First Language English
Paper 1 Reading Passages
Reading Booklet Insert

May/June 2018
2 hours 10 minutes

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

This Reading Booklet Insert contains the reading passages for use with all the questions on the Question Paper.

You may annotate this Reading Booklet Insert and use the blank spaces for planning. The Reading Booklet Insert is not assessed by the Examiner.
Passage A: The Open Boat

*Three men are adrift in a lifeboat, on the open sea, following the sinking of their ship.*

None of them knew the colour of the sky. Their eyes were fastened upon the waves that swept toward them. These waves were of the hue of slate, save for the tops of foaming white, and all of the men knew the colours of the sea. The horizon narrowed and widened, and dipped and rose, and at all times its edge was jagged with waves that seemed thrust up in points like rocks.

Many a man ought to have a bathtub larger than the boat which here rode upon the sea. These waves were most wrongfully and barbaramously abrupt and tall, and each froth-top was a problem in small boat navigation.

The cook squatted in the bottom and looked with both eyes at the ocean. His sleeves were rolled over his fat forearms. The flaps of his unbuttoned vest dangled as he bent to bail out the boat. Often he said: ‘Gawd! That was a narrow clip.’ As he remarked it he invariably gazed eastward over the broken sea.

The oiler, steering with one of the two oars in the boat, sometimes raised himself suddenly to keep clear of water that swirled in over the stern. It was a thin little oar and it seemed often ready to snap.

The injured captain, lying in the bow, was at this time buried in that profound dejection and indifference which comes, temporarily at least, to even the bravest and most enduring when his ship goes down. The mind of the master of a vessel is rooted deep in the timbers of her and this captain had on him the stern impression of a scene in the greys of dawn of seven turned faces, and later a stump of a top-mast that slashed to and fro at the waves, and went low and lower, and down. Thereafter there was something strange in his voice. Although steady, it was deep with mourning.

‘Keep her a little more south,’ said he.

‘A little more south, sir,’ said the oiler in the stern.

A seat in this boat was not unlike a seat upon a bucking broncho, and, by the same token, a broncho is not much smaller. The craft pranced and reared, and plunged like an animal. As each wave came, and she rose for it, she seemed like a horse making at a fence outrageously high. The manner of her scramble over these walls of water is a mystic thing, the foam racing down from the summit of each wave, requiring a new leap, and a leap from the air. Then, after scornfully bumping a crest, she would slide, and race, and splash down a long incline, and arrive bobbing and nodding in front of the next menace.

A singular disadvantage of the sea lies in the fact that after successfully surmounting one wave you discover that there is another behind it. As each wall of water approached, it shut all else from the view of the men in the boat, and it was not difficult to imagine that this particular wave was the final outburst of the ocean, the last effort of the grim water. There was a terrible grace in the move of the waves, and they came in silence, save for the snarling of the crests.

Viewed from a balcony, the whole thing would doubtlessly have been weirdly picturesque. The sun swung steadily up the sky.

The cook said: ‘There’s a house of refuge not far. As soon as they see us, they’ll come in their boat and pick us up.’

‘We’re not there yet,’ said the oiler, in the stern.
Passage B: Are We Nearly There Yet?

This article describes how a family’s round-the-world sailing trip, on an authentic wooden sailing boat, ended after just sixteen days as illness and a broken boat turned their dream voyage into a nightmare.

A couple’s dream to sail around the world with their children, aged one and three, ran aground only two weeks into the voyage. The Coast Guard came to the aid of amateur sailors Kim and Steve Maher after both daughters fell seriously sick, just as their twelve-metre yacht, Spirit of Adventure, became stranded. The pair have faced criticism over their trip, but have defended their actions.

For years the couple had dreamed of sailing to remote islands in their own boat. On their blog, they wrote of excitedly waiting for the right conditions before setting sail. With a toddler learning to walk, and a curious three-year-old on board, the couple knew their voyage wouldn’t all be plain sailing, but could never have predicted they would be calling for help so quickly. In her early blog-posts, Mrs Maher, a teacher, described trying to keep constant watch on their girls, whilst coping with seasickness, and trading space to keep children entertained with space to store essentials.

