
INTERNATIONAL GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 – Source-based Reading and Directed Writing

Source booklet

Wednesday 7 November 2018 07:00 GMT Time allowed: 2 hours

The five sources that follow are:

- **Source A:** Explorers
- **Source B:** Becoming a Modern-day Explorer
- **Source C:** A Man on the Moon
- **Source D:** How to Climb the Matterhorn
- **Source E:** Why I Love Scuba Diving

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Source A: Explorers

Explorers. Some travelled with an ideal. Others searched in greed. Some were map-makers; or travellers in search of trade; others went to spread their own form of religion; some simply to claim new lands for their country – with the promise of wealth and personal honour.

For many explorers, curiosity itself was sufficient reason to travel to the unknown, to risk their lives in searching. For them, just to survive the experience, and later to tell of it, was enough.

Whatever their varied reasons, they all shared a single fundamental experience. They all endured that particular brand of fear and discomfort, that special kind of homesickness and weariness, even the acceptance of death – and, just occasionally, that rare, ecstatic arrival that made it all worthwhile.

Source B: Becoming a Modern-day Explorer

From an article written by an explorer.



Exploration has never been more popular than today. It is alive and well. The simplistic claim that apart from the deepest oceans and outer space, there is nowhere left to explore, is wrong. The world isn't fully explored and never will be. Neither was it discovered by early explorers like Livingstone and Ibn Battuta. They traveled on existing routes and areas known by those who lived there. But they brought back information and news, may it be scientific or not, which inspired others on the path of discovery. This still defines what an explorer is today.

An explorer is somebody who often makes dangerous, difficult and unique journeys for the main purpose of bringing back news from faraway lands. Exploration habitually includes personal challenges. To explore might be delusional, but it is almost always driven by curiosity and a great willpower of making a difference.

These facts withstanding, there are more people than ever who want to become explorers today. I get hundreds of emails every year from both young and old people who beg me to explain how to become a modern-day explorer. I tell them the truth. You need to have what it takes. I point out that this isn't a vocation for everybody but if you believe, I say to them, that you have what it takes, get out there and just do it!

Source C: A Man on the Moon

The writer describes the first moon landing for the astronauts Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin.



They had done it. For an instant, Armstrong and Aldrin savoured relief and elation that the greatest challenge was behind them. For Armstrong it was more than a personal high; hundreds of thousands of people had worked for the better part of a decade to share this triumph. And for himself, the landing had been everything a pilot could ask for. It had been a close call, but that just sweetened the victory.

Seconds after *Eagle*'s rocket engine shut down, the dust particles departed on long, flat trajectories, and the stillness of a billion years returned to the Sea of Tranquility.

Eagle had come to rest on a broad, level plain, pockmarked with craters a few dozen feet to a fraction of an inch across, and scattered with rocks and boulders. In the distance Armstrong could see ridges that might have been twenty or thirty feet high, but it was hard to tell: there were no buildings, trees, or any other features normally used to judge size and distance. The lack of atmosphere gave an unreal clarity to the view, better than the clearest day on earth. Hills and boulders at the horizon were as sharp as the rock next to *Eagle*'s footpads. Beyond that bright edge, as empty as the margins of a fifteenth-century map, was the blackness of space.

Most amazing to Armstrong was the strange play of light and color. Directly ahead, to the west, the light of the rising sun was brilliantly reflected by a landscape of light tan. This gave way on either side to a dimmer, grayer tan, and when he craned to look off to the side, where the ground was crisscrossed with long morning shadows, he saw an ashen gray.

It was not a hostile scene. Somehow it did not look like a place where an unprotected man would perish in seconds; on the contrary, it seemed inviting, as he and Aldrin might descend to the craters in beach clothes and get a suntan. As he looked out, Armstrong wondered where he and Aldrin had landed. With the distraction of the computer alarms, he'd missed all the checkpoints on the way down. Now he searched the horizon for some feature he might be able to identify, but found none. With a wry smile he radioed Houston, "The guys who said we wouldn't know where we were are the winners today."

Turn over ►

Source D: How to Climb the Matterhorn

Paul Hart describes reaching the summit of one of the world's most challenging mountains with his guide, David Fasel.



When the fixed ropes suddenly ran out, I knew we were on the final approach to the summit. This was a relief. The wind had been strengthening and a lot of spindrift was now blowing across the mountain, making life generally unpleasant. But the last stage is very steep and totally exposed, with huge drops on either side. As I have always done when in very exposed situations, I took a deep breath and focused on the line up to the summit rather than the drop directly behind me. (I was later to find that going up is actually not as bad as descending. It is on the way down you can really see where a fall will take you – and there is no margin for error.)

We moved fast up the steep ground, kicking into the deep snow, hoping that it wouldn't give way. With lungs burning, hearts racing and legs aching we reached the ridge line leading out to the summit. It was a narrow snake of snow leading gently upwards and the drops on either side were precipitous. When we walked out on to this ridge line, we were alone and the only tracks in the snow were ours. It isn't often that this happens on any Alpine summit these days and this made the moment incredibly special.

David and I simply stood there and took in the view in silence. A blanket of cloud, many hundreds of feet beneath us, obscured Zermatt and all the lower land. All that was visible were the higher peaks; rising like islands out of a white and wispy sea. It was a stupendous, exhilarating experience and the adrenalin surge as we looked down into the oblivion all around, removed all feelings of tiredness. David and I hugged, shook hands and hugged again.

It had taken five hours of non-stop hard climbing to reach the summit. All along the thought of having to give up because of the poor conditions had been at the back of our minds. We knew that fewer than 10 people had made it to the top all season. Many who had tried to climb had been rescued by helicopter on their descent; caught out by the weather and snow conditions.

Source E: Why I Love Scuba Diving

From an article in which the writer describes her experience of scuba diving.



The blue sapphire sea in front of me suddenly darkened. Nearly 30 metres down in the depths of the Indian Ocean, I knew we were about to come across something big. I just didn't know what.

As I swam closer, the grey, amorphous mass slowly began to take shape and come into focus. It was the cold glint of a steely eye that gave it away, an eye in such a strange position and on such a oddly-shaped body, it could only be one creature.

Then suddenly, they were upon us: hundreds and hundreds of hammerhead sharks. Above me. Below me. To the side of me. Silhouetted against the sky and as far as the eye could see.

I stopped breathing, not through fear, but from sheer awe and wonder. The world slowed as I tried to savour every moment, remember every detail. We hung in the water, motionless, letting the hammerheads swim around us. Naturally shy, although potentially ferocious creatures, they gave us a good few metres of space and carried on their journey.

And then, just as suddenly, they were gone.

Eight years, and more than 150 dives later, I still remember those precious few minutes like they were yesterday. It's for moments like that that I dive.

Because, no matter how many times you dip beneath the waves, you never know what you're going to see. Or when you'll see it. When we came across that school of hammerheads, we'd been down for 40 minutes, seen nothing and were getting bored. Then they magically appeared.

It's the sheer majesty and serenity of the ocean that appeals to me. The moment you leap off the boat, you're submerged into a different world, an utterly silent, often eerie world, with no idea what you're going to find.

But it's not just the creatures that fascinate me. For our oceans – both close to home and further afield – have many other wonders to show us. Mile upon mile of pristine, candy-hued coral stretching out under the sea like a Monet. Forests of what look like white Christmas trees shooting up from the seabed. Caves like cathedrals and stalactites 30 metres high. It's endless.

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