

Part 7

You are going to read an article about young people's experiences of learning to surf. For questions **43–52**, choose from the people (**A–D**). The people may be chosen more than once.

Mark your answers on the separate answer sheet.

Which person

admits to being in need of praise from other people?

43

says that despite having some ability they didn't wish to continue?

44

describes an anxiety that held them back for some time?

45

mentions that a previous experience could have discouraged them from trying again?

46

says that other distractions prevented them from trying surfing earlier?

47

describes how someone else's enthusiasm made a big difference?

48

says they appreciated learning in a methodical way?

49

explains how surfing failed to have the emotional impact that others had predicted?

50

mentions how the absence of spectators on the day proved helpful?

51

expresses appreciation of people's tolerance?

52

Young surfers

A Jessica Lee

I've always had an emotional attachment to the sea which I can't quite explain. I've watched it for years, appreciating its beauty and power. But I'd never actually dared to go in. I could swim, yet something about the sea made me nervous. I knew I needed to overcome this if I wanted to fulfil my ambition of surfing. One year I finally went for it when I was on holiday. The beach was almost deserted, which was ideal as I was feeling incredibly self-conscious. The coach was so positive about everything and that really filled me with confidence. But I was so focused on remembering what to do, that by the time I finally got into the water I was no longer feeling nervous. It took a few attempts, but then suddenly I was on my feet, gliding along, so thrilled that I'd actually caught my first wave. To my astonishment, for the first time ever, I had a genuine passion for something and this took up all my spare time and completely changed my outlook on things.

B Robert Morgan

My first attempt at surfing had consisted of two miserable hours on my own getting battered by the waves, while trying to cling onto my board. This should have put me off but somehow it didn't. I decided to have another go and booked some lessons this time. The first lesson wasn't too promising, actually, because there was a whole set of warm-up exercises to do, which irritated me, but the instructor explained that without them there was a real chance of cramp and getting into difficulty in the water. Then he talked us through the basics – catching waves and controlling the board while lying on it – then sent us out into the water. When we'd mastered all that, we returned to the beach to learn the next skill. This progressive tuition was great for building confidence – attempting too much in one go would have been overwhelming. Before long, I'd got to grips with catching waves, although standing on the board out at sea proved to be rather tricky. In fact, after that initial session, I was totally exhausted and even had trouble standing up on dry land!

C Chloe Emery

The welcome from all the staff couldn't have been warmer. It would have been easy for them to look down on clueless beginners like myself. To my relief, they seemed genuinely delighted when someone finally made a breakthrough and could actually do the basics. I was very aware that I was barely keeping up with my classmates, who got the hang of the technical side surprisingly quickly. What I also found difficult was that the board was so much heavier than I'd expected and this held me back for a while. I can't really remember the first time I rode a bicycle without stabilisers, but I do remember feeling proud the first time I managed to balance independently and looked round at my father for a nod of encouragement. When I mastered the considerably more difficult skills required for surfing, I had a similar feeling. I almost felt like shouting out, 'Look, I'm doing it!' The wish to gain approval, I'm embarrassed to say, was overwhelming.

D Leo McIntyre

I'd always had glamorous images of surfing in my mind but I found that this romantic picture wasn't very accurate. Perhaps I didn't want to burst the bubble and learn how tough it was. I'd lived near the coast for a long time but couldn't tear myself away from the volleyball court long enough to take up any other sports. I loved the ocean and swam daily but somehow surfing just seemed as if it should be for super-fit, trendy people who had great balance and no fear. When I managed to surf my first wave, I was too astonished to enjoy the moment. Feelings of exhilaration and freedom are supposed to hit you – at least, that was what all my surfing friends had repeatedly told me. I didn't seem to be following the script because I felt strangely uninvolved in the experience, so this wasn't something I was going to take any further – apparently I actually showed promise but that didn't change anything.