

ADVANCED GCE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

2706/RB

Exploring, Analysing and Evaluating English **READING BOOKLET**

MONDAY 28 JANUARY 2008

Afternoon

Time: 2 hours 15 minutes

- The first fifteen minutes are for reading the passages in this reading booklet.
- During this time you may make any annotations you choose on the passages themselves.
- The questions for this examination are given in a separate booklet.
- You must not open the question paper, or write anything in your answer booklet, until instructed to do so.
- The Invigilator will tell you when the fifteen minutes begin and end.
- You will then be allowed to open the question paper.
- You will have **two hours** to work on the tasks.

This document consists of 7 printed pages and 1 blank page.

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Passage A is a transcription of part of a conversation involving three regular users of a nudist beach in Dorset. Here the group talk to a radio interviewer about the language of naturism.

- T: we do use tex textile as a an insult as well as (.) just as a factual statement (.) and textile just means people that wear clothes in ridiculous places like beaches and
- I: and in the sun
- J: and in the sea
- T: and in the sea yeh (1) erm (2) but cotton tail as well (2) cotton tail is i spose a polite word 5 for *(laughs; inaudible)* and we use both those
- I: and thats
- T: for people that have obviously been wearing at least swimming trunks or bikini bottoms
- B: mm
- T: and then go on a naturists beach and take those off and theyve got this (.) shiny **bright** 10 (.) **white** bottom
- I: then you see this puzzles me a little bit because (.) youve got to start somewhere havent you
- B: _mm (.) its
- T: yeah i know it is its unfair but i suppose we think we take quite a lot of flak from **them** so *15* were allowed (.) to (1) throw some back
- I: so when they come and join you you insult them
- T: no no no no
- B: Li always try to encourage them (1) and really (1) oh is it your first time all right how are you enjoying it
- J: Letteres a lorrof people get into it and really they do want encouraging you cant (.) you cant insult them really
- B: no no (.) in our own social circles weve got our insulting ways of talking about them
- T: we sit in johns jacuzzi and (1) slag them off
- J: yeh
 T: but no no no I think what you were saying about being evangelical were all really keen to support new people into it (1) first timers or people quite new to it are always called newbies
- B: newbies
- J: and we we tend to call ourselves nuddies dont we
- T: nuddies yeh
- B: thats sort of a friendly term
- J: you know we dont call ourselves nudists (.) i suppose you know (.) are you a **nuddie** would be a sort of general term
- I: Land youve got to sort of wear your (.) youve got to earn your badge 35 of honour first
- B: yeh
- I: which is the brown bum
- J: Let the badge of honour is the the brown bum (2) you know you know seasoned campaigner sort of thing

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TRANSCRIPTION KEY

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Image to yourself a small, snug, wooden chamber, fixed upon a wheel-carriage, having a door at each end, and on each side a little window above, a bench below - The bather, ascending into this apartment by wooden steps, shuts himself in, and begins to undress, while the attendant yokes a horse to the end next the sea, and draws the carriage forwards, till the surface of the water is on a level with the floor of the dressing-room, then he moves 5 and fixes the horse to the other end – The person within being stripped, opens the door to the sea-ward, where he finds the guide ready, and plunges headlong into the water - After having bathed, he re-ascends into the apartment, by the steps which had been shifted for that purpose, and puts on his clothes at his leisure, while the carriage is drawn back again upon the dry land; so that he has nothing further to do, but to open the door, and come 10 down as he went up – Should he be so weak or ill as to require a servant to put off and on his clothes, there is room enough in the apartment for half a dozen people.

The guides who attend the ladies in the water, are of their own sex, and they and the female bathers have a dress of flannel for the sea; nay, they are provided with other conveniences for the support of decorum. A certain number of the machines are fitted with tilts, that 15 project from the sea-ward ends of them, so as to screen the bathers from the view of all persons whatsoever – The beach is admirably adapted for this practice, the descent being gently gradual, and the sand soft as velvet; but then the machines can be used only at a certain time of the tide, which varies every day; so that sometimes the bathers are obliged to rise very early in the morning — 20

Passage C is taken from the web-site of the National Oceanography Centre, which is maintained by Southampton University.

