



# YUSOF ISHAK SECONDARY SCHOOL PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION 2021

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CANDIDATE  
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CLASS

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**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**1128/02**

**4 Express**

Paper 2 Comprehension

INSERT

**24 Aug 2021**

**1 hour 50 minutes**

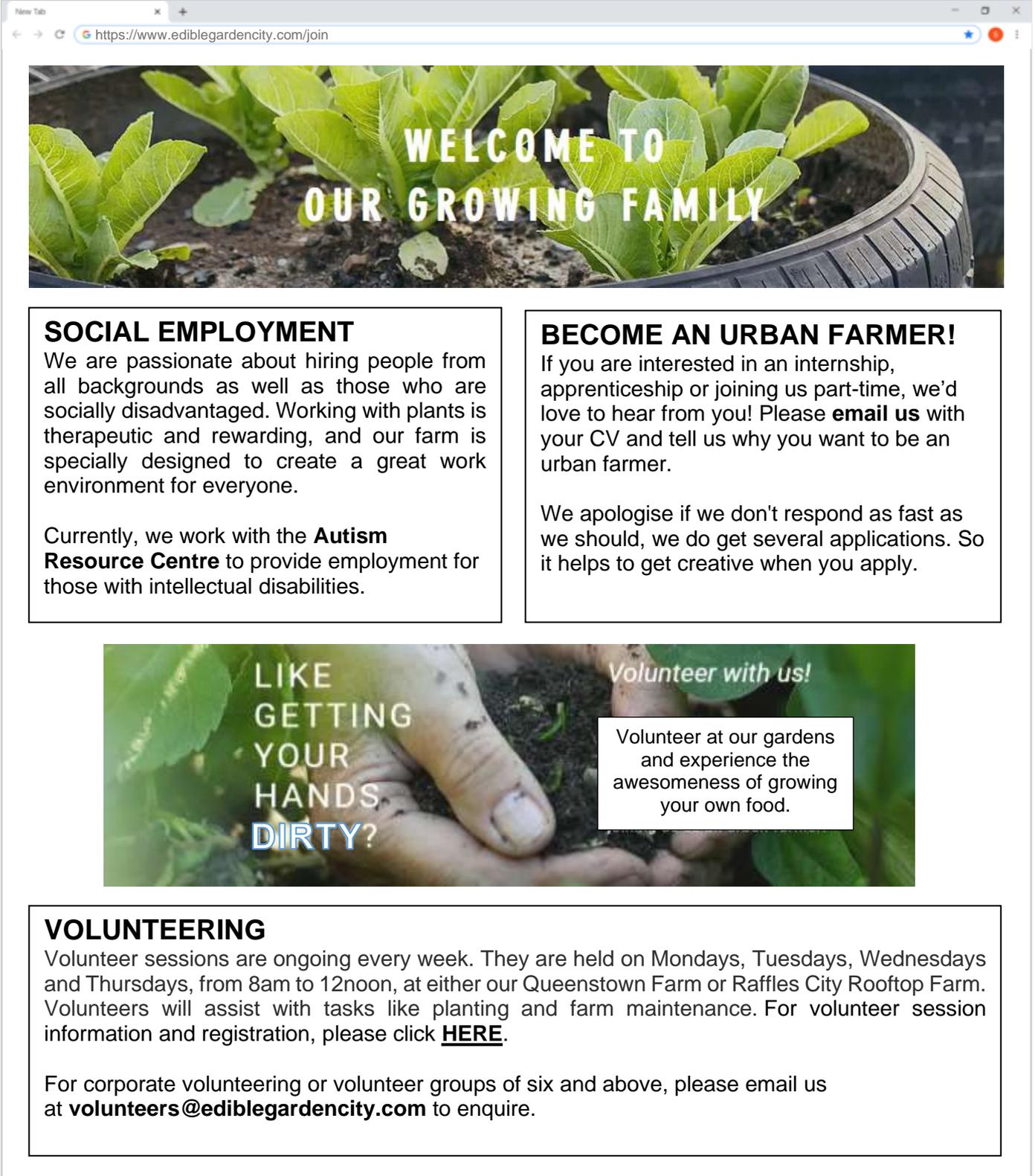
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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

This Insert contains the texts for **Section A, B and C.**

**Text 1**

Study the webpage below and answer Questions 1 – 4 in the Question Booklet.



