This Insert contains the two reading passages.
Passage 1

Sugar

1 Sugar is a deliciously sweet substance often used in food. Most of the world’s sugar comes from a grass called sugar-cane which is cultivated in tropical climates. This cultivation probably originated in New Guinea, an island in the South Pacific, about 8000 years ago; it is fascinating that the explorer Captain Cook saw sugar-cane still growing there many centuries later. Sugar-cane gradually spread to other nearby islands in the Pacific Ocean. Within 2000 years, with the migrations of some Pacific Islanders, sugar-cane moved westwards to India. Indian merchants traded sugar-cane with China; some of the most expensive luxury items in China were the white cakes of boiled-down sugar, or ‘stone honey’, imported from India. When the Persians invaded India, they took sugar back to Persia with them as a substitute for honey, describing it as ‘a reed which makes honey without bees’, and it is easy to see why they kept the process of making sugar from sugar-cane a closely guarded secret.

2 It was when Persia was invaded by the Arab peoples in the seventh century that this secret was broken open; the Arab invaders found sugar-cane being grown and learnt how sugar was made. As Arab expansion continued, they began sugar production in other lands that they conquered. European soldiers returning from eleventh century wars in the East brought stories of the ‘new spice’ and how delicious it was. Subsequent centuries saw a major expansion of European trade with the East, including the importation of sugar. It was nevertheless still a luxury item. It is recorded, for example, that sugar was available in London in 1319 at ‘two shillings a pound’, which equates to about US$1000 a kilogram at today's prices.

3 Sugar spread into the pharmaceutical world, and was considered a valuable medicine with a wide range of uses, for example as a cure for serious illnesses such as tuberculosis. Additionally, it was used to mask the bitter or unpleasant taste of some medicines, a use it has even in the present day.

4 There has been a sharp decline in the popularity of sugar in modern times, with the old belief that sugar is good for health being challenged. Sugar is high in calories – for example, we have to walk for two minutes to burn up the calories in a single lump of sugar – and thus the link between sugar and obesity is well established. Those who consume too much sugar may develop illnesses linked to gaining too much weight. Raw sugar contains glucose, easily absorbed into the body to provide energy, and improves circulation and digestion. However, nowadays there is a growing awareness that refined sugar – that is the white substance we all recognise, created by a process which removes impurities from raw sugar – can be described as ‘empty calories’; this means it provides energy but has no nutritional value whatsoever.

5 Sugar surges – short but pleasant energy boosts which come from sugar – lead the body to crave more, so that sugar can become addictive. If someone has what is described as a ‘sweet tooth’, this could be a warning that he or she is becoming a sugar addict and needs to take steps to conquer this addiction. Refined sugar enters the bloodstream quickly, causing very rapid changes in blood sugar levels, and making people, particularly children, hyperactive, which is why many schools ban sugary foods. However, some scientists dispute the link between sugar and hyperactivity, saying that this hyperactivity claim discourages parents from disciplining their children and simply condones bad behaviour. Tooth decay is linked to sugar consumption, not only the amount of sugar eaten, but the frequency of its consumption. Snacking throughout the day without brushing the teeth between snacks means that sugar sticks to the teeth and the decaying process is accelerated.

6 Sugar is found in natural foods such as apples and onions and such foods obviously have nutritional value. However, it is disturbing that hidden sugar is added to processed foods such as cereal, bread and soup, and this awareness often deters people from buying such foods. As recently as 2016 a multinational producer of pasta sauces issued a warning that its products should be consumed only once a week because of the health risks associated with the sugar they contained.
A Disappointing Day

My parents had tentatively agreed to let me continue my education after elementary school, but my friend Lila’s parents saw no point in high school and, in any case, it did not fall within their economic possibilities. Shortly before the end of elementary school, Lila pushed me to do something I would never have had the courage to do by myself. We decided to skip school and cross the boundaries of the neighbourhood. Lila organised everything. She dreamed up the story to tell our families that after school we were all going to the teacher’s house for a party and, although this had never happened before, she said that was the very reason we should say it. The event would seem so exceptional that nobody would doubt it. Things went just as she had said. At my house everyone believed the story, not only my father and my sister and brothers but, to my surprise, even my mother.

Lila said that out to the west was the sea. We were intrigued by the invisible. On the day planned for our excursion, Lila and I walked towards the tunnel which led out of town. We took off our school jackets, and hid them and our schoolbags in some bushes. The tunnel was so long that the luminous circle of the exit seemed far away. Apprehensively, enchanted by the echo created by our steps, we kept going. This prompted Lila to let out a shout; we laughed at the resulting violent explosion of sound.

When as an adult I think of the pleasures of childhood, I think of the harmonious start of that day. Ahead of us were many hours when no adult would look for us. As usual, it was as if Lila were ten steps ahead and knew precisely what to do and where to go: the pace, the calculation of time available, the route to the sea. Like all girls of my age, I was so happy to have a close friend. I felt as if she had everything planned so that the world around us would never be disordered.

Then occasionally I caught Lila looking at me as if she had done something mean to me and was sorry. I realised that she kept turning round; her hand on mine began to sweat. The tunnel, which was the boundary of the neighbourhood, had been out of sight for a long time. People we passed seemed indifferent to our escapade. Large heavy clouds appeared, and in the distance thunder was heard.

The first fat raindrops arrived, leaving small brown stains as they hit the dusty road. ‘Let’s go back,’ said Lila. I had never seen her so agitated. There was something she had on the tip of her tongue, but couldn’t make up her mind to tell me, that suddenly compelled her to take me home. Whether we went back or continued, we’d get wet just the same. I didn’t understand – why didn’t we keep going? It was her own type of reasoning, and I was bewildered when she didn’t apply it.

Lila gave me a tug. I found myself running, unwillingly, back towards our neighbourhood. The drops fell more thickly, and we ran blinded by rain, our clothes soaked and our bare feet in worn sandals that had no purchase on the now muddy ground. We went back through the tunnel and, having found our schoolbags, we put our school jackets over our wet clothes, and set out towards home. Tense, her eyes lowered, Lila let go of my hand.

We quickly understood that things had not happened as we expected. When school was over, my mother had gone to school with an umbrella to take me to the party. For an hour she had been looking for me. When she saw me, she started crying. She had discovered that I wasn’t in school, that there was no party. Lila knew her own mother was less attentive, but took off anyway. Sure enough, at her house nobody had noticed anything.

As a punishment, I was not to leave the house for a week unless to go to school. Next day, before class, I explained my punishment to Lila. ‘Is that all?’ she said, petulantly. ‘Are they still sending you to high school?’ I looked at her in bewilderment as the force of her betrayal sank in. Was that why she had taken me with her?