INSTRUCTIONS AND INFORMATION TO CANDIDATES

• Write your answers on the separate answer book/paper provided.
• Write your Centre Number, Candidate Number and Name on all the work you hand in.
• Write in dark blue or black pen.
• Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

• Answer all questions.

• At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.
• The number of marks is given in brackets [ ] at the end of each question or part question.
PART 1
Read the following extract, then answer Questions 1 to 4.

ACCIDENTAL GENIUS
Sometimes the mother of invention is Lady Luck by SHEA DEAN

Jelly Cure

Heading back to his New York home in 1859, Robert Augustus Chesebrough had reason to despair. At 22, he had already failed at one money-making idea, selling paraffin, because it had become too expensive. Then he had gone to Pennsylvania, hoping to get in on the market for oil, but prices were already soaring – $20 a barrel, (about N$3 000) in today’s equivalent. Unable to find regular employment, he started to spend more time with the oil rig operators, who told him about a sticky oil by-product called "rod wax" that jammed their drills but seemed to have magical healing powers. Chesebrough carried a bucket of the wax home on the train, but compared with the money he had hoped to make, it must have seemed a sorry prize.

In the 1860’s, as John Rockefeller was amassing his fortune in the oil business, Chesebrough spent many hours in his laboratory, cutting and burning his arms and hands. He had extracted the wax's essential ingredient, a colourless, odourless jelly, and was now serving as his own guinea pig, spreading it on his wounds. When they healed without infection (the jelly coating sealed off germs), he began making the ointment in larger quantities. He called it Vaseline, a combination of the German word for water and the Greek word for olive oil, and packed it in small tins priced at fifty cents each.

Chesebrough’s gel may have been "effective for man or beast," as its label claimed. However, there were few buyers, but this did not discourage him. Firstly he distributed samples at construction sites in the city; then he criss-crossed the state of New York in his horse-drawn wagon, cutting himself before fascinated crowds, showing his scars and then handing out samples.

The tactic worked, and by 1874 Chesebrough was selling a jar a minute, with people rubbing the ointment not only on scrapes and cuts but on wooden furniture, cracked leather, rusty farm equipment, chapped lips and fish-hooks. A worthless petroleum by-product had developed into a booming business – one that would form the basis, many decades later, of the Chesebrough-Ponds empire. Though Chesebrough went on to invest in real estate and run for public office, the inventor remained totally attached to his first discovery: he ate a spoonful of the stuff every morning, claiming it enabled him to slip from death’s grip for 96 years.

Rockefeller, who did not engage in the practice, lived to the age of 98.

(Adapted from Reader's Digest July 2003)
In answering the following questions, be careful to use your own words as far as possible.

1. Why did Chesebrough feel disheartened at the age of 22?  

2. What is meant by "serving as his own guinea-pig"?  

3. Give two similarities between Chesebrough and Rockefeller.  

4. In your own words explain how Chesebrough developed his successful business from "a sticky oil by-product". Give five stages.  

[1]  

[2]  

[10]
PART 2

Read the following article, then answer Questions 5 to 14.

'I SPENT THREE MONTHS IN PRISON'

Julie was an ordinary, middle-class girl living a normal life until she was arrested and spent three months in Johannesburg's Diepkloof Prison. Here she tells the story of how it changed her life.

I am from a good family and have a university degree. I was 28 and working as a personal assistant. I took life and people for granted. I dated a man who had a negative influence on me and my life took a turn in the wrong direction. I was eventually imprisoned. I was then taken to the Awaiting Trial Section (ATS).

At first, I was completely disorientated by the chaos and lack of discipline, loud noises and constant screaming. In jail, everyone screams to be heard. They do not talk, they shout, even when you are standing right next to them.

Each cell holds up to 60 prisoners and the ones who have been there the longest, use the bottom bunks or "houses". I was not there long enough to get a bottom bunk.

My mother was having chemotherapy at the time and she was too ill to come and see me, but my father lovingly visited me each Tuesday and Thursday. He brought me food, clothes and the pink duvet I had had on my bed as a child. That duvet was my warmth, comfort and privacy. I could drown myself in it when I needed to.

