

Language Paper 1: Jurassic Park

1 Two crewmen carried a limp body toward her, while another barked orders. "Is there a doctor here?" he called to her, as she ran up.
"I'm Dr. Carter." she said. The rain fell in heavy drops, pounding her head and shoulders. The red-halted man frowned at her. She was wearing cut-off jeans and a tank top. She had a stethoscope over her shoulder, the bell already rusted from the salt air.

"Ed Regis. We've got a very sick man here, doctor."
5 "Then you better take him to San Jos," she said. San Jos, was the capital, just twenty minutes away by air.
"We would, but we can't get over the mountains in this weather. You have to treat him here." Bobbie trotted alongside the injured man as they carried him to the clinic. He was a kid, no older than eighteen. Lifting away the blood-soaked shirt, she saw a big slashing rip along his shoulder, and another on the leg.
"What happened to him?"
"Construction accident," Ed shouted. "He fell. One of the backhoes ran over him."

10 The kid was pale, shivering, unconscious. Manuel stood by the bright green door of the clinic, waving his arm. The men brought the body through and set it on the table in the centre of the room. Immediately she could see that it did not look good. The kid would almost certainly die. A big tearing laceration ran from his shoulder down his torso. At the edge of the wound, the flesh was shredded. At the centre, the shoulder was dislocated, pale bones exposed. A second slash cut through the heavy muscles of the thigh, deep enough to reveal the pulse of the femoral artery below. Her first impression was that his leg had been ripped open. "Tell me again about this injury," she said. "I didn't see it," Ed said. "They say the backhoe dragged him." "Because it almost looks as if he was mauled," Bobbie Carter said, probing the wound. Like most emergency room physicians, she could remember in detail patients she had seen even years before. She had seen two maulings. One was a two-year-old child who had been attacked by a Rottweiler dog. The other was a drunken
15 circus attendant who had had an encounter with a Bengal tiger. Both injuries were similar. There was a characteristic look to an animal attack.
Bobbie Carter turned back to the injuries. Somehow she didn't think she was seeing mechanical trauma. It just didn't look right. No soil contamination of the wound site, and no crush injury component. Mechanical trauma of any sort-an auto injury, a factory accident-almost always had some component of crushing. But here there was none. Instead, the man's skin was shredded -ripped-across his shoulder, and again across his thigh. It really did look like a maul. On the other hand, most of the body was unmarked, which was unusual for an animal attack.

"All right," she said. "Wait outside."
20 "Why?" Ed said, alarmed. He didn't like that. "Do you want me to help him, or not?" she said, and pushed him out the door and closed it on his face. She didn't know what was going on, but she didn't like it.

Then the kid groaned. His lips moved, his tongue thick. "Raptor," he said. "Lo sa raptor . . ." At those words, Manuel froze, stepped back in horror. "What does it mean?" Bobbie said. Manuel shook his head. "I do not know, doctor. 'Lo sa raptor'-no es Español"
"No?" It sounded to her like Spanish. Bobbie looked again at the slippery foam streaked across the wound. She touched it, rubbing it between her fingers. It seemed almost like saliva. . . . The injured boy's lips moved.
"Raptor," he whispered. In a tone of horror, Manuel said.
25 "It bit him."
"What bit him?"
"Raptor."
"What's a raptor?"
"It is not normal, this smell," he said. "It is the hupia*."

30 Bobbie was about to order him back to work when the injured youth opened his eyes and sat straight up on the table. Manuel shrieked in terror. The injured boy moaned and twisted his head, looking left and right with wide staring eyes, and then he explosively vomited blood. He went immediately into convulsions, his body vibrating, and Bobbie grabbed for him but he shuddered off the table onto the concrete floor. He vomited again. There was blood everywhere. Bobbie was grabbing for a stick to put in the boy's clenched jaws, but even as she did it she knew it was hopeless, and with a final spastic jerk he relaxed and lay still.

Bobbie looked at the body on the ground and realized that it didn't matter; there was no possibility of resuscitating him. Manuel called for the men, who came back into the room and took the body away. Ed appeared,
34 wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, muttering, "I'm sure you did all you could." and then she watched as the men took the body away, back to the helicopter, and it lifted thunderously up into the sky.

*The spirits of the dead, which roam around Coast Rica

