

Component 2: 19th- and 21st-century non-fiction reading and transactional/persuasive writing (2 hours)

SECTION A: 40 marks

Answer all the following questions.

The resource material for use with Section A is a section of Ellen MacArthur's autobiography, *Full Circle*, in which she describes the challenge of sailing solo, non-stop around the world. The second extract is from *Sailing Alone Around the World* by Captain Joshua Slocum, first published in instalments in 1898.

Read Extract A from *Full Circle* by Ellen MacArthur.

- 1.1 a)** On what date did Ellen send the email that starts this extract of the autobiography? [1]
b) How fast were the gusts of wind that Ellen was battling? [1]
c) How much charge did Ellen manage to get into the batteries? [1]

- 1.2** How does Ellen MacArthur's autobiography create a sense of tension for the reader?

You should comment on:

- what she says
- her use of language, tone and structure. [10]

To answer the following questions you will need to read Extract B from *Sailing Alone Around the World* by Captain Joshua Slocum.

- 1.3 a)** What month is Joshua Slocum writing about in this extract? [1]
b) Look at the second paragraph. What two physical challenges does Slocum have to perform because of the storm? [2]

- 1.4** What do you think and feel about Slocum's account of being at sea and the way he expresses these views?

You should comment on:

- what he says
- how he says it. [10]

You must refer to the text to support your comments.

To answer the following questions you must use both texts.

- 1.5** According to these two writers, how does the power of the storms physically test the sailors? [4]

- 1.6** Both of these texts are about facing storms while on solo sailing journeys around the world. Compare:

- what the writers say are the challenges and emotions of these journeys
- how the writers get across the effects of these challenges. [10]

You must use the text to support your comments and make it clear which text you are referring to.

Resource material for use with Section A

Extract A

ELLEN EMAIL – 0330 GMT 29.12.04

Sitting here at the chart table soaked again ... Already changed clothes twice in the past 10 hours – thank goodness for Arry the air cooled generator (as i type this he's stopped for the third time in 20 mins – back in a mo) ... It's been another very hard slog ... yesterday winds much lighter than predicted – so more sail changes, and the stress of hoping that when you pull the reef out you won't be putting it in just an hour later. Yesterday evening it became evident that there was a storm brewing to the west that was going to hit us hard again – and as the hours ticked by it appeared to be worse than the Xmas storm.'

I was right: it was, and we were now in it, landing gusts of over 45 knots. The sea was getting pretty damn nasty as it was taunted and goaded by the fierce weather heading our way. In the strengthening wind we set about our routine of changing sails. One of the nastiest was hanking the storm jib on to Mobi's forestay above the staysail. It involved dropping the staysail, then tying it down to the deck, then bringing out the storm jib through the small hatch by the stay and attaching it. The decks were constantly being hosed with spray and were getting quite dangerous. Working on the foredeck, I was holding on pretty tight; when your head-torch catches solid ocean water washing up through the trampoline like a knife through butter less than half a metre from you it's enough to make you swallow hard. If we'd had modes on board for safety I would have been on 'red alert'. Waves were breaking all over the place, and now even our tiny 15 m² storm jib began to feel gigantic.

I'd had a non-stop night, afternoon and morning. Just after dark I'd put up the storm jib, then spent half an hour adjusting the third reef. Both I did bearing away to avoid the risk of full-on hits with the waves, though there was always the odd one which caught me out. I got one wave as a full frontal while I was rearranging the gennaker in its bag, and it completely winded me.