Despite choppy conditions, the family were relishing their adventure. On day two, Mrs Maher wrote: ‘It’s simple things that excite a crew when at sea ... like a turtle calmly paddling past.’ She also described how she and her husband, a banker, gave each other fist bumps when they first realised they could no longer see land in any direction.

But the exotic and remote islands where they were headed seemed like a distant dream when their younger daughter fell sick. Romance of life at sea was replaced with a longing for modern appliances. Kim described the challenge of trying to ‘hand-wash dirty nappies’. The biggest trial came when the eldest girl suffered illness for several days, resulting in the family calling for help from the Coast Guard. Finally, a four-member team arrived by helicopter to give her the medical treatment she needed. The boat was towed back to shore for various repairs.

It is not the first time the couple have had to re-chart their planned course. They attempted a different section of the voyage when Mrs Maher was pregnant last time. However, a combination of morning sickness, seasickness and a toddler in tow meant Mrs Maher had to return to shore. It is not clear if this family will resume their nautical adventure, but the lure of far-flung islands is bound to have them longing for the open ocean again.

Captain’s (b)log:

Day One: The magic of being out to sea – gigantic swells undulating around your boat like a hypnotic hula dancer, and a night sky twinkling with laser beams of brilliance.

Day Two: Our sails hold fast, strong and white, like our painted wooden mast. I can feel their excitement to be used like this again: they were made for deep-ocean sailing, and apparently, so were we.

Day Four: Today started out rubbish. It’s hard to keep positive when you feel awful.

Day Six: I can’t possibly describe the range of emotions I have felt so far: wonder, contentment, peace.

Day Eight: This may be the stupidest thing we’ve ever done ... [but] not everyone gets to realise their dreams.

Day Eleven: Steve’s back muscles tight from the constant rocking ... in agony.

Day Thirteen: We’re in good spirits, considering.

Three days later the family contacted the Coast Guard for help.
Passage C: The Adventure of Space Exploration

This is an extract from a speech, given in 1962, by US President Kennedy. In this speech, he defends himself against criticism of his plans to spend more money on space exploration.

Distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen ...

We meet in an hour of change and challenge, in a decade of hope and fear, in an age of both knowledge and ignorance. The greater our knowledge increases, the greater our ignorance unfolds. Despite the striking fact that most of the scientists that the world has ever known are alive and working today, the vast stretches of the unknown and the unanswered and the unfinished still far outstrip our collective comprehension.

No man can fully grasp how far and how fast we have come, but condense, if you will, the 50,000 years of man’s recorded history in a time span of but a half-century. Stated in these terms, we know very little about the first forty years, except at the end of them advanced man had learned to use the skins of animals to cover themselves. Then, about ten years ago, man emerged from his caves to construct other kinds of shelter. Only five years ago man learned to write and use a cart with wheels. The printing press came this year, and then less than two months ago, during this whole fifty-year span of human history, the steam engine provided a new source of power.

Newton explored the meaning of gravity. Last month electric lights and telephones and automobiles and airplanes became available. Only last week did we develop penicillin and television and nuclear power, and now if America’s new spacecraft succeeds in reaching Venus, we will have literally reached the stars before midnight tonight.

This is a breath-taking pace, and such a pace cannot help but create new ills as it dispels old: new ignorance, new problems, new dangers. Surely the opening vistas of space promise high costs and hardships, as well as high reward. William Bradford, speaking in 1630, said that all great and honourable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and both must be enterprised and overcome with answerable courage.

If this capsule history of our progress teaches us anything, it is that man, in his quest for knowledge and progress, is determined and cannot be deterred. The exploration of space will go ahead. It is one of the great adventures of all time. Those who came before us made certain that this country rode the first waves of the industrial revolutions, the first waves of modern invention, and the first wave of nuclear power, and this generation does not intend to founder in the backwash of the coming age of space. We set sail on this new sea because there is new knowledge to be gained, and new rights to be won, and they must be won and used for the progress of all people.

But why, some say? Why choose this as our goal? And they may well ask, why climb the highest mountain?

Many years ago the great British explorer George Mallory, who was to die on Mount Everest, was asked why did he want to climb it. He said, ‘Because it is there.’ Well, space is there, and we’re going to climb it, and the moon and the planets are there, and new hopes for knowledge are there. And, therefore, we set sail on the most hazardous and dangerous and greatest adventure on which man has ever embarked.