

## CPE Test 2 Answers

### Reading and Use of English

#### Part 1

1 C 2 B 3 D 4 A 5 B 6 A 7 B 8 A

#### Part 2

9 from 10 being 11 use 12 fell 13 taken 14 hope 15 as 16 into

#### Part 3

17 embodying 18 climactic 19 comedic 20 mythology 21 depth 22 alongside

23 highlighting 24 fascination

#### Part 4

25 heaped praise on | my choice

26 important of all is that | we weigh

27 a good/an | eye for

28 was the weather (that) | they had to put

29 put their problems down to | a lack

30 pregnancy came | as a surprise

#### Part 5

31 C 32 B 33 C 34 A 35 B 36 C

#### Part 6

37 D 38 E 39 A 40 C 41 B 42 G 43 F

#### Part 7

44 A 45 C 46 B 47 B 48 A 49 D 50 C 51 D 52 E 53 D

### Listening

#### Part 1

1 B 2 A 3 B 4 A 5 C 6 C

#### Part 2

7 gothic horror 8 (agonizing) suspense 9 unique voice 10 natural integration

11 artistic license/license 12 branched off 13 convenience of contact/convenient contact

14 enticing elements 15 widespread turmoil

#### Part 3

16 B 17 B 18 C 19 D 20 C



## Part 4

21 D 22 E 23 C 24 F 25 G 26 A 27 G 28 F 29 C 30 E

### Extract 1

Man: These were different times, of course. There was a much more vibrant culture – some might even say positive – back in the nineties. We saw ourselves as artists, every bit as much as a Damien Hirst or a Tracey Emin. They might have been earning the millions for their bizarre offerings but I'll bet neither of them went on a track walk like we used to. I still miss it, that sense of walking in the middle of a city but where few fear to tread. In some ways it was like travelling through time. The shadows used to take on a life of their own and it was like I was walking among some timeless legion of onlookers who'd seen immense spans of time that they would never be able to articulate. Long after I put the spray can away, I went back to those old haunts, just to try and retrieve that feeling once more. It wasn't the same of course. Middle age, parental responsibilities and that perfectly sensible aversion to risking life and limb that comes with it all had long since caught up with me.

### Extract 2

Man: I think it's wonderfully macabre. It brings to mind those grim slasher movies of the 1980s. In fact there was definitely a gory feel to the whole thing. Rather unpleasant to look at of course but strangely fascinating all the same. What you might call car crash theatre in a way.

Woman: I'm not sure where you get that from. It was just a pulpy mess as far as I could see, hardly what you would call art.

Man: I think you've got it in one.

Woman: What do you mean?

Man: I mean that his work proves that art can come from horror as well as beauty. There we all are, paying to see something that by anyone's definition is horrible and yet it's exactly within that incongruity that the genius lies. This simple concept has been the spark of a great deal of his work so far in my view.

Woman: I couldn't disagree more. As far as I can see, it's just another stale fad. You can lay on the horror as thick as you want, but for me it's of no more consequence than a child kicking over a bucket to get attention, and once he's got the attention, all that's left is tiresome artifice.

### Extract 3

Woman: We've come to accept it as part of our world in much the same way as the ever-present traffic or the horrendous levels of stress that so many of us endure. It never seems to

occur to us, for example, that we medicate ourselves every morning simply to open our eyes. Many of us couldn't fathom a world without our daily cup of coffee. It's grown beyond an addiction into something so mundane that we no longer even wonder if it's a problem. But like so much, if we need it to ignore what our own body and mind is telling us, maybe it's not such a good thing to have around after all. We automatically reach for the cafetiere like some sort of religious rite, but never do we stop to think about the havoc we may be playing with our body's needs.

I'm certainly not one to talk. I drink more coffee than anyone I know. But just because I've managed to get caught up in the trap myself, shouldn't mean that I should shy away from talking about the problem. I understand it's become a need rather than a desire but just because you've allowed yourself to settle into a routine, doesn't mean you should simply accept defeat. I know that one day I will bid a final farewell to my coffee habit, and no doubt I will mourn it, and remember the good times with fondness and the usual dose of rose-tinted glasses. I just hope that if I do eventually find freedom, I'm never then tempted to rekindle the affair.

