ZIMBABWE SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS COUNCIL

General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level

ENGLISH LANGUAGE 4005/2

PAPER 2 INSERT

SPECIMEN PAPER NOVEMBER 2018 2 hours

Comprehension passage insert
The insert **should not** be posted to ZIMSEC with the answer booklet.
Allow candidates 5 minutes to count pages before the examination.

TIME 2 hours

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Check if the booklet 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 question.

Answer **all** questions in the spaces provided using **black** or **blue** pens.
Shape all your letters very clearly.

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.

This insert consists of 5 printed pages and 3 blank pages.

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SECTION A (40 MARKS)

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

Answer **all** the questions. You are advised to answer them in the order set.

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

(The passage relates how a large truck with a trailer experiences brake failure as it goes down a steep, twisting road called The Corkscrew.)

1 The assistant driver burnt out the brakes of the truck on The Corkscrew descent at eleven-thirty that night. Then, panicking, as the twenty-four wheel heavy truck increased momentum, he tried to shift to a low gear, but he only managed to cut the power from the engine. Barney Conners awoke instantly.

2 "Easy! Easy!" Barney yelled, but he knew that it was too late. He knew that they were rolling unchecked down the gradient known as The Corkscrew, the truckers' graveyard.

3 "Sound the hooters!" he shouted, so that Joel Chino and other highway patrol officers stationed at the top of the steep meandering route would be alerted to the emergency. Conners peered ahead, noticing tail-lights and markers tracing the dropping twists of the divided highway. It was The Corkscrew, all right. Worse, they were past the patrol car spot.

4 Fingers of fear squeezed his stomach. It was a sickness more than the indigestion he had been trying to sleep off, the only reason he had let the assistant drive up the hill, with a strict admonition to wake him at the top. However, the young man had not obeyed. He had gone across the level six kilometres on the ridge. Now, The Corkscrew had him. There was no time for talking, scolding … not with eight kilometres of murderous steep slope ahead of the runaway truck loaded with tons of machine parts.

5 Barney grabbed the steering wheel and shoved against his helper. "Let me have it." He blasted the car's horns hoping that they would carry back the desired signal to the patrol car station. The assistant's hands fluttered as though to help with the wheel. Barney elbowed them away and looked into the big outside mirror. There was no sign of a police car coming to assist them down to the emergency escape ramp for runaway trucks.

6 "Better get out," Barney yelled through the clamouring hooters. The assistant stared at the streaming blur of the road divider. "Jump while you have the chance. I need room". It was not the only reason. Barney pushed the door open. "Out! Break the impact with your feet. Relax. Knees over your stomach. Arms around your head. Roll. Here you go!" Wind roared into the cab. The young man hung onto the door. It was cold. The heavy tyres machine-gunned the pavement. Barney inched over as far as he dared to the edge. Bushes swept into view. "The bushes! Into them!" He pushed and hammered his fist on the fingers hooked on the door. He saw the body sail out of the cab. He angled away, then swung smoothly to keep the trailer away from the rolling body. His glance darted side to side to the mirrors again. He vaguely glimpsed the youngster staggering to his feet.

7 Where was the highway patrol police that night? Joel Chino was probably off duty to be with his wife who was expecting her first baby. Years before, Conners had gone overboard telling off Officer Chino for delaying him with a truck inspection when he had a rush shipment. Then Barney had begun watching his driving, his loads, his lights, everything. After that, he began winning safety awards and so could thank Joel and the others for their devotion to duty. However, he did not feel like a safety-award driver now, at the steering wheel of a runaway monster on The Corkscrew.

8 He flicked his beams on and off as a warning to other drivers. Rocketing down the dark gradient, horns blasting, lights flashing, muscles and nerves straining, he drove very fast around a curve and spotted the tail-lights of a car a kilometre ahead and in his lane! He blasted the horns and flashed the lights. The driver did not see or hear him coming. Barney held the wheel steady, tightly. Then, the driver must have seen him coming and Barney saw a tousled head lift in the rear window, a pink blanket draped around the tiny shoulders. He moved the truck to the edge of the road where there was an untarred section between the cars going in opposite directions. He knew that he could never wipe out this family then face his own wife and children. He eased his giant vehicle closer to the edge of the road. Then the driver ahead began to accelerate, looking for an escape, racing past the hauliers inching down the gradient.

