

ANSWER ALL QUESTIONS

SECTION A: Reading

You should spend about 40 minutes on this section.

Read the following passage carefully and then answer the questions which follow.

Henry Blogg was the captain of a lifeboat that was rowed out to rescue the crews of two ships on the same night and in dreadful conditions.

A brave rescue



Many a man has good reason to remember the winter of 1917, for it was one of the worst on record. A fierce gale was pushing the waters of the North Sea on to the coast. It was just such conditions as these that had for centuries littered the shores with the bones of many ships. Throughout the previous night the gale had torn limbs from trees and slates from roofs.

Before the sound of the lifeboat signal had died away some of the lifeboat-men were dashing towards the boathouse. The boathouse was a tangle of men and equipment as the crew struggled into lifebelts and oilskins. Henry Blogg knew what a grim struggle lay ahead. The ship in trouble was just two miles off. Not far, perhaps, on a summer day, but in the teeth of that gale, pitting oars against such seas, two miles was a very long way.

The crew were barely conscious of the stinging hail, for the icy spray whipped up by the gale was flung continuously over the open boat. They pulled and pushed the heavy oars, jarred by each blow of the sea and thrown about by the steep pitching of their boat. Henry Blogg exhorted and instructed his crew. Progress was slow, but three hours of back-breaking effort had its reward, for sixteen men were taken into the lifeboat.

The relief of the rescued at getting ashore was almost equalled by the relief the rescuers felt to be safely back after that gruelling contest. With their oilskins flapping in the gale, they clasped the hands of the helpers who ran into the surf to assist in the landing.

The crew were in an exhausted state. But it had been a good day's work and now it was over they could relax and enjoy the steaming cocoa that brought back feeling to their numb bodies.



25 Their relief was short-lived, however, for hardly had they got into their dry clothes
ready for the return home when a message came that the Swedish ship 'Fernebo'
was in great difficulty three to four miles out. The immediate reaction was that they
could not aid her. They were too exhausted and some other lifeboat must go. When
he received the message Henry Blogg looked at his crew and knew that he must put it
30 to them. He was ready to go, he said, and he believed his crew would want to go with
him. The exhausted men saw the need and, tired as they were, they were prepared to
face that howling gale again. Having already achieved the seemingly impossible that
day under Blogg, there was fire in their hearts.

They would follow if Henry Blogg would lead.

35 They struggled back into their wet oilskins and cork lifebelts, and started the grim
battle all over again.

Some witnesses say five thousand people were gathered on the shore to watch that
fight. Not one who saw it would ever forget it, and many a man not used to praying
did so now for that little boat fighting those mountainous seas. Wet through and
shivering, they watched spellbound. It was magnificent. Henry Blogg was getting
40 more out of them than they knew they had in them.

On board the Fernebo, hope was almost dead. The sea was now in its worst mood.
Everything seemed against them. From the shore cheer after cheer of encouragement
rang out across the water, bringing new hope to the wrecked men. The cheering could
mean only one thing to the Fernebo's men: a new attempt was being made to save
45 them. Hope broke through the hardening crust of despair and they strengthened their
grip on ropes and rails as the seas tried harder than ever to dislodge them.

The lifeboat slowly approached the wreck and time and again it looked as though
the stout boat would be flung against the sides of the broken Fernebo. No one could
remember how long it took to get the exhausted survivors into the boat, but it seemed
50 an age, fraught with anxious suspense, before the lifeboat began to draw away from
the wreck.

Then, to the spectators' unspeakable relief the lifeboat came quickly to the shore,
where willing hands helped the eleven rescued men and the rescuers to safety. It was
nearly 1 a.m. and Henry Blogg and his crew had battled on and off for fourteen hours,
55 risking their lives to save total strangers from the fury of the sea. It was over! Blogg
had won the last round and beaten the North Sea in its worst mood.

¹oilskins: waterproof clothes



**You should refer closely to the passage to support your answers.
You may include brief quotations.**

1. What made Henry Blogg’s crew think that another lifeboat should go and rescue the ‘Fernebo’?

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Q1

(Total 1 mark)

2. Look again at lines 6 – 17.
Give **three** words or phrases that the writer uses to describe the difficulties of rowing the lifeboat in these conditions.

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Q2

(Total 3 marks)

3. Describe, **in your own words**, the character of Henry Blogg, the captain of the lifeboat.

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Q3

(Total 4 marks)



SECTION B: Reading and Writing

You should spend about 40 minutes on this section.

Remind yourself of the passage *Chinese Cinderella* from the London Examinations Anthology, and then answer questions 5 and 6.

From Chinese Cinderella

Growing up in a wealthy family in 1950s Hong Kong, Adeline Yen Mah should have had an enviable childhood, but she was rejected by her dominating stepmother and despised by her brothers and sisters. She was sent to a boarding school and left there. In this extract from her autobiography she relates one of the few occasions when she went home.

Time went by relentlessly and it was Saturday again. Eight weeks more and it would be the end of term...in my case perhaps the end of school forever. Four of us were playing Monopoly. My heart was not in it and I was losing steadily. Outside it was hot and there was a warm wind blowing. The radio warned of a possible typhoon the next day. It was my turn and I threw the dice. As I played, the thought of leaving school throbbed at the back of my mind like a persistent toothache.

‘Adeline!’ Ma-mien Valentino was calling.

‘You can’t go now,’ Mary protested. ‘For once I’m winning. One, two, three, four. Good! You’ve landed on my property. Thirty-five dollars, please. Oh, good afternoon, Mother Valentino!’

We all stood up and greeted her.

