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Passage 1

Cars

1 No invention has ever created a greater revolution than the car has, giving freedom of mobility on an unprecedented scale for those able to afford them; people used to be restricted to the villages where they were born, but nowadays car owners have been liberated from the narrow confines of their homes. A journey of a few miles on foot could easily take more than an hour, unlike the speed of such journeys by car. Linked to this revolution came the possibility of greater social interaction, resulting in wider circles of friends and increased communication with families. Greater flexibility in work also came about: it was possible to live in the country and work in town, and those already living in towns and cities could also go further afield to work. Sprawling urban areas resulted; for example, modern London is spread over hundreds of square miles. The modern city with its surrounding industrial and residential suburbs is largely a product of the car industry.

2 Road building schemes launched in the mid-twentieth century in many countries, such as the USA, Germany and Italy, meant that the car changed the appearance of whole countries as existing roads were extended and new highways built. Although other forms of city transport have developed, such as trams, buses and underground trains, the advantage the car has over these is that the car alone makes door-to-door trips possible.

3 Although initially perfected in France and Germany, the car was first mass-produced on factory assembly lines in the USA by Henry Ford; at the peak of production in the early twentieth century his factories were responsible for an output of 10,000 cars every day, thus creating many jobs. Many countries today are involved in car manufacturing: over 19 million people are employed in the car industry in India alone.

4 None of these changes has come without a cost. In the short term, cars have a detrimental effect on public health because the fuel they burn gives off pollutants which can weaken the body’s defences against diseases such as respiratory infections. Removing lead from petrol has gone some way to addressing this problem and, additionally, most modern cars are equipped with devices called catalytic converters which reduce toxic pollutants. Longer term damage to the environment is caused by cars as they emit greenhouse gases which contribute to global warming by damaging the ozone layer that protects life on earth from the sun’s ultraviolet rays.

5 Driving a car carries many dangers, and over a million people are involved each year in road traffic accidents, a number which is predicted to rise significantly worldwide by 2030. Driverless cars, which at one time would have been considered mere science fiction, are currently being developed to reduce the number of accidents caused by fallible human beings. Because the car industry provides so many jobs in some cities, whole communities are destroyed when car factories close, sometimes as a result of the steel needed to make cars being manufactured more cheaply in other countries.

6 Owning a car might make people less inclined to take exercise, which has been shown to reduce the risk of major illnesses. It is ironic that many people sit in traffic jams on the way to their expensive gyms, when going for a walk provides exercise which is absolutely free. Driving itself is often stressful, with drivers hunched up at the wheel, their faces screwed into a grimace of exasperation, and the term ‘road rage’ becoming a phenomenon of our time. Cars encourage anti-social behaviour – a quick look at a line of cars waiting at traffic lights reveals that almost all of them contain only the driver, meaning that the pollution created by each vehicle is caused by one single person. Such drivers are undoubtedly selfish. In an attempt to combat this, some cities encourage people to share transport to work, or to use alternatives like the train, with incentives provided such as free parking at the station. Many modern cities can barely cope with their volume of traffic, and congestion is common, particularly during rush hours when people are driving to and from work. Solutions are to stagger working hours or to allow people to work from home; the best remedy is a congestion charge for travelling in city centres, as has been implemented in London and Singapore.
Passage 2

Lila

1 In the early days of our friendship, Lila and I showed off our dolls to each other but without appearing to; although we were in each other’s vicinity, we each pretended to be alone. Eventually, the day came when, sitting outside next to the cellar window with the iron grating, we exchanged our dolls, Lila holding mine and I hers. Lila inexplicably but intentionally pushed my doll through the opening in the grating and dropped her.

2 I felt an intolerable sorrow, realising that Lila could be so mean. I was attached to my plastic doll; she was the most precious possession I had. For me she was alive, and to know that she was on the floor of the cellar, amid the thousands of beasts who lived there, threw me into despair. I had never expected Lila to do something so spiteful to me. But I held back my feelings on the edges of moistening eyes.

3 I experienced a violent pain but knew that the pain of quarrelling with her would be even stronger. I felt strangled by two agonies, one already happening, and one possible. I said nothing. I knew I was taking a great risk. I threw Lila’s doll, the one she had just handed to me, into the cellar. ‘What you do, I do,’ I said immediately. Lila looked at me in disbelief, recognising this recitation. ‘Now let’s go and get them back,’ I added.

4 We went together. At the entrance to the building, on the left, was the door that led to the cellar. Because it was broken – one of the panels was hanging on just one hinge – the entrance was blocked by a chain that crudely held the two panels together. Any child would be tempted, but at the same time terrified, by the thought of forcing the door that little bit to make it possible to go through to the other side.

5 Once through the door, with Lila in the lead, we descended five stone steps into a damp, dimly lit space. I tried to stay close behind Lila, groping my way forward. All around were unidentifiable objects, eerie masses, sharp or square or round. Lila worked out the position of the narrow opening at street level above us from which we had dropped the dolls. We felt along the rough bumpy wall; we looked into the shadows. The dolls weren’t there. Lila searched along the floor with her hands, something I didn’t have the courage to do. Long minutes passed. Once I seemed to see my doll and with a tug at my heart I bent over to grab her, but it was only a crumpled page of an old newspaper. ‘They aren’t here,’ Lila said, and headed towards the door. At the top of the steps she said, ‘Achille took them.’ Achille was a feared neighbour, to us like the ogre of fairy tales. I abandoned my doll to her fate and ran after Lila, who was already twisting briskly between the panels of the broken door.

6 We were forbidden to go to neighbours’ houses, but Lila decided to go to Achille’s anyway, and I followed. That was when I became convinced that nothing in life would ever stop her, and that every disobedient act contains breathtaking opportunities. I can still feel Lila’s hand grasping mine as we climbed the stairs, and I like to think she decided to take it, not only because she sensed that I wouldn’t have the courage to get to the top floor, but also because with that gesture she herself was looking for the strength to continue. At Achille’s door my heart was pounding. We rang the doorbell. There was silence, then a shuffling.

7 Achille opened the door. ‘Our dolls,’ said Lila. ‘They were in the cellar and you took them.’ I don’t know where she got all that confidence. I couldn’t believe we were there, and Lila was speaking to him like that. He was staring at her in bewilderment. He repeated, as if to understand clearly the meaning of the words: ‘I took your dolls?’

8 I felt that he was not angry but unexpectedly hurt. He stuck his hand into his trouser pocket. We clutched each other tightly, waiting for him to bring out a knife. Instead he took out his wallet and gave Lila some money. ‘Go and buy yourselves dolls,’ he said, not unkindly. ‘And remember that they were a gift from me.’

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