Part 1

Read the following passages carefully, and then answer Questions 1 and 2.

Passage A

A team of climbers is trying to reach the top of the Central Pillar of the great European mountain, Mont Blanc. They are trapped in their tent in a terrible storm. Their leader, Bonatti, who is telling the story, realises that they must call the climb off and go down on ropes, a very dangerous thing to do.

The Death Zone

On Wednesday night our breath in the tent was transformed into vapour and we were wet through. We were all feeling on edge and could not sleep. My thoughts were ten thousand feet down, with my loved ones. Oggioni talked of Portofino, a town he had never visited, and said: “We mountaineers are unlucky … with all the lovely things in the world, we get caught in this sort of thing …” He hid his fear with jokes and seemed the calmest of us all, but I was sure that he was the only one other than myself who was fully aware of our desperate situation.

Wednesday night passed. Earlier Mazeaud had come into our tent, because the plastic cloth over his sleeping-bags had split in the wind; we managed to arrange ourselves after a thousand twists and turns. We tried to keep up our spirits, but in my inmost self I was already considering the safest manner of going down the way we had come. In my opinion it was impossible to reach the summit of the Pillar.

Mazeaud and I spoke of our pleasure in getting to know one another and sharing this adventure. We promised to meet again one day to talk over today's experiences. Our thirst was intense and we quenched it by eating snow. We thought longingly of home where we could have all the water we wanted. The frozen snow made our mouths burn.

Thursday passed and night came. During the long hours Oggioni and I, who were farthest from the edge, suffered particularly from lack of air. We set the alarm for half-past three and when I heard it ringing, I shouted to everyone: “We must go down at all costs or it will be too late and we will not have the strength.”

By Friday morning the storm had raged incessantly for over sixty hours. Mist and snow merged into a thick curtain. We dismantled everything and left some of our equipment behind. I was without an ice-axe which one of my companions had dropped on the first day. We began the descent by double rope. We had decided that I must lead.

At exactly six I lowered myself into the stormy void almost blindly, without knowing where I was going, and felt as if I were in the middle of nowhere. The snow flurries gave me a feeling of dizziness. I had to watch out for every detail and recognize every fold of the rock to find out where I was. This took a long time and waiting for the ropes to come down from above took longer. Sometimes we were bunched together, four or five of us hanging in space.
I was about halfway down the Pillar when the double rope came to an end and I was unable to find a place to put my feet. I made myself understood with difficulty because of the snow. I needed another rope to attach to the one I was holding. There were no holds; the snow had packed tight even under the overhangs.

Eventually another rope was lowered and I tied the two together with my bare hands and continued my descent. There was now a 130-metre rope, down which I was sliding like a spider. I did not know where I could stop my descent, partly because an enormous overhang cut off all possibility of communicating with my companions.

Passage B

In this passage, Ranulph Fiennes describes problems for Antarctic explorers, which have remained unchanged for a hundred years. The passage is based on his own journeys across the ice and snow.

Hazards and Hardships

At the time of writing, nobody has crossed Antarctica without outside support. Those who try find that the risks, the dangers and the discomforts have remained largely unchanged since the days of early explorers such as Amundsen and Scott. To cross 3000 kilometres of ice, much of it at high altitudes, without resupply means carrying some 230 kilograms per person. Shackleton dreamed of such a journey but his ship, the Endurance, sank before he could begin it.

As the twenty-first century begins, Shackleton's successors will find modern research and development have done little to provide answers to their basic problems. Food still weighs the same as it did despite the advent of dehydrated goodies because, in a waterless continent of ice, extra fuel is needed for rehydration. Clothing and footwear have advanced in many ways, but not for those who haul sledges, dragging ultra-heavy weights which cause sweating. This leads to a dangerous condition called hypothermia unless the clothing is 100 percent breathable. Only tight-weave cotton is suitable and it was on the market in 1901. Radios were available to Amundsen and Scott and, then as now, they are at their least dependable in polar zones owing to disturbances in the ionosphere.

Today's sledge runners experience the same problems as did Scott's. When fresh snowflakes fall they retain a beautiful hexagonal shape but the snow crystals of the Antarctic plateaux have been damaged by repeated collisions with other crystals as they are blown about in storms. Often the resulting surface, especially in low temperatures, grasps the runners on the sledge, as would the sand of a beach dune, and maximises friction.

