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

Wednesday 9 May 2012 (afternoon)
Mercredi 9 mai 2012 (après-midi)
Miércoles 9 de mayo de 2012 (tarde)

1 h 30 m

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.
- Answer the questions in the Question and Answer Booklet provided.

LIVRET DE TEXTES – INSTRUCTIONS DESTINÉES AUX CANDIDATS

- N'ouvrez pas ce livret avant d'y être autorisé(e).
- Ce livret contient tous les textes nécessaires à l'Épreuve 1.
- Répondez à toutes les questions dans le livret de questions et réponses fourni.

CUADERNO DE TEXTOS – INSTRUCCIONES PARA LOS ALUMNOS

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

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TEXT A

Scuba Diving: The Ultimate Adventure

I didn't know what the ultimate adventure was until I was in it. A journey 20 000 leagues (about 40 feet) under the sea—scuba diving for the first time. Talked into a Caribbean trip by a friend, before I had time for second thoughts I had booked my ticket and was on a plane travelling from Britain to the British Virgin Islands.



A two-day course introduced me to my first experience of scuba diving. Dive BVI operate a course accredited by Professional Association of Diving Instructors (PADI) which cater to all levels including mine: absolute know-nothing amateur.

Before my trip, I spoke to friends who had been diving. They gave mixed reports. Some had trouble with their ears, some with breathing, some with the general sense of being underwater. Hearing all this, it was fair to say that I was a bit apprehensive.

Rather than the difficult experience I expected, diving actually came very naturally. It felt like a cross between flying, meditating and going to the most colourful museum in the world. After I had done it once, I was hooked!

The first day of diving was a crash course. After filling out forms relieving Dive BVI of any responsibility in case of my untimely death, I was issued my equipment. With my instructor, we went into the shallows to practise basic skills including emptying your mask if it fills with water, reclaiming your regulator if it comes out of your mouth and breathing from your "buddy's" tank if your own air runs out. After a couple hours training, I was ready for my first dive.

The thing that first struck me about diving is how dissimilar it is to swimming. Rather than paddling with your arms, I used little leg kicks to get through the water. An important part of training is learning how to breathe effectively. Too much inhalation can burn through your air too quickly. Breathing is also used for movement: deep breaths in and your lungs fill with air causing you to rise, sharp exhalation and you sink towards the bottom.

Rosewood Bay was a magnificent place to learn to dive. The waters surrounding the island are clear and warm and home to beautiful sealife. The resort is beautifully decorated with top-notch restaurants. The spa is an excellent way to recuperate after a day splashing around underwater.

Diving Information

A full Open Water diving course has three sections— theory (done out of the water), confined water training (skills mastered in a pool or shallow water) and checkout dives (four total dives that prove skills mastery). Many people do the theory and confined training at home and then go to their chosen destination to do their checkout dives.

Scuba diving is an experience like no other. It may turn out to be the best adventure of your life!

[Photo from: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Scuba_diver1.jpg,
Text ©The Times 02/12

TEXT B

RIGHT ON THE MARK



Mark Hunter may be bound to a wheelchair, but that isn't stopping him from going places.

[- X -]

Mark Hunter is an example of positivity – and he won't have it any other way. Such is his cheery disposition that even details of the waterskiing accident that put him in a wheelchair some 36 years ago are hazy for him. So if you expect him to start his story with: "It was a beautiful morning in 1975, but little did I know my life was to change forever" – you're greatly mistaken. The man may be a victim of incomplete tetraplegia (partial paralysis), but his spirit is anything but crushed. As he puts it, "all the accident did was change the way I get around".

[- 8 -]

Crowned the 2009 World Champion of Public Speaking, during which he beat thousands of other contestants in a series of speech contests, Mark Hunter is a school principal, life coach, and a strong advocate for the rights of the disabled.

[- 9 -]

Hunter is invited all over the world to address audiences. As he wheels into the room, a low buzz ripples through the crowd. The real show begins when he takes center stage. With humorous tales of his own fears and "sneaking up on students, thanks to the absence of footsteps", he entertains the audience with meaningful personal anecdotes which relate to lessons learned in life.

[- 10 -]

Hunter agrees that "his wheels" may prove a distraction while delivering speeches but he uses it to his advantage. "After people have known me for a while, the wheelchair doesn't exist." On stage he dismisses it early. "I tell the audience what happened, so they don't spend the rest of the speech wondering how I got there."

[- 11 -]

20 One of his messages is to maximize who you are because that's what makes you authentic. During his speeches, he skids around onstage, 40 miles an hour, burning rubber. "For me to deny the wheelchair would be foolish," he says. Does he possess a natural predisposition to be so enthusiastic? "I have a belief that you will be given only that which you can cope with," says Hunter. "It's how you deal with it that makes the difference. Life deals us cards that aren't
25 beyond our coping mechanisms."

