



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education



FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH

0500/02

Paper 2 Reading Passages (Extended)

October/November 2007

2 hours

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **all** questions.

Dictionaries are **not** permitted.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

The number of marks is given in brackets [] at the end of each question or part question.

This document consists of **6** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



* 7 5 7 1 1 4 5 5 5 6 *

Part 1

Read **Passage A** carefully, and then answer **Questions 1** and **2**.

Passage A

In 1972, the writer and his family were crossing the Pacific in their boat the Lucette when she was wrecked by a killer whale. They took to their dinghy, Ednamair, and at the start of this passage, had been adrift for thirty-seven days.

Rescue at Sea

My eye caught sight of something that wasn't sea. I stopped talking and stared; the others all looked at me. 'A ship,' I said. 'There's a ship and it's coming towards us!' I could hardly believe it but it seemed solid enough. 'Keep still now!' In the sudden surge of excitement, everyone wanted to see. 'We mustn't capsize now!'

I felt myself tremble as I told them I was going to hold a flare above the sail. 'Remember what happened with the last ship we saw!' They suddenly fell silent at the memory of that terrible despondency when our signals had been unnoticed. 'Oh God!' prayed my wife, Lyn, 'please let them see us.' I could see the ship quite clearly now, a Japanese fishing vessel. Her grey and white paint stood out clearly against the dark cross swell.

The flare sparked into life, the red glare illuminating *Ednamair* and the sea around us in the twilight. 'Hand me another! I think she's altered course!' My voice was hoarse with pain and excitement, and I felt sick with apprehension that it might only be the ship cork-screwing in the swell. But it wasn't needed: she had seen us and was coming towards us.

'Our ordeal is over,' I said quietly. Lyn and the twins were crying with happiness. I put my arms around Lyn, feeling the tears stinging my own eyes. 'We'll get these boys to land after all.'

The high flared bows of *Tokamaru 1* towered over us as she closed in, pitching and rolling in the uneasy swell. We emptied turtle oil on the sea to try to smooth it as the dinghy rocked violently in the cross chop of waves. As they drew near enough, the sailors threw heaving lines. Willing hands reached down and we were hauled bodily on board.

When I reached the foredeck the family were already seated, in their hands tins of orange juice and blissful content on their faces. I picked up the tin that was left for me, smiled my thanks to the sailors who grinned broadly back at me, then lifting my arm, said 'Cheers.' I shall remember the taste of that beautiful liquid to the end of my days.

The crew carried the twins to the large four-foot deep, hot sea-water bath. There, in the fresh water shower (we had to adjust our ideas to the notion that fresh water could be used for other things besides drinking) they soaped and lathered and wallowed in luxury, scrubbing at the brown scurf which our skins had developed. Then Lyn and I luxuriated in the warmth of the deep tub. The ecstasy of not having to protect boil-covered parts of our anatomies from solid contacts had to be experienced to be believed, but the simple joy of soap lathering in fresh water is surely one of the greatest luxuries of mankind.

New clothes had been laid out for us from the ship's stores and the kind concern shown us by these smiling, warm-hearted sailors was almost too much for our shattered emotions. How cosy to have garments that were soft and dry!

On our return to the foredeck, there on the hatch stood a huge tray of bread and butter and a strange brown liquid called coffee. Our eyes gleamed as we tasted these strange luxuries.

We tried to settle down to sleep on the tarpaulins spread out for us, but the unaccustomed heat became a stifling heat; the vibration of the engines, the whole attitude of relaxation and the way we move around was so strange that sleep would not come. At about midnight, we could stand no longer and staggered out on deck to seek the cool night air, the starlit skies and the swell of the ocean.

In the days that followed, we indulged in the luxury of eating and drinking wonderful food, the meals growing in quantity and sophistication. The familiar figure of the cook became the symbol round which our whole existence revolved as he bore tray after tray of spinach soup, prawns, fruit juices, fried chicken, and fermented rice-water.

The crew took the twins to their hearts and showered them with kindness. They had already made gifts of clothing to us all, soap and toilet requisites, towels, notebooks, and pens. They delighted in watching the twins draw, write and play together.