The Chesil Beach or Chesil Bank is a great storm beach of rounded flint and chert pebbles that extends southeastward from the west Dorset mainland to the promontory of the Isle of Portland. The western point at which it starts is arbitrary but usually chosen at Bridport Harbour or West Bay. There are harbour walls here which prevent transport of shingle from west to east, and the beach is now quite different on either side of Bridport Harbour. *5* The Chesil Beach terminates 29 km or 18 miles away at Chiswell or Chesilton under the cliffs at the northwestern end of Portland. Here the beach is at its highest and the pebbles are much larger than elsewhere. The Chesil Bank is a very large storm beach, of simple linear type. Because it is connected to Portland, that would otherwise be an island, it is a good example of a tombolo^{*}.

The name of the beach – Chesil – probably comes from the Old English (*ceosol, cisel* = *shingle*). The beach faces the storm waves driven by the prevailing southwesterly winds up the English Channel from the Atlantic Ocean. The Portland end faces the open ocean until the Caribbean or Venezuela is reached. For about 12km it is in contact with the coast, but then for about 13km it maintains an even curve at a distance of 200 to 1000 *15* m from the mainland, enclosing between itself and the shore a shallow salt-water and brackish lagoon known as the Fleet. For the last 3km the curve takes it out to sea to join to Portland, and here it is backed by Portland Harbour.

* tombolo: a gravel bank connected to the mainland

Source: Geology of the Wessex Coast of Southern England, Dr. Ian West, National Oceanography Centre, www.soton.ac.uk/~imw/chesil.htm Passage D is the opening of an article on surfing, taken from the Travel section of the Daily Telegraph.

Surf's up (filed: 23/09/2006)

For 30 years, Britons adopted the music, clothes and language of surfers but not the sport. This year, one million will take to the waves. Charles Starmer-Smith explains the surfing boom.

'He waits, that's what he does,' says the narrator of an award-winning advertisement for Guinness. The weathered face of a surfer fills the screen, but his eyes are lost to something 5 far beyond the camera lens. The wave of a lifetime.

'Tick followed tock followed tick followed tock followed tick,' continues the voice, pinching the odd line or two from Herman Melville's *Moby Dick*. A relentless drum beat thuds in the background as four surfers scamper into the thunderous waves off Hawaii's Waimea Bay. The drums gradually build to a crescendo as white Lippizaner stallions surge out of the 10 foaming swell. The surfers try to catch this monumental wave, but it engulfs the first three. Only the fourth rides it all the way in to the beach and, in the last frame, is mobbed by those who failed. Good things, we are told, come to those who wait.

That ad sprang to mind as I stared at the seven-foot waves on Sydney's Bondi Beach, and along with the sizeable swell, it was reason enough for a novice surfer like me to sit 15 and wait, and wait, and wait. To my shame, the professional-sized board (short, sleek, unstable and totally unsuited to a beginner) stayed firmly wedged in the sand all day and my Billabong board shorts bone dry. The only wax used was for my vain attempts at a surfer's 'bedhead' hair.

'Just waiting for a big one, mate,' was my planned retort should any smug local tell me to 20 get my bum on the board.

It took a dozen or so schooners (small beers) that evening in a nearby Bondi bar for me to admit it. I could not surf. 'You're just another bloody Pommie poser,' explained Rob, 32, a part-time surf instructor. 'All the gear and no idea.'

So, the following day I swallowed my pride and hired a board the size of a small cruise 25 ship that screamed 'Yes, I am a tourist'. I hauled it to the waterfront to meet Rob and after half an hour spent digesting his advice and a few gallons of ocean water I managed to catch my first ride in. I was, as they say in 'surferish', totally stoked.

Charles Starmer-Smith, Surf's up, 23 September 2006 © The Daily Telegraph

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 Passage A
 Source: BBC Voices Project, www.bbc.co.uk/voices

 Passage C
 Source: Geology of the Wessex Coast of Southern England, Dr. Ian West, School of Ocean and Earth Science, National Oceanography Centre, Southampton University, www.soton.ac.uk/~imw/chesil.htm. Reproduced by kind permission of Dr. Ian West.

 Passage D
 Charles Starmer-Smith, Surf's up, 23 September 2006 © The Daily Telegraph, www.telegraph.co.uk

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