**SOCIAL EMPLOYMENT**  
We are passionate about hiring people from all backgrounds as well as those who are socially disadvantaged. Working with plants is therapeutic and rewarding, and our farm is specially designed to create a great work environment for everyone.

Currently, we work with the **Autism Resource Centre** to provide employment for those with intellectual disabilities.

**BECOME AN URBAN FARMER!**  
If you are interested in an internship, apprenticeship or joining us part-time, we'd love to hear from you! Please **email us** with your CV and tell us why you want to be an urban farmer.

We apologise if we don't respond as fast as we should, we do get several applications. So it helps to get creative when you apply.

**LIKE GETTING YOUR HANDS DIRTY?**  
Volunteer with us!  
Volunteer at our gardens and experience the awesomeness of growing your own food.

**VOLUNTEERING**  
Volunteer sessions are ongoing every week. They are held on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays, from 8am to 12noon, at either our Queenstown Farm or Raffles City Rooftop Farm. Volunteers will assist with tasks like planting and farm maintenance. For volunteer session information and registration, please click **HERE**.

For corporate volunteering or volunteer groups of six and above, please email us at **volunteers@ediblegardencity.com** to enquire.

**Text 2**

The text below describes a futuristic society in the city of London. Read it carefully and answer Questions 5-15 in the Question Booklet.

- 1 It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his chest in an effort to escape the vile wind. His face felt as if it were slapped relentlessly by a frigid palm. He slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, but that did not stop the prickling sensation on his fingertips from the exposure to the cold. 5
- 2 The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats. At one end of it, a coloured poster, too large for indoor display, had been tacked to the wall. It depicted simply an enormous face, more than a meter wide: the face of a man of about forty-five, with a heavy black mustache and ruggedly handsome features. Winston made for the stairs. It was no use trying the lift. Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and at present the electric current was cut off during daylight hours. 10
- 3 The flat was seven flights up, and Winston, who was thirty-nine and had a varicose ulcer above his right ankle, went slowly, resting several times on the way. On each landing, opposite the lift shaft, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the wall. It was one of those pictures which are so contrived that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran. 15
- 4 Inside the flat a fruity voice was reading out a list of figures. The voice came from an oblong metal plaque like a dulled mirror which formed part of the surface of the right-hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still distinguishable. The instrument (the telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed, but there was no way of shutting it off completely. He moved over to the window: a smallish, frail figure, the meagreness of his body merely emphasised by the blue overalls which were the uniform of the Party. 20
- 5 Outside, even through the shut window pane, the world looked cold. Down in the street little eddies of wind were whirling dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a harsh blue, there seemed to be no colour in anything except the posters that were plastered everywhere. The black-mustachio'd face gazed down from every commanding poster. There was one on the house front immediately opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption said, while the dark eyes looked deep into Winston's own. Down at street level another poster, torn at one corner, flapped fitfully in the wind, alternately covering and uncovering the single word INGSOC<sup>1</sup>. In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down between the roofs, hovered for an instant like a bluebottle fly, and darted away again with a curving flight. It was the Police Patrol, snooping into people's windows. The patrols did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered. 25 30 35
- 6 Behind Winston's back the voice from the telescreen was still babbling away about the overfulfillment of the Ninth Three-Year Plan. The telescreen received and transmitted simultaneously. Any sound that Winston made, above the level of a very low whisper, would be picked up by it; moreover, so long as he remained within the field of vision which the metal plaque commanded, he could be seen as well as heard. There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on any individual wire was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time. But at any rate they could plug in your wire whenever they wanted to. You had to live—did live, from habit that became instinct—in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinized. 40 45

<sup>1</sup> Ingsoc is an acronym for English Socialism and the political ideology of the totalitarian state of Oceania.

- 7 Winston kept his back turned to the telescreen. It was safer; though, as he well knew, even a back can be revealing. A kilometer away the Ministry of Truth, his place of work, towered vast and white above the stubby grimy landscape. This, he thought with a sort of vague distaste—this was London, chief city of Airstrip One, itself the third most populous of the provinces of Oceania. He tried to squeeze out some childhood memory that should tell him whether London had always been quite like this. Were there always these vistas of rotting nineteenth-century houses, their sides shored up with balks of timber, their windows patched with cardboard and their roofs with corrugated iron, their crazy garden walls sagging in all directions? But it was no use, he could not remember: nothing remained of his childhood except a series of bright-lit tableaux, occurring against no background and mostly unintelligible.

