

AT THE VET

In this passage, the writer describes an amusing incident when his dog is taken to the vet. The "Mrs Harper" he refers to is his wife.

Mrs Harper has a theory that men are big bairns when it comes to pain, even the big bruisers among us.

5 I think this is a foul slur on Scottish manhood. I believe that wives throughout the northern half of Scotland are well aware of how uncomplainingly we men bear pain or discomfort; how unfazed we are by the prospect of a visit to the doctor's surgery or the hospital, and how reluctant we are to take to our beds, even when suffering horrendous illness.

10 Mrs Harper's theory is not limited to human males. She says she has amassed plenty of evidence that the males of any species are gey peer craiters when it comes to needles, knives or rubber gloves. What happened last Saturday afternoon, I have to concede, lent weight to her theory.

The two of us and the dog (male) had gone out for our usual weekend walk, timing it between bursts of rain. As we passed the vet's surgery on the way to the riverside park, Mrs Harper noticed that the surgery door was open and remembered suddenly that the big red beast was due his regular dose of kennel-cough medicine.

15 Seeing her chance, she bustled across the road. All seemed reasonably clear, so she asked if she might make an appointment. The vet proposed getting it over and done with at that moment, as he appeared to have a minor lull between one four-legged emergency and another, so she appeared back outside the surgery door and beckoned me from across the road.

20 The dog, who had spent the short time we had waited by sizing up the surgery and slowly recalling an assortment of needles, thermometers and rubber-glove smells, showed an unusual reluctance to rise from his sitting position.

25 Persuaded across the road, he arrived in the surgery and went daft. The vet must have thought he was thoroughly undisciplined, which is untrue. It's just that the assortment of smells in a vet's surgery must be the equivalent of those in a soap shop to a small boy.

He did as he was told and sat, but with his behind and paws quivering on the lino, and his head craning through 270 degrees.

30 The vet went off to charge the syringe with the medicine, turning his back to the dog while he did so. Those of you who are familiar with dogs will know that a kennel-cough dose is administered not through a needle, but through a blunt squirter up the animal's nostrils.

Our normally placid beast has an abiding horror of this. Mrs Harper says this is not because it's a particularly traumatic procedure or that any vet has been rough with him in the past. It's just that he's male and, consequently, affa feart for himsel.

35 As the vet turned round, brandishing the blunt-nosed syringe, all pretence of canine discipline vanished.

In the middle of this confusion, with the dog's lead twining my legs and the lino being gouged to destruction as he tried to head for the door, the vet looked at me. "Could you sit down and hold him between your knees to try to steady him?" he said. "Then put your arms round him to lock him while I try to get close."

40 Not sure that my joints were up to such contortions and exertion, I made to sit down on the nearest seat, as I had been told. Just in time, Mrs Harper pointed out that the seat in question was on castors.

While that might not have been very dignified, look on the bright side: I could have broken the office-chair land-speed record and earned my place in history.

45 I opted for another seat—sturdy, mahogany—sitting against another wall, and I shocked across, rebelling dog in tow, plonked myself down, hauled him to sit between my knees and locked my arm under his chin.

He calmed momentarily while the vet slipped a nylon muzzle on him. Our dog hasn't so much as nipped anyone in his four years, but it's always best to be cautious in trauma.

50 The vet tilted the dog's head back and bore down with the syringe. To say that what followed was akin to a whirlwind of dervishes and banshees breaking loose would be gross understatement. I've seen spin-driers and pneumatic drills with less vigour.

Had I not been involved myself, I would not have believed that so much struggling could come from a normally placid and passive beast.

55 As for the vet, it is difficult to aim for two nostrils when they are thrashing from left to right, despite the animal's owner's best efforts to steady them.

However, the vet managed a quick squirt up one tunnel and half a squirt up the other, which he declared sufficient.

But it didn't end there.

60 Just as the vet leaned back and slipped the muzzle off the dog, the dog tilted his head back, glowered up into my face and let rip the most enormous sneeze, blowing half his kennel-cough medicine back over me. Having exacted his revenge, he stepped from the surgery as bright and lively as ever. I, meanwhile, had a thumping headache within 15 minutes.

65 While the dog leaped and bounded and gambolled happily about the riverside park, having forgotten all about his medical encounter just minutes before, my mouth had gone dry, the sky had gone dark and my throat had begun to burn.

Heaven knows what is the active ingredient in kennel-cough serum but, trust me, you don't want to tangle with it.

