



2 hours 15 minutes

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

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

This document consists of **6** printed pages, **2** blank pages and **1** Insert.

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Answer Question 1 **and either** Question 2 **or** Question 3.

1 The following text is taken from an Australian travel blog.

- (a) Comment on the ways in which language and style are used in the text. [15]
- (b) The diving company, Yongala Dive, produces an online promotional feature for its website. Write a section of the text (between 120 and 150 words) for this feature, using your own words and basing your writing on the material of the original text. [10]

Diving the SS Yongala wreck on the Great Barrier Reef

This was the one I'd been waiting for ... the chance to further my experience and training by diving on the very famous Great Barrier Reef wreck site, known as the SS Yongala, off the coast of Townsville.

I was full of excitement and even some nerves as I climbed out of bed, packed my bags and jumped in the car ready for the drive south to Ayr, to the office of Yongala Dive – the company who'd be getting me through Stage One of my Advanced Diving course. 5

The SS Yongala – an underwater oasis on the sandy sea floor surrounded by stunning marine life, just twelve nautical miles off Alva Beach – is considered one of the best dive sites in the world. 10

As I'd never dived a wreck before, I just knew it was going to be a day of mind-blowing experiences!

I arrived at Yongala Dive amidst a mixture of excitement and trepidation. Steve, my dive master for the day, talked me through my kit, the dive site and the difference I'd experience dropping down to nearly thirty metres below the surface, rather than my normal eighteen which I'm allowed as an open water diver. 15

It's pretty reassuring when someone with so much knowledge takes you through the basics ... all of a sudden it didn't appear quite as daunting!

Once we'd checked our equipment, loaded it on the RIB (Rigid Inflatable Boat) and decided there was no going back now, it was into the land cruiser and down to the beach to the launch site. The wind had been up over the last few days at around twenty knots, meaning a rough, thirty minute ride out to the dive site, and a rolling, swirling mooring to tie up to once we got there. 20

I'm so glad I don't suffer from seasickness – there were a few green looking people by the time we donned our BCDs (Buoyancy Control Devices)! 25

All of a sudden it was here! The moment I'd been waiting for ... my first official deep sea dive!

It took a while for my eyes to focus on the blue environment I'd just dropped into; the visibility here is less than most sites on the Great Barrier Reef, as the wreck's surrounded by a totally sandy bottom. 30

As I had a look around, the sheer size of the wreck came into play. The boat is over a hundred metres long and towers above the seabed, not to mention the fact that the marine life around it is utterly immense.

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The deck is covered in coral and thousands of oysters, and around swim so many small fish that it's almost as though a smoky cloud covers the hull, parting occasionally as they get spooked by my bubbles. 35

Groups of giant trevally¹ hover motionless above the wreck facing the current; turtles pick at the sponges littering the deck; sea snakes twist effortlessly through openings in the hull, and my jaw drops (as far as it can with a regulator stuck in it anyway!) with the reality of what I'm seeing, and the sheer number of species all living together on a single dive site. 40

The wreck itself almost became irrelevant as I failed to focus on the near one-hundred-year-old burial site, as my attention was constantly being dragged away by yet another 'first' as my eyes scanned the life passing around me. 45

This was the perfect ending to a superb dive, which definitely takes the prize of 'Best Wreck Dive' ever ... and I know it was only my first one, but come on, is it really likely to be beaten?

Ascending back to the surface after our essential safety stops at both ten and five metres, I broke the water and turned to the boat ... a huge beaming smile crossing my smug face. 50

Not only had I completed my first deep dive, passed the section and been face-to-face with some of the most incredible marine life yet, but I also ticked another 'must do' off the top ten dive sites on the Great Barrier Reef!

¹*giant trevally*: a large marine fish

- 2 The following text is taken from a memoir. In this extract, a young Jewish girl named Lisa is preparing to escape from Austria just before the Second World War.

- (a) Comment on the ways in which the writer uses language and style in the extract. [15]
- (b) Imagine you are the writer. Continue the account of Lisa's journey to safety, using your own words and basing your writing on the style and language of the original extract. Write between 120 and 150 words. [10]

Lisa's bag had been packed for several days. She would take only one small suitcase – enough to hold a change of clothes and her good best dress. She knew she would have little room on the train.

Then, one night, Abraham got the call: Lisa's train would be leaving the following morning. From her bed, she overheard her father's conversation. She had thought about this moment every day since the decision had been made. She had prepared for it; it had overwhelmed everything else in her mind. Yet when the call actually came, it took her by surprise.

Bathed in tears, she lay in her bed and with gentle motions stroked the stitching of her mother's embroidered sheets. How long until she would sleep under them again? How long until she would be reunited with her loving family?

She awoke before anyone else and laid out her blue twill coat with its matching checkered scarf. She stood at the mirror and put on the little felt hat with the blue ribbon, adjusting it to the perfect tilt.

She walked through the house, determined to remember everything she loved, yet already feeling like a stranger. She scanned the walls, counted the paintings, and fingered the beautiful bone lace across the dining table. Gently, she touched the blue-and-white porcelain figure of an old tailor, which her father had brought from Dresden years ago, and leafed through the worn leather scrapbook of hand-tinted postcards.

