



**Upper Secondary
Week 5**

The Write Tribe

PAPER 2 TECHNIQUES SUMMARY



Section A [10 marks]**Question 1**

Carefully read the text below, consisting of 12 lines, about the methane poisoning incident in Johor Bahru. The first and last lines are correct. For eight of the lines, there is one grammatical error in each line. There are two more lines with no errors.

Circle the incorrect word and write the correct word in the space provided.

The correct word you provide must not change the original meaning of the sentence.

Example:

I arrived to my destination at 2pm.

_____ at _____

What started out as an isolated incident of illegally dumping chemicals into a
 Johor river have escalated into a wave of methane poisoning cases. More than
 2,700 people have take ill and it has led to the Malaysian education ministry
 closing all 111 schools in Pasir Gudang. This incident can be traced to a driver
 of a tanker lorry believing to be from an illegal tyre recycling factory. The driver
 dumped 20 to 40 tonnes of chemical waste into Sungai Kim Kim instead of
 disposing of it properly as requirement by law. Initial cleaning works worsened
 the chemical reaction as the contractor engaged was not experienced to dealing
 with chemical wastes. Furthermore, the authorities also did not disposed of the
 waste in the river after concluding that they were no longer reactive. The decision
 was also taken due to the costs involved. Because the dire situation, the
 government did not see the need to declare a state of emergency in Johor.

1	<input type="text"/>
2	<input type="text"/>
3	<input type="text"/>
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8	<input type="text"/>
9	<input type="text"/>
10	<input type="text"/>

Adapted from <https://www.channelnewsasia.com/news/asia/pasir-gudang-methane-poisoning-timeline-what-we-know-so-far-11348968>

Section A

Text 1

Study the webpage below and answer Questions 1-3 in the Question Booklet.



**THANK YOU
FOR SAVING
MY LIFE**

World Blood Donor Day

Do you know?

- 108 million units of blood are donated every year globally
- On average, a person has 10 - 11 units of blood where 1 unit can be donated

Why should you donate?

- It improves your health
- Every 2 seconds, somebody needs blood
- 41,000 units of blood are needed every day

Who can donate?

- 18 - 65 years old
- Weigh at least 50kg
- Be in good general health
- Meet minimum haemoglobin level



Section A [5 marks]

Refer to Text 1 to answer Questions 1-3.

1. What is the purpose of this webpage?

[1]

2. What is the intended effect of saying that "a single gesture can create a million smiles"?

[2]

3. How does the author use the photographs to reinforce the idea in these words:

- (i) Thank you for saving my life

[1]

- (ii) World Blood Donor Day

[1]

Section B

Text 2

In the text below, a black immigrant named Ifemelu reflected on her life and her blogging activities. Read it carefully and answer Questions 4-14 in the Question Booklet.

- 1 Princeton, in the summer, smelled of nothing, and although Ifemelu liked the tranquil greenness of the many trees, the clean streets and stately homes, the delicately overpriced shops, and the quiet, abiding air of earned grace, it was this, the lack of a smell, that most appealed to her, perhaps because the other American cities she knew well had all smelled distinctly. Philadelphia had the musty scent of history. New Haven smelled of neglect. Baltimore smelled of brine, and Brooklyn of sun-warmed garbage. Yet Princeton had no smell. She liked taking deep breaths here. She liked watching the locals who drove with pointed courtesy and parked their latest-model cars outside the ice cream shop that had fifty different flavors including red pepper or outside the post office where effusive staff bounded out to greet them at the entrance. She liked the campus, grave with knowledge, the Gothic buildings with their vine-laced walls. She liked, most of all, that in this place of affluent ease, she could pretend to be someone else, someone specially admitted into a hallowed American club, someone adorned with certainty. 5
- 2 On the other hand, she did not like that she had to go to Trenton to braid her hair. It was unreasonable to expect a braiding salon in Princeton—the few black locals she had seen were so light-skinned and lank-haired she could not imagine them wearing braids—and yet as she waited at Princeton Junction station for the train, on an afternoon ablaze with heat, she wondered why there was no place where she could braid her hair. The chocolate bar in her handbag had melted. A few other people were waiting on the platform, all of them white and lean, in short, flimsy clothes. The man standing closest to her was eating an ice cream cone; she had always found it a little irresponsible, the eating of ice cream cones by grown-up American men, especially the eating of ice cream cones by grown-up American men in public. 15
- 3 He turned to her and said, “About time,” when the train finally creaked in, with the familiarity strangers adopt with each other after sharing in the disappointment of a public service. She smiled at him. The graying hair on the back of his head was swept forward, a comical arrangement to disguise his bald spot. He had to be an academic, but not in the humanities or he would be more self-conscious. A firm science like chemistry, maybe. Before, she would have said, “I know,” that peculiar American expression that professed agreement rather than knowledge, and then she would have started a conversation with him, to see if he would say something she could use in her blog. People were flattered to be asked about themselves and if she said nothing after they spoke, it made them say more. They were conditioned to fill silences. If they asked what she did, she would say vaguely, “I write a lifestyle blog,” because saying “I write an anonymous blog called Raceteenth or Various Observations About American Blacks (Those Formerly Known as Negroes) by a Non-American Black” would make them uncomfortable. 25
- 4 She had said it, though, a few times. Once to a dreadlocked white man who sat next to her on the train, his hair like old twine ropes that ended in a blond fuzz, his tattered shirt worn with enough piety to convince her that he was a social warrior and might make a good guest blogger. “Race is totally overhyped these days, black people need to get over themselves, 30