Prison gave me the opportunity to meet women from different backgrounds. I knew I had had a pretty luxurious lifestyle.

I had not been there long when a woman attacked me. I am still not sure why. But growing up with three brothers had made me quite strong, so I managed to beat her off. After that I was given some respect.

Every morning there was a hectic rush for the showers. We were allowed to shower from 3.30am but hot water only ran for about 14 minutes, so some girls would take a chance and shower before. If they were caught they would be punished.

I am eternally grateful that I regularly had visitors who brought me food, so I did not have to endure the twice-daily meal-time fiasco. There were two queues with a great deal of shouting and screaming, and monitors who decided who could go into the canteen. Prisoners had to have their own plastic containers and the food (mushy vegetables, bones and pieces of fat) was literally thrown into these. My family brought me food: bread, cheese spread, chocolate, jam... I lived on it for the time I was in jail. I was able to wangle my way out of going to the canteen. I stayed in the cell instead. Everything works on bribes, so the sergeants received a lot of my chocolate. My dad would always bring them something extra, too.
Using the phone was difficult unless you were buddies with the appointed phone monitor. Some prisoners would be verbally abused for talking for just a minute, while the monitor's "favourites" could talk for 20 minutes.

Prisoners who were awaiting trial, did not have to wear prison uniforms; we wore whatever visitors brought us. We each had a locker which we had to keep locked. You could not trust anyone and you could not ever leave anything unattended.

At 2.30pm, we had parade and were checked and counted. Then we were locked into our cells for the rest of the afternoon and the entire night. Girls would braid each other's hair to pass the time. My friends and I would read racy romance novels and eat cheese-spread sandwiches. At 6.00pm, we would be silent for prayers. The next day, we would wake up and do it all over again.

Even though I had friends, I was lonely, anxious and angry with myself. I would think about the things I missed: TV, walking around my suburb with my brother, laughing with my mom and my gran. I do not know what I would have done without my dad's visits.

In the mornings, there was "sick parade". The sister who prescribed medication was one of the most beautiful women I have ever met. I would often go down to Sister Lucy with tears pouring down my cheeks, and she would just look at me with her wise, patient, kind eyes and convince me to keep going.

The thing about ATS was that you were not there forever, as you had not yet been sentenced. Every weekday, women would go off to court. That was always a big event because it might mean freedom. Friends would bring you your belongings and everyone would kiss and hug you, but they would always say sadly, "Remember me, remember me in here."

After three months in ATS, it was my turn for a day in court. I was eventually released on a suspended sentence. If I contravened any of the sentence conditions, I would go back to prison for two to five years. One of the conditions was that I went into rehabilitation. I was excited beyond belief. As bad as rehabilitation might be, it meant freedom.

When you come out after being locked behind bars, even walking down the street seems uplifting – almost magical. There is a great sense of opportunity and potential. I have realised that freedom is really all that counts in the end.

I have also realised how much my family means to me and how important it is to have friends. I have more patience, consideration and time for them. I have more understanding and love, I suppose. I know that I need to work for my independence and that respect has to be earned. I have also learnt to be humble. I like myself more now.'

(Adapted from The Cosmopolitan, December 2001)
For Questions 5 – 10 write down the letter A, B, C or D on your answer paper to indicate the answer which fits best.

5 What did Julie find most disturbing about the behaviour of the prison inmates?
   A. The chaos.
   B. The lack of discipline.
   C. The lack of moral support.
   D. The shouting.  [1]

6 Why did Julie's mother not visit her?
   A. She lived too far away from the prison.
   B. She preferred her father to visit her.
   C. She was embarrassed by her daughter.
   D. She was receiving hospital treatment.  [1]

7 Why did Julie value her duvet?
   A. It reminded her of her childhood.
   B. It was her favourite colour.
   C. She could hide underneath it.
   D. She could use it to commit suicide.  [1]

8 Why did Julie gain respect from the other inmates?
   A. She grew up with three brothers.
   B. She was the only one who did not go to the canteen.
   C. She was physically strong.
   D. She won a fight.  [1]