## Part 2

Meg: I used to play around with plots in my head but had never really put pen to paper until I graduated and, for a few months at least, found that I had a bit more free time. I had always been hooked on the police procedurals of Agatha Christie but what really fired my imagination were the gothic horror offerings of Sheridan le Fanu, which in turn led me to the works of Thomas Precket-Pest and James Malcolm Rymer. These two found success in the mid-nineteenth century for the so-called Penny Dreadful series of "Varney the Vampire".

While such works are a stark departure from the cosier world of detective novels, the agonizing suspense that would be racked up over time was so much a part of this latter series and was the principal source of fascination to me as an aspiring author. Possessed also of a vivid world of painstaking detail, together with an overriding sense of menace at every turn, Precket-Pest and Rymer's creations are for me a landmark in the art of writing, whose importance goes far beyond the limitations of the genre.

When I finally plucked up the courage to embark on my first novel, I was concerned that inspirations such as these would weigh heavily on me and perhaps colour my attempt to find a voice that could be described as unique to me. If I had to choose, I'd probably say that it's this that draws in publishers the more than anything else when considering new talent and while both world-building and character depth are also essential, I was determined to bring something of my own to the genre in this regard.

My main protagonist, Marie Phelps, took some time to develop as I was keen for her to be both believable while at the same time possessing her own peculiar quirks. I think that's what makes some of the more famous characters in detective novels so memorable: think of Poirot and his moustache or Sherlock Holmes and his pipe. There's always a danger that such facets can feel a little contrived but I think if you give them a believable context and integrate them into a character's personality in a natural way, you can really bring a personality to life. A good example of this is the American TV detective 'Columbo', who had many little foibles, for example, the cigar and the raincoat. But another thing that he is remembered for is his habit of making to leave before stopping to turn and say: "just one other thing". It was both funny and compelling and was entirely believable given the established context of the eccentric and scatter-brained detective.



Marie is part of a world, of course, like any other character, and while we may recognise it as our own, I wanted to give the canvas upon which I was painting my own unique touch, in much the same way as a comic book artist might adopt a particular style. As many of you will know, most of Marie's adventures take place in present-day London as it is a place I know better than anywhere else. As such you may notice a degree of artistic licence in describing the place. I felt this was unavoidable in order for the narrative to flow effectively. London is a huge place with many memorable locations but it is exactly due to this immensity that I was forced to reinvent some of the city's geography, lest poor Marie spend half the book on her bicycle!

The result is what some people refer to jokingly as "Nowpunk", which is a casual term derived from the concept of Steampunk. Steampunk describes fictional worlds that are set in the future but have a distinct Victorian flavour, think flying locomotives or steam-powered robots. The idea is that these worlds have branched off into an alternative universe from a point in the past that we had in common – the birth of Queen Victoria for example - bringing us to a future that would now be unthinkable on our current trajectory. Following this same logic, Nowpunk is effectively any fictional universe that deals with our recognisable reality but with a few little tweaks here and there for dramatic or aesthetic effect.

Perhaps the most glaringly obvious of these is the way I have reimagined certain technologies. I've always felt that mobile phones - while perhaps a useful narrative resource in many ways – can often limit the options for a writer in the fact that they make contact so convenient. I wanted to play around in a world without such technology and where face-to-face interaction was made more valuable. This was a hard sell to publishers at first, as it was thought that the younger generation may not be able to identify with such a world, but as it happens, it is often cited by my younger readers as one of the elements of the series that they find the most enticing. In fact, it turned out to be older readers who were most troubled by this feature of the world, perhaps because they had trouble conflating the present day setting with the technology of decades past.

I'm now on book six of the series, which I hope will be released in June of next year. This entry seeks to open out the world a little more, as it sees Marie travelling to Hungary to investigate the death of a family friend. I've always been fascinated by Hungary and the story of the two cities that merged together to become the nation's capital. In Marie's world, the widespread turmoil wrought by political division has separated the two cities once more and Marie finds herself having to unravel a complex mystery while simultaneously negotiating a deadly atmosphere of betrayal and civil unrest. I do hope you enjoy this latest instalment and, given the new setting of this book, I'm really excited to see how it is received by fans.

### Part 3

Presenter: .... that's very true. So, Roxanne, tell us about the techniques you use that have helped you gain so much success at competition level.

