous summer as war threatened and, like countless others, they had returned to the city as months passed without danger. "We were eleven years old and had no idea of what was going on," Lily told me. "The air raid warden came and told us to go to the school, where there was a bomb shelter. There was no time to pack anything; we just got up from the table and left."

14. "We sat in the school all night and heard the bombs. In the morning, we were told we had to find our own way to a safer place. My father had a brother in Walthamstow, about five kilometres away. The streets were just piles of rubble, and fire engines and hosepipes were everywhere, blocking the roadway. We had to walk. Ethel's feet were bleeding because she had no shoes or socks, so my father wrapped them in a scarf and a handkerchief. As we walked down Crownfield Road, a lady saw Ethel's feet and gave her a pair of shoes. Crownfield Road was hit the following night. The lady's house was demolished.

15. In nearby Stepney, Len Webb, who was twelve, and his family, **huddled** in the prefabricated Anderson Shelter in their backyard. "I remember that we'd been in the shelter for a long time. It was very hot and stuffy," he recalled as we sat in the garden last year." "Then the bomb hit the house. First, we heard the swish as it came down. You knew it was near if you heard the swish. We heard an explosion and at the same time the shelter heaved up and down and filled with dust and smoke. We could see flames. Then the house must have collapsed because we got covered in bricks and dust."

16. "We tried to get out," he went on, "but the entrance was blocked with bricks and rubble. We started to dig our way out with our hands. A lot of the **rubble** was too heavy to move and I thought we were going to die there. After a little while, we heard a rescue squad and we yelled to tell them we were still inside. There was just an empty space where the house was earlier on that day, and a lot of the other houses had gone too."

17. "My father decided to take us to my uncle's. It took us a long time to walk there. A lot of times we had to find shelter again because the bombs kept coming all night. When we got there, they were all in a street shelter, so we went in too. At about four in the morning, a bomb hit really close. After it had cleared, we went to my uncle's house, but it wasn't there anymore. We had been bombed out twice in the same night."

18. Len looked up with a rueful smile. "It's a pity we weren't in the rubble business then," he said in his gentle way. "We'd have made a fortune".

19. There was no end. Night after night they came. We watched from the rooftops as the bombs kept edging closer. They hit around the Elephant and Castle area, then at Kennington, just a few underground stops from Balham. The East End was still burning. Grace Dalton who was eleven, lived near the Royal Docks in Silvertown, one of the first and hardest hit areas.

20. She said, "I was blowing out the candles on my birthday cake when the first bombs hit. Another lot hit the dock just behind our street. We did not have an air-raid shelter, so my father decided to take us anywhere the buses were going. However, there were no buses. I remember being mad that my party was spoiled, so on the way out, I crammed my pockets full of cake."

21 "It looked as if the river was on fire," Grace continued, "and I didn't think we would get away. There was a street shelter, so we went in there. I was hungry and ate my cake. It was all **squashed up** from being in my pocket. I didn't care. When we looked out in the morning, most of the houses were gone. All that was left were broken pieces still on fire," she **lamented**.

22. "The Council relocated us to a big house in Hendon, kilometres away from the docks, but my grandfather refused to go. He said he was born in Silvertown and nobody was going to make him leave. He was killed a few days later when a direct hit demolished the house."

Adapted from: National Geographic, Volume 180, no 1 July 1991 National Geographic Society, Washington