

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

**FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH**

**0500/02**

Paper 2 Reading and Directed Writing

October/November 2003

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

**2 hours 15 minutes**

**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 on both sides of the paper.  
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **all** questions.

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.

Dictionaries are **not** permitted.

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

## Part 1

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

**Passage A**

*This passage is about a highly experienced yachtsman who is also a lawyer and who runs a film-making business.*

**All rise – here comes the judge**

Growing up on an island near Oslo, Norway, Christen Horn Johannessen began sailing when he was five years old. “I’ve been sailing smaller boats all my life, but sailing around the world was never my goal,” says the helmsman for the boat *Djuice* in the Volvo Ocean Race. “I used to say to my friends: ‘Remind me never to get involved with round-the-world races.’ I thought those guys were crazy. And now here I am doing it for the second time!”

As Grant Wharington, a famous Australian competitor, says, much of the attraction of the Volvo Ocean Race lies in speed. The idea of sailing as fast as or faster than the weather systems or of reaching Cape Horn from Auckland in seven days is exciting.

Christen agrees, but points out that there’s more to the race than high-speed sailing, saying: “When you are sitting on the deck at night, there are literally millions of stars above you, and sometimes the ocean is glowing and shining because of the phosphor in the water. You get very close to nature, and moments like these remind you how small you are in the scheme of things, and how lucky we all are to be doing what we do.”

In addition to his sailing duties, Christen is also responsible for on-board media production, filming and still photography. This has the added enjoyment of providing excellent communications between the crew and their families, who are also reunited during stopovers after each leg. On Christen’s last trip around the world, he gained an impressive cult following for the hilarious and witty film sequences he and fellow crew member Nick Willetts sent out to the world from the *Innovation Kvcerner* boat, which finished fourth.

Together, the two sailors formed the company Snus Korp Productions, which is still in operation. However, Nick is not with the *Djuice* crew this time, so he operates his part of the company from his home in Australia. The position in front of the camera on board *Djuice* is yet to be filled by one of the new members of the crew.

He says: “We have four permanently-mounted on the boat and two hand-held cameras, one of them on 24 hours a day. It’s not only a question of public relations – we really want to share our experience with other people. Besides, everyone enjoys being the star for a while in front of the camera.”

Christen knows of course that the race is not just about being a media star. Much of the satisfaction of taking part is in planning and executing strategies and in finding out whether they work or not. The correct choice of a route after studying currents and weather patterns can result in gaining great distances on one’s fellow competitors.

Christen has a professional life on land that has nothing to do with sailing. When he decided to compete in the last round-the-world race he took a year off from his job as a district court judge. Now he is working as an attorney and has again taken another year off to compete in the Volvo Ocean Race.

He says: “When I sailed my last race, it wasn’t long before the crew were all calling me ‘Judge.’ But it hasn’t helped me a bit on the boat – I have no authority there at all!”

He also knows that the race will often be hard and boring: keeping watch, changing sails, going to bed for four hours, and the same again next day, and the next. The real thrill does not lie in watching the ocean but in the things you see on the way, like passing Cape Horn in brilliant sunshine. That really reminds him why he is taking part in the race.

## Passage B

*In this passage, the journalist Libby Purves writes about taking part in a race in an old sailing ship with tall masts. The ship is called Europa and nearly all the crew are amateurs.*

### No ordinary seamen

The first night out of Antwerp we eyed each other up. There was a group of Dutch teenagers, each with their own story: fragile, pretty Mienke, shy Vince, bouncy Anouk, who had won her berth in a competition; then a thin Swiss 18-year-old called Anna who had fought juvenile arthritis since she was 10 but was determined to have a go at this voyage; Lisa from New Zealand with a glittering stud in her nose, working her way round Europe; and little Anya, the student teacher from Poland, who arrived breathless in Antwerp the night before we sailed, giving her whole year's savings for the adventure and far from clear about how she would get home from Norway.

The three adult trainees taking a break from real life were myself, Alex from America, and Ingrid, a heavy-set, shy, religious education teacher in her thirties who had never been outside Belgium in her whole life.

The long-term crew told us stories of the Antarctic trip: ice on the rigging, snow on the deck, spray blown so thick over the deck in the Drake Passage that the lookout had to climb the mast. Klaas, the captain, and his mates told us to organise our own rotas for steering and keeping lookout. "Be nice to each other," said Erik, the second mate. "That's important." We were all apprehensive. The ship was short-handed, so we were divided into two watches only – rotating six hours by day, four hours by night. For ten days, considering mealtimes and all-hands-on-deck calls, none of us would ever sleep more than four hours at a stretch, and that was only once every 24 hours.

The race began. The winds were fair, the sea not particularly rough, but sickness was rife. Most fought it: only one Dutch girl retired to her bunk and refused all week to do anything whatsoever. At the other end of the scale, Anya would stumble on deck sick but smiling, with little bare feet poking out of the bottom of her oilskin trousers. "This is how I am fighting the seasickness," she said grandly. "When my feet feel the deck I am nearly OK." There was much to induce seasickness.

The unusual standard of comfort on board (cabins of four and six with toilet ensuite) gets *Europa* nicknamed "the hotel ship" by those who sail in more spartan vessels with hammocks instead of bunks, but there are few hotels where guests wash the galley floor at 2 am, or sew sails in the dawn.

