

CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
General Certificate of Education Ordinary Level

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

**1115/02,1120/02
1123/02,1124/02**

Paper 2

May/June 2003

INSERT

1 hour 30 minutes

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

This insert contains the passage for comprehension.

This document consists of 3 printed pages and 1 blank page.

Three men have set up camp on a small island in the Indian Ocean. They are getting ready to search for treasure from the wreck of a ship which had sunk nearby.

- 1 Early in the morning we took the boat out to begin our dives to the wrecked ship which lay just outside the coral reefs that ringed the island. Once our boat was in position, Gerry and I pulled on our diving suits, loaded on our underwater breathing equipment and dived into the still waters, leaving Angelo to look after the boat.
- 2 We had been down thirty minutes when we heard a metallic clink! clink! clink! transmitted through the water. We paused and listened; it came again, and then a third time. Undoubtedly Angelo was beating out some sort of emergency signal on the side of the boat. I indicated to Gerry that we should return to the surface at once, but I was annoyed that we had to abandon our dive so soon. As we climbed aboard, I asked impatiently, 'What's the matter, Angelo?' and in reply he pointed out to sea. I pulled off my mask and peered into the distance. A thin, dark smear lay low and black against the sea. Even as I watched, it seemed to grow, spreading wider into the paler blue of the sky. Angelo whistled softly and shook his head. 'Here comes a cyclone, and, man, he is in a big hurry.'
- 3 The speed of that dark, black cloud was uncanny. It rose higher and higher, as though drawing a curtain across the sky, and as Angelo started the boat's motors the first racing clouds spread across the sun. Gerry looked anxiously at me. 'A cyclone's coming,' I said. 'You know what a cyclone is, a vicious tropical storm. And this one's hunting for us.'
- 4 With our boat speeding across the waters to the shelter of the island, we watched the cyclone come on in awesome grandeur, overwhelming the sun until the whole sky was changed into a mass of darkening cloud. Then with a shriek the wind was upon us, turning the air into a mist of driven spray. Our hearts sank at the sense of human frailty before such force and power.
- 5 'The motors,' Angelo bellowed at me, as our boat touched the beach. The two outboard motors on the boat were new, and very expensive. 'We'll take them with us,' I yelled. Immediately we freed the motors, and, heaving them onto our shoulders, we shouted to Gerry to get ashore. Angelo and I jumped in after him, lumbering through the waves under our heavy burdens.
- 6 As we struggled out of the water onto the shore, the howling wind drove dense clouds of sand into our faces, stinging our flesh. We started making for the trees nearby, trying to run, though keeping our balance in the howling wind and on the soft, wind-blown sand was a torture in itself. Yet if we had hoped to find shelter among the trees we were fools, for we found ourselves transferred from a position of acute discomfort into one of real and deadly danger. The great winds of the cyclone were thrashing the palm trees into a lunatic frenzy. Their long trunks whipped about wildly, and the wind clawed at the branches, sending them flying off into the air like huge missiles, with us as the likely targets.
- 7 We ran on through the trees, and for the first time I was grateful for the scanty cover given me by the outboard motor on my shoulder, since all of us were now exposed to an even worse danger. The whipping movements of the tall palms hurled their clusters of coconuts through the air. Big as cannon balls, these projectiles bombarded us as we ran. One of them struck the motor I carried with a force that made me stagger; another fell beside the path and on the second bounce hit Gerry on the lower leg. Even though most of its power was spent, still it knocked him down and rolled him in the sand. When he regained his feet he was limping heavily, but he ran on through the deadly hail of coconuts.

- 8 By now the wind had increased in power. I heard it shrieking overhead on a higher, angrier note, and as I glanced ahead I saw the first palm tree begin to go. It leant out wearily, exhausted by its efforts to resist the wind. The earth around its base heaved upwards as the roots were torn from the sandy soil. Gerry was fifteen paces in front of me, head down, and just beginning the ascent of some low hill ahead. To my horror, I realised he was running right into the path of the falling tree. He looked so small and fragile compared with that solid mass of descending timber that I knew it would crush him with a single gigantic blow. As it began to fall, so it gathered speed, swinging in a terrible curve, like the axe of some fearful executioner. 50
- 9 I screamed at him, but he could not hear me. I dropped the motor, and dived forwards, reaching out to the full stretch of my right arm, and hit Gerry's back foot. This tap on the ankle, just like that delivered by a crafty footballer, tripped him. The tree struck the earth barely half a metre in front of Gerry with a blow that shook my whole body and rattled the teeth in my skull. 60
- 10 Instantly I was up and dragging Gerry to his feet. I hauled him over the fallen tree, pointed him towards the top of the hill beyond and gave him a shove. 'Run!' I shouted and he staggered onwards. Up ahead I saw Angelo toiling up the slope of the hill, and, heaving the motor onto my shoulder once more, I hurried after them. 65
- 11 All around in the palm groves I could hear the thud and crash of other trees falling. I tried to run with my face upturned so as to dodge the next threat before it developed, but another flying coconut hit me a glancing blow on the temple, dimming my vision for a moment and sending me staggering on blindly. I reached the crest of the hill without realising it, and so was unprepared for the full force of the wind in my back. It hurled me forward, and I was thrown down from the top of the hill. My knees gave way, and the motor and I rolled headlong down the slope beyond. 70
- 12 As I tumbled down I caught up with Gerry, catching him in the back of the legs and taking him with me in my undignified descent. We lay together in a battered and weary heap, protected from the direct fury of the wind by the hill above us, and so it was possible to hear what Gerry was saying. It was immediately obvious that he bitterly resented what he considered to be an unprovoked assault on my part. In our present situation, his anger was suddenly terribly comical, and, despite all we had been through, I began to laugh. He stared at me for a moment as though I had gone mad; then he started to laugh, but the laughter had a wild, hysterical note to it. 75
- 13 Angelo thought Gerry was upset when he reached us and so he helped him down the last few hundred metres to the cave where we had our camp. Luckily, the cave was well placed to withstand the cyclone winds. I used some canvas sheeting there to screen the entrance, piling stones upon the trailing end to hold it down. Now we had a haven into which we crept like wounded animals. 80
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