



康 柏 中 学

**COMPASSVALE SECONDARY SCHOOL
2023 PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION
ENGLISH LANGUAGE PAPER 2 [1190/02]
SECONDARY FOUR NORMAL (ACADEMIC)**

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Name: _____

Duration: 1 hour 50 minutes

Index No: _____

Date: 24 July 2023

Class: _____

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

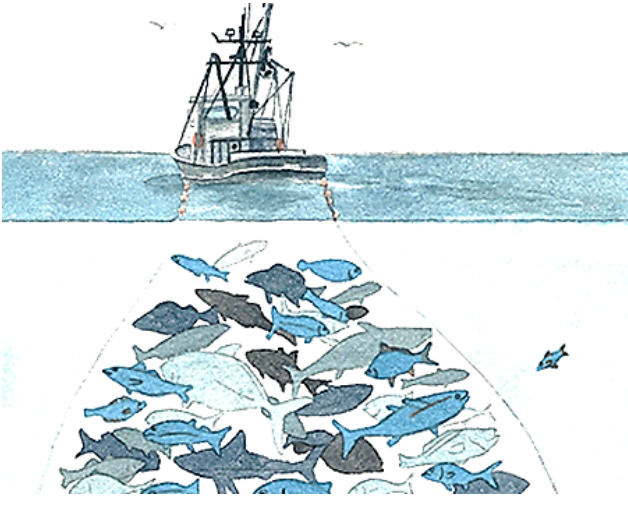
This Insert contains Text 1, Text 2, Text 3 and Text 4.

Section A

Text 1

Study the poster (**Text 1**) and the extract from a blog (**Text 2**) and answer Questions 1–4 in the Question Paper.

Text 1 is taken from a website.



Where are all the fish??

Do you know that 90% of fish stock are already fully fished or overfished? 75% of the seafood we consume in Singapore are not caught sustainably. Once-rich fishing grounds are becoming exhausted as the fish populations cannot breed fast enough to replace those caught using methods such as trawling.

We are talking about the fish such as *ikan kuning* in nasi lemak¹, the silver pomfret that goes well with *teochew* porridge² and the sea bass in fish curry. These fish might not exist one day. Let's consume fish in a sustainable way. It begins now.

Text 2 is taken from a blog which comments on conservation and sustainability.

In a world where overfishing takes place, perhaps it is time to seriously consider being vegetarian. Being vegetarian involves us not consuming any form of meat, including fish. By doing so, we allow the fish population to increase once again. Apart from fish, being vegetarian is advantageous for our environment too. Livestock, such as cows, produce greenhouse gases that contribute to global warming. On the other hand, many plant-based foods such as soy are capable of providing us with the protein that we have typically relied on meat for. If we all do our part, we can definitely protect our environment not only for us, but also for our future generations. Let's act quickly while we still can.

¹ A Malay dish of rice cooked in coconut milk, served with sides

² A style of porridge associated with the Chinese dialect group

Section B

Text 3

The text below is a story about the writer's experience with learning English after immigrating to the United States of America.

Read the text carefully and answer Questions 5–15 in the Question Paper.

- 1 Reading and writing, like any other crafts, come to the mind slowly, in pieces. But for me, as an English-as-Second-Language (ESL) student from a family of illiterate rice farmers for whom books are little more precious than firewood, the experience of working through a book, even a simple one, was akin to standing in quicksand, while your loved ones stood along its safe edges in bewilderment and suspicion as they watched you sink. 5
- 2 My family immigrated to the United States from Vietnam in 1990, when I was two. We lived, all seven of us, in a one-bedroom apartment in Hartford, Connecticut, and I spent my first five years in America surrounded and inundated by the Vietnamese language. When I entered kindergarten, I was, in a sense, immigrating all over again. Like any American child, I quickly learned my ABCs, thanks to the age-old melody (one I still sing rapidly to myself when I forget whether 'M' comes before 'N'). Within a few years, I had become fluent—but only in speech, not in the written word. 10
- 3 One early-spring afternoon, when I was in fourth grade, we got an assignment in language arts class: we had two weeks to write a poem in honour of National Poetry Month. Normally, my poor writing abilities would excuse me from such assignments, and I would instead spend the class mindlessly copying out passages from books I'd retrieved from a blue plastic bin at the back of the room. The task allowed me to camouflage myself; as long as I looked as though I were doing something smart, my shame and failure were hidden. The trouble began when I decided to be dangerously ambitious. 15
- 4 'Where is it?' the teacher asked. He held my poem up to the fluorescent classroom lights and squinted, the way one might examine counterfeit money. I could tell, by the slowly brightening room, that it had started to snow. I pointed to my work dangling from his fingers. 'No, where is the poem you plagiarised? How did you even write something like this?' Then he tipped my desk toward me. The desk had a compartment attached to its underside, and I watched as the contents spilled from the compartment's mouth: rectangular pink erasers, crayons, yellow pencils, wrinkled worksheets where dotted letters were filled in, and a lime lollipop. But no poem. I stood before the rubble at my feet. The other boys and girls stared, their blank faces illustrated with skepticism. Those further away craned their necks for a better view, glee dancing in their eyes in wait for the brewing storm. 20 25
- 5 Weeks earlier, I'd been in the library as usual. It was where I would seek refuge during recess. Otherwise, because of my slight frame and soft voice, the boys would call me 'pansy' and 'fairy' and pull my shorts around my ankles in the middle of the schoolyard. There I'd be in the company of great minds of past and present. I sat on the floor beside a tape player. From a box of cassettes, I chose one labelled 'Great American Speeches'. I picked it because of the illustration, a microphone against a backdrop of the American flag. I picked it because the American flag was one of the few symbols I recognised. 30
- 6 Through the headset, a robust male voice surged forth, emptying into my body. The man's changes in pitch, tone and rhythm made me think of waves on a sea. Between his sentences, a crowd — I imagined thousands — roared and applauded. I imagined their heads shifting in an endless flow. His voice must possess the power of a moon tugging the audience like the tides, I thought. 'I have a dream,' I mouthed to myself deliberately as the speaker — a doctor — spoke. It occurred to me that I had been mouthing my grandmother's stories as well, the ones she had been telling me ever since I was born. Of course, not being able to read does not mean that one is empty of stories. 35 40
- 7 My poem was called 'If a Boy Could Dream'. The phrases 'promised land' and 'mountain top' sounded golden to me, and I saw a radiant yellowish-orange field bursting with flowers, and envisioned a clear morning sky in spring when the sun was about to rise. So my poem was a sort of a song about springtime. From the unremarkable gardening shows my grandmother watched, I'd learned the words for flowers I had never seen in person: magnolia, daisy, lily, buttercup. 'If a boy could dream of golden fields, full of lilacs, tulips, marigolds...' 45

