



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

Monday 13 November 2006 (morning)
Lundi 13 novembre 2006 (matin)
Lunes 13 de noviembre de 2006 (mañana)

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.

TEXT A

THE BOTTLE OF WATER THAT HAS TRAVELLED THE WORLD

The actors Whoopi Goldberg, Pierce Brosnan and Vin Diesel are said to enjoy its “tropical taste”, while the singer Jessica Simpson is reported to drink nothing else.

But food campaigners say the fashionable and reassuringly expensive Fiji Mineral Water has the doubtful distinction of being the best-travelled bottled water on sale in Britain. Each litre, which costs £1.24, is shipped 16,000km from the Pacific island to the supermarkets. Critics say it’s a little like selling snow to the Eskimos, given that Britain has almost constant rainfall.

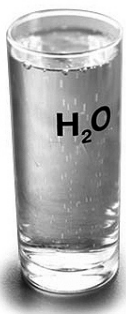


The Food Commission, which issued the report, says Fiji Mineral Water is part of a trend for importing food and drink, no matter what the environmental impact. Kath Dalmeny, a policy officer at the Food Commission, said it was “ludicrous” to bring water from the other side of the world when essentially the same product was available out of the tap.

“It’s fair enough that you have to import ‘treat’ foods such as mangoes and pineapples,” she added. “But we should reserve the use of precious fossil fuels for those kinds of foods, rather than the ones we can grow or produce closer to home. All these bottled waters mean extra trucks on the road, extra fuel use and extra carbon dioxide emissions when consumers could simply turn on their taps.”

The label of Fiji boasts: “The origin of Fiji Natural Mineral Water is rainfall which, over decades, filters through the earth deep beneath volcanic highlands and tropical forests on the main island of Viti Levu in Fiji.” It adds: “Separated by over 2,500km of the open Pacific from the nearest continent, this undamaged eco-system protects one of the purest waters in the world.”

The Food Commission said imports of bottled water highlighted the issue of “food miles” – the shipping of food normally available in Britain from around the world. During the English asparagus season, for instance, supermarkets sell asparagus flown 9,600km from Peru. Britain also imports pears from Argentina, grapes from Chile, strawberries from Spain and tomatoes from Saudi Arabia.



The manufacturers of Fiji Mineral Water denied that their product was harmful to the environment. “Mineral waters are as different from each other as wines,” said Tom Kissock, a spokesman. “Mineral water takes on the characteristics of the rocks it passes through.”

A supermarket spokesman said, “This particular water is something the customers are demanding. I understand that it comes over on a cargo ship that would be coming anyway – so there are no additional carbon dioxide emissions.”

TEXT B**IRON LADY IN THE SNOW**

She is running – strapped to a harness that pulls a loaded cart – and puffing great clouds of water vapour. It is minus 20°C and Rosie Swale Pope, 58, a British grandmother, is half-way round the world, in eastern Siberia.

Almost 16 months since she left home in Wales, she has covered more than 8,000km of her round-the-globe run. Her journey has taken her through western Europe and deep into Russia. She has been knocked down by a bus, threatened at knifepoint and surrounded by wolves. Now, however, comes the hardest part of the trip: the Siberian winter. “This is going to be a real struggle to stay alive,” she said. At night, temperatures fall to minus 40°C and they could drop further. Her toothpaste has frozen and the poles in her tent keep snapping. People here nearly 5,000km east of Moscow think she is out of her mind. “Tourists going to hot countries I can understand, but this...” said Georgy, a taxi driver, his voice trailing away in disbelief. “She must be an iron lady.”

I found her on the main road running east towards Vladivostok. “This kind of cold is just training for what lies ahead,” she said, dragging her cart, Hercules. “Today is quite warm, actually.” It seemed an absurd statement. Making dinner on a tiny petrol stove is an agonising process that takes hours of fumbling with frozen fingers. First she must collect in a plastic bag snow that takes ages to melt on the stove.

After dinner each night she puts on four sets of long underwear, a pair of padded trousers, a jumper, a down jacket and boots, and climbs into her three sleeping-bags. Her exhaustion means sleep is usually uninterrupted – unless hungry mice try to get into the tent. On one occasion a pack of wolves circled outside. At first she thought they were wild dogs and tried to feed them.

Loneliness is one of her toughest enemies but she has a satellite phone and keeps in touch with her family and friends.

She is used to adventures. In 1983 she sailed solo across the Atlantic and later trekked 3,200km through Chile on horseback.

Her route will continue through America and Canada before hopping by plane to Greenland, Iceland and, finally, back home some time in March 2006.

In Siberia traffic is light; [– X –], disaster struck near Irkutsk when she felt dizzy and was hit by a bus as she staggered uncontrollably. “The bus driver was very upset and put me up for a few days [– 12 –] he fixed Hercules,” she said. Then she went back on the road.

She started off from Britain carrying a 40kg rucksack [– 13 –] she got rid of it in Moscow when someone gave her a child’s buggy. She carries a few souvenirs with her: a teddy bear called Rowan, donated by her local newspaper, and a yellow toy duck given to her by well-wishers in Russia. She used the child’s buggy for 2,500km [– 14 –] Hercules – a small, two-wheeled cart – was delivered to her in central Siberia.