9 Julie did not have to take her meals in the canteen because
   A. she did not have her own container.
   B. she did not like standing in the queues.
   C. she had enough food in her room.
   D. she refused to bribe the sergeants.  [1]

10 What was her initial reaction when notified of her release?
   A. Excited.
   B. Humble.
   C. Patient.
   D. Relieved.  [1]

11 Explain what Julie meant by "My life took a change in the wrong direction."(line 1)  [2]

12 Give two impressions that you have of Julie's father and support each impression with evidence from the passage.  [4]

13 How does Julie intend to change her life positively in the future?  [2]

14 What evidence do you find in the extract that Julie's attitude towards life changed during her stay in prison. Give reasons for your answer.  [6]  [20]
PART 3

Read the following extract carefully, then answer Question 15.

800 km on mountain bikes

The ultimate way to see a country

If you are under the impression that Namibia is a country to cross only by 4x4 vehicle or in an air-conditioned bus, you are mistaken. Meeting a group of mountain bikers on the gravel road between Solitaire and Sesriem in November, will change this perception forever – especially if it is 42°C and there is not a single cloud in the sky. Seven strange-looking apparitions, shimmering in the heat haze, turn out to be weathered bikers on state-of-the-art mountain bikes, with white cotton head-cloths flapping behind them as they shake and shudder across the corrugated surface of the road.

In an interview with TNN in Windhoek after their adventure, Austrian René Dollo and his six German team mates explained that they were adventurers rather than sportsmen. Some of them have been doing this kind of adventure for twenty years, for three to four hours per day in and around their home towns near Regensburg in Bayern, Germany.

The fact that it was November, hardly a time of year the locals would recommend cyclists from Europe to challenge the Namib Desert, did not seem to bother them at all. For some, this was the sixth desert ride and not at all unbearable. Well-seasoned mountain bikers, says René Dollo, would find this an adventure to be highly recommended.

They should know, as they cycled the 882 km from Windhoek to Lüderitz, within 10 days. For one member of the team, this was his first ever multi-day trip, and judging by the reaction of his team mates, it became a challenging endurance ride towards the end.

"But that is the challenge and the adventure," says Alois Stiegler, a seasoned mountain biker and leader of the pack. "If you have a support team, it's no longer a challenge. Part of the adventure is to repair punctures (they had 17) and carry your gear, which in Namibia includes at least 10 litres of water." Anything, except when the frame of the bikes are damaged, can be repaired by the bikers themselves. It is ironic that on their way back to Windhoek by car, they had their only real breakdown of the entire trip – so much for travelling by motor vehicle.

When asked about the temperature and condition of the roads, Alois told the story of a trip from Hanoi to Saigon in Vietnam, when it was freezing cold at one end and so hot at the other that the tar on the road had melted – much more strenuous for a cyclist than Namibia's gravel roads.

Is this really the way to see a country and its people? They are all adamant that it is the best way. On a mountain bike, you are close to nature, you travel slowly and have ample time to admire the scenery. They cycle from sunrise to sunset, sleep under the stars and cover an average 120 km per day. On this trip, the famous Namibian night sky proved to be better than usual. They
saw the meteorite shower, visible only every 36 years, which was said to have been the best ever.

When one travels through a country on a mountain bike, people are mostly very generous and kind. Farmers along the way assist them with water and so on and even invite them to stay. Invitations turned out to include camping spots, Namibian suppers and game drives at night. Other than the ostrich which did not trust the strange figures and became entangled in wires in its haste to escape, they saw gemsbok and springbok along the way, and even kudu.

However, René Dollo does not see much enthusiasm among team mates for the next trip, which is planned from Bombay to Madras in India. What a contrast this will be to the Namibian adventure, where the cars they met in a day could be counted on both hands.

(Adapted from Travel News Namibia, Dec '98/Jan '99)

Imagine that you were part of that group touring Namibia on mountain bikes. Write a letter to your friend in which you relate your experience. Use the information from the passage to convince him/her to join you on a similar trip.

You should write between 250 – 300 words.