‘Adeline, didn’t you hear me call you? Hurry up downstairs! Your chauffeur is waiting to take you home!’

Full of foreboding, I ran downstairs as in a nightmare, wondering who had died this time. Father’s chauffeur assured me everyone was healthy.

‘Then why are you taking me home?’ I asked.

‘How should I know?’ he answered defensively, shrugging his shoulders. ‘Your guess is as good as mine. They give me the orders and I carry them out.’

During the short drive home, my heart was full of dread and I wondered what I had done wrong. Our car stopped at an elegant villa at mid-level, halfway up the hill between the peak and the harbour.

‘Where are we?’ I asked foolishly.

‘Don’t you know anything?’ the chauffeur replied rudely. ‘This is your new home. Your parents moved here a few months ago.’

‘I had forgotten,’ I said as I got out.

Ah Gum opened the door. Inside it was quiet and cool.

‘Where is everyone?’

‘Your mother is out playing bridge. Your two brothers and little sister are sunbathing by the swimming-pool. Your father is in his room and wants to see you as soon as you get home.’

‘See me in his room?’ I was overwhelmed by the thought that I had been summoned by father to enter the Holy of Holies – a place to which I had never been invited. Why?

Timidly, I knocked on the door. Father was alone, looking relaxed in his slippers and bathrobe, reading a newspaper. He smiled as I entered and I saw he was in a happy mood. I breathed a small sigh of relief at first but became uneasy when I wondered why he was being so nice, thinking, Is this a giant ruse on his part to trick me? Dare I let my guard down?



40 'Sit down! Sit down!' He pointed to a chair. 'Don't look so scared. Here, take a look at this! They're writing about someone we both know, I think.'

He handed me the day's newspaper and there, in one corner, I saw my name ADELINE YEN in capital letters prominently displayed.

45 'It was announced today that 14-year old ADELINE JUN-LING YEN of Sacred Heart Canossian School, Caine Road, Hong Kong, has won first prize in the international Play-writing Competition held in London, England, for the 1951-52 school year. It is the first time that any local Chinese student from Hong Kong has won such a prestigious event. Besides a medal, the prize comes with a cash reward of FIFTY ENGLISH POUNDS. Our sincere congratulations, ADELINE YEN, for bringing honour to Hong Kong. We are proud of you.'

50 Is it possible? Am I dreaming? Me, the winner?

'I was going up the lift this morning with my friend C.Y. Tung when he showed me this article and asked me, "Is the winner Adeline Jun-Ling Yen related to you? The two of you have the same uncommon last name." Now C.Y. himself has a few children about your age but so far none of them has won an international literary prize, as far as I know. So I was quite pleased to tell him that you are my daughter. Well done!'

He looked radiant. For once, he was proud of me. In front of his revered colleague, C.Y. Tung, a prominent fellow businessman also from Shanghai, I had given him face. I thought, Is this the big moment I have been waiting for? My whole being vibrated with all the joy in the world. I only had to stretch out my hand to reach the stars.

60 'Tell me, how did you do it?' he continued. 'How come you won?'

'Well, the rules and regulations were so very complicated. One really has to be dedicated just to understand what they really want. Perhaps I was the only one determined enough to enter and there were no other competitors!'

He laughed approvingly. 'I doubt it very much but that's a good answer.'

65 'Please, Father,' I asked boldly, thinking it was now or never. 'May I go to university in England too, just like my brothers?'

'I do believe you have potential. Tell me, what would you study?'

70 My heart gave a giant lurch as it dawned on me that he was agreeing to let me go. How marvellous it was simply to be alive! Study? I thought. Going to England is like entering heaven. Does it matter what you do after you go to heaven?

But Father was expecting an answer. What about creative writing? After all, I had just won first prize in an international writing competition!

'I plan to study literature. I'll be a writer.'

75 'Writer!' he scoffed. 'You are going to starve! What language are you going to write in and who is going to read your writing? Though you may think you're an expert in both Chinese and English, your Chinese is actually rather elementary. As for your English, don't you think the native English speakers can write better than you?'

I waited in silence. I did not wish to contradict him.

80 'You will go to England with Third Brother this summer and you will go to medical school. After you graduate, you will specialise in obstetrics. Women will always be having babies. Women patients prefer women doctors. You will learn to deliver their babies. That's a foolproof profession for you. Don't you agree?'

85 Agree? Of course I agreed. Apparently, he had it all planned out. As long as he let me go to university in England, I would study anything he wished. How did that line go in Wordsworth's poem? *Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive.*

'Father I shall go to medical school in England and become a doctor. Thank you very, very much.'

Adeline Yen Mah



You must answer both questions, 5 and 6.

5. Adeline Yen Mah experiences both fear and joy during the course of this passage.

How does the writer enable the reader to appreciate both of these aspects of her experience?

You should refer closely to this passage to support your answer. You may include **brief** quotations.

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(Question 5 continued)

Dotted lines for writing

Q5

(Total 10 marks for Reading)



SECTION C: Writing

You should spend about 40 minutes on this section.

- 7. "Each generation thinks that they have made progress and that their life is better than the way people lived in the past."

Explain what you like or dislike about your life and whether you think things will get better or worse in the future.

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(Question 7 continued)

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(Total 20 marks)

Q7

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TOTAL FOR SECTION C: 20 MARKS

TOTAL FOR PAPER: 60 MARKS

END

London Qualifications gratefully acknowledges the following source used in the preparation of this paper:

Cyril Jolly, *Henry Blogg of Cromer*, Poppyland Publishing, 2002.
 Adeline Yen Mah, *Chinese Cinderella*, Puffin, 1999.