Crevasses still lurk and no machine is available to tell the modern traveller where not to tread. When the Australian Antarctic explorer Douglas Mawson used dogs to haul his sledges, he had as much trouble with crevasses as any manhauler, losing animals in these treacherous openings in the ice. Travelling day after day, month after month over such invisible traps eats away at an Antarctic traveller's confidence and morale.
The winds, too, are a constant source of worry. They roar from higher plateaux at speeds of up to a hundred knots with little or no warning. Tents can be torn away from sleeping sledgers. In 1903, Scott's men sheltered on his ship the *Discovery* from one such blizzard. He wrote: 'If a man ventured as far as the deck, he gasped for breath and half-suffocated with ears, eyes and nose stuffed with snow.'

Even the sun can be an enemy when coupled with the endless snowfields and the cold. Goggles mist up and, when wearers remove them in order to see, they can quickly suffer snowblindness. In a violent snowstorm the snow floor reflects and refracts the glare so that there the human eye has no perception of depth and lurking crevasses are not detected. Huxley once described how Scott ‘was in agony from sunblindness which no medicine could alleviate. The victim of this horrible complaint felt as though his eyeballs were being tattooed by red-hot needles or brushed with gritty sand.’

1 From your reading of both passages, summarise the hazards and hardships of mountaineering (Passage A) and travelling over snow and ice (Passage B).

You should write about a side, allowing for the size of your handwriting. [20]

2 You are the presenter of a radio programme about dangerous expeditions. You have invited Walter Bonatti and Ranulph Fiennes to talk about their experiences.

Write the transcript of part of your conversation.

During the conversation you, the presenter, should ask the following questions:

- What qualities do you think a successful explorer or mountaineer needs?
- Do you think you are testing your luck and your endurance to too great an extreme?

Start the conversation like this:

Me: There must have been moments when each of you wished you had never set out.

Fiennes.: …

Use ideas and details from both passages. You may add your own ideas, but they must be based on what you have read.

You should write about 1½–2 sides, allowing for the size of your handwriting. [20]
Dear Nephew/Niece

You're nearly eighteen and I have been thinking of a special present to give you. I want it to be really useful and to suit your increasing maturity.

I listened carefully to what you said to me when I visited you last year and I think you would find these three things most useful: a really strong but lightweight bicycle with state-of-the-art gears; connection to the internet and a year’s payments for you to use it as much as you like; a pile of reference and other important books you will need at university.

To help you choose which one would be best, I have written down some ideas for you – what do you think?

Now first of all, about the bicycle – marvellous freedom, you know. You can go anywhere you want and save so much money just when you are really short of it. And then there's the health aspect. You'll build up those lungs and strengthen your heart. But I think what appeals to me the most is that the more we cycle the less we need cars, especially in the city. A little effort and the only cars that would be needed in most cities would be the invalid cars. What a difference to the environment! I hardly use my car any more – the bicycle is my real friend!

You young people are all so keen on the internet these days (my second choice), and I don't blame you. I'm always logging on to get the most up-to-date information. We can't afford to be behind the times and of course you become a member of a worldwide club. Wherever you live you can find out what is happening in other, very different parts of the world, some of them much more prosperous than ours. The information comes to you so fast and you will need it for those essays you have to write.

Mind you, do you really want to move so fast? The world's a hectic place, and there's another advantage of a bicycle - you can chug along at your own speed and notice the wonderful things around you. Books are like that. You can explore them and think your ideas out in comfort, in your old armchair. The printed page can stir your imagination in a way television cannot. People can come alive and you can imagine their voices as they speak to you. I've always found it marvellous to immerse myself in the styles of the great authors. I'm sure it has made me a much better writer.

Well, when you have chosen which present you would like, write me a letter explaining carefully why you have decided on one and why you have rejected the others. I expect you to base your ideas on what I have written and develop some of my reasons I have given above. I shall enjoy reading your personal thoughts.

And yes, – this is the whim of an old uncle – I do expect you to persuade me that your choice is really what you want. If you don’t, I may decide to postpone the present until you are twenty-one!

Your ever-loving

Uncle Nathaniel
3 Answer your uncle’s letter according to his instructions.

Begin your letter, ‘Dear Uncle Nathaniel …’

You should write about 1\(\frac{1}{2}\)–2 sides, allowing for the size of your handwriting. [20]