

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

**1115/02, 1120/02, 1123/02
1124/02, 1125/02**

Paper 2

October/November 2005

1 hour 30 minutes

INSERT

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

This insert contains the passage for comprehension.

This document consists of **3** printed pages and **1** blank page.



Pavlo

- 1 It is a curious thing, but when you keep animals as pets you imagine they will behave exactly as you would like them to. However, some animals have such strong personalities that you cannot force them to behave as you would wish. Of all the animals I have kept as pets, the creature who was best able to resist all my attempts to turn him into something he was not was a marmoset monkey called Pavlo. 5

- 2 Pavlo's story really started one evening when I was on a trip to South America. I was sitting near a clearing in the forest just as the sun was setting. The sky was a glorious pink, and outlined against it were massive trees, their branches so entwined with creepers that each tree looked as though it had been caught in a giant spider's web. I felt totally relaxed and at ease. Suddenly the silence was shattered by a shrill squeak of such intensity that it felt as though someone had driven a needle into my ear. Puzzled, I peered into the trees above, trying to see where the sound had come from. It seemed the wrong sort of note for an insect, and far too sharp to come from a bird. There, on a branch above me, I saw the source of the noise. A tiny marmoset was trotting along a wide branch as though it were an open highway, picking his way through the orchids that grew in profusion there. He put his small hands among the leaves and, it seemed, more by good fortune than by skill, emerged with a precious cockroach clutched firmly between his fingers. I was entranced. 10 15

- 3 Some time later, my attention was again drawn to marmosets. When passing a pet shop in my home town, I saw it contained a cage full of marmosets, which had to fight for a place to sit. As I watched this pathetic little group I was moved by pity for all animals in captivity, and couldn't help but remember the little marmoset in South America. The contrast was too much for me. I felt I had to rescue at least one of these little animals, and my heart went out to the smallest one, who was always getting knocked out of the way. So I handed over some money, and my new pet was dragged out and bundled into a cardboard box. 20 25

- 4 I called him Pavlo and introduced him to the rest of the family, who viewed him doubtfully. 'How can a monkey live in a house?' they asked. However, Pavlo soon won everyone's approval and quickly became accepted as a diminutive member of the family. He had a terrific personality and soon had us all under his tiny thumb. 30

- 5 Friends who saw him, and who had any knowledge of animals, assured me that I would not keep him for long. Marmosets, they said, coming from tropical forests, never live more than a year in a cold climate. It seemed that their depressing prophecies were about to come true when, after six months, Pavlo became ill. We did all we could, therefore, to keep Pavlo warm. We turned up the central heating in the house to its highest temperature, trying to imitate the jungles of South America. We massaged his small body with warm olive oil and were pleased that he did not seem to be in pain. He had more olive oil in his special diet, which included such delicacies as grapes and pears. He lay pathetically on a cushion, wrapped in cotton wool for warmth, while the family took it in turns to look after him. Sunshine was what he needed plenty of, but our climate provided very little. So the neighbours could see us carrying our invalid round the garden every time the sun shone, carefully placing his cushion in every patch of sunlight that appeared. At the end of a month, Pavlo could move his feet slightly and twitch his tail. Soon he was his old self again, and we were delighted. 35 40

- 6 Pavlo was not more delicate after his illness; indeed it seemed to make him almost indestructible. However, after his recovery we continued to be anxious about his well-being, and gave him a bottle filled with hot water in his bed at night during the cold winter. He liked this so much that he would refuse to go to bed without it, even in summer. We gave him a drawer in a cabinet in my room to be his warm bed. Putting Pavlo to bed was 45

quite a ritual. First, an old towel had to be spread in the drawer and the hot-water bottle wrapped in it so that he did not burn himself. Then came Pavlo's blanket – a piece of fur on which he would curl up and close his eyes blissfully. We had to push the drawer closed for extra warmth, except for a crack to allow for air. But Pavlo soon learned that by pushing his head into the crack he could widen it and escape. 50

7 Every morning Pavlo woke up early and found that his hot-water bottle had gone cold, so he went looking for alternative warmth. He scampered across the floor and climbed into my bed, burrowing under the pillow for extra heat. He stayed there, cosy and warm, until it was time for me to get up. Then Pavlo stood on the pillow chattering and screaming with rage. When he saw that I had no intention of getting back into bed to keep him warm, he dashed to my brother's room and crawled into his bed. Here he remained, stretched luxuriously until my brother got up. Then Pavlo screwed his face into a ferocious and most human scowl. Sometimes in his efforts to keep warm he joined my sister for a quick snooze before breakfast. This movement from bed to bed was a regular morning performance. My sister even bought a baby blanket, and Pavlo liked to be wrapped in this when he went to her room in the morning. 55
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8 Downstairs he had plenty of heating. There was an electric lamp in the sitting room and he liked to crawl inside the shade and sit next to the bulb, basking in the heat. He also had a cushion by the fire, but he preferred the lamp and it was kept on all day for his benefit, so our fuel bills went up considerably. He insisted on having his meals with us, and particularly enjoyed fruit, jam and vegetables, always washed down with warm milk. In winter we had to be careful to ensure that the windows were closed to prevent Pavlo from being caught in a cold draught. In the first warm days of spring, Pavlo ventured out into the garden, where his favourite haunt was the fence; he would potter up and down it, catching spiders for himself. Half-way along this fence was a cluster of glossy green plants, and Pavlo liked to lie under them to keep warm, hiding from the big white cat next door, for this beast was obviously under the impression that Pavlo was a strange type of rat which she had to kill. She would spend hours stalking him, but, since she was as conspicuous as a ball of snow among the plants, she never managed to catch Pavlo unawares. 70
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9 Pavlo lived with us for eight years. When he died, the house and garden seemed empty without his tiny presence. Even the white cat next door seemed depressed, for without Pavlo in it our garden had lost its appeal for her. Pavlo was a particularly attractive pet, and we mourned the loss not only of his quirky personality but also of his affectionate nature. 80

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