Then she stopped at the piano and brushed her fingers in the air above the keys. The copy of "Clair de Lune"¹ was on the piano. Guiltily she rolled it up and put it in her pocket. It was a silly luxury, she thought, since she had so little space, but she couldn't help herself.

Her mother came in from the hall and put on her heavy coat. "It's time to go."

"Mama, will you promise me something?"

Malka smiled at her daughter. "Of course."

"Will you promise me that you won't move anything in this room? That you will leave it all just as it is? I want to know it's still like this when I think about it," Lisa whispered so quietly that her mother could barely hear her.

"I promise, Lisa." Malka smiled back at her, then took her daughter in her arms and rocked her.

The Westbahnhof station was overflowing with people; Lisa had never seen it so crowded. Hundreds of desperate families rubbed shoulder to shoulder in panic and confusion, and pushed belongings of all shapes and sizes toward the waiting train. At the door to each car Nazi soldiers in long brown coats shouted into bullhorns² as they inspected suitcases and documents.

When the crowd became too dense, the Jura family stopped for their final good-byes. It had been decided that Rosie, Sonia, and Abraham would say good-bye first, then Lisa's mother would walk her to the train. Abraham had been carrying the small suitcase for his daughter. When he stopped and handed it to her, Lisa could only clutch the handle and stand frozen. She felt that if anyone moved from her side, she would fall to pieces like a broken china figurine.

Abraham put his arm around Rosie, easing her toward Lisa, and the two sisters embraced. "Don't forget to take the window seat so we can see you," her beautiful

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older sister shouted above the noise. “We’ll all be together again soon, be brave for us.”

Next, Abraham gently pushed his youngest daughter forward. Lisa kissed her, reached into her pocket, and slipped Professor Isseles’s tiny gold charm around Sonia’s neck. “Close your eyes and picture all of us together soon ... and keep this for me until I see you again. ...”

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¹ ‘*Clair de Lune*’: a famous piece of classical music

² *bullhorn*: an electrical device for making your voice louder

- 3 The passage which follows is the opening to a short story set in England in the 1950s. In the extract, the narrator's attitude to being detained in a boys' prison becomes clear.
- (a) Comment on the ways in which the writer uses language and style in the passage. [15]
- (b) Imagine that you work as a guard in the prison. You record your thoughts and feelings about daily events in a journal. Basing your writing on the material in the extract, and using between 120 and 150 of your own words, write a section of your journal after a typical day. [10]

As soon as I got to Borstal¹ they made me a long-distance cross-country runner. I suppose they thought I was just the build for it because I was long and skinny for my age (and still am) and in any case I didn't mind it much, to tell you the truth, because running had always been important in our family, especially running away from the police. I've always been a good runner, quick and with a big stride as well, the only trouble being that no matter how fast I ran, it didn't stop me getting caught by the cops after that bakery job.

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You might think it a bit strange, having long-distance cross-country runners in Borstal, thinking that the first thing a long-distance cross-country runner would do when they set him loose at those fields and woods would be to run as far away from the place as he could get – but you're wrong, and I'll tell you why. The first thing is that those guards over us aren't as daft as they most of the time look, and for another thing I'm not so daft as I would look if I tried to make a break for it on my long-distance running, because to abscond and then get caught is nothing but a fool's game, and I'm not falling for it. Cunning is what counts in this life, and even that you've got to use it in the slyest way you can; I'm telling you straight: they're cunning, and I'm cunning. If only 'them' and 'us' had the same ideas we'd get on like a house on fire, but they don't see eye to eye with us and we don't see eye to eye with them, so that's how it stands and how it will always stand. The one fact is that all of us are cunning, and because of this there's no love lost between us. So the thing is that they know I won't try to get away from them: they sit there like spiders in that crumbly manor house, perched like jackdaws on the roof, watching out over the drives and fields like German generals from the tops of tanks. And even when I jog behind a wood and they can't see me anymore they know my sweeping-brush head will bob along that hedge-top in an hour's time and that I'll report to the bloke on the gate. Because when on a raw and frosty morning I get up at five o'clock and stand shivering my belly off on the stone floor and all the other boys still have another hour to sleep before the bells go, I slink downstairs through all the corridors to the big outside door with a permit running-card in my fist, I feel like the first and last man in the world, both at once, if you can believe what I'm trying to say. I feel like the first man because I've hardly got any clothes on and am sent against the frozen fields in a vest and shorts. But there I am, frozen stiff, with nothing to get me warm except a couple of hours' long-distance running before breakfast, not even a slice of bread-and-butter. They're training me up for the big sports day when all the pig-faced dukes and ladies – who can't add two and two together – come and make speeches to us about sports being just the thing to get us leading an honest life and keep our itching fingers off shop locks and safe handles. They give us a bit of blue ribbon and a cup for a prize after we've exhausted ourselves running or jumping, like race horses, only we aren't so well looked-after as race horses, that's the only thing.

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¹ *Borstal*: a detention centre for young offenders

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