

## TEXT BOOKLET

**CERTIFICATE OF PROFICIENCY IN ENGLISH**

**0300/1, 0301/1,  
0302/1, 0304/1**



Reading and Use of English

**Sample Test 1**

**PRINT VERSION OF BRAILLE PAPER**

**Part 5****TEXT FOR QUESTIONS 31 – 36****Lucy gets a new job on a newspaper**

It was a precarious period for her where her own fortunes were concerned. She had to rely on freelance work for six months after the quality weekly magazine folded. The regular salary cheque had always seemed derisively small, but now it was like lost riches. Doggedly, she wrote letters and telephoned and peppered editors with unsolicited articles and suggestions. Sometimes she struck lucky and got a commission. She wrote a profile of a woman politician who appreciated her fair-minded approach and tipped her off about a local government row in a complacent cathedral town. Lucy went there, investigated, talked to people and wrote a piece exposing a rich cauldron of corruption which was snapped up by a national daily newspaper. This in turn led to a commission to investigate the controversial siting of a theme park in the north of England. Her article was noticed by the features editor in search of something sharp and bracing on the heritage industry in general. She was getting a name for abrasive comment, for spotting an issue and homing in upon it. Anxiously, she scoured the press for hints of impending issues. In this trade, she saw, you needed not so much to be abreast of things as ahead of them, lying in wait for circumstance, ready to pounce.

But an article sold every week or two did not pay the bills. She began to contemplate, bleakly, a return to the treadmill of proofreading and copy-editing. And then one day she walked into the offices of the national daily which had taken her cauldron of corruption piece and whose features editor had since looked kindly upon her. Having handed over a speculative piece on the latest educational theories she'd written, she fell into conversation with an acquaintance and learned that one of the paper's regular columnists had fallen foul of the editor and departed in a cloud of dust. The column, traditionally addressed to matters of the moment and written so as to provoke attention and controversy, was untethered, so to speak. Lucy made the necessary phone call before her nerve went.

She was asked to submit a piece as a trial run which they published. 'Great,' they said. 'We'll let you know,' they said. 'Soon,' they assured her, 'really very soon.' She chewed her nails for a fortnight; a seasoned hack was given a trial run after her; she read his contribution which, she saw with absolute clarity, was succinct, incisive and original. Or just possibly anodyne, banal and plodding.

And then, the phone call came. She'd have a weekly column with her own by-line and her photograph, postage-stamp size, next to it. There'd be a salary cheque, and perhaps fame and success to follow that. Thinking more pragmatically, she realised that the job presented her with not only a wonderful opportunity but also the inevitable pressure of keeping up with the twists and turns of events to which she must supply a perceptive commentary.

'A start,' she said to her mother, Maureen, and Bruce, her step-father. 'It's a start anyway, but they could fire me at any moment.'

'Just let them try,' said Maureen belligerently. 'I think you're better with your hair a bit shorter. Or maybe that's not a very flattering picture. I think you're very clever. You did some lovely essays at school. I wonder if I've still got any of them somewhere.'

Later, when she was alone, Lucy thought that her appointment had probably been a piece of good fortune. She refused to allow the word luck. She was young yet, and this was something of a plum. She must have got the job on her merits, she told herself, along with whatever assistance there may have been from the inadequacies of others considered for the appointment, or the failure of further rivals to apply. What she was never to know was that in fact the editor had been on the verge of offering the column to the seasoned hack – had been about to pick up the phone – when the colleague he most disliked had walked into his office and spoken with satisfaction of the prospect of closer association with this old crony of his. The editor listened with some indignation, first at the assumption that this would be his decision, and then at the notion of these two ganging up under his nose. As soon as the colleague was out of the room he reached for the phone. And rang Lucy.

And so it began, that time during which she was so feverishly hitched to the affairs of public life that in retrospect it was to seem as though she hurtled from day to day with the onward rush of the news, denied any of the lethargy of individual existence.

## Part 6

## TEXT FOR QUESTIONS 37 – 43

## The fog catcher's forest

*A bare, dusty island where the rain never falls could soon be covered with trees. Fred Pearce reports.*

When Spanish sailors landed in the Canary Islands in the 15<sup>th</sup> century, they were amazed to discover an aboriginal population with extensive agriculture which they had somehow managed to sustain with virtually no rainfall. Legend has it that the Guanche people derived all their water from a single large tree, which stripped moisture out of passing fogs and dripped enough water from its leaves to support a thousand people. However true the story may be, there is no doubt that the only thing stopping the Canaries from resembling the Sahara desert, just 70 kilometres to the east, is the moisture-rich fog that drifts in from the Atlantic Ocean.

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Sometime in the last century, the last of the trees on high ground were cut down and the land began to dry out. This meant that across much of the north of the island, agriculture went into decline. Now David Riebold, a forestry scientist-turned-schoolteacher who owns a home on the island, has a plan to reverse the trend. He wants to use artificial fog harvesting to bring back the cloud forest, in what promises to be the largest reforestation project ever attempted using the technology.

