

Section A

Text 1

Study the poster below and answer Questions 1-4 in the Question Paper Booklet.

When was the last time you had a memorable vacation?

Is your idea of a holiday seeing as much as possible in the shortest time and exhausting yourself scurrying from one place to another? Do you have blurred memories of what you did between stops and a hazy idea of whom you met and where? Then you're ready for a sea-escape aboard Phoveus Cruise ship, Singapore's newest, most modern luxury liner.

In this world of rush, rush, dirt, noise and confusion you'll find an oasis of peace...an island of pleasure where you set the pace. Days and nights seem to blend and slip away among new friends you'll get to know.

When you return to the hustle and bustle, you'll feel rested, relaxed and with a new lease on life. Only the sea can do this. Isn't it about time you slow down and enjoy some calm and serenity?



Phoveus Cruise ship

Singapore's newest luxury liner is first class throughout.

- All rooms equipped with bathtubs
- Six swimming pools including a wave pool
- 3D cinema
- Para-sailing, wakeboarding & scuba-diving
- Five restaurants

Built and sailed under Singapore Coast Guard safety standards – the highest in the world.

Cruise Destination	Duration	Dates
New York	41 days	2 January 2022, 3 March 2022 & 12 May 2022
South America, Africa & Europe	93 days	15 July 2022 & 20 November 2022

*All cruises depart from Harbourfront, Singapore.

Reserve your spot at www.phoveuscruises.com

Heavily adapted from <https://beyourbusiness.com/Collectibles/ozsvsq-221843/Old-Advertisement-Vintage.pdf>

Section B

Text 2

The text below is about a man, a hunter, visiting his wife after twenty years apart. Along the way, he reminisced about how he met his wife. Read it carefully and answer Questions 5-14 in the Question Paper Booklet.

- 1 It was the hunter's first-time outside Montana. He woke, stricken still with the hours-old vision of ascending through rose-lit cumulus clouds, of houses and barns like specks deep in the snowed-in valleys, all the scrolling country below looking December - brown and black hills streaked with snow, flashes of iced-over lakes, a river gleaming at the bottom of a canyon. Above the wing the sky had deepened to a blue so pure he knew it would bring tears to his eyes if he looked long enough. 5
- 2 Now it was dark. The airplane descended over Chicago, its galaxy of electric lights, the vast neighbourhoods becoming clearer as the plane glided toward the airport - streetlights, headlights, stacks of buildings, ice rinks, food trucks, schools, boats on a river, scraps of snow atop a warehouse and winking antennae on faraway hills, finally the long converging parallels of blue runway lights, and they were down. He walked into the airport, past the banks of monitors. He immediately felt as if he'd lost something, some beautiful perspective, some lovely dream fallen away. He had come to Chicago to see his wife, whom he had not seen in twenty years. She was there to perform her magic for a higher-up at the state university. Even universities, apparently, were interested in what she could do. Outside the terminal the sky was thick and gray and hurried by wind. Snow was coming. A woman from the university met him and escorted him to her Jeep. He kept his gaze out the window. 10 15 20
- 3 The hunter met his wife in Great Falls, Montana, in the winter of 1972. That year, winter arrived all at once - you could watch it come. Out of nowhere, twin curtains of white appeared in the north. It was white all the way to the sky. It drove south relentlessly like the end of all things.
- 4 His wife, back then, was a magician's assistant, beautiful, eighteen years old. She was performing in the meeting hall at the Central Church. The hunter had been walking past with an armful of groceries when the wind stopped him in his tracks and drove him into the alley behind the church. He had never felt such wind; it had him pinned. His face was pressed against a low window, and through it he could see the show. The magician was a small man in a dirty blue cape. Above him a sagging banner read 'THE GREAT VESPUCCI'. But the hunter watched only the girl; she was graceful, young, smiling. Like a wrestler, the wind held him against the window. 25 30
- 5 The magician was buckling the girl into a plywood coffin. Her neck and head stuck out at one end, her ankles and feet at the other. She beamed. The magician started up an electric saw and brought it noisily down through the center of the box, sawing her in half. Then he wheeled her apart, her legs going one way, her torso another. Her neck fell back. Her smile faded. Her eyes showed only white. The hall went silent. The lights dimmed. A child screamed. Wiggle your toes, the magician ordered, flourishing his magic wand, and she did; her disembodied toes wiggled in glittery high-heeled pumps. The audience squealed with delight. 35 40
- 6 The hunter watched her pink, fine-boned face, her hanging hair, her outstretched throat. Her eyes caught the spotlight. His groceries, onions and a sack of flour, went tumbling to the ground around his feet. Was she looking at him? Did she see his face pressed against the window? 45

- 7 That night and every night after that, he rushed to the stage after her performance. "Just eat dinner with me," he'd plead. "Just tell me your name." It was hunting by persistence. She finally said yes after a week.

Adapted from 'The Hunter's Wife' by Antony Doerr
<https://www.theatlantic.com/magazine/archive/2001/05/the-hunters-wife/302198>