We learn English is the second deck-language on most European ships, and once the Dutch names of sails and lines – *onderbram*, *grootzeil*, *fok* – are in your head, it is easy enough to obey orders to carry out a manoeuvre. Less easy to be brave: I was not among those who worked high aloft, and feel some shame because of it.

Here was I, used to the sea on small yachts for 25 years and clad in proper Musto oilskins, outperformed by green, gallant teenagers in chainstore anoraks who hardly knew port from starboard. So I humbly volunteered for extra duties at the helm and lookout watches when it rained, which it rather frequently did.

At first, tired despite the flying progress of the ship, we fantasised constantly about our bunks. It is pure chilly misery, after a mere half-hour of sleep, to be called on deck because a boom has snapped or a sail blown out, to haul and pack away sails in the icy rain.

It is unnerving to watch a North Sea squall come up from behind, a thickening black line sliding over green water, and hear the mate's warning cry "Take away skysail! Take away bram!" and join the scramble to the lines to get the high sails out of the tearing wind.

1 Summarise:

(a) what you think Christen Horn Johannessen finds enjoyable about taking part in the Volvo Ocean Race

**and**

(b) what Libby Purves says about the hard work and discomforts of sailing in tall ships.

Write about 1 side in total, allowing for the size of your handwriting.

[20]

2 Write the words of a conversation in which Libby Purves and Christen Horn Johannessen discuss their experiences of sailing. During the conversation they discuss:

- what they have learned about themselves
- the teenagers who were on the *Europa*.

You should base the conversation on ideas from both passages, but you should develop the material and comment freely upon it.

Write about 2 sides, allowing for the size of your handwriting.

Start your conversation like this:

Libby: Why do we do these crazy things?

Christen: ...

[20]

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**[Turn over for Part 2]**

## Part 2

Read the following transcript and then answer Question 3.

*This is a transcript of an interview recorded the day after Joy Wambugu rescued a little boy from drowning in a deep pool near her home.*

**Reporter:** Everyone's saying how brave you were.

**Joy:** Er, it wasn't anything to do with being brave. He was there by the pool – everyone knows how dangerous it is – then he leans over to look at something, a fish perhaps, and he falls in, just like that. That pool doesn't have no beach – you go in deep. My Mum's always telling me.

**Reporter:** But you dived in after him.

**Joy:** Well, to tell the truth, I didn't think. That's why it wasn't being brave. He splashed about a minute, then went straight under. There was no-one else about, so I went in too.

**Reporter:** You might have drowned!

**Joy:** No way! I'm the best swimmer in Tanga. I can lifesave too. Mrs Njoba taught me. She says, "Joy, you learn lifesaving, you never know when you might need it." She taught me first aid and what to do if I fish a drowning person out of the lake. I did it automatic.

**Reporter:** How old are you, Joy?

**Joy:** Twelve; I'll be thirteen next week.

**Reporter:** What did your mum say when she found out?

**Joy:** She went on and on at me. She was like, "What have I told you about going down there on your own? You might be dead by now and then what should I do?" and all that. And then she burst into tears and told me how much she loves me and how proud she is. You never know with mothers.

**Reporter:** What happened next when you were in the water?

**Joy:** I was lucky 'cos I sort of bumped into him straightaway as I dived in. But he was struggling about and it was hard to grip him properly. First we both came up to the top of the water and he thrashed about all panicky even more so. Then I gripped him and swam hard to the edge, just like Mrs Njoba told me. Lucky there was an old tree with roots in the water else it would've been hard getting him out. I didn't tell Mum that.

**Reporter:** You gave him first aid ...

**Joy:** Yeah. I had a bit of fun getting the water out of him.

**Reporter:** Not many people could have done what you did.

**Joy:** Maybe. That's why we all need a teacher like Mrs Njoba to help us with important things. Maybe it's as important as spelling and counting – well, sort of. But I knew it would be all right and I couldn't leave him. He would have drowned for certain.

**Reporter:** Did you recognise him?

**Joy:** Sort of. He lives in the village. He's seven. They call him Samuel.

**Reporter:** What happened then?

**Joy:** Lucky again. Mr Kivuti came for his afternoon walk – it was three o'clock – I know because I looked at my watch to see whether it was working and it was – and he came running across, saw Samuel was OK and carried him to the village where they looked after him.

**Reporter:** What a marvellous story!

**Joy:** I think everyone's making a lot of fuss. They'll all laugh at me on Saturday when they see that horrid photo in your newspaper. I think it's embarrassing!

- 3** You are the newspaper reporter. Invent a suitable headline and write your report of the incident for Saturday's newspaper.

You may quote some of Joy's words, but the report should be in your own words and in written, not spoken, English. You must also decide on the order of the material you use from the transcript.

Your editor believes in young people and wants his newspaper to note the good things that they do. You should therefore include some comments about Joy's actions.

You should write between 1 and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  sides, allowing for the size of your handwriting. [20]

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*Copyright Acknowledgements:*

Passage 1                      *Scanorama*. SAS Media AB  
Passage 2                      *The Times*. 2000

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