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 Insert and use the blank spaces for planning. This Insert is not assessed by the Examiner.
Read Passage A carefully and then answer Questions 1 and 2 on the Question Paper.

Passage A: Man Overboard!

The narrator is travelling in a dhow, a traditional Indian Ocean sailing craft, which is towing a small boat behind it, when it runs into a storm and high waves.

We hauled up the boat by the tow-rope until it was close behind the dhow. Joe bundled into it with all the grace of a falling sack of potatoes when, suddenly, there was a frightful roar of wind, a shriek of terror from Leo, and a whip-like sting of water in our faces. Ali ran to lower the sail, but it had jammed. I sprang to my feet and pulled on a rope. The sky was dark as pitch, but the moon still shone brightly ahead of us and lit up the blackness revealing a huge white-topped wave, several metres high, rushing towards us. It rushed towards us beneath the inky sky, driven by the fierce winds behind it. Suddenly, I saw the black shape of the boat cast high into the air on the crest of the breaking wave. Then a shock of water, a wild rush of boiling foam, and I was clinging for my life to the mast swept straight out from it like a flag in a gale.

The wave passed. It seemed to me that I was under water for minutes – really it was seconds. I looked forward. The blast had torn out the great sail, and high in the sky it was fluttering like a huge wounded bird. Then for a moment there was comparative calm, and in it I heard Joe's voice yelling wildly, 'Come here to the boat.'

Bewildered and half drowned as I was, I had the sense to rush to the back of the dhow. I felt it sinking under me – it was full of water. I saw Ali leap into the boat. I gave one desperate pull at the tow-rope to bring the boat alongside. I leapt wildly as the dhow sank, and as it did so, Ali drew his curved knife, severed the rope by which we were tied, and in another second we were being driven before the storm over the place where the dhow had been.

'Where is Leo?' I shrieked, 'Leo! Leo!'

'He's gone, sir,' roared Joe into my ear, and such was the fury of the storm that his voice sounded like a whisper. I wrung my hands in agony. Leo was gone, and I was left alive to mourn him.

'Look out,' yelled Joe, 'here comes another.'

I turned; a second huge wave was overtaking us. With a curious fascination I watched its awful advance. Suddenly it was on us and the boat was filling with water. Through the foam and turmoil I saw something on the wave about to wash over me. I put out my hand and it closed on another arm, which my fingers gripped like a vice. My arm was nearly torn from its socket by the strain and weight of the floating body. Had the rush of water lasted another two seconds, I would either have had to let go or be washed away with it. But it passed, leaving us up to our knees in water.

Then as the moon slipped behind a cloud and left us in total darkness, one faint, flying ray of light fell upon the face of the man I had gripped, who was now half lying, half floating in the bottom of the boat. It was Leo, brought back by the wave, from the very jaws of death.

'Bale out the water' yelled Joe, 'or we shall sink!'
Read Passage B carefully, and then answer Question 3 on the Question Paper.

Passage B: Real-Life Shipwreck Survivor Helped ‘Life of Pi’ Get Lost At Sea

Steven Callahan, a shipwreck survivor, was a consultant on Oscar winning film ‘Life of Pi’. He used his experiences to help director Ang Lee add authenticity to the film.

Thirty years ago, Steven Callahan’s boat sank, and he spent 76 days in a life raft. Like the fictional Pi, Callahan survived by harvesting rainwater and eating raw fish. This is his story: ‘I was on a small boat, when I ran into a gale,’ says Callahan. ‘There was a big crash on the side of the boat, and a lot of water came flooding in, so part of me was frightened and saying, ‘You’re gonna die, you’re going right down with the boat,’ and part of me was saying, ‘Shut up! Do your job!’

Callahan grabbed what supplies he could, jumped onto a rubber life raft and tied himself to the partially submerged boat to weather the storm. ‘Just before dawn, something parted in the line connecting me to the boat and I went drifting off, spending two and half months crossing 3,000 kilometres of open sea.’

Callahan explained how the shipwreck affected him psychologically and emotionally: ‘Initially, you’re acting on training and instinct and all of those things. The second stage is probably the most difficult, having my life go by my eyes very slowly, and regretting all my mistakes and errors. I had failed my boat, I hadn’t had a successful life, my goal of crossing the Atlantic in this small boat, all just seemed pathetic. However, slowly but surely, I adapted. I kept a log. I navigated.’

Callahan explained what saved his life: ‘ecology started to develop and fish would gather around my raft; weeds and barnacles would grow. I got very attached to the fish. They fed me, they became my friends and at one point they almost killed me; they were big powerful fish and I was fishing for them primarily with a spear. They kept breaking the spear and at one point put a hole in the bottom of the raft. Yet, they brought my salvation, because the fishermen had come out to that side of the island and saw all these birds hovering over the raft because of the fish: they came out to find fish, and they found me as well.’