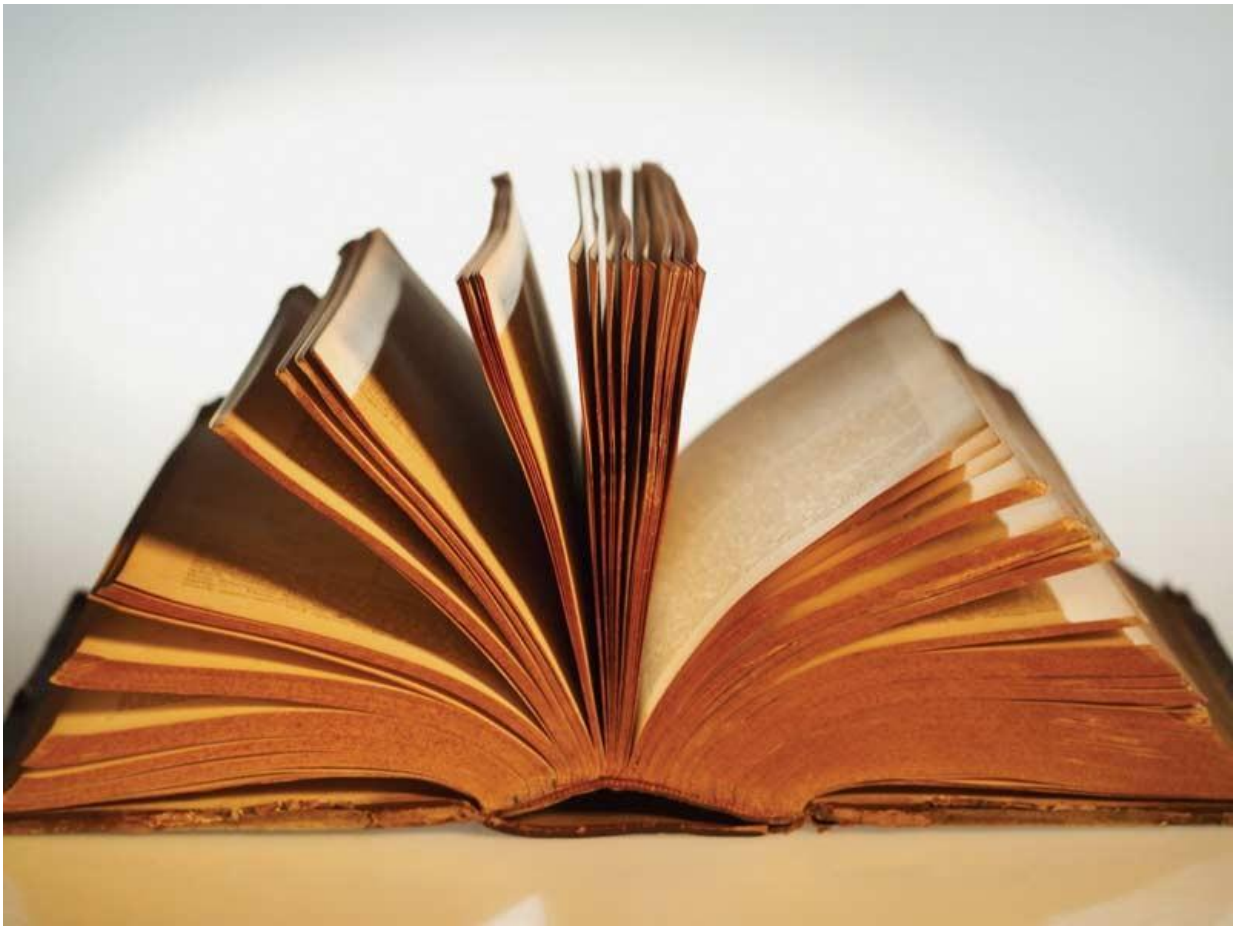
The Littlehampton Academy
English Faculty



GCSE English Language (8700)

Paper 2

Writers' Viewpoints and Perspectives

Exemplar Texts and Questions

Welcome!

This booklet contains a wealth of practice extracts and questions for Paper 2 of your English Language exam. This covers the four **reading** questions and the viewpoint **writing** question, both of which you studied and sat Mock Exams in during Year 10.

The Paper is always structured the same way, with questions always retaining the same focus. You need to make sure you know what these are, along with the amount of time you should devote to each question. This **must** be stuck to strictly to ensure you cover all questions and achieve as highly as you can.

Q	Marks	Minutes	Focus
Reading		15	Read with the 4 questions in mind
1	4	5	True/False Statements
2	8	10	Summary and Synthesis of Similarities/Differences
3	12	10	Language
4	16	20	Comparison of Writers' Viewpoints and Perspectives
5	40	45	Viewpoint Writing

English Language Paper 2 (8700/2)

Monday 12th June 2017 9am Sports Hall

Top Tips!

