



**ENGLISH B – HIGHER LEVEL – PAPER 1**  
**ANGLAIS B – NIVEAU SUPÉRIEUR – ÉPREUVE 1**  
**INGLÉS B – NIVEL SUPERIOR – PRUEBA 1**

Friday 4 May 2001 (morning)  
Vendredi 4 mai 2001 (matin)  
Viernes 4 de mayo de 2001 (mañana)

1 h 30 m

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**TEXT BOOKLET – INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES**

- Do not open this booklet until instructed to do so.
- This booklet contains all of the texts required for Paper 1 (Text handling).
- Answer the questions in the Question and Answer Booklet provided.

**LIVRET DE TEXTES – INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS**

- Ne pas ouvrir ce livret avant d’y être autorisé.
- Ce livret contient tous les textes nécessaires à l’épreuve 1 (Lecture interactive).
- Répondre à toutes les questions dans le livret de questions et réponses.

**CUADERNO DE TEXTOS – INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS**

- No abra este cuaderno hasta que se lo autoricen.
- Este cuaderno contiene todos los textos requeridos para la Prueba 1 (Manejo y comprensión de textos).
- Conteste todas las preguntas en el cuaderno de preguntas y respuestas.

TEXT A

# Gearing Up

## Enjoying cycling in the countryside

❶ Rural cycling appeals because it can be so many things to so many people. You want tranquility? Tour. You want competition? Race. You want a challenge? Go out in the snow. You want to get fit? Do it every day. With 29,000kms of bridleways<sup>1</sup> and a further 18,000kms of green roads and other byways open to bikes there's plenty of riding to be done. Start now. Enjoy.

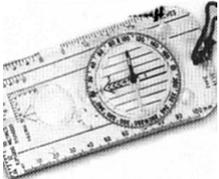
❷ The traditional method of learning basic bike handling skills is by trial and error – after the odd crash or two you soon work out where you're going wrong. If you want to take the fast-track method of picking up skills, head to an outdoor activity centre which offers introductory courses.

❸ The ability to read a map and operate a compass is an outdoor skill which you should learn **before** you wander from the beaten path. Most trails are easy to follow but when the mist comes down, the trails are covered with snow or when you're still out on the hills come nightfall, map and compass skills are vital.



<sup>1</sup> pathways for horse riders

❹ One of the major attractions of this hobby is, of course, speed over rough terrain, but danger can lurk around every corner for you and others. Trim off the speed when you don't know what's ahead.

❺  Setting the map is important for you to keep track of where you are. It can be done using the compass (simply orientate the map to the north), in poor visibility. Setting the map by sight is better. To do this, turn the map until the features you can see are in the same place as those you see all around you.

❻ Watch out for the 'wind-chill factor'. This is where the cold and wind combine to produce an apparent temperature a lot lower than the real one. It's a killer! Learn to recognise the symptoms and when they appear, take action – your life could depend on it.



A good helmet is essential

❼ It's not just a matter of taste, real cyclists wear helmets. It is important that helmets fit well, they should be held on firmly by chin straps. Helmets are one shot devices, and should be replaced after a serious knock.

It is important to use a helmet designed specifically for cycling. Do not use a canoe helmet. Those sorts of helmets are relatively heavy, offer no side impact protection and have no proper ventilation slots.

**TEXT B – FOR OR AGAINST?**

**Brian Ford**  
Biologist and  
broadcaster



**Matthew  
Freeman**  
Save British  
Science



**Dear Matthew,**

Our era has set individuality on the back burner. As management likes to tell us, it's the team that produces the goods. Whether you're selling towels or assembling kit furniture, you can function as well as anyone else if the team structure is right. Genius, they proclaim, is just a myth. But it is not the great team that makes for the greatest result. It is individual creativity, the free spirit, that marks out scientific progress. Individuals working against the grain give us the age of science.

We learn that scientific discovery comes from institutional laboratories where rows of white-coated scientists pull together like oarsmen in a boat. But it simply isn't true. Scientific breakthroughs derive from individuals, not teams. They may originate by accident (like penicillin), through defiance (the double helix<sup>1</sup>), self-experimentation (Intal, for asthma) or spare-time activity (relativity). But however they originate, free spirits make science, not institutes. Modern science exists in spite of the system, and not, by any stretch of the imagination, because of it.

Yours sincerely,  
Brian Ford,  
Biologist and science broadcaster

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<sup>1</sup> the structure of DNA.

**Dear Brian,**

Indeed, scientific breakthroughs are made by individual brilliance, seasoned with good luck. Whether it's a eureka moment in the bath, or a dawning of an idea, science is an imaginative process. That is why it is such an enjoyable profession. It cannot be predicted by committees and it is not achieved by institutions.

But scientists are not amateurs, and very rarely can be if they are to be effective. It is a romantic and attractive idea that we could leave our laboratories, where there are surprisingly few white coats to be seen, and push back frontiers from the comfort of our armchairs. Attractive, but wrong. Science needs a substantial infrastructure, and that's where the value of the institutions becomes clear.

In an ideal world, the scientific bureaucracy exists principally to support and nurture those individuals who can make the discoveries. I am lucky enough to work in an institution which has succeeded in doing just this, with spectacular results. Since it was founded by Max Perutz<sup>2</sup> (Crick and Watson's<sup>3</sup> boss) our laboratory has provided the essential environment for dedicated (but often maverick and rebellious) individuals to actually do good science, not just dream about it. The number of resultant breakthroughs demonstrates its effectiveness. Don't confuse individuality with amateurism.