it's all about class now, the haves and the have-nots," he told her evenly, and she used it as the opening sentence of a post titled "Not All Dreadlocked White American Guys Are Down."

- 5 Then there was the man from Ohio, who was squeezed next to her on a flight. A middle manager, she was sure, from his boxy suit and contrast collar. He wanted to know what she meant by "lifestyle blog," and she told him, expecting him to become reserved, or to end the conversation by saying something defensively bland like "The only race that matters is the human race." However, he said, "Ever write about adoption? Nobody wants black babies in this country, and I don't mean biracial, I mean black. Even the black families don't want them." He told her that he and his wife had adopted a black child and their neighbors looked at them as though they had chosen to become martyrs for a dubious cause. Her blog post about him, "Badly-Dressed White Middle Managers from Ohio Are Not Always What You Think," had received the highest number of comments for that month. 45
- 6 She still wondered if he had read it. She hoped so. Often, she would sit in cafés, or airports, or train stations, watching strangers, imagining their lives, and wondering which of them were likely to have read her blog. Now her ex-blog. She had written the final post only days ago, trailed by two hundred and seventy-four comments so far. All those readers, growing month by month, linking and cross-posting, knowing so much more than she did; they had always frightened and exhilarated her. SapphicDerrida, one of the most frequent posters, wrote: "I'm a bit surprised by how personally I am taking this. Good luck as you pursue the unnamed 'life change' but please come back to the blogosphere soon. You've used your irreverent and thought-provoking voice to create a space for real conversations about an important subject." 55
- 7 Readers like SapphicDerrida, who reeled off statistics and used words like "reify" in their comments, made Ifemelu nervous, eager to be fresh and to impress, so that she began, over time, to feel like a vulture hacking into the carcasses of people's stories for something she could use. Sometimes making fragile links to race. Sometimes not believing herself. The more she wrote, the less sure she became. Each post scraped off yet one more scale of self until she felt naked and false. 60

Adapted from Americanah by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie

Section B [20 marks]**Refer to Text 2 and answer Questions 4-14.**

4. Explain how language is used to highlight the charm of Princeton. Support your answer with three details from lines 1-3.

[3]

5. Who, in your own words, did Ifemelu aspire to be in paragraph 1?

[2]

6. From paragraph 2, why would it be “unreasonable to expect a braiding salon in Princeton”?

[1]

7. In paragraph 3, explain why people would continue to say more when Ifemelu said nothing. Answer in your own words.

[1]

8. Pick out two consecutive words in paragraph 4 that refer to somebody who fights for the rights of people.

[1]

9. From paragraph 5, what was Ifemelu's initial impression of the man from Ohio and how had it changed?

Initial Impression	Final Impression

[2]

10. From paragraph 6, quote an expression that proves the popularity of Ifemelu's blog.

[1]

11. In paragraph 6, Ifemelu mentioned that she had discontinued her blog. What was the excuse she gave her blog readers and what was her real reason for discontinuing it?

(i) Her excuse to her blog readers	
(ii) Her real reason	

[2]

12. What is the intended effect of Ifemelu comparing herself to a "vulture hacking into the carcasses of people's stories for something she could use" in lines 66-67?

[2]

13. Use a word of your own to describe the tone of Ifemelu's writing in her blog.

[1]

14. The structure of the text reflects the different experiences Ifemelu had in Princeton. Complete the flowchart by choosing one phrase from the box to summarise what she experienced in each part of the text. There are some extra phrases in the box you do not need to use.