

Part 7

You are going to read part of the autobiography of a surfing instructor. For questions 43 – 52, choose from the sections (A – E). The sections may be chosen more than once.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

In which section does the writer mention

feeling satisfaction that her determination resulted in better performance?

43

the problem of having to wait for conditions to be favourable for surfing?

44

a change which helped her to pursue her hobby?

45

continuing to surf even when the conditions were unfavourable?

46

the pleasure she gets from seeing others succeed?

47

being aware that it would take time for her abilities to be recognised?

48

her enthusiasm for the sea being recognised by someone else?

49

an admission that she doesn't think about what she is doing when surfing?

50

not being concerned that she stood out from others?

51

people appreciating her serious attitude towards her surfing?

52

Walking on waves

Sarah Whiteley talks about her love of surfing and how it began.

- A** My journey to the sea began when I was tiny. My mum, who used to surf then, would sit me on one of her old boards and push me into the little waves in a few centimetres of water. We both soon realised I had an unstoppable appetite for the waves, something which has never faded. Soon after that we moved to a house which was almost on the beach. I could literally walk out of the garden into the sea. Living by the sea is something you never take for granted if you surf. I open the curtains in the morning and my heart leaps as I see the long perfect lines of waves rolling into the bay.
- B** Being the only girl in the water when I was learning to surf never bothered me because I'd always been trying to keep up with an elder brother who was exceptionally good at sports. So there I was, a tiny little thing, itching to better my surfing by checking out other surfers and looking for new moves. I was surfing four times a day in the summer holidays, before and after school right through the winter months as the temperatures dropped and the sea was really wild. I just couldn't get enough of it.
- C** Things started to get competitive as I got older and stronger. I was tackling more challenging waves: faster, more powerful and more dangerous, but I was gaining confidence and building up my experience, and it was really rewarding to see myself improving. And that's when the boys started to notice me, and they weren't too sure how to cope with it. They seemed to think along the lines of 'She's only a girl – she won't manage that wave, so I'll get in there and show her how to do it.' Convincing them that I could hold my own in the waves wasn't going to happen overnight.
- D** Over time and after a few hair-raising moments, I made some friends and mutual respect blossomed between me and the guys who spent all their time in the waves with me. When I started pulling off some good moves on my surfboard and throwing a bit of spray on the waves, they began giving me a bit of credit, so that if I was going out when the surf was really big, they would shout out instructions to make sure I had the best chance. They knew I wasn't messing about and that I was going for it out there. Things got really interesting when I went in for competitions. In fact, I entered every national surfing competition over ten years. Competition surfing can be extremely frustrating, since you can never guarantee waves at a certain time on a certain day, and there's vast amounts of hanging around.
- E** Now I've set up a surf school and I've got a whole new perspective. When you start teaching something, you have to learn for yourself again. Everything you've been doing instinctively without really noticing for the last fifteen years has now got to be passed on, and it gets surprisingly detailed and tricky in parts. But it's been fantastic introducing so many people to the sport, and it's even better when you get to see their big grins when they stand up for the first time and ride a wave into the shore. Surfing has taken me all over the world and now it feels like it's brought me home again.