

Read the extract carefully, then answer the questions in the answer booklet provided.

For a 1988 television programme, 'Around the World in 80 Days', Michael Palin with a film crew attempted to retrace the route Phileas Fogg had taken 115 years earlier. The following are some extracts from Michael Palin's diary.

**Day 16**  
**10 October**

Woken from a five-hour sleep by the sound of a telephone at my bedside. Good news and bad news. The good news is that we have secured a dhow to take us to Bombay. The bad news is that it leaves at dawn tomorrow. No time for recovery before a six-day voyage on an open boat. On the other hand the sooner we move on the better. I must not forget that Phileas Fogg, aboard the *Mongolia* all the way, reached Bombay in eighteen days.

Walk out onto the quayside. My first sight of a dhow. Only nostalgic, crossword-loving Western romantics still call them dhows. To the locals they are 'launches' or 'coastal vessels'. They are wooden, built to a traditional design resembling in shape a slice of melon, with a high stern on which sits the wheelhouse, a draught of 15 or 20 feet, and a length of about 60 feet. There seems to be no shortage of them in Dubai. There are twenty or thirty lined up in this inlet of the river they call The Creek. One is loading crates of 'Tiger's Head' brand flashlights, made in China, 'Coast' full-cream milk powder, boxes of Tide washing powder, 'White Elephant' dry battery cells, Sanyo radios and a twin-tub washing machine. Its destination is Berbera in Somalia.

Every one of the dhows is like a floating small business, and generally run by family and friends, though owned, as likely as not, by some shrewd import-exporter in a stretch Mercedes. They present quite a different dockside ambience from any I've experienced so far. Instead of cranes and gantries and hard-hats and bulk loads and lorries, operating behind guardposts and fences, the dhows are serviced, right in the centre of town, by small pick-up trucks, trolleys and men's backs. People bustle around, scrambling over the boats like ants, arranging, moving, heaving and hoisting the cargo. The reason for the great activity at the moment is that these are some of the first boats out after the monsoon season from May to August, during which the dhows are laid up because of storms.

In the afternoon we are taken by Kamis, an agent for the port and customs department, to see the boat that will be our home for the next week. The *M.V. Al Sharma* (meaning 'Candlelight') is a trim, freshly-painted ship, and her Captain, Hassan Suleyman, bounds across the deckful of date sacks to welcome us. He smiles broadly and constantly, especially when giving us bad news, so it is a moment before it sinks in that he is telling us he will not be leaving tomorrow, but the next day, Wednesday, 12 October. Day 18.

All the time made up on the hectic scramble from Jeddah is suddenly lost again, but there is nothing we can do. Clem disappears to have words with the owners, Nigel and the other Passepartouts [the film crew] to the other end of the quay to film. I'm left with the taxi drivers. One nods towards the *Al Sharma*. 'You go on that?' He clearly can't believe it. The other joins in. 'These boats no restaurant!' He shakes his head vigorously, mistaking my smile for disbelief. 'No clean, nowhere sleep!' Now they both shake their heads, like witches. 'It will be six, seven days, you know. Terrible... Terrible! Three days on a dhow, fifteen in hospital!'

**Day 19**  
**13 October**

All is pretty quiet aboard the *Al Sharma* this morning, the crew lie curled up on various parts of the deck, sleeping off the night's activity. Al Mamoun of course, is awake, already making chapatis and brewing tea. A small rattan mat of many colours is produced for us, and our breakfast of omelette, chapati, jam and fresh oranges laid out on it.

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