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For years Riebold watched these failed efforts by local foresters. Then he read about a successful research project in Chile which harvested the fogs that regularly rolled in from the Atacama desert. Nets erected on a ridge facing the ocean provided enough water for a small town. Realising that Lanzarote's climate was very similar to Chile's, Riebold began to wonder whether fog harvesting could be used to keep the saplings alive.

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On paper, fog harvesting looked like a solution to the island's reforestation problems, but convincing the authorities to give it a try wasn't easy. For many years Riebold tried and failed to convince anyone to back his idea. It took the arrival of a new mayor to finally get his scheme approved. 'Proyecto David',

as the locals call it, got under way, and the town authorities erected eight modest fog-collecting devices on three of Lanzarote's mountains.

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This summer, having declared the initial experiment a success, the island council plans to install eight much larger devices which will discharge water into a pumped drip irrigation network designed to keep the saplings watered. Riebold hopes that this will form the pilot phase of a full-scale reforestation of the mountains of northern Lanzarote.

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If the initial results scale up, a new cloud forest could restore the island to its former glory. The Lanzarote government has targeted an area of about 20 square kilometres in the north of the island, though Riebold believes that the potential area for reforestation using fog collectors could stretch to 50 square kilometres.

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But the knock-on effects of reviving the forests go beyond restoring the wildlife. Eventually, the forests should capture enough moisture to help recharge the area's underground aquifers, many of which have remained empty since the forests disappeared. If this happens, wells down in the valleys could also refill, reducing the island's growing dependence on desalination, especially during the summer tourist season.

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Whether or not fog harvesting will prompt a large-scale return to agriculture on the island remains to be seen, but the lessons learned from harvesting fog on the island's hilltops may be adapted for people living not far away, and with a greater need to see their landscape green and watered. If Lanzarote can catch moisture from the air and convert it to forests and farmland, then perhaps its famine-prone neighbours in West Africa could do the same.

## Part 7

## TEXT FOR QUESTIONS 44 – 53

**Is the internet changing our lives?****A Sarah**

The internet often tells us what we think we know, spreading misinformation and nonsense while it's at it. It can substitute surface for depth, imitation for authenticity, and its passion for recycling would surpass the most committed environmentalist. In 10 years, I've seen thinking habits change dramatically: if information is not immediately available via a Google search, people are often completely at a loss. And of course a Google search merely provides the most popular answer, not necessarily the most accurate. Nevertheless, there is no question, to my mind, that the access to raw information provided by the internet is unparalleled. We've all read that the internet sounds the death knell of reading, but people read online constantly – we just call it surfing now. What's being read is changing, often for the worse; but it is also true that the internet increasingly provides a treasure trove of rare documents and images, and as long as we have free access to it, then the internet can certainly be a force for education and wisdom.

**B Geoff**

Sometimes I think my ability to concentrate is being nibbled away by the internet. In those quaint days before the internet, once you made it to your desk there wasn't much to do. Now you sit down and there's a universe of possibilities – many of them obscurely relevant to the work you should be getting on with – to tempt you. To think that I can be sitting here, trying to write something about the Swedish film director Ingmar Bergman and, a moment later, on the merest whim, while I'm in Swedish mode, can be watching a clip from a Swedish documentary about the jazz musician Don Cherry – that is a miracle (albeit one with a very potent side-effect, namely that it's unlikely I'll ever have the patience to sit through an entire Bergman film again). Then there's another thing. From the age of 16, I got into the habit of compiling detailed indexes in the backs of books of poetry and drama. So if there was a quote I needed for an assignment, I would spend hours going through my books, seeking it out. Now I just google key words.

**C Colin**

It's curious that some of the most vociferous critics of the internet – those who predict that it will produce generations of couch potatoes – are the very sorts of people who are benefiting most from this wonderful, liberating, organic extension of the human mind. They are academics, scientists, scholars and writers, who fear that the extraordinary technology they use every day is a danger to the unsophisticated. They underestimate the capacity of the human mind to capture and capitalise on new ways of storing and transmitting information. When I was at school I learned by heart great swathes of science textbooks. What a waste of my neurons, all clogged up with knowledge and rules that I can now obtain with the click of a mouse. At its best, the internet is no threat to our minds. It is another liberating extension of them, as significant as books, the abacus or the pocket calculator.

**D Ian**

The evidence that the internet has a deleterious effect on the brain is zero. In fact, by looking at the way human beings gain knowledge in general, you would probably argue the opposite. The opportunity to have multiple sources of information or opinion at your fingertips, and to dip into these rather than trawl laboriously through a whole book, is highly conducive to the acquisition of knowledge. It is being argued by some that the information coming into the brain from the internet is the wrong kind of information. It's too short, it doesn't have enough depth, so there is a qualitative loss. It's an interesting point, but the only way you could argue it is to say that people are misusing the internet. It's a bit like saying to someone who's never seen a car before and has no idea what it is: "Why don't you take it for a drive and you'll find out?" If you seek information on the internet like that, there's a good chance you'll have a crash. But that's because your experience has yet to grasp what a car is.

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