

Cambridge Lower Secondary Checkpoint

ENGLISH

1111/02

Paper 2 Fiction

October 2022

INSERT

1 hour 10 minutes

INFORMATION

- This insert contains the reading passage.
- You may annotate this insert and use the blank spaces for planning. **Do not write your answers** on the insert.



This document has **4** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

Text for Section A, an extract from *The Man Who Fell to Earth* by Walter Tevis

After two miles of walking he came to a town. At the town's edge was a sign that read HANEYVILLE: pop. 1400. That was good, a good size. It was still early in the morning – he had chosen the morning for the two-mile walk, because it was cooler then – and there was no one yet in the streets. He walked for several blocks in the weak light, confused at the strangeness – tense and somewhat frightened. He tried not to think of what he was going to do. He had thought about it enough already.

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In the small business district, he found what he wanted, a tiny store called The Jewel Box. On the street corner nearby was a green wooden bench. And he went to it and seated himself, his body aching from the labour of the walk.

It was a few minutes later that he saw a human being.

10

It was a woman, a tired-looking woman in a shapeless blue dress, shuffling towards him up the street. He quickly averted his eyes, dumbfounded. She did not look right. He had expected them to be about his size, but this one was more than a head shorter than he. Her complexion was ruddier than he had expected, and darker. And the look, the *feel*, was strange – even though he had known that seeing them would not be the same as watching them on television.

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Eventually there were more people on the street, and they were all, roughly, like the first one.

Several people stared at him, a few of them suspiciously; but this did not worry him. He was confident after observing them that his clothes would bear up under inspection.

When the jewellery store opened he waited for ten minutes and then walked in. There was one man behind the counter, a small, chubby man in a white shirt and tie, dusting the shelves. The man stopped dusting, looked at him for a moment, a trifle strangely, and said, 'Yes sir?'

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He felt over tall, awkward. And suddenly very frightened. He opened his mouth to speak. Nothing came out. He tried to smile, and his face seemed to freeze. He felt, deep in him, something begin to panic, and for a moment he thought he might faint.

The man was still staring at him, his look seemed not to have changed. 'Yes sir?' he said again.

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By great effort of will he was able to speak. 'I ... I wonder if you might be interested in this ... ring?' How many times had he planned that innocuous question, said it over and over to himself? And yet now it rang strangely in his ears, like a ridiculous group of nonsense syllables.

The other man was still staring at him. 'What ring?' he said.

'Oh.' Somehow he managed a smile. He slipped the gold ring from the finger of his left hand and set it on the counter, afraid to touch the man's hand. 'I ... was driving through and my car broke down. A few miles down the road. I don't have any money; I thought perhaps I could sell my ring. It's quite valuable.'

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The man was turning the ring over in his hand, looking at it suspiciously. Finally he said, 'Where'd you get this?'

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The way the man said it made his breath choke in his throat. Could there be something wrong? The colour of the gold? Something about the diamond? He tried to smile again. 'My wife gave it to me. Several years ago.'

The man's face still clouded. 'How do I know it isn't stolen?'

'Oh.' The relief was exquisite. 'My name is in the ring.' He pulled his billfold from his pocket. 'And I have identification.' He took the passport out and set it on the counter.

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The man looked at the ring and read aloud, 'T.J. from Marie Newton.' He set the ring down, picked up the passport, leafed through it. 'England?'

'Yes, I am an interpreter at the United Nations. This is my first trip here.

'Mmm,' the man said, looking at the passport again. 'I figured you talked with an accent.' When he found the picture he read the name, 'Thomas Jerome Newton,' and then looking up again, 'No question about that. This is you, all right.'

45

He smiled again, this time the smile was more relaxed, more genuine, although he still felt lightheaded, strange – always there was the tremendous weight of his own body, the weight produced by the leaden gravity of this place. But he managed to say pleasantly, 'Well then, would you be interested in the ring ...?'

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He got sixty dollars for it, and knew he had been cheated. But what he had now was worth more to him than the ring, more than the hundreds of rings just like it that he had with him. Now he had the first beginnings of confidence, and he had money.

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