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FIRST LANGUAGE ENGLISH **0500/13**

Paper 1 Reading **October/November 2022**

INSERT **2 hours**

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INFORMATION

- This insert contains the reading texts.
- You may annotate this insert and use the blank spaces for planning. **Do not write your answers** on the insert.

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Read **Text A**, and then answer **Questions 1(a)–(e)** on the question paper.

Text A: Giant squid

The giant squid is the largest of all invertebrates. Scientists believe it can be as long as 18 metres.

French sailors say that they have come across one of these elusive monsters of the sea. Yachtsman Olivier Kersauson said that several hours into his voyage he'd found that one of the huge creatures had apparently clamped on to the hull of his boat.

Mr Kersauson said the sighting occurred off the Portuguese island of Madeira.

'I saw a tentacle through a porthole,' he said. 'It was thicker than my leg and it was really pulling the boat hard.'

Mr Kersauson adds that two of the tentacles were blocking the rudder, making steering impossible.

Giant squid often feature in maritime legends and novels, including Jules Verne's 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea'. But unlike Jules Verne's fictional Captain Nemo, Mr Kersauson did not have to fight with an angry monster and cut off its tentacles.

The French sailor says this considerate squid released its grip when he stopped the boat.

'We didn't have anything to scare it off. The sight made us freeze with terror. I don't know what we would have done if the beast hadn't let go,' Mr Kersauson said. 'We weren't going to attack it with our penknives.'

Mr Kersauson says the squid must have been seven or eight metres long. 'And I don't know how powerful. I've never seen anything like it in 40 years of sailing,' he says.

Giant squid live deep under the sea. Only about 250 sightings, mostly of dead ones, have ever been recorded. Quite often their tentacles were missing and their bodies mangled, partially eaten or decomposed. A giant squid measuring about 15 metres was found washed-up on an Australian beach in July. A smaller one was caught by a trawler's net off the coast of Scotland a year ago.

Read **Text B**, and then answer **Question 1(f)** on the question paper.

Text B: Is it wrong to swim with dolphins?

Swimming with dolphins regularly features as one of those transformative experiences on the top of your wish list.

Many tour operators include it in holiday packages. 'You will feel completely free and at one with nature as you swim majestically alongside these incredible creatures,' is how one sells the experience.

But now doubt has been cast on the health effects of dolphin swimming, not for humans but for the dolphins themselves.

Researchers have found that swimming close to bottlenose dolphins and trying to touch them can be highly stressful for them, preventing them from resting, feeding or nurturing their young. The implications for many breeds of dolphin, already on the Animal Welfare Institute's list of endangered species, are serious.

'People think if they make a disturbance, the animals will just move out of their way,' said a spokesman for The Whale and Dolphin Conservation Society (WDCS). 'But we might displace them, and they may not have a place that's safe to go to.'

If dolphins leave, many tourism-driven economies will also suffer. Off the coast of one resort, up to 30 boats invade a pod (a group of dolphins) and swimmers chase the dolphins, hoping to make physical contact. Since dolphins breathe air and so need to surface regularly, they can be easily followed by fast-moving vessels like water-skis and speedboats. Such tours run throughout the day.

There are tour operators who try to interact with the sea creatures in a more responsible way, by limiting numbers of boats and passengers, and letting the dolphins take the lead. In the open sea off the coast of Portugal, Amanda Stafford, of The Dolphin Connection, tells clients to wait for the dolphin to approach them and keep their hands to themselves. 'If dolphins aren't feeling sociable, they make it obvious.'

There are still worries, not least because of the risk of transmitting diseases between humans and dolphins. 'We like people going to see the animals,' the WDCS spokesman says. 'But the best organisations make arrangements to watch the animals from land.'

Some dolphins are kept in captive enclosures so that they are readily available to swim with tourists. A neuroscientist said that for creatures accustomed to living in the wild and swimming hundreds of kilometres a day, this could result in long-term psychological problems.