Freezing to death is not the only danger. A thug threatened her with a knife and demanded her satellite phone but was frightened off when she pushed his arm away. “That was so untypical,” she said. “The warmth of the Russians has been incredible.” Another man who rushed after her waving an axe was a woodsman who wanted to invite her to a party.

TEXT C

BUTTERFLIES



There was a time in my life when beauty meant something special to me. I guess that would have been when I was about six or seven years old, just before the orphanage turned me into an old man.

I would get up each morning at the orphanage, make my bed just like the little soldier I had become and then I would get into one of the two straight lines and march to breakfast with the other twenty
5 or thirty boys who lived in my dormitory.

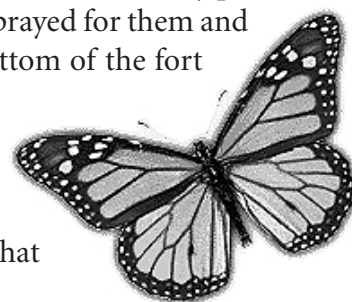
After breakfast one Saturday morning I returned to the dormitory and saw the house parent chasing the beautiful monarch butterflies who lived by the hundreds in the azalea bushes strewn around the orphanage. I carefully watched as he caught these beautiful creatures, one after the other, took them from the net and then stuck straight pins through their head and wings, pinning them
10 onto a heavy cardboard sheet. How cruel it was to kill something of such beauty! I had walked many times out into the bushes, all by myself, just so the butterflies could land on my head, face and hands so I could look at them up close.

When the telephone rang, the house parent laid the large cardboard down on the back step and went inside to answer it. I walked up to the cardboard and looked at the one butterfly who he had
15 just pinned to the large sheet. It was still moving about, so I reached down and touched it on the wing, causing one of the pins to fall out. It started flying round and round, trying to get away but it was still pinned by the one wing. Finally its wing broke off and the butterfly fell to the ground and just quivered. I picked up the torn wing and the butterfly and I spat on its wing and tried to get it to stick back on so it could fly away and be free before the house parent came back. But it would not stay
20 on him.

The next thing I knew the house parent came striding out of the back door and started yelling at me. I told him that I had not done anything but he did not believe me. He picked up the cardboard and started hitting me on the top of the head. There were all kinds of butterfly pieces going everywhere. He flung the cardboard down on the ground and told me to pick it up and put it in the garbage can
25 and then he left.

I sat down in the dirt, by that big old tree for the longest time, trying to fit all the butterfly pieces back together so I could bury them whole, but it was too hard to do. So I prayed for them and then I put them in an old torn-up shoe box and I buried them in the bottom of the fort that I had built in the ground, out among the large bamboos, near the
30 blackberry bushes.

Every year when the butterflies returned to the orphanage and tried to land on me, I would try and shoo them away because they did not know that the orphanage was a bad place to live and a very bad place to die.



TEXT D

NO SHOUTING ON SILENT SATURDAYS

“That’s it, Johnny! Very good job, Johnny!” Mrs Pauline Gomez’s lips and cheeks stretch to scream, but she holds her voice back. She is passionate, yet quiet. At the Weston, Florida, soccer complex on a Saturday morning this fall, cheering on her son Nicolas’s team, a whisper is all she is allowed. “I know it’s silent Saturday,” she says. “My husband says, ‘I don’t know how you’re going to do it.’ But I will somehow.”

Silent Saturday is the name given to the day on which coaches of youth sports are asked not to coach. Parents are asked not to cheer or to guide their children. There is no shouting, no threatening the officials or swearing at fathers from the opposing team. With the sidelines silenced, there is no pressure. The children are free to have fun. At least that’s the idea.



Mrs Gomez, Venezuelan-born, raised in soccer-mad Brazil and now the team mother for a team of six-year-old boys named the Blazin’ Bass, is not inclined to silence. Nor are the hundreds of other parents struggling through Weston’s first attempt to implement what has become a national trend. Weston has so many families with soccer-playing kids – nearly 2,500 boys and girls are registered with the league – that on Saturdays the complex’s sixteen fields hold games for twelve hours.

The Bass, wearing their blue uniforms, are playing the Seadragons, who are in red. When the ball is blown into play, the players on both teams follow it. The small bodies collide and separate up and down the field. “Go with it, Colin, go upfield. There you go, Colin,” Bill MacFalls, a coach, says, almost under his breath. Today, he has been asked to limit his instruction to simple positioning.

Silent Saturday first gained national attention five years ago. The administrators of a girls’ soccer league in Cleveland, Ohio, fed up with parents, issued a one-day ban on all coaching. That resulted in fewer arguments between parents of opposing teams and virtually eliminated fights on the sidelines. Silent Saturday came to Weston by way of Richard Schwartz, the league’s director. “There’s plenty of time for them to be competitive,” he says.



Back on the field, the Bass are in danger of defeat. With the ball in play, three Bass players break off into a spontaneous group discussion, unaware of the red-jerseyed player advancing on their goal. Another score for the Seadragons. “They want to play; they need to be kids,” says Mrs Gomez, “but Pelé* used to say he learned how to be who he is in life because his parents taught him to play soccer when he was four.”

When the game ends, it is believed the final score is 5 to 0 in favor of the Seadragons; none of the Bass knows for sure. Mrs Gomez pulls out snacks. She raises her voice for the first time. “This OK, guys?” she says, handing out the treats. “We’ll do better next week. Don’t be disappointed.”

* Pelé: the most famous Brazilian soccer player of all time.