70 The headache, dryness and hazy vision persisted for the rest of that evening, despite Mrs Harper's conviction that I was malingering.

Happily, I felt fine after a night's sleep, and the symptoms were but a faint memory by the time I took my place at the kitchen table with my bran flakes the following morning.

Indeed, I'm almost back to normal. The appetite has returned. I'm sleeping well. Best of all, I can now go to kennels nationwide without fear of catching so much as a tickly throat.

75 Mrs Harper says that she has never seen me looking so healthy in all the time we have been married.

If only I could stop chasing rabbits.

Adapted from *Fortnights* by Norman Harper

At the Vet

Questions

Marks

1. (a) Who would be most likely to read this article? Think about:
- Age and/or
 - Interests and/or
 - Nationality and/or
 - Another audience you can identify
- 1

(b) Explain how you reached this conclusion. Use a quotation to support your answer. 2

Look at lines 1-6.

2. The writer **disagrees** with Mrs Harper's theory that men are "big bairns". (Line 1)
Identify **two pieces** of evidence to support this. 2

Look at lines 7-27.

3. (a) In paragraph 3 (lines 7-10) the writer presents a different aspect of Mrs Harper's 'theory'. Identify what this different aspect is. 1

(b) From lines 15-27, identify **two pieces** of evidence which support her opinion. 2

4. "The equivalent of those in a soap shop to a small boy". (line 25)
Explain why this is an effective way of explaining how the dog felt about the smell in the vet's surgery. 2

5. From lines 26-39, identify **three pieces** of evidence to support the fact that the dog, "arrived at the surgery and went daft" (line 23). 3

Look at lines 50-53.

6. In these lines the writer uses effective language to describe how the dog reacted to the syringe.
Identify **two expressions** from these lines and explain how each one is effective in describing the dog's reaction. 4

Look at lines 59-66.

7. (a) Explain how "But it didn't end there" (line 59) provides an effective link at this stage in the passage. 3

(b) Evaluate why the structure of this sentence is effective. 2

8. Explain why the writer's use of "glowered" and "exacted his revenge" is surprising in this context. 2

9. Identify **two expressions** which help to point out the **contrast** between the dog and the writer and explain why each one is effective. 4
10. Explain what the writer was aiming to achieve when writing this article. Justify your choice with reference to the passage as a whole. 2

Total 30 marks

MRS. MOONFACE

In this extract from a novel set in a secondary school, the narrator, John, is sitting in his Maths class. Gloria (nicknamed Glory Hallelujah) is another pupil in the same class.

I am sitting in school, in maths, with a piece of paper in my hand. No, it is not my algebra homework. It is not a quiz that I have finished and am waiting to hand in to Mrs Moonface. The piece of paper in my hand has nothing at all to do with mathematics. Nor does it have to do with any school subject. Nor is it really a piece of paper at all.

5 It is really my fate, masquerading as paper.

I am sitting next to Glory Hallelujah and I am waiting for a break in the action. Mrs Moonface is at the front of the room, going on about integers. I am not hearing a single thing that she is saying. She could stop lecturing about integers and start doing a cancan kick or sing a rap song and I would not notice.

10 She could call on me and ask me any question on earth, and I would not be able to answer.

But luckily, she does not call on me. She has a piece of chalk in her right hand. She is waving it around like a dagger as she spews algebra gibberish at a hundred miles a minute.

I hear nothing. Algebra does not have the power to penetrate my feverish isolation.

You see, I am preparing to ask Glory Hallelujah out on a date.

15 I am on an island, even though I am sitting at my desk surrounded by my classmates. I am on Torture Island.

There are no trees on Torture Island - no huts, no hills, no beaches. There is only doubt.

Gloria will laugh at me. That thought is my lonely and tormenting company here on Torture Island. The exact timing and nature of her laughter are open to endless speculation.

20 She may not take me seriously. Her response may be "Oh, John, do you exist? Are you here on earth with me? I wasn't aware we were sharing the same universe."

Or she may be even more sarcastic. "John, I would love to go on a date with you, but I'm afraid I have to change my cat's litter box that night."

25 So, as you can see, Torture Island is not exactly a beach resort. I am not having much fun here. I am ready to seize my moment and leave Torture Island forever.

In registration, I ripped a piece of paper from my yellow notepad. My black ball-point pen shook slightly in my trembling right hand as I wrote out the fateful question: "Gloria, will you go out with me this Friday?" Beneath that monumental question, I drew two boxes. One box was conspicuously large. I labelled it the YES box. The second box was tiny. I labelled it the NO box.