And keeping dolphins captive at resorts or aquatic parks is similar to torture, says another researcher, as it separates these sociable animals from their pods. 'It would be like locking me in a cupboard. We should respect dolphins in the same way that we respect people.'

Read **Text C**, and then answer **Questions 2(a)–(d)** and **Question 3** on the question paper.

Text C: Ocean Hotel

In this text, the narrator, Jenny, describes a day and night that she and her friend, Eloise, spent at Ocean Hotel, a hotel under the sea.

Eloise and I are sitting in the porthole watching fish, while I consume a hot bread roll. Eloise still isn't eating.

I've often heard fellow divers say that they love scuba diving so much, they'd sleep underwater if they could. But until I discovered Ocean Hotel, I didn't know it was actually possible, apart from on a naval assignment in a submarine.

I remember perusing the online advertisement. Ocean Hotel, I read, originally used as an underwater research station in the 1970s, now served as the country's only underwater hotel.

In its vicinity were coral reefs. My heart raced at this thought: I knew this would be our next trip away. As I pointed out to Eloise on the phone, she had chosen our last getaway – a sojourn in a sedate hotel where we'd reclined in comfortable chairs in the gardens, and she'd taken photographs of distant rolling hills.

I'd been so bored, but now it was my turn.

Eloise could scuba dive, I argued. We frequently dived in our younger days. Okay, she was a bit rusty now, but I had spare equipment and we could get in a bit of gentle practice beforehand.

Eloise and I stood on the water's edge with two other people, waiting to be told when we could take the ten-metre dive down below the water to the just-about-visible shimmering yellow hotel entrance.

Our induction to hotel rules was novel. The hotel manager introduced himself as Ocean King. The appearance of Ocean King's bedraggled grey beard and hoary sea-worn tresses was somewhat compromised by a pair of youthful brown eyes that twinkled at us. More distracting again was the fluorescent-green fishtail in which he waddled unconvincingly. Eloise rolled her eyes dismissively. I listened attentively while Ocean King, his heavily-grizzled eyebrows glued in a permanent frown, carefully informed us that, due to pressure changes, we wouldn't be able to use any underwater camera equipment or bring any toiletries, which were a risk for causing subsurface explosions.

'Oh, Jenny! A night without my face cream is almost as frightening as a night trapped in a submerged metal box,' wailed Eloise. I laughed at her silliness.

Almost immediately, Ocean King took us scuba diving near Ocean Hotel's shell-encrusted doorstep. I was thrilled by the sights. Striped clownfish darted among swirling fingers of sea anemones, while silvery fish reeled in huge glittering whorls. I saw corals fan out in shockingly pink fractal branches or grow in coruscated hummocks, delicate enough to be damaged by a careless bump. Their dainty structures flashed like firecrackers.

Ocean King, now divested of his fishtail and silver hair, and attired instead in an ink-blue diving costume, plunged and rolled between his more fragile subjects, before nosing his way back down to the grand Hotel entrance with the other two guests.

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I passed the rest of my day diving happily, while Eloise sat on a sea wall, staring out across the ocean. In the evening, I took an energising freshwater shower, streamed marine conservation documentaries, played animated board games with a taciturn Eloise and feasted on both our pizzas, delivered with a regal bow by Ocean King.

‘That’s all we serve,’ he’d told Eloise with a smile.

At night, our hotel walls did not entirely block out an assortment of pops, crunches, grunts, snaps and scrapes, that indicated to me that maritime life continued through all parts of the day and night. Eagerly, I told the dozing Eloise to remove her ear muffs and listen. ‘But I’ve only just got to sleep,’ she complained.

So, now it’s morning and I am still sitting in my porthole, watching tiny translucent fish scuttle in zany patterns. It is time to surface, but I’m not quite ready to say goodbye to the sea. Eloise, on the other hand, has already buckled her fins. I wonder what she plans for our next getaway.

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