- Make sure you use your 15 minutes reading time with the 4 question in mind; read the focus of the four questions in terms of lines numbers and question, and read actively for this information;
- Question 1: Read the statements carefully, and check for textual evidence;
- Questions 2 will always need **inference** – you need to read between the lines;
- Question 3 really needs **terminology** – that means technical terms;
- Question 4 is the **highest tariff** question – it wants you to use two key skills – comparisons (both similarities and differences) and language analysis; you should be talking about what the writers think, feel and believe.
- Question 5 is all about your writing – think and craft carefully language and structure for a purpose. Keep a close eye on your SPaG – this contributes 40% of your marks for this question.

Boundaries

Your English Language Paper 2 Exam is worth 50% of your overall Language grade.

Each of the two sections in this exam are out of 40 marks, with Section B (Writing) carrying 16 marks for AO6 – Spelling, Punctuation and Grammar. The boundaries are as follows:

Grade	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Max. Marks
Per Section	6	11	17	22	25	27	29	34	38	40
Whole Paper	12	22	33	44	49	54	59	68	77	80

ENGLISH LANGUAGE
PAPER 2 QUESTIONS

Reading Time

- Use this to actually read **both** texts!
- Highlight elements for each questions in different colours/styles.
- Prepare and plan your answers as you are reading!

15 minutes

Question 1

- Small section of text;
- Identify **four** true statements from a choice of eight.
- These will need **inference** skills! Careful not to be tricked!

4 marks in 5 minutes

Question 2 – Synthesis

- Whole text coverage of both texts;
- The question will give you a focus – either similarities or differences.
- Have a statement that summarises your point, and incorporate evidence;
- **Make an inference** from this quotation – what is the writer hinting at/suggesting?

8 marks in 10 minutes

Question 3 – Language

- Whole text coverage
- Analyse how the writer uses language for effect
- Use terminology to introduce your points
- Analyse elements such as effect on reader, and link directly back to focus of question.

12 marks in 12 minutes

Question 4 – Comparison of Viewpoints and Perspectives

- Whole text comparisons of both texts;
- What is the writer's perspective? How are they writing? Through what lenses?
- What is the writer's viewpoint? What do they think/feel about the issue?
- Support every idea with evidence?
- How does the writer use **language** to convey this? What is the effect on the reader?
- Could you make an **inference** to take your understanding further?

16 marks in 16 minutes

Question 5

- Writing to present your viewpoint and opinion.
- You will be given a purpose from **persuade, argue, explain** or **instruct/advise**.
- You will be asked to write for one of five purposes – **essay, speech, letter, leaflet** or **article**.
- Employ all the language features you know to develop an argument!
- Consider the effect you want to achieve – show people you are fair, balanced and reasonable.
- Remember to paragraph and structure deliberately!
- 40% of marks are for **Spelling, Punctuation** and **Grammar!**

40 marks in 45 minutes
24 marks for Content and Organisation
16 marks for Spelling, Punctuation, Grammar and Sentence Structure

Questions for Set 1: Travels to Africa

1. Read again the first part of Source 1A, lines 1 to 18.

   Choose **four** statements below which are TRUE.

   - Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true
   - Choose a maximum of four statements.

A	The writer sees John Travolta when she arrives in South Africa.	
B	The first Safari Trip takes place very quickly after arrival.	
C	The Game Reserve is very popular and fashionable.	
D	The staff at the Game Reserve enjoy their jobs.	
E	The writer is travelling alone.	
F	The group are only interested in seeing big animals like lions.	
G	The Reserve contains a variety of different plants and animals.	
H	The tourists must take precautions against the Malaria virus.	

[4 marks]

2. You need to refer to **source 1A** and **source 1B** for this question:

   The experiences of the writers' in Africa are very different.

   Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of the differences.

[8 marks]

3. You now need to refer **only** to **source 1B**, Henry Morton Stanley's description of the approaching Africans and the ensuing battle (**from line 22 to the end**).

   How does Stanley use language to convey a sense of threat and intimidation?

[12 marks]

4. For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of source 1A** together with the **whole of source 1B.**

   Compare how the writers have conveyed their different views about Africa and the experiences they have.

   In your answer, you could:

   - compare their different views and experiences
   - compare the methods used to convey those views and experiences
   - support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

[16 marks]

Source 1A: 21st Century Non-Fiction

Janette Smith describes her experience of a safari at a famous South African Safari Park in 2010.