30

And that is the yellow piece of paper I have folded up into a square and am holding in my damp hand as I wait here on Torture Island for Mrs Moonface to turn towards the blackboard and give me the opportunity I need.

35 I cannot approach Glory Hallelujah after class because she is always surrounded by her friends. I cannot wait and pass the note to her later in the week because she may make plans to go out with one of her girlfriends. No, it is very evident to me that today is the day, and that I must pass the note before this period ends or forever live a coward.

40 There are only ten minutes left in maths and Mrs Moonface seems to have no intention of recording her algebraic observations for posterity. Perhaps the piece of yellow chalk in her hand is just a prop. It is possible that the previous night she hurt her wrist in an arm-wrestling competition and can no longer write. It is also possible that she has forgotten all about her pupils and believes that she is playing a part in a Hollywood movie.

45 There are only seven minutes left in maths. I attempt to turn Mrs Moonface towards the blackboard by telekinesis. The atoms of her body prove remarkably resistant to my telepathic powers.

There are six minutes left. Now there are five.

Mrs Moonface, for Pete's sake, write something on the blackboard! That is what mathematics teachers do! Write down axioms, simplify equations, draw rectangles, measure angles, even, if you must, sketch the sneering razor-toothed face of algebra itself. Write anything!

50 Suddenly Mrs Moonface stops lecturing.

Her right hand, holding the chalk, rises.

Then her hips begin to pivot.

This all unfolds in very slow motion. The sheer importance of the moment slows the action way, way down.

55 The pivoting of Mrs. Moonface's hips causes a corresponding rotation in the plane of her shoulders and upper torso.

Her neck follows her shoulders, as day follows night.

Eventually, the lunar surface of her face is pulled towards the blackboard.

60 She begins to write. I have no idea what she is writing. It could be hieroglyphics and I would not notice. It could be a map to Blackbeard's treasure and I would not care.

I am now primed. My heart is thumping against my ribs, one by one, like a hammer pounding out a musical scale on a metal keyboard. Bing. Bang. Bong. Bam. I am breathing so quickly that I cannot breathe, if that makes any sense.

I am aware of every single one of my classmates in maths.

65 Everyone in maths is now preoccupied. There are only four minutes left in the period. Mrs Moonface is filling up blackboard space at an unprecedented speed, no doubt trying to scrape

every last kernel of mathematical knowledge from the corn-cob of her brain before the bell. My classmates are racing to keep up with her. All around me pens are moving across notebooks at such a rate that ink can barely leak out and affix itself to paper.

70 My moment is at hand! The great clapper in the bell of fate clangs for me! *Ka-wang! Ka-wang!*

My right hand rises and begins to move sideways, very slowly, like a submarine, travelling at sub-desk depth to avoid teacher radar.

My right index finger makes contact with the sacred warm left wrist of Glory Hallelujah!

75 She looks down to see who is touching her at sub-desk depth. Spots my hand, with its precious yellow note.

Gloria understands instantly.

The exchange of the covert note is completed in a nanoinstant. Mrs Moonface and the rest of our maths class have no idea that anything momentous has taken place.

I reverse the speed and direction of my right hand, and it returns safely to port.

80 Gloria has transferred my note to her lap and has moved her right elbow to block anyone on that side of her from seeing. The desk itself provides added shielding.

In the clever safe haven that she has created, she unfolds my note. Reads it.

85 She does not need to speak. She does not need to check the yes or no boxes on my note. If she merely blinks, I will understand. If she wrinkles her nose, the import of her nose wrinkle will not be lost on me. In fact, so total is my concentration in that moment of grand suspense I am absolutely positive that there is nothing that glory hallelujah can do, no reaction that she can give off, that I will not immediately and fully understand.

I would stake my life on it.

90 But what she does do is this. She folds my note back up. Without looking at me - without even an eye blink or a nose wrinkle - she raises it to her lips. For one wild instant I think that she is going to kiss it.

Her pearly teeth part.

She eats my note.