[- 12 -]

While the accident changed Hunter's outlook in many ways, more than anything else, it made the Australian more tenacious about protecting the rights of others, such as the disabled. "Discrimination can occur in any number of ways", says Hunter, not least the times when he travels with friends, "The service providers tend to talk to the people with me even though it's
30 about me and my needs. People aren't comfortable talking directly to those with disabilities."

His advice: "When you build buildings, make them accessible. Celebrate the fact that people like me can come to your city, state or country and enjoy everything it has to offer. Disability can knock on anybody's door. Multicultural societies must ensure that it's not attitude or access that disables people."

35 Hunter makes the whole deal seem a breeze when it's probably anything but. "The measure of you is your ability to bounce back." As far as that's concerned, Mark Hunter, for one, is proving he's right on the mark.



"Photo of Mark Hunter winning the Toastmasters World Championship of Public Speaking in 2009, courtesy of Toastmasters International."

[Text: This is an extract from an article by Karen Ann Monsy which appeared in Khaleej Times on December 11, 2009]

TEXT C

THE BLUE HOUSE

At sixteen, I wanted to be a marine biologist. Every night I dreamt of swimming through schools of colorful fish, of cautiously approaching sharks, of exploring the one true wilderness left to us on this planet. I suppose this makes me a fairly normal kid; I knew what I wanted, and had no idea that I probably wasn't going to get it.



The day my mother was killed, I was out in the backyard. My friends and I were playing football while the babysitter, my mother's best friend, was inside watching television. I resented having a babysitter at sixteen, but Wanda was a nice lady, and one hell of a cook.

She came out crying and hugging the phone to her chest. I don't think I've ever quite forgiven her for that. I myself didn't cry for days. Anyone who bursts into tears the very moment they're told about a death is acting. Pure and simple. Still, Wanda loved my mother about as much as anyone in the world, so I try not to hold a grudge.

Wanda took almost an hour to tell me, stuttering through the story. By the time she was half way through, I knew exactly what had happened. Walking down the street, my mother had been threatened with a knife and told to give up her purse. Unsurprising to anyone who knew her, she didn't hesitate before clutching the bag tighter than ever and screaming bloody murder as she turned to race off down the street. The attacker had panicked. The knife had entered her about midway down her back and punctured a bunch of important internal machinery.

Thinking back, I can't really remember where or when I made the transition from being numb to being sad, or angry. A lot happened that day, after Wanda sent my friends home and took me to her house, and I don't remember much of it. I remember, though, that it was by the next morning that I had made the full transition from numbness to anger. Psychiatrists later told me that anger is a normal thing to feel when a loved one is killed.

My father left us right after I was born. Apparently he moved across the country; I never asked specifics. Growing up without a father wasn't really that bad. The worst part was that there was never very much money. Seeing that, and seeing how hard my mother worked to provide what she did, was what made us so close. It was that special bond that can only form between a single mother and her only child; the one that's almost as much battlefield camaraderie as anything else. The harder times [- X -], the closer we became. I remember [- 34 -], growing up, I had been amazed at how lazy other people's parents were, how complacent. [- 35 -] those parents, who often talked down to their children, my mother [- 36 -] me as a real human being. I had an equal responsibility to help support us, so she gave me an equal amount of respect. Perhaps it was her [- 37 -] that made the difference because, even when I was very young, I understood my mother. At heart, she was a sincerely practical woman.

[Text used with the author's permission.
Image courtesy of www.eastoftheweb.com and Alex Patterson.]

TEXT D

WEB ADDICTS BEWARE!



Spending too much time online may leave you depressed, according to the first major study into the effects of web use on mental health.

The Internet has been credited with numerous advantages to the world's societies. Despite this, surfing the net has a "darker side" which has hooked twice as many people in Britain.

The Internet provides young people with numerous opportunities for learning, research and social networking. But it is these same young people who are most at risk, with the average age of addicts just 21, the study found. It also warned of the dangers of social networking sites if they replaced conventional interaction.

Researcher Dr Catriona Morrison said: "The Internet is like a drug for some people: it soothes them, it keeps them calm. If people are addicted, it can affect a person's ability to perform at work or they may be failing to do chores so they can go online."

The findings come from the first large-scale study to explore the phenomenon. However, Dr Morrison has warned that more research needs to be done to establish whether addiction or mental illness comes first.

The study focused on the Internet habits of 1319 people aged between 16 and 51, and found 1.2% of them were hard-core Internet users who could be classified as "addicts". They also had a depression score five times that of non-addicts.

While many of us use the Internet to pay bills, shop and send e-mails, there is a small subset of the population who find it hard to control how much time they spend online, to the point where it interferes with their daily life.

Dr Morrison, from the University of Leeds, said addiction was not a matter of time spent online but rather "the nature of your relationship with the Internet". She added: "if it's interfering with daily activities, if you think about the Internet when you're doing something else, if you can't stop doing it - that's problematic." According to her research, it is not known which comes first: depression or addiction. Are depressed people drawn to the Internet or does the Internet cause depression?

Metro (2010)

[‘Internet depression warning for web addicts’ Originally published in: *Metro* 3/02/2010©*Metro*.
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