- 1 Write a newspaper report using the headlines printed below.
Base what you write closely on the reading material in **Passage A**.

Lost family found alive and well – hours from death
Dramatic rescue by fishermen

Include the following in your report, in any order you wish:

- comments about the rescue made by some of the people involved
- reference to what life on the Ednamair was like before the rescue took place
- feelings experienced by the family and the Japanese crew

Write between 1½ and 2 sides, allowing for the size of your handwriting.

Up to 15 marks will be available for the content of your answer, and up to 5 marks for the quality of your writing.

[20]

- 2 Re-read the descriptions of:

- (a) the mixed feelings of the writer and his family when they see the Japanese ship in **paragraphs 1-4**;
- (b) the reactions of the writer and his family to the bath and the shower in **paragraph 7**.

Explain the effects the writer creates by using these descriptions. Support your answer by selecting words and phrases from these paragraphs.

[10]



PLEASE TURN OVER FOR PART 2

Part 2

Question 3 is based on both **Passage A** and **Passage B**.
Read **Passage B** and re-read **Passage A**.

Passage B

In this passage, Ellen McArthur describes her battle with the elements as she sails alone in the yacht Kingfisher, in a single-handed ocean race at the age of 24.

All at Sea

By midnight on the first night it had blown up. The barometer fell and the wind howled through the rigging. Changing sails on the foredeck was lethal. Kingfisher tried her best to cling to the water's surface while I just tried to cling to her. I was being pounded, thrown again and again onto the deck as her hull flicked up to hit me while I was slammed down by the motion of falling from the wave before – it was unrelenting. With each impact I closed my eyes and gritted my teeth, hanging on as tightly as possible. I tried everything to calm her, but the waves were enormous, and whether we charged over them or fell down them, it was going to hurt.

The wind continued to rise during the first few days, and by the third I was changing down to the storm jib on the foredeck, and was thrown off my feet before cracking my head hard against the inner forestay rod, resulting in an instant lump and a strange nausea. Soon afterwards, the weather front passed, only to bring even stronger 55-knot gusts in a steady 45-knot wind. It was an unreal, crazy situation: just trying to hang on inside the boat took every ounce of strength. Food was hurled around the cabin along with water containers and spares, while I tried to scrape things up and put them back in the boxes. My hands stung, my eye was swollen, and my wrists were already covered in open sores. The Quebec-St Malo race had been very tough physically, but nothing like this. In fact, conditions were so bad that Mark Gatehouse, another competitor, had been thrown across the cabin and smashed his ribs, forcing him to head home just days into the race.

Dawn brought some respite. My body temperature warmed after the freezing night, but if I sweated through the physical exertion of a sail change, when I stopped, I'd once again cool to a shiver. Sleep proved virtually impossible – just snatched ten-minute bursts ended by the cold.

Just two days later conditions began to worsen again. Doing anything was not only difficult but painful. My hands were red-raw and swollen, and my head was aching – even more so when the freezing water washed breathtakingly over it each time I went forward to change sails. Shifting the sails was hard, brutal work. Whenever it was time to change one I would pull it forward, clipping myself on and hanging on for dear life. Waves would continuously power down the side-decks, often washing me and the sail back a couple of metres, and I had to hang on and tighten my grip on the sail tie even further. I would often cry out loud as I dragged the sail along; it was one way of letting out some of that frustration and of finding the strength to do it. Once forward, each sail had to be clipped on hank by hank with freezing fingers. After each sail change I would collapse into the little seats out of the spray, close my eyes briefly and try to recover.

After a week things finally began to calm, and with my legs red-hot and sore, and my wrists and fingers swollen, I finally enjoyed the first opportunity to remove my survival suit. Though the relief was wonderful, the smell was not!

3 Summarise:

(a) what Ellen McArthur found difficult about her voyage (**Passage B**);

(b) what the family found enjoyable when they had been rescued (**Passage A**).

Use your own words as far as possible.

You should write about 1 side, allowing for the size of your handwriting.

Up to 15 marks will be available for the content of your answer, and up to 5 marks for the quality of your writing.

[20]

Copyright Acknowledgements:

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