I knew words like 'if' and 'boy', but others I had to look up. I sounded out the words in my head, a dictionary in my lap, and searched the letters painstakingly. After a few days of tireless effort, the poem appeared as gray graphite words, the paper a white flag. I had surrendered. 50

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Ever since, I have been carefully choosing the right words to sing to you the stories in my life with.

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Adapted from "Immigrating into English" by Ocean Vuong

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Section C

Text 4

The text below talks about the state of the Tubbataha Reef in the Philippines and some challenges faced in preserving it.

Read the text carefully and answer Questions 16–21 in the Question Paper.

- 1 As corals worldwide find themselves damaged, Tubbataha Reef remains shockingly pristine. Why? In 1981, Angelique Songco, then an employee of a dive boat, found herself marvelling at the reefs before her. But over the next few years, she saw the shadow of humans creep over the waters of the Sulu Sea.
- 2 Fishermen from as far away as the province of Quezon, some 370 miles distant, fished into Tubbataha Reef, one of the world's most biodiverse—for their livelihoods' sake. The results were devastating. Dynamite killed fish where they swam; cyanide squirted over corals stunned fish into submission. On the reef's islets, fishermen gathered seabirds and their eggs. 5
- 3 'Without even understanding the ecological value of the marine environment, I was convinced that such beauty must be protected,' Songco told the World Wildlife Fund in 2015. In 2001, Songco applied to be park manager of Tubbataha, designated a protected area in 1988. Ever since, she has devoted her life to protecting the reef. Her efforts have paid off. In all, some 600 species of fish and 360 coral species—about half of all known species—call Tubbataha home. The park's islets also host the last seabird rookery¹ in the Philippines, providing refuge to 100 species of birds. 10 15
- 4 How has Tubbataha avoided the fate of overfished reefs nearby? In part, its isolation. Tubbataha sits near the center of the Sulu Sea, more than 90 miles away from the nearest inhabited islands. In 1988, President Corazon Aquino designated Tubbataha a national marine park—the first in the Philippines' history. Five years later, UNESCO² inscribed it as a World Heritage Site. 20
- 5 Declarations made in Manila or Paris, though, mean little unless they hold weight in the middle of the Sulu Sea. That's where Songco comes in. For the last 16 years, she has worked to build public support for the reef through the media and initiated many petitions to protect the reef. She also has the law on her side. The Philippines has prohibited fishing in Tubbataha, and in partnership with UNESCO, the country recently secured extra protection for the reef against shipping. What's more, vigilant park rangers, some of them members of the Philippines' military, have protected Tubbataha since 1995. They live two months at a time at Tubbataha in total isolation. 25
- 6 Songco and activists fight hard to safeguard Tubbataha's extraordinary benefits. However, despite their successes, challenges remain for Tubbataha. Rangers continue to find seabird nests built with washed-in plastic from rubbish that people carelessly threw away, and despite its decline, illegal fishing stubbornly persists. Since 2013, Tubbataha has recuperated from the grounding of an American naval ship. The decision to park the ship on the reef damaged more than 21,000 square feet of coral. And as climate change continues, local vigilance can't stop the Sulu Sea from getting warmer and more acidic. Altered waters will expose the reef's corals to increasingly severe, and potentially deadly, bleaching conditions which will threaten to destroy the corals of Philippines. The climate threats to Tubbataha stand to worsen. If we do not slow global carbon emissions, such stress could hit Tubbataha annually by 2040, potentially dealing it a death sentence. For now, though, Tubbataha stands tall. 'I have very few words for the kind of tremendous beauty that you see at Tubbataha,' says Fanny Douvere, the head of UNESCO's World 30 35 40

¹ Collection of nests

² United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation

Heritage Centre Marine Programme. 'A photo can never capture what you actually experience.'

adapted from "How the Philippines' Coral Heart Keeps Beating", By Michael Greshko

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