It was not only the sails which needed dealing with, though, as there was time spent down below to tackle the now three-hour charge trying to keep other batteries up, which was a chore and a half, as in the rough weather the air-cooled generator kept stalling. It was like relentlessly waiting on a demanding person that you couldn't survive without. I guess if my stomach was in my mouth each time we fell off a wave, then I couldn't begin to think what was happening to the fuel and oil in there. I got the batteries up to about 70 per cent, which in the circumstances was not bad, I thought, then set about checking on deck again. Unfortunately the main had filled with a huge pocket of water, which was collected spray from the bows, so the next stage was another bear away and a forty-minute fight to pump the water out with the bilge pump. I could hardly stand up on deck let alone hold the pump down and work the handle. It took about twenty attempts, but on my last one it worked, and I managed to get the sail back on the boom – no longer loaded down with hundreds of kilos of water trying to rip it in two. As I pumped out I occasionally glanced up at the total turmoil of the ocean's surface and marvelled at the raw power of the wilderness for thousands of miles around me.

On climbing below I managed to get an hour or so's sleep on the floor after changing clothes again, then woke feeling hungry, but this time chose to ignore it and laid my head back on the damp fleece to snooze again. On awakening again there was another two-hour list of tasks.

From *Full Circle* by Ellen MacArthur

Extract B

The 19th June was fine, but on the morning of the 20th another gale was blowing, accompanied by cross-seas that tumbled about and shook things up with great confusion. The Spray was in the midst of the turbulent Gulf Stream itself. She was jumping like a porpoise over the uneasy waves.

Just as I was thinking about taking in sail the jibstay broke at the masthead, and fell, jib and all, into the sea. It gave me the strangest sensation to see the bellying sail fall, and where it had been suddenly to see only space. However, I was at the bows, with presence of mind to gather it in on the first wave that rolled up, before it was torn or trailed under the sloop's bottom. I found by this amount of work, done in three minutes' or less time, that I had by no means grown stiff-jointed on the voyage; anyhow, scurvy had not set in, and being now within a few degrees of home, I might complete the voyage, I thought, without the aid of a doctor. Yes, my health was still good, and I could skip about the decks in a lively manner, but could I climb? The great King Neptune tested me severely at this time, for the stay being gone, the mast itself switched about like a reed, and was not easy to climb; but a gun-tackle purchase was got up, and the stay set taut from the masthead, for I had spare blocks and rope on board with which to rig it, and the jib, with a reef in it, was soon pulling again for home. Had the Spray's mast not been well stepped, however, it would have been the end when the stay broke. Good work in the building of my vessel stood me always in good stead.

On the 23rd June I was at last tired, tired, tired of baffling squalls and fretful cobble-seas. I had not seen a vessel for days and days, where I had expected the company of at least a schooner now and then. At noon of that day a winterish storm

was upon us from the nor'west. In the Gulf Stream, thus late in June, hailstones were pelting the Spray, and lightning was pouring down from the clouds, not in flashes alone, but in almost continuous streams. By slants, however, day and night I worked the sloop in toward the coast, where, on the 25th June, off Fire Island, she fell into the tornado which, an hour earlier, had swept over New York city with lightning that wrecked buildings and sent trees flying about in splinters; even ships at docks had parted their moorings and smashed into other ships, doing great damage. In the midst of the gale I could do no more than look on, for what is a man in a storm like this? I had seen one electric storm on the voyage, off the coast of Madagascar, but it was unlike this one. Here the lightning kept on longer, and thunderbolts fell in the sea all about.

From *Sailing Alone Around the World* by Captain Joshua Slocum

Section B: 40 marks

Answer Question 2.1 and Question 2.2.

In this section you will be assessed for the quality of your writing skills.

For each question, 12 marks are awarded for communication and organisation; 8 marks are awarded for vocabulary, sentence structure, punctuation and spelling.

Think about the purpose and audience for your writing.

You should aim to write about 300–400 words for each task.

2.1

It has been proposed that all outdoor sports and activities in your school/college should be banned due to health and safety concerns.

You have decided to write a letter to the head teacher/principal to share your views on this proposal. You could write in favour of or against this proposal.

Write a letter to the head teacher giving your views.

[20]

2.2

Your local council is trying to attract tourists to your area and has asked you to contribute a page to their brochure specifically for young people.

Write a lively page of a travel guide that aims to persuade young people to visit your town, city or area.

[20]