Yours sincerely,  
Matthew Freeman,  
Molecular geneticist,  
Laboratory of Molecular Biology  
and executive committee  
member of Save British Science

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<sup>2</sup> winner of the Nobel Prize for Chemistry in 1962.

<sup>3</sup> Francis Crick and James Watson, who discovered the structure of DNA.

TEXT C

# TOURISTS' CATCH 22

## Managing tourism is a proper part of conserving the heritage

[ - Example - ] Package tours and nose-to-tail coach loads follow the routes where once a solitary traveller rode on the Grand Tour. 5 Jumbo cruisers of the air and ocean convey thousands for a few hours to a medieval town built for hundreds, before carrying them off to check out and click off on camera the next stop 10 on their hasty itineraries. In our global society, the modern tourist trap is as fundamental as the introduction of factory farming or the industrial revolution.

15 European city centres, once architecturally attractive and filled with urban charm, have been vulgarised with tacky-tacky boxes selling handmade craftwork, all of which appears to have been produced 20 in the same Third World factory. Ancient monuments that 50 years ago were little more than primeval rockeries in lonely meadows, have 25 been lost in traffic jams. [ - 29 - ]

[ - 30 - ] The growth of mass tourism is an economic as well as a democratic good. Let us take the 30 United Kingdom, as an example, which has become the world's sixth largest tourist destination. In recent years, the number of holidaymakers travelling there has surpassed the 20 million mark, and their spending has 35 exceeded \$1600bn, more than most other invisible earnings. What's more, the industry creates 1.5 million jobs. These tourists travel around Europe in 40 search of its heritage. However, tourism is what economists' jargon describes as a positional good. Tourist attractions remain in fixed supply

while the tourists travelling to visit them are predicted to double in number over the next decade. To prevent tourism destroying what it wants to enjoy, the new industry needs more imaginative direction and marketing.

[ - 31 - ] The current reactive position can no longer cope. Traffic can be banned in congested city areas as it has been in many European cities, and should be in many more. But to stop tourism would be impossible as well as misguided. As for other positional goods, realistic pricing will ration access to most popular places. The tourist season continually extends so that it is becoming 'deseasonalised'. Tourists must be directed away from the obvious 'honeypot' areas and encouraged to be more adventurous. Popular tourist sites, such as the Continent's great cathedrals and monuments, are learning to provide good value for mass tourism with modern information technology without letting the crowds destroy the heritage. Local people must be educated in the importance of tourism to their occupation.

75 Much of Europe lives by tourism, which has become a key part of its industry and invisible exports. In the new world of mass tourism, new techniques of managing and 80 shepherding tourists as well as giving them value for money are needed. Moreover, away from the tourist trails there is still plenty of wilderness for those who want it. [ - 32 - ]

**TEXT D – A BRACELET OF WATER**

HE BELIEVED he was safe. He stood at the railing of H.M.S. *Stor Konigsgaarten* and sucked in great gulps of air, his heart pounding in sweet expectation as he stared at the harbour. Queen of France blushed a little in the lessening light and lowered her lashes before his gaze. Several girlish white cruisers bobbed in the harbour but a mile or so down current was a deserted pier. Carefully casual, he went below to the quarters he shared with the others, who had gone on shore leave, and since he had no things to gather – no book of postage stamps, no razor blade or key to any door – he merely folded more tightly the blanket corners under the mattress of his bunk. He took off his shoes and knotted the laces of each one through the belt hoop of his pants. Then, after a leisurely look around, he ducked through the passageway and returned to the top deck. He swung one leg over the railing, hesitated and considered diving headfirst, but, trusting what his feet could tell him more than what his hands could, changed his mind and simply stepped away from the ship. The water was so soft and warm that he was up to his armpits before he realised he was in it. Quickly he brought his knees to his chest and shot forward. He swam well. At each fourth stroke he turned skyward and lifted his head to make sure his course was parallel to the shore but away. Although his skin blended well with the dark waters, he was careful not to lift his arms too high above the waves. He gained on the pier and was gratified that his shoes still knocked softly against his hips.

After a while he thought it was time to head inland – toward the pier. As he scissored his legs for the turn, a bracelet of water circled them and yanked them into a wide, empty tunnel. He struggled to rise out of it and was turned three times. Just before the urge to breathe water became unmanageable, he was tossed up into the velvet air and laid smoothly down on the surface of the sea. He trod water for several minutes while he regulated his breathing, then he struck out once more for the pier. Again the bracelet tightened around his ankles and the wet throat swallowed him. He went down, down, and found himself not at the bottom of the sea, as he expected, but whirling in a vortex. He thought nothing except, I am going counterclockwise. No sooner had he completed the thought than the sea flattened and he was riding its top. Again he trod water, coughed, spat and shook his head to free his ears of water. When he'd rested he decided to swim butterfly and protect his feet from the sucking that had approached him both times from his right side. But when he tore open the water in front of him, he felt a gentle but firm pressure along his chest, stomach, and down his thighs. Like the hand of an insistent woman it pushed him. He fought hard to break through, but couldn't. The hand was forcing him away from the shore. The man turned his head to see what lay behind him. All he saw was water, bloodtinted by a sun sliding into it like a fresh heart. Far away to his right was *Stor Konigsgaarten*, lit fore and aft.