*Adapted from 1984 by George Orwell*

**Text 3**

*The article below is about the expectations versus the reality of finding one's dream job. Read it carefully and answer Questions 16-22 in the Question Booklet.*

- 1 What happens when you land your dream job but it turns out to be anything but? Friends, career consultants and the media inundate us with a constant barrage of advice telling us to follow our dreams, find our bliss or pursue our passions in our professional lives. Yet this kind of advice is not always easily followed.
  
- 2 Even when it is heeded, the advice can come with downsides, especially when it turns out that those aforementioned passions involve jobs with routine, day-to-day tasks that people are less than passionate about. In short, work is often hard work. People land jobs in data science and artificial intelligence, for example, expecting to create brilliant algorithms that will solve big problems. But they often end up performing menial data collection and cleaning tasks. The excitement of working for a startup loses its lustre with difficult and boring work often outside an employee's primary areas of interest. And not everyone promoted to the lauded ranks of management is thrilled to be there performing management tasks, or even see the job as a step up. People romanticise working in the media, fashion, film, fine and performing arts and other cultural industries, but the work often ends up being more drudgery than glamour. Any job, especially an entry-level position, has elements of drudgery. 5  
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- 3 This gap between expectations and the day-to-day reality of jobs is a phenomenon we have labelled as "glossy work" in a recently published study. For the study, we interviewed magazine fact-checkers who worked for high-status organisations in a glamorous industry while performing menial tasks every day. They experienced a kind of dissonance between their work and its setting. As one fact-checker described it: "Because you're affiliated with the magazine, people think you're a strange type of royalty no matter how you're affiliated." We examined how this phenomenon affects them. For employees, the glossy work dissonance can spur attempts to change the actual job, frustration and a quick exit from the position. 20  
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- 4 Glossy work also creates a dilemma about how to present the work and themselves to the world. How do they balance their simultaneous needs for self-enhancement and to be fully understood and authentic? We find they do so by differentiating their descriptions of their jobs across different audiences. When talking to complete outsiders — people at social gatherings, for example — they focus on the more glamorous aspects: working in journalism and for glossy magazines. For the high-status writers they collaborate with, they focus on their own expertise and other status markers. And to insiders, they present a more complete view of their work. Presenting themselves differently depending on who they are talking to can mean that anyone who is not a true insider at the company ends up with a partial or biased view of the work. The full nature of the work is often glossed over, and that is a problem for those considering taking one of these jobs. When they only hear about the gloss, prospective employees end up with false expectations that tend to fuel the cycle of disappointment. 30  
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- 5 Potential employees can get around this by doing more careful research on the true nature of the jobs they're considering taking. They should ask questions about the position's day-to-day requirements and consult a range of people who currently have the job or who have previously held it. This will help them keep their expectations in check and know what they have signed up for, preventing them from disappointments. 40

- 6 “Glossy work” also comes at a cost to employers as they try to manage worker frustration and staff turnover. They can stop this vicious cycle by providing realistic job previews. This does not mean they should only show the negative side of work, but they should provide an honest balance of the glamorous and less glamorous aspects of the job. Employers may also want to consider alternative ways of assembling tasks so that the less pleasant tasks are spread across employees and jobs. They may also want to be open to employee efforts to craft and tweak their jobs and create new opportunities within their organizations. Ultimately, however, performing many mundane tasks remains a reality in all jobs despite the promise that artificial intelligence will eliminate more and more rote chores. 45 50
- 7 What’s more, hiring managers should exercise caution when listing “passion” as a job requirement. In an analysis of more than 200 interviews for a project on start-up hiring, passion was a frequent subject of discussion. Hiring managers looked for it. Potential employees wanted to live their passion. Yet none of the hiring managers who were looking for passion in their prospective employees could describe how they would assess passion in candidates, or why it was important for the specific job being filled. The risk here is that they hire people who are passionate and then provide work that either doesn’t match or douses that passion, creating a problematic situation for both employee and employer. 55 60

Adapted from *The ‘Glossy’ Dream Jobs that Become Nightmares*  
by Lisa Cohen and Sandra E Spataro