Mrs Moonface

Remember: Try to use your own words as far as possible in your answers

Look at lines 1-9

- 1) "It is really my fate, masquerading as paper." (line 5)
Explain why the writer places this sentence in a paragraph of its own (1)
- 2) "Mrs Moonface is at the front of the room, going on about Integers." (line 7)
Explain what the expression "going on" suggests about John's attitude towards what Mrs Moonface is saying. (1)

Look at lines 11-19

- 3) Explain how the writer's use of language makes Mrs Moonface's behaviour seem threatening. (2)
- 4) "... as she spews algebra gibberish at a hundred miles a minute." (line 12)
Explain what the writer's word choice suggests about what Mrs Moonface is saying and how she is saying it. (4)
- 5a) "I am on torture Island" (lines 15-16)
Using your own words as far as possible, explain what John means by this. (2)
- 5b) Referring to line 17, explain how the writer's use of sentence structure highlights what 'Torture Island' is like. (4)

Look at lines 20-33

- 6) Referring to lines 20-25, identify an example of the writer's use of humour. Explain why your chosen example is funny. (2)
- 7a) Referring closely to lines 26-33, explain clearly how one example of the writer's word choice indicates how John is feeling at this point in the story. (2)
- 7b) "One box was conspicuously large ... the second box was tiny." (lines 26-30)
Explain why you think John makes one box large and the other box small. (2)

Look at lines 51- 72.

- 8a) With reference to this section, identify one language technique used by the writer to suggest John's growing excitement. (1)
- 8b) Explain clearly how your chosen example shows John's growing excitement. (2)
- 9) Explain, with reference to the passage as a whole, why the final paragraph provides an effective ending. (2)

Consider the passage as a whole.

10a) Identify who would be likely to read this story. Think about:

Age and/or

Gender and/or

Interests and/or

Nationality and/or

Another audience you can identify

(1)

10b) Referring to evidence from the passage, explain how you reached this conclusion.

(2)

11) Identify two examples from the passage that create a realistic OR unrealistic classroom situation in this passage.

(2)

FULL CYCLE

Like so many daft ideas it started at a reunion. My old schoolfriend Dave and I were reminiscing about a bike trip eight of us had made 50 years ago around Cornwall.

5 Before we knew it, the idea of the "50 Years On" tour was born. The plan was that we would cycle much the same route around Devon and Cornwall as we had in 1962, somewhere between 250 and 300 miles. So this soggy summer, seven 65-year-old blokes (one dropped out the week before) set off with barely any training for a week's hard cycling.

10 When we started the ride we thought that we would all manage it. After all, bikes today are much better than they were in 1962 and, despite being a bunch of old blokes, we had all the necessary accompaniments that didn't exist or we couldn't afford back then—like padded Lycra shorts, a minimum of 24 gears, clip-on cycling shoes and helmets. We also decided that for safety reasons we needed a back-up vehicle, and so another mate was drafted in with a van.

15 However, the problem, as we discovered, was not the equipment, it was us. Devon and Cornwall were much hillier than we remembered them being in 1962, and after a day or two we decided that Cornish miles were longer than ordinary miles. We should have known it would be tough—one of my cycling mates had found a computer programme which showed that if you added together the heights of all the hills we were due to climb it was the equivalent of climbing Everest.

20 Cycling round some parts of the West Country has got easier though, thanks to the advent of cycle tracks on many of the old railway lines. The great advantage that they have as cycle paths is that because they used to be railways they are reasonably flat.

We had all the modern navigational aids—GPS, iPhones and computer-generated maps—but we still managed to get lost most days and one day we even cycled an extra ten miles because of them.

25 The weather wasn't on our side either. We started with warnings of gales in the South West and things never really improved, although we had a couple of sunny afternoons to go with the mist, the wind and the torrential rain. In the interest of authenticity some of us had bought 1962 style bicycle capes only to discover it was difficult to ride in them—no wonder they are not in popular use today!

30 We had decided, again for the sake of authenticity, that we should stay in youth hostels when we could. Mistake. Youth hostels are not really suitable for a bunch of 65 year olds who had grown soft enjoying the luxuries of modern living.

35 In truth, some things about today's youth hostels are better than in 1962. They were then largely run by forbidding characters called wardens, who made you do jobs like cleaning the dormitory or peeling potatoes in exchange for the privilege of staying in them. No one was allowed motorised transport, and I still remember two girls being turned away because the warden had seen them getting out of a car even though they'd only hitched a lift.

Today wardens have largely disappeared to be replaced by foreign students working for the summer, and these days anyone is welcome to stay no matter what transport—in fact you don't even have to be a Youth Hostel Association member.

40 Although there were many more motorists this time round, they did seem more friendly toward cyclists. Fifty years ago we all remembered being hooted by one driver who thought he owned the road. When we replied with an appropriate sign he stopped to tell all eight of us that if he hadn't been in a hurry he'd sort us out.

