

## Example Section A: Reading Paper

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**Item 1: From:** <http://www.wordtravels.com/Cities/France/Paris>

**Why?** Paris has always headed the must-see list for anyone contemplating a European holiday because it embodies style and charm and offers a variety of unique attractions, both ancient and modern.

**When?** Travel to Paris at any time of year and it will be a holiday to remember. The city is notorious for its sudden rain showers, which can occur in summer or winter, but it is always possible to retreat indoors to explore the galleries of the Louvre, or perhaps experience the majesty of Notre Dame Cathedral, before emerging into the sunshine again to enjoy coffee and pastries at a pavement café. Many locals escape Paris in August when the heat can be oppressive and many restaurants close.

**Who for?** This beautiful city brings out the romance in every soul. Art lovers, style buffs and gourmets are particularly well catered for if they holiday in Paris, while sightseers can indulge in world-famous attractions like the Eiffel Tower. Families with children enjoy the fantastic delights of EuroDisney, which is within easy reach of the city.

**More Info:** The Paris travel guide includes current reviews and details of upcoming events, attractions, restaurants and excursions available in Paris. The Basics section is packed with all the information required when planning to visit Paris on holiday or business.

### Paris Overview

It is impossible not to fall in love with Paris. The city's people are stylish and flirtatious, its architecture seductive, its restaurants and nightlife devoted to the pursuit of pleasure and its streets are scattered with dreams.

There is no 'best time' to visit Paris; in every season the city is always alive. Summer days are spent lazing on the banks of the Seine, sipping coffee at a sidewalk café, or idling in one of the city's many gardens or forests. In autumn afternoons the brisk walk from the Eiffel Tower through the Parc du Champ de Mars and up to the glittering Champs Elysées is accompanied with a carpet of leaves crunching underfoot. Winter nights induce a warm glow ice-skating in the outdoor rink at the Hotel de Ville, and in spring the passions of performers fill the air outside the Pompidou Centre and the nose is tickled with the subtle scents of flowering gardens.

There is an otherworldliness to this city, where beauty and elegance are favoured over purpose and practicality. Centuries of urban development have the appearance of having been mastered by a single hand with a strong sense of balance, contrast and aesthetics. The views from the Eiffel Tower or Sacré Coeur reveal hundreds of iconic attractions for the snapshot visitor, but the best way to see this city is by tucking your map back in your pocket and allowing yourself to get lost on its streets and avenues, discovering the city for yourself.

However long you spend in Paris, on departure you will know you are sure to return.

### **Item 2: From the opening chapter of *Therese Raquin* by Emile Zola**

At the end of the Rue Guenegaud, coming from the quays, you find the Arcade of the Pont Neuf, a sort of narrow, dark corridor running from the Rue Mazarine to the Rue de Seine. This arcade, at the most, is thirty paces long by two in breadth. It is paved with worn, loose, yellowish tiles which are never free from acrid damp. The square panes of glass forming the roof, are black with filth.

On fine days in the summer, when the streets are burning with heavy sun, whitish light falls from the dirty glazing overhead to drag miserably through the arcade. On nasty days in winter, on foggy mornings, the glass throws nothing but darkness on the sticky tiles--unclean and abominable gloom.

To the left are obscure, low, dumpy shops whence issue puffs of air as cold as if coming from a cellar. Here are dealers in toys, cardboard boxes, second-hand books. The articles displayed in their windows are covered with dust, and owing to the prevailing darkness, can only be perceived indistinctly. The shop fronts, formed of small panes of glass, streak the goods with a peculiar greenish reflex. Beyond, behind the display in the windows, the dim interiors resemble a number of lugubrious cavities animated by fantastic forms.

To the right, along the whole length of the arcade, extends a wall against which the shopkeepers opposite have stuck some small cupboards. Objects without a name, goods forgotten for twenty years, are spread out there on thin shelves painted a horrible brown colour. A dealer in imitation jewelry, has set up shop in one of these cupboards, and there sells fifteen sous rings, delicately set out on a cushion of blue velvet at the bottom of a mahogany box.

Above the glazed cupboards, ascends the roughly plastered black wall, looking as if covered with leprosy, and all seamed with defacements.

The Arcade of the Pont Neuf is not a place for a stroll. You take it to make a short cut, to gain a few minutes. It is traversed by busy people whose sole aim is to go quick and straight before them. You see apprentices there in their working-aprons, work-girls taking home their work, persons of both sexes with parcels under their arms. There are also old men who drag themselves forward in the sad gloaming that falls from the glazed roof, and bands of small children who come to the arcade on leaving school, to make a noise by stamping their feet on the tiles as they run along. Throughout the day a sharp hurried ring of footsteps,

resounds on the stone with irritating irregularity. Nobody speaks, nobody stays there, all hurry about their business with bent heads, stepping out rapidly, without taking a single glance at the shops. The tradesmen observe with an air of alarm, the passers-by who by a miracle stop before their windows.

The arcade is lit at night by three gas burners, enclosed in heavy square lanterns. These jets of gas, hanging from the glazed roof whereon they cast spots of fawn-coloured light, shed around them circles of pale glimmer that seem at moments to disappear. The arcade now assumes the aspect of a regular cut-throat alley. Great shadows stretch along the tiles, damp puffs of air enter from the street. Anyone might take the place for a subterranean gallery indistinctly lit-up by three funeral lamps. The tradespeople for all light are contented with the faint rays which the gas burners throw upon their windows. Inside their shops, they merely have a lamp with a shade, which they place at the corner of their counter, and the passer-by can then distinguish what the depths of these holes sheltering night in the daytime, contain. On this blackish line of shop fronts, the windows of a cardboard-box maker are flaming: two schist-lamps pierce the shadow with a couple of yellow flames. And, on the other side of the arcade a candle, stuck in the middle of an argand lamp glass, casts glistening stars into the box of imitation jewelry. The dealer is dozing in her cupboard, with her hands hidden under her shawl.

SECTION A: READING

Answer all questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about one hour on this section.

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1. Read **Item 1**, the extract from <http://www.wordtravels.com/Cities/France/Paris>.
- (a) Find five facts in the article. (3 marks)
- (b) What methods does the writer use to make Paris seem an appealing holiday destination? (6 marks)
- (c) In what ways does the presentation of the article make it more effective? (4 marks)
2. Look again at **Item 2**, the extract from *Therese Raquin* by Emile Zola.
- (a) Overall, what is the writer's opinion of Paris and how is this conveyed through the language? (8 marks)
- (b) Compare the view of Paris given in Item 1 with the view of the city in Item 2. (6 marks)