Roxanne: I think most of the tools I employ all come down to the same concept of using the edge we all possess in visual memory, that is remembering things that we have seen. There are several reasons for our advantage in being able to retain images rather than, say, words or numbers. Recognising faces, for example, has a clear evolutionary advantage. In the past it was essential to be able to recognise friend from foe in order to survive, and as a consequence, our brains have developed over time to expend more of our limited "evolutionary points", if you will, to favour the ability to retain visual stimulus over other abilities such as remembering sounds or messages. As the world around us has changed – and as the stimuli within our



physical world have increased exponentially - it is harder for us to see why we are so strong in this regard, although many would argue that this bias towards the visual has contributed more to our modern environment than we realise.

Presenter: You hold the world record for the longest numerical sequence memorized. How does recognising faces help with that particular challenge?

Roxanne: The trick is to associate the numerical with the visual. In terms of my thinking, I'm borrowing muscle from my visual memory in order to assist my ability to remember numbers. Think of it like a weightlifter engaging his legs to lift a bar that he is holding in his hands. I associate a number, or in fact a short sequence of numbers, with an image and focus on that image, strengthening its association in my mind as much as I can, so that when I go back to the image, the number immediately comes to me. In a sense, you could say I'm cheating, because I'm not technically remembering the numbers at all, but the visual images.

Presenter: You don't literally see it as cheating, do you?

Roxanne: Not in the real sense, no. There's nothing dishonest about what I do, of course, but when you stand back and analyse what it is I'm doing, there is an incongruity between what I'm recognised for and the machinery chugging away under the hood, so to speak. But this is part and parcel of the wider world, whether we recognise it or not. Look at artificial intelligence, for example. As it exists now, large language models, as they're known, take from the vast resources of the internet from which to answer a user's question. They're not employing intelligence at all. What they're using is a knowledge base so vast, no human being could hope to emulate it. But the way we interact with AI gives us the impression of intelligence, when in fact it's something else. In fact, something more akin to memory than intelligence. Then again, we could ask ourselves if that really matters. I'm not sure it does. If we achieve our objective, should we be judged negatively if we use all the tools available to us in order to get there?

Presenter: I agree. Indeed, no one would argue that what you have achieved in your field is easy. You employ a method to assist you, sure. But the same method is available to anyone else.

Roxanne: Exactly. I like to think of my techniques as employing a correct tennis stroke for example... or the correct way of lifting weight – we're back to the weightlifter again!

Presenter: So take us through your thought processes. How do these tools work?

Roxanne: Well, like I say, the first step once you have received an item to remember – let's say a number – is to associate it with an image. It's useful to have a physical place mapped out in your mind that you can journey through in order to underpin the sequence. I like to use my childhood home as it demands less concentration from me due to its ingrained familiarity. Place the image for the first number or group of numbers at the first stage of your journey and visualise the scene. For example, let's say that you start with the numbers 911. You would probably associate that with the emergency services. So the first stage of your journey would feature a police officer. Visualise the scene and then in your mind move onto the next stage, ready for the next set of numbers.

Presenter: I imagine you end up with some very complex journeys. Don't you find it very tiring keeping such complex images in your head?

Roxanne: No more than you do when remembering a movie you have seen a few times. And that's the beauty of it. Not only does it grant us the ability to achieve seemingly superhuman feats of memory, but it also nourishes the creative elements of our minds. As the years have gone on, the childhood home that I keep in my memory has blossomed into a fantastical place, replete with secret passages and fictional rooms that I like to explore during spells of quiet

solitude. The reality is that far from feeling cluttered, my mind's eye is more of a sanctuary where I can go to escape the hustle and bustle of everyday thoughts and concerns and to overcome the damage they can do. It has instilled a respect for the power of the human brain which at times verges on awe, I have to say.

Presenter: This all sounds fascinating. So, how do you adapt your techniques....

#### Part 4

##### Speaker 1

To be honest, we're talking ancient history now and it's all a bit fuzzy, but the way I remember it is that I'd been invited by some like-minded types who were all into the alternative medicine scene like I was and I thought it would be just a bit of harmless fun. I was soon to be disabused of that notion as rather than the flighty, fun-loving atmosphere I had been hoping for, we were all ordered to stand together in serried ranks as if we were going off to war. At first I thought it was a joke, I really did, but things took a turn for the chilling when various bladed implements started being waved about. I really thought it might soon become a matter for the police but in the end it was all noise. No one was offered up to the otherworldly beings or whatever and we all went on our merry way. It wasn't until some time later that I realised how naive I had been. OK, so nothing really bad happened that day, but I'm no longer the sort of person who just goes with the flow and I'm certain that my experience that day has a lot to do with my change of heart in that regard.

##### Speaker 2

I was sitting on a motorbike in the centre of London one grey afternoon, and I got approached by two Korean girls. I thought they were simply going to ask for directions but then they asked me if I would take part in a project of theirs. To be honest, their English wasn't great and it took me a while to make out what they were on about at first. One of them kept mentioning how it would open my eyes- or her eyes – I'm really not sure. Anyway, I eventually worked out what they wanted from me when they pulled a camera out and poked it at me, miming imaginary snapshots. Of course, I started posing then and there for laughs, but they were dead serious. They gave me a card with the address of an art studio on it and said I would be well-remunerated for my time if I would be at said address at nine o'clock the next morning, ready to give them my best side. Well, I was young and reckless back then so went along, fully expecting it to be a wasted journey through the unknown wastelands of East London, but when I arrived, there they were, all set up and ready to go. And neither did they stint on their promise to make it worth my while. I've never done anything like that since, it's really not my scene, but it did teach me to be open to whatever may come down the pipe. I had a great time and was really glad I took the plunge.

##### Speaker 3

To this day, I'm open to hearing a rational explanation for what happened, but I've yet to be offered one. If there's one takeaway from all this, it's that the visual memory is unreliable over time, and that the truth of whatever really happened that night will definitely be different to



how I picture it. But I know it happened, even if some of the details have faded with the years. So, I was driving through a fairly remote part of the state late at night, and up ahead of me, sitting cross-legged in the middle of the road, was this man. It was really creepy to be honest. Why would anyone be out there just sitting like that in the middle of the night? I stopped, of course, and got out of the car to see if he needed any help. When I approached him, I realised his eyes were wide open and he was gazing upward. I followed his gaze and that's when I saw it, this bizarre pill-shaped craft, just looming over us like some giant spectre. It's difficult to describe. It didn't seem to be alive or dead but nor was it mechanical. It was just there. Until it wasn't. That's when I really freaked out. It just vanished out of thin air and left the two of us alone in the dark, staring up at nothing. The guy never said anything to me. I gave him a ride to the nearest town. We travelled in silence for about half an hour and when we arrived he just got out of the car and vanished into the darkness, re-evaluating his place in the universe, I guess.

#### Speaker 4

My heart sank as soon as I heard the announcement and my first reaction was to curse whoever it was that had held us up, whether it were some idiot starting a fight or some poor unfortunate who had been struck down with something, which probably seems a bit uncharitable. I try to be more compassionate these days but often fail. Anyway, we were stuck in the tunnel for so long that I was beginning to think we might be awarded a world record. The intercom went off again and instructed us that we would have to do what they referred to as a track walk in order to get to the next station. I was horrified at first but it turned out to be an experience I wouldn't have missed for the world. It's only when you're picking your way on foot through that darkness that you truly appreciate the feat of engineering that our transport system really is. All those cables and signals and the messy labyrinth of track. I mean, a few of my fellow commuters were obviously a bit jumpy, it is rather dark and grim down there, but I loved every minute of it. I'd do it all over again in a flash.

#### Speaker 5

Of course, I thought the idea of going bungee jumping was crazy, and I couldn't help but fixate on the horror stories I had read about it all over the internet. I've never really understood the excitement of scaring the wits out of yourself, so naturally I assumed it wouldn't be for me. But I don't like to be a party pooper and everyone else wanted to go, so against my better judgement I went along with it. So there I was standing atop some ancient bridge looking down into the abyss, waiting for the green light. I think I had surpassed a state of fear and ventured into some unexplored territory by the time I was given the sign to jump. And jump I did. It all happened so slowly, and was so peaceful, I felt like a bird, or a cloud, or even an angel. The fear just left me and in that moment I felt as if I was more than just flesh and blood – that I had a force within me that could achieve anything I set my mind to. I know, it sounds all weird and supernatural, but it was as real as anything. When I got back to solid ground, I felt as if I had been given an upgrade. I was somebody a bit better, a bit braver and a bit more determined to succeed. Had it not been for that day, I would never have known I had it in me.