45 This time the only person who shouted at us, probably fairly, was a woman pedestrian who objected to us riding on a station platform, but she was not exactly kind when she told us we were the oldest Lycra louts she had ever seen.

50 Some things about long-distance cycling hadn't changed. Bikes still get punctures, bicycle chains still break and if a spoke in the wheel breaks it's still pretty hard to ride with a buckled wheel. There's no doubt touring on a bike is a lot easier if you have a van to take you to the nearest bicycle repair shop.

55 Cornwall itself has changed. In 1962 Cornish ice cream and Cornish pasties were something novel to be found only in Cornwall—today you can get them everywhere. And genuine Cornish people now seem to be in short-supply; the county seems full of people who had moved there for a “different lifestyle”. As one of my mates put it “in 1962 it seemed like a foreign country, but not any more”.

We did have our doubts about Cornish business practice, though. There was the man in the bike shop who wouldn't sell one of us a new bike—he explained that if he did he'd only have to replace it—and a pub landlord who advertised food all day but suggested that rather than serve us we would do better to go to the local shop and buy a pasty.

60 But what of the seven boys who had been pupils together in the local school all those years ago? Interestingly, and in spite of most of us meeting for only the second or third time in nearly 50 years, we got on well together and the ride turned out to be such a special trip for us all.

65 At the end of seven demanding days all had found the experience exhilarating but were not quite sure why. In many ways we had gone back 50 years. People who had been called John and Bob for more than four decades had gone back to their school names of Brooko and Wally.

70 For seven days all the responsibilities, concerns and worries of modern life had disappeared. We made fun of one another, joked over who had to sleep on the top bunk or who'd been snoring the night before, cursed the hills and helped one another climb them. We were understanding when people gave up and got in the van (only two of us made it all the way round climbing every hill) and most of all we laughed and laughed, just as we had 50 years earlier. I suspect the reason for all this was simple—for one week of our lives we'd been 15 again.

Greg Dyke, in *The Times*

Full Cycle

1. Look at lines 1-6. In your own words, explain two reasons why the planned cycle tour was a "daft" idea. (2)
2. Look at lines 7-11. Explain in your own words two reasons why the cyclists thought they would "manage it". (2)
3. Explain how the sentence "However, the problem, as we discovered, was not the equipment, it was us." (line 14) acts as a link. (2)
4. Look at lines 12 - 17. Identify two reasons the writer gives for their journey being "tough". (2)
5. Look at line 21. Identify the structural technique used here and explain why it is used. (2)
- 6(a) Look at lines 24-31. Explain how the context of the word "authenticity" helps you arrive at its meaning. (2)
- 6(b) "Mistake." Line 30. Comment on the author's use of sentence structure and explain why it is effective. (2)
6. Look at lines 32-36. With close reference to the text, explain what the role of the "forbidding characters" is. Use your own words as far as possible. (2)
7. a) Look at lines 40 - 46. Identify the sound technique used in line 46. (1)
b) Analyse how this technique helps you understand the attitude of the woman. (2)
8. Look at lines 47-50. In your own words, explain what general point the writer is making about bikes in these lines. (1)
9. Look at lines 51 - 55. Explain in your own words why the writer's friend thought that Cornwall once "seemed like a foreign country, but not any more". (2)

- 10(a) Look at lines 63-73. "At the end of seven demanding days all had found the experience exhilarating...". Explain why you think the writer's word choice is effective. (2)
- 10(b) "In many ways we have gone back fifty years". (Line 64) In your own words, explain how the writer explains this statement. (2)
- 10(c). Explain how effective you find the expression "For one week in our lives we'd been fifteen again." (1)
12. Look at lines 66-72. Summarise what happened during the seven days. (3)

Total – 30 marks

Tall Ships Ahoy

In this article for the Sunday Herald, Susan Swarbrick describes her experience as she sampled life aboard a tall ship.

It's a grey morning in Oban, the clouds heavy with the promise of rain. Off the nearby island of Kerrera, the crew of the Alba Explorer is busy on deck, getting the tall ship ready to set sail for Waterford, in southeast Ireland, later in the day.

5 I'm here to discover whether I have what it takes to make it as a tall ship's cabin girl. The 72ft-long yacht is part of a three-strong fleet belonging to the Ocean Youth Trust Scotland (OYTS) which, next weekend, will take part in the Tall Ships Races in Greenock alongside sister vessel, Alba Endeavour.