9 Barney straightened his truck and his eye caught a flash of red in the big outside mirror. He lined up his vehicle on the straight section, thirty metres behind the racing sedan ahead of him. He glanced into the mirror. That red light came from a pursuing police car. At last! He then heard the siren undulating in the surging rhythm that was the distinctive style of Joel Chino. Barney Conners shook his head. Joel Chino took his job too seriously. He was out here chasing a truck instead of standing by his wife in hospital!

10 At that moment, the sedan ahead swung into a long gap between the trucks in the right lane. It blocked Barney's escape route to the emergency ramp – a strip of pavement that gradually angled from the highway and turned to go uphill – that would decelerate a runaway truck and bog it in soft sand. He flicked his lights twice to the driver. Thanks. For what? Just a chance to live a little longer?

11 The police car shrieked after him. Conners fought the swaying monster around a curve. What a mammoth task it was to try to steady it and move into a straight section! At 160 kilometres an hour, he could not make out details. The five-metre smear where a white-paint drum had spilt its contents was just a speck of white. He put his foot on the useless brake and dabbed it several times to flash his stoplights, trying to tell Chino to drop back and stay out of and away from the inevitable pile-up.

12 There was another curve to his left. He tried, but could not keep the truck in the lane. Thank God, there was no other vehicle because he was forced to cross the white line and as the trailer slid towards the shoulder, he turned the steering wheel to tighten his arc. What if one of the tyres went off the tar! He wondered if he would roll over or jackknife.

13 The police car came by on the inside of the turn. Its black top looked like a table, reflecting his lights. It skidded in front of the truck, then Chino corrected and fought to get it straight. Barney leaned to the left, bracing the wheel, fighting to hold the truck to the extreme left of the tarmac. Suddenly, Chino accelerated, red lights stabbing the darkness and the siren screaming. Faster, faster, faster they went down through The Corkscrew; the black-and-white police car informing all about the runaway truck. What good was that going to do in the final tight S-bend a few kilometres ahead? Neither of them could take it at that speed. There was no grassy divider here as the road was too narrow. There was just a little concrete hump between the opposing lines of traffic. He thought he should hit into the hillside before he got to the S-bend. At least here there was no other traffic. He was catching up on Joel Chino. The policeman reached out of the window and waved for him to come on. Chino then accelerated again. Conners was bewildered. He then realised that both sides of the road were clear. Yes! There was nothing moving on either side of the highway except a police car on the uphill side. It made a U-turn and began to race down on the wrong side, pacing him, like Joel ahead of him. Joel must have got them to stop all traffic and move it off the tarmac on both sides. It was a chance, but there was still the S-bend…

14 Conners began to straighten out to get over the concrete hump in the middle. He gripped the steering hard until all the wheels were over the hump. That little concrete hump could turn him over. Perhaps there was a chance now but the danger was not over. He swerved a bit, then held the truck straight to streak across the far edge, just missing the drainage ditch. He was over the concrete hump again and then back onto the other lanes. He was into the S-bend.

15 The trailer began to move the cab. He concentrated and moved the steering to swing the trailer into the line. He glanced into the mirror and saw the trailer swing out left. He turned the steering to put it into line. Then, he was over the concrete hump again and moving the cab in line with the swinging trailer to check it. He was out of the S-curve. He winced expectantly, almost expecting a head-on collision because his attention had been focused on the rear. All he saw was a straight section with no cars and no trucks. He yelled. He yelled to get the pressure out of him. He believed that they could hear it way ahead!

16 He was now going past police cars with their red lights winking, past people staring, holding burgers and drinks. Seven kilometres later, in the level section of the valley, he scraped his tyres against a kerb. The truck slowed, but rolled across an intersection against a red light. Chino was holding back traffic while another patrol car leapfrogged to the next intersection.

17 Finally, the truck stopped.

Adapted from *'The Runaway Rig'* by McDougal, Little Literature Green Level McDoual, Little and Company, 1982, USA.

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