

Read **Text A**, and then answer **Questions 1(a)–1(e)** on the question paper.

Text A: My aunt

This passage is a part of a long journal written by Kong Liu. She describes her memory of her aunt.

Being raised by my hard-working grandmother, my aunt was equipped with a woman's necessary skills. She was said to have jewel hands, especially on any household chore. According to my mother, my aunt was a fantastic sewer and house manager, she was able to handle the family's low income and managed to keep everything going. She married an unsuccessful salesman, who was away in other parts of the country part of the time and always jumping from one province to another without telling his wife. It resulted in my aunt's insufficient resources. She became uneasy with seeing other people spent money like they owned a pool of cash and pouring it all into the ocean!

Her colleagues at the company didn't understand and hated her criticisms. My aunt at work was like a tribe's leader, manipulating even the use of a piece of paper. She had earned the fame of being able to burst into sudden roars at her team, it was so abusive that many couldn't hold their tears. However, they accepted her conscientious executive for the tasks in hand--she had never failed to detect even a small mistake in projects. As they couldn't deny her outstanding leadership, they tried their best to come to terms with her outrageous temper.

My mother, several times, got tired of my aunt's rage and her never-stop criticisms. She didn't like my aunt's mentioning about my highest education, thinking that it paved the path of being radical. Mother developed a local conservative belief that the most acceptable quality of a woman was drawn from her humble character, but I seemed to grow up escalating my aunt's rough and straightforward manners. Personally, I perceived that my mother preferred my future to be more peaceful than my aunt's battle-like daily routine.

Read **Text A, My aunt**, in the insert and then answer **Questions 1(a)–(e)** on this question paper.

Question 1

(a) Give **two** characteristics of the writer’s aunt, according to the text.

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- [1]

(b) Using your own words, explain what the text means by:

(i) ‘jewel hands’ (line 1):

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..... [2]

(ii) ‘insufficient resources’ (line 6-7):

.....
..... [2]

(c) Re-read paragraph 1, (‘Being raised by my hard-working...into the ocean! ’).

Give **two** reasons why there wasn’t much money for the writer’s aunt.

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- [2]

(d) Re-read paragraphs 2, (‘Her colleagues at the company...outrageous temper.’)

(i) Identify **two** reasons why her colleagues didn’t like her.

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- [2]

(ii) Explain why her colleagues had to come to terms with her.

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..... [3]

(e) Re-read paragraph 3, ('My mother, several times...battle-like daily routine.').

Using your own words, explain why the writer's mother had conflict with her aunt.

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..... [3]

Read **Text B**, and then answer **Question 1(f)** on the question paper.

Text B: I am a good villain

Peter worked at The National Theatre as an actor. He always appeared on the stage as the villain of the play.

I've been trying to be a good villain that the audience loves to watch. From my personal research, being a villain is not only being an evil guy. Sometimes, I took the role of someone who actually controls the whole plot!

To create a touching villain, we have to make sure that the character appears to be a good guy at first--showing his mercy and gentle deeds in front of others. This will create a surprise or even a shock to the audience when they learn the truth later in the play. Many times, I have to show likeable qualities such as being a funny guy or a loyal soldier. Thus, it becomes logical that other characters do not suspect me, or the villain played by me!

In a show, I played a nobleman who is also respected, in the story, as a hero. This way, when my bad behaviours are revealed later, I become a worthy opponent to the true hero. The moment when he fights with me and finally wins over me will enhance his quality of being the story's hero.

Despite being a villain, I deny being stupid on the stage. I develop the belief that a true villain cannot be a fool--he has to be intelligent enough to cause all of the disasters in the story. Like Iago in Shakespeare's Othello, I love to be someone who is smart enough to mislead even the most respected characters. Iago's persuasive quality is marvellous! If you remember the play, all the main characters end up following the villain's evil plots!

Surely, many best-remembered villains are merciless to even the innocent ones. It seems to become a conventional personality of a bad guy that he might be heartless enough to hurt or kill children or vulnerable ladies. The directors agree that this strengthens the conflict and problems in the plays.

One of the motivations of the villain's evil acts is jealousy. Yes! Even though the character is a general or a brave soldier, he can be jealous of others! I have to admit that I do not prefer acting like I have a green head walking around but I accept that it is a problem that really happens in reality. In addition, the villain may cause problems because of his vengeful mind. Nevertheless, this several times turns out to be his own misunderstanding.

Read **Text C**, and then answer **Questions 2(a)–2(d)** and **Question 3** on the question paper.

Text C: A Journey to Mount Langshan

Robert worked in China and had a dream trip to explore mountainous provinces in the southern area. In this passage, he was entering Hunan, where there was a beautiful mountainous location called Mount Langshan.

In front of me lay a small village. This ancient car glided through a peaceful atmosphere of small houses among farms and trees. I had been warned of the hostile conditions of rural China but what I witnessed now was a fine road that allowed our rotting car to move as smoothly as floating through a waveless sea.

I set off on this journey in a good spirit, but with little expectation. I had picked the one unknown to the world--the one less travelled by. Try visiting any Chinese tourist agency in your city, I guarantee that Mount Langshan never appears in any brochures!

True enough, the village was quite small in size with only a few cars appearing on the road. I took a deep breath, inhaling the white mist that covered our path; it made me feel like we were entering a mysterious kingdom where there was a dragon hid behind those wondrous mountains. Fubin, my local guide, took the role of a chauffeur. He stopped the car in the middle of an open space--clearly a newly-made car park. Yet, the first thing that came to my mind was fear. It was too quiet! We were the only group of people here, apparently. Fubin led me towards a very small hut that was almost hidden by the thickened fog. It was a ticket counter.

Ticket! I was surprised to realise that the place had been managed so well despite its lack of visitors. The ticket booth was quite modernised with a clear board clarifying the fee, both in Chinese and English. However, the sign "UNESCO Geopark" on the wall seemed ironic as the silence around me confirmed how the world ignored this place! I did not want to walk into a cemetery-like park after all. The sight of the cable-car station was beyond my expectation. I did not find any source that described the existence of these colourful cable cars. I had prepared myself to walk up the hill but Fubin protested that it was too high. I tried to look up to estimate the height but could see nothing as the scene was obscured by white mist. The cable car, apparently, was the best method.

It was a two-seater one: very small. I felt like two grown men were too many to jam inside, but we did! I regretted as the creaking sound of the cable line started to work--it sounded like this was the first time after it had been left rusted for a year. Another thing I noticed was how we were swaying! As in a nightmare, my eyes searched for the empty cable car in front of ours and realised that it was also swaying like thin branches to the wind!

"Look!" Fubin's sudden burst of voice caught my attention.

I then looked to the right-side window and saw that we already climbed up above the thick mist below. What I witnessed was out of this world. It was like we were floating up into heaven. Various-size tips of mountains appeared above the sea of fluffy clouds--creating an image of a mythical kingdom where gods and goddesses lived. It was too tantalising to explain. I did not even notice that my fear had gone as I tried to get as many shots of photographs as possible.

Read **Text C, *A Journey to Mount Langshan***, in the insert and then answer **Questions 2(a)–(d)** on this question paper.

Question 2

(a) Identify a word or phrase from the text which suggests the same idea as the words underlined:

(i) An old vehicle moved through the quiet village.

..... [1]

(ii) At a car park, the driver stopped the vehicle.

..... [1]

(iii) The guide disagreed with hiking up the hill.

..... [1]

(iv) The scenery looked like an unreal land dwelled by deities.

..... [1]

(b) Using your own words, explain what the writer means by each of the words underlined:

In front of me lay a small village. This ancient car glided through a peaceful atmosphere of small houses among farms and trees. I had been warned of the hostile conditions of rural China but what I witnessed now was a fine road that allowed our rotting car to move as smoothly as floating through a waveless sea.

(i) glided [1]

(ii) hostile conditions [1]

(iii) fine road [1]

(c) Use **one** example from the text below to explain how the writer suggests his feelings about the cable car.

Use your own words in your explanation.

It was a two-seater one: very small. I felt like two grown men were too many to jam inside, but we did! I regretted as the creaking sound of the cable line started to work--it sounded like this was the first time after it had been left rusted for a year. Another thing I noticed was how we were swaying! As in a nightmare, my eyes searched for the empty cable car in front of ours and realised that it was also swaying like thin branches to the wind!

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