10 Showing me the ropes (literally) is skipper Dan Russell who, with his crew of seven OYTS volunteers, has been charged with safely delivering the ship to Waterford, where the Tall Ships Races 2011 will get under way today, before-arriving into Greenock on Saturday. But first they have a far trickier task at hand: getting me seaworthy.

15 Granted, I don't exactly have a great track record. There was an embarrassing spectacle on a fishing boat off Dubai and an unfortunate running-aground incident involving a dinghy in Croatia.

To date, I have been seasick on the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian-Oceans, as well as the Adriatic, Coral, South China, Red, Mediterranean, Tasman and North Seas.

20 Stepping aboard Alba Explorer I don't get off to a good start. Within minutes I have managed to trip over some ropes, skid along the wet deck and almost garotte myself on some wire cabling.

Unperturbed, first mate Craig McNeil gives me a tour of the upper deck. Pointing out the "pig pen", where rolled up sails are kept, and the appropriately named "snake pit", which is filled with a mish-mash of brightly coloured coiled ropes.

25 Below deck, the Alba Explorer sleeps up to 18 people in minuscule curtained cabins with two bunk beds apiece. In the tiny gantry kitchen the smell of breakfast still lingers, a few chipped mugs drying on the worktop.

30 I listen in as Dan gives a final safety briefing to the crew, demonstrating how to use the life rings, throw-in lines and emergency tiller. "In sailing you have to be able to adapt," he tells me afterwards. "Any plan is only as good as the conditions at the time you made it. The army has a saying: 'No plan survives contact with the enemy'. In sailing, no plan survives contact with the elements."

It's finally time to set sail for nearby Oban harbour. I help the crew move the fenders - hefty buoys which act as buffers between the boat and the wooden jetty - to ease our passage as we cast off.



35 Another crew member patiently demonstrates how to tie a round turn and two-and-a-half hitches knot. I get all fingers and thumbs, the buoy twisting precariously. This sailing lark is a lot harder than round-the-world yachtswoman Ellen MacArthur makes it sound in her memoir (granted, I did skip a few pages).

40 As we head for Oban's north pier, Dan lets me take the wheel. "Do you see that red-roofed building?" he asks. "Aim for that. Turn the wheel a bit to the right."

I underestimate how sensitive the steering is and yank the wheel too quickly, like I'm playing Gran Turismo on the PS3. "Erm, perhaps not so much," says Dan.

45 As we slowly glide across the Sound of Kerrera, I keep a wary eye on a Calmac ferry in the nearby harbour. I don't fancy our chances in a head-to-head with that hulking beast. Fortunately, it stays put.

The pretty panorama of Oban harbour looms closer. Dan takes the wheel again to bring us alongside a fishing trawler. With Alba Explorer safely berthed, I clamber ashore. I haven't quite got my sea legs, but at least I didn't make a complete fool of myself. Well, aside from tying the fender. I hope that doesn't fall off...

Sunday Herald 3.7.11

Tall Ships Ahoy

Questions

Look at lines 1-3.

1. In your own words, how does the writer describe Oban? 2

Look at lines 4-7.

2. Explain, in your own words, what the writer's purpose is for being on board the ship. 2

Look at lines 9-17.

3. (a) Explain why the writer thinks "they have a far trickier task at hand: getting me seaworthy". 2
(b) Explain how the sentence structure in lines 16-17 emphasises the problem. 2

Look at lines 18-23.

4. (a) Using the context surrounding it, explain what the word "unperturbed" means. 2
(b) What does this word suggest about how she expected him to react? 1

5. Using your own words as far as possible, how appropriate are the names "pig pen" and "snake pit"? 2

Look at lines 24-26.

6. (a) In your own words, describe what the inside of the Alba Explorer looks like. 2
(b) Show how the writer's word choice makes the conditions of the boat clear. 2

Look at lines 27-34.

7. Explain, in your own words, what Dan means when he says in line 31: "In sailing, no-plan survives contact with the elements." 2

8. In your own words explain what "fenders" are in line 33. 2

Look at lines 35-38.

9. (a) Explain how one example of the writer's word choice highlights the writer's difficulty in completing her task. 2
(b) Identify the writer's tone at the end of the paragraph and go on to show how this is achieved. 2

Look at lines 41-45.

10. Comment on the writer's use of language in these lines. 2

Look at lines 46-49.

11. How does this paragraph act as an effective conclusion to the passage? 3

Total Marks 30

