

# ANDERSON SECONDARY SCHOOL Preliminary Examination 2022 Secondary Four Express & Five Normal



CANDIDATE NAME:		
CLASS:	/	INDEX NUMBER:
ENGLISH LANGUAGE		1128/02
Paper 2 Comprehension		19 August 2022
		1 hour 50 minutes
		0800 – 0950h
INSERT		

# **READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

This insert contains Text 1, Text 2 and Text 3.

Setter: Miss Karen Kang [Turn over

## Section A

### Text 1

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



### Section B

### Text 2

In the text below, the narrator writes about her sister-in-law's baby shower (a party to celebrate the impending birth of a baby where presents are brought for the mother).

Read the text carefully and answer Questions 5 – 17 in the Question Booklet.

A gaggle of women, all speaking over each other in loud, animated voices, filled my parents' small living room. It was like watching a *National Geographic* special about social dominance, where pitch and decibel level determined the leader. They wandered around the room, grazing on homemade samosas and pakoras, careful not to get oily crumbs on the delicate fabric of their brightly coloured saris.

I was sitting at the dining table near the front door so I could fulfil my assigned duty of greeting the guests as they arrived for my sister-in-law's baby shower. From across the room, I heard snippets of conversation from my mother's friends.

'Did you hear her son dropped out of medical school to be with that American airl?'

'I'm not surprised. I heard she walks like an elephant.'
Without knowing whom they were talking about, I sympathised with the girl. My mother had often accused me of this great atrocity – walking like an elephant. I was around nine years old when I realised she was not calling me fat. She meant I was not demure and obedient – qualities every good Indian daughter should have.

Across the room, my mother, dressed in an orange and gold sari, offered to bring my sister-in-law, Dipti, a plate of food. She had been fawning over Dipti all day, telling her she needed to rest to keep the baby healthy.

'You are a mother now, *beta*,' she would say, shooting me a look of disappointment every time she referred to Dipti being a mother.

20 I winced inwardly at hearing the term of affection she used to call me as a child. It had been a long time since I had been *beta*.

A chilly breeze wafted in when the door opened again. 'Miss Preeti!' Monali Auntie, my Mum's best friend, called as she kicked off her sandals outside the front door before scurrying into the house. She had always been like a second, cooler, more approachable mother to me and was one of the few people I had been looking forward to seeing at this party.

'Where is your sari?' Monali Auntie asked, eyeing the sapphire panjabi I wore instead of an intricate, elaborate sari like the rest of the women in the room. She clucked her tongue before spreading her arms wide and swaddling me in a warm, caring hug.

'The same place as your coat,' I said. She was the first person to arrive without a jacket.

'Do you know how much time I spent draping this sari around my body?' She put a hand on her slender hip and posed for effect. 'You think I'm going to get wrinkles on it after all that work?'

I laughed, expecting nothing less. Monali Auntie had three sons and had always insisted that because she did not have a daughter to pass her looks on to, she had a duty to maintain her style.

Leaning closer to her, I whispered, 'Well, I didn't want to say it too loudly, but your sari does look much neater than everyone else's.'

Her lips stretched into a satisfied smile as she smoothed the thick bundle of pleats cascading from her waist to the floor.

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As Monali Auntie asked where the guest-of-honour was, I gestured towards a group of women near the sofa. Dipti's fuchsia and parrot green sari flattered her figure despite her protruding belly. The silk-patterned border covered her stomach and left more of her back exposed, as was the customary style of Gujarat – the state in India where my family and the other women in the room were from. Despite living in America for over twenty years, my parents did not have any friends who were not Gujarati. Much to my chagrin as a teenager trying to fit into this new country, Devon Avenue gave my parents the option of living in the West without giving up the East, and expecting their children to do the same.

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Adapted from The Taste of Ginger by Mansi Shah

### Section C

### Text 3

The article below is about the tradition of whaling in Japan.

Read it carefully and answer Questions 18 – 24 in the Question Booklet.

You don't have to look far to find evidence of Wada's centuries-old connection to whaling. Visitors to the town on Japan's Pacific coast are greeted by a replica skeleton of a blue whale before entering a museum devoted to the behemoths of the ocean. At a local restaurant, diners eat deep-fried whale cutlet and buy whale-themed gifts at a neighbouring gift shop. At the edge of the water stands a wooden deck where harpooned whales are butchered before being sold to wholesalers and restaurants.

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2 In 2019, when Japan withdrew from the International Whaling Commission (IWC) – the body that had effectively banned whaling in the late 1980s – Wada rejoiced at the prospect of a return to commercial hunting and at a popular reconnection with a source of food that had sustained coastal communities for 400 years.

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Yoshinori Shoji, the president of the Gaibo Hogei, a whaling company in Wada, said abandoning coastal hunting was unthinkable. "I know it is controversial in other parts of the world, but for us, whales are simply a source of food," said Shoji, whose company has been processing whale meat for more than 70 years. "Why shouldn't we eat whale meat?" says Shoji. "Humans have always eaten local wildlife. It depends on the surrounding environment. My job is to give people the chance to eat and appreciate locally caught whale meat. We're not forcing anyone to eat it."

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While Japan skirted the IWC ban by conducting limited "scientific" hunts in the Antarctic, it had long argued that only a return to commercial whaling would guarantee a stable supply of affordable meat and ignite a revival in consumption. "But all the evidence points in the opposite direction," says Patrick Ramage, senior director for outreach and programme collaboration at the International Fund for Animal Welfare. "Whether pursued on the high seas under the pretext of science or in coastal waters in pursuit of profit, Japan's commercial whaling is an economic loser, kept afloat only by government subsidies."

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Ramage believes the future of Japan's ageing whaling towns rests on embracing ecotourism. "Whale-watching is making growing contributions to local economies around the world, particularly in locations previously involved in whaling. It's better to have tourists paying to see whales than taxpayers paying to keep whaling on life support."

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Wada's 30 whale-industry employees are struggling. During last year's April-October season, they caught just nine whales and have harpooned the same number so far this year. Shoji believes warmer seas may have sent the whales farther north, while more frequent powerful typhoons have confined the town's two whaling boats to port for days on end.

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While condemnation from conservation groups has eased in the three years since Japan's fleet exited the Antarctic, the country's whalers face other obstacles: ageing fishermen and vessels, mysterious changes in whale behaviour possibly linked to climate change, and a stubborn refusal among Japanese people to eat enough whale meat to make killing them a profitable venture.

Paradoxically, the end of "scientific" whaling and the Japanese fleet's annual clashes with the anti-whaling organisation Sea Shepherd may be hastening whaling's decline. "In the past, Japanese people were defensive because they didn't like white people telling them not to eat whale meat," Sakuma says. "But whaling is barely mentioned these days by anti-whaling countries like Australia, Britain and the US. Now Japanese people have nothing to rebel against, so they could end up just forgetting about whale meat."

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Adapted from Japan's whaling town struggles to keep alive 400 years of tradition, The Guardian, 26 December 2021

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