On safari in South Africa

Janette Smith

Friday 5 October 2012

"Keep an eye out for John Travolta!" laughs our driver, as we peer out of the taxi window, hoping to spot a warthog or two in the African bush. We are on our way to the swish Shamwari Game Reserve in South Africa's Eastern Cape, one of the world's leading luxury safari destinations, and occasional retreat for various species of celebrity.

My boyfriend Tony and I arrive at Shamwari with only 10 minutes until our first game drive. Our ranger, Ryan, gives a passionate introduction to the reserve, explaining the rich and diverse ecosystem (which contains five out of the seven South African "biomes[1]") within a 25,000-hectare malaria-free plot. He asks our newly formed group of six what we'd like to see most and on the face of it seems enthused by our almost collective response – lions.

Ryan's genuine enthusiasm for what he does is matched by the speed at which he drives. We skid down valleys, bounce out of our seatbelts and streak through mud in pursuit of a dot on the horizon. The land is thick with pine bushes, like huge oversized brittle dandelions, positioned against the dense green vegetation and scorched red soil. The bush is vast and stark, and there is a simple pleasure in feeling lost and small within it.

Shamwari's well-managed system, whereby rangers radio each other with key sightings, means that after a couple of drives we've been about a metre away from most of the big five. Highlights included: seeing the elephant calf feeding from its mother (a reminder that there really is milk and flesh inside these massive clay units); the agility of the baby rhino (so swift and light of foot I felt I could blow her one-tonne weight over in one breath); and feeling trapped by a leopard's fixed glare as we intruded on her mating territory (which quickly turned the usual zoo dynamic of "the viewer" and "the viewed" on its head).

The natural excitement of being outdoors and on the game drive is amplified by brilliant stage management by the Shamwari staff; the rangers are the stars of the show. Ryan's genuine love of the environment shines through any manufactured feel. His admiration for the whole ecosystem ensures that this is not just a whistlestop tour around the Big Five. We chew spekboom – a succulent known as elephant bush – and understand from its sweet taste why elephants like it so much, we taste aloe[2], hold dung from black and

white rhino in our hands to learn how to spot evidence of the black rhino's hooked upper lip and "browser" diet. Ryan's skilled at teaching us to slow down, appreciate whatever comes our way and challenge our own preconceptions of what we will enjoy most.

When we go on a trail walk, the dramatic belly of the bush comes to life and for a couple of hours we become part of the landscape. There is a huge variety of birdlife at Shamwari and the trail walk lets us experience the flame-licked wings of the Knysna touraco[3], the guttural[4] blare of the heron and the orange belly of the Malachite kingfisher.

Towards the end of the week the drives become more relaxed. We spend half an hour listening to the melancholy call of the African fish eagle; we opt for watching springbok leaping into the air (pronking) over a rumoured leopard sighting; we track a lion by following her footprints and trying to analyse the behaviour of the antelope that are spread out around her. When we eventually find her we follow her until it gets dark.

In our taxi to the airport the driver asks if we saw Prince William or Oprah Winfrey. Despite experiencing all the luxuries that Shamwari has to offer, it's the first time all week that I'm reminded of my earlier concerns about a sanitised[5] safari experience.

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[1] Biomes: A large community of plants and animals.

[2] Aloe: A large plant.

[3] Knysna touraco: A bird found in South Africa.

[4] Guttural: A harsh-sound noise.

[5] Sanitised: Something with the unacceptable or less welcoming elements removed.

Source 1B: 19th Century Literary Non-Fiction

In the late 19th Century, European countries sought to colonise (take control over) large parts of the African continent. In this piece, explorer Henry Morton Stanley describes a confrontation his expedition party has with a group of African tribes-people on the Livingstone River.

In these wild regions our mere presence excited the most furious passions of hate and murder, just as in shallow waters a deep vessel stirs up muddy sediments. It appeared to be a necessity, then why should we regret it? Could a man contend with the inevitable?

At 2pm, heralded by savage shouts from the wasp storm, which from some cause or other are unusually exultant[1], we emerge out of the shelter of the deeply wooded banks in presence of a vast affluent[2], nearly 2000 yards across at the mouth. We pull briskly on to gain the right bank, and come in view of the right branch of the affluent, when, looking upstream, we see a sight that sends the blood tingling through every nerve and fibre of the body, arouses not only our most lively interest, but also our most lively apprehensions – a flotilla[3] of gigantic canoes bearing down upon is, which both in size and numbers utterly eclipse anything encountered hitherto[4]! Instead of aiming for the right bank, we form in line, and keep straight down the river, the boat taking position behind. Yet after a moment's reflection, as I note the number of the savages, and the daring manner of the pursuit, and the desire of our canoes to abandon the steady compact line, I give the order to drop anchor. Four of our canoes affect not to listen, until I chase them, and threaten them with my guns. This compelled them to return to the line, which is formed of eleven double canoes, anchored 10 yards apart. The boat moves up to the front and takes position 50 yards above them. The shields are next lifted by the non-combatants, men, women and children, in the bows, and along the outer lines, as well as astern[5], and from behind these, the muskets[6] and rifles are aimed.

We have sufficient time to take a view of the might force bearing down on us, and to count the number of the war-vessels which have been collected from the Livingstone[7] and its great affluent. There are fifty-four of them! A monster canoe leads the way, with two rows of upstanding paddles, forty men on a side, their bodies bending and swaying in unison with a swelling barbarous[8] chorus they drive her down towards us. In the bow, standing on what appears to be a platform, are ten prime young warriors, their heads bright with feather of the parrot, crimson and grey: at the stern, eight men, with long paddles, whose tops are decorated with ivory balls, guide the monster vessel; and dancing up and down from stern to stern are ten men, who appear to be chiefs. The crashing sound of large drums, a hundred blasts from ivory horns and a thrilling chant from two thousand human throats, do not tend to soothe our nerves or to increase our confidence. We have no time to pray, or to take sentimental looks at the savage world, or even breathe a sad farewell to it. So many other things have to be done speedily and well.

As the foremost canoe comes rushing down, and its consorts on either side beating the water into foam, and raising their jets of water with their sharp prows[9], I turn to take a last look at our people, and say to them:

"Boys, be firm as iron; wait until you see the first spear, and then take good aim. Don't fire all at once. Keep aiming until you are sure of your man. Don't think of running away, for only your guns can save you".

The monster canoe aims straight for my boat, as though it would run us down; but, when within fifty yards off, swerves aside, and, when nearly opposite, the warriors above the manned prow let fly their spears, and on either side there is a noise of rushing bodies. But every sound is soon lost in the ripping, cracking musketry. For five minutes we are so absorbed in firing that we take no note of the anything else; but at the end of that time we are made aware that the enemy is reforming about 200 yards above us.

Our blood is up now. It is a murderous world, and we feel for the first time that we hate the filthy, vulturous[10] ghouls who inhabit it.

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[1] Exultant: Triumphant or happy.
[2] Affluent: A stream that flows into a larger river.
[3] Flotilla: A small fleet of boats sailing together.
[4] Hitherto: Up until that point.
[5] Astern: Behind or towards the rear of a ship.
[6] Muskets: Light guns with long barrels.
[7] Livingstone: A River in Africa.
[8] Barbarous: Extremely brutal, primitive and uncivilised.
[9] Prows: The pointed front of a ship.
[10] Vulturous: Resembling the vulture.

Questions for Set 2: Children in Prison

1. Read again the first part of Source 2A, lines 1 to 15.

   Choose **four** statements below which are TRUE.

   - Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true
   - Choose a maximum of four statements.

A	The prison is a modern building.	
B	The children are in prison only to be punished.	
C	The child prisoner is guarded by two men.	
D	The child prisoner is confident and arrogant.	
E	Child prisons are often named to make them sound pleasant.	
F	The child prisoner is put straight into his cell.	
G	The prison tries to give the child prisoners a sense of pride.	
H	Child prisoners are normally violent and dangerous.	

[4 marks]

2. You need to refer to **source 2A** and **source 2B** for this question:

   The experiences of children in the two prisons are very different.

   Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of the differences.

[8 marks]

3. You now need to refer **only** to **source 2B**, Oscar Wilde's description of the treatment of children in Reading Prison.

   How does Wilde use language to create sympathy for the child prisoners?

[12 marks]

4. For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of source 2A** together with the **whole of source 2B.**

   Compare how the writers have conveyed their different views about children in prison and the treatment they witness.

   In your answer, you could:

   - compare their different views and experiences
   - compare the methods used to convey those views and experiences
   - support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

[16 marks]

Source 2A: 21st Century Non-Fiction

Paul Vallely accompanies the arrival of a new inmate to one of Britain's 'child prisons' for under 14s, and describes his experience.

The End of Innocence: Inside Britain's Child Prisons

Paul Vallely
Thursday 21 January 2010

The car turns into the driveway of the large Edwardian house. As the car approaches, a shutter at the side of the building rises. Two men get out of the back. So does the small boy who has been sitting between them.

The child is one of the 150 children in Britain today who are so violent, sometimes at an age as young as 10, that they have to be locked up. The building is one of 10 secure children's homes throughout England – with innocuous names like Red Bank, Vinney Green and Clayfield – which keep them under lock and key, for the protection of the public and, in many cases, for the good of the children themselves.

The boy is escorted from the garage across a corridor along which he can hear the noise of other children in the dining room. He glances nervously towards the sound as he is shepherded into a meeting room with a long, narrow table and works of art on the walls, done by previous inmates.

"Whether or not they admