It begins the moment you set foot ashore, the moment you step off the boat's gangway. The heart suddenly, yet vaguely, sinks. It is no lurch of fear. Quite the contrary. It is as if the life-urge failed, and the heart dimly sank. You trail past the benevolent policeman and the inoffensive passport officials, through the fussy and somehow foolish customs - we don't really think it matters if somebody smuggles in two pairs of false-silk stockings - and we get into the poky but inoffensive train, with poky but utterly inoffensive people, and we have a cup of inoffensive tea from a nice inoffensive boy, and we run through small, poky but nice and inoffensive country, till we are landed in the big but unexciting station of Victoria, when an inoffensive porter puts us into an inoffensive taxi and we are driven through the crowded yet strangely dull streets of London to the cozy yet strangely poky and dull place where we are going to stay. And the first half-hour in London, after some years abroad, is really a plunge of misery. The strange, the grey and uncanny, almost deathly sense of dullness is overwhelming. Of course, you get over it after a while, and admit that you exaggerated. You get into the rhythm of London again, and you tell yourself that it is not dull. And yet you are haunted, all the time, sleeping or waking, with the uncanny feeling: It is dull! It is all dull! This life here is one vast complex of dullness! I am dull! I am being dulled! My spirit is being dulled! My life is dulling down to London dullness.

This is the nightmare that haunts you the first few weeks of London. No doubt if you stay longer you get over it, and find London as thrilling as Paris or Rome or New York. But the climate is against me. I cannot stay long enough. With pinched and wondering gaze, the morning of departure, I look out of the taxi upon the strange dullness of London's arousing; a sort of death; and hope and life only return when I get my seat in the boat-train, and hear all the Good-byes! Good-bye! Good-bye! Thank God to say Good-bye!

Passage 2

35 On the banks of the Thames it is a tremendous chapter of accidents - the London-lover has to confess to the existence of miles upon miles of the dreariest, stodgiest commonness. Thousands of acres are covered by low black houses, of the cheapest construction, without ornament, without grace, without character or even identity. In fact there are many, even in the best
quarters, in all the region of Mayfair and Belgravia, of so paltry
and inconvenient and above all of so diminutive a type, that you
wonder what peculiarly limited domestic need they were
constructed to meet. The great misfortune of London, to the eye
45 (it is true that this remark applies much less to the City), is the
want of elevation. There is no architectural impression without a
certain degree of height, and the London street-vista has none of
that sort of pride.

All the same, if there be not the intention, there is at least the
50 accident, of style, which, if one looks at it in a friendly way,
appears to proceed from three sources. One of these is simply the
general greatness, and the manner in which that makes a
difference for the better in any particular spot, so that though you
may often perceive yourself to be in a shabby corner it never
55 occurs to you that this is the end of it. Another is the atmosphere,
with its magnificent mystifications, which flatters and
superfuses, makes everything brown, rich, dim, vague, magnifies
distances and minimises details, confirms the inference of
vastness by suggesting that, as the great city makes everything, it
60 makes its own system of weather and its own optical laws. The
last is the congregation of the parks, which constitute an
ornament not elsewhere to be matched and give the place a
superiority that none of its uglinesses overcome. They spread
themselves with such a luxury of space in the centre of the town
65 that they form a part of the impression of any walk, of almost any
view, and, with an audacity altogether their own, make a pastoral
landscape under the smoky sky. There is no mood of the rich
London climate that is not becoming to them - I have seen them
look delightfully romantic, like parks in novels, in the wettest
70 winter - and there is scarcely a mood of the appreciative resident
to which they have not something to say. The high things of
London, which here and there peep over them, only make the
spaces vaster by reminding you that you are after all not in Kent
or Yorkshire; and these things, whatever they be, rows of
75 'eligible' dwellings, towers of churches, domes of institutions,
take such an effective gray-blue tint that a clever watercolorist
would seem to have put them in for pictorial reasons.

The view from the bridge over the Serpentine has an
extraordinary nobleness, and it has often seemed to me that the
80 Londoner twisted with his low standard may point to it with
every confidence. In all the town-scenery of Europe there can be
few things so fine; the only reproach it is open to is that it begs
the question by seeming - in spite of its being the pride of five
millions of people - not to belong to a town at all. The towers of
85 Notre Dame, as they rise, in Paris, from the island that divides the Seine, present themselves no more impressively than those of Westminster as you see them looking doubly far beyond the shining stretch of Hyde Park water. Equally admirable is the large, river-like manner in which the Serpentine opens away between its wooded shores. Just after you have crossed the bridge you enjoy on your left, through the gate of Kensington Gardens, an altogether enchanting vista - a footpath over the grass, which loses itself beneath the scattered oaks and elms exactly as if the place were a 'chase.' There could be nothing less like London in general than this particular morsel, and yet it takes London, of all cities, to give you such an impression of the country.

Passage 1 adapted from an essay by D H Lawrence
Passage 2 adapted from an essay by Henry James

1. 'it' in line 1 refers to a feeling of
A. foreboding
B. fear
C. depression
D. malaise
E. relief

2. What does Lawrence apparently believe to be the cause of the nightmare?

3. By the use of the word 'congregation' (line 61) the author suggests that the parks are
A. numerous
B. religious
C. too crowded
D. unlimited in extent
E. superior attractions

4. James mentions" Notre Dame" in line 85. What is the purpose behind it?

5. What does the contrast between James and Lawrence revealed by the passages involve?
6- Find a word in the text which, in context, is similar in meaning to:

**Passage 1**
Sneak:
Immersion:

**Passage 2**
Colossal:
Lifeless:

**Writing:**
Many languages are disappearing every year. Is this a bad thing, or could having fewer languages help bring people together?
In a well structured and organized essay give your opinion about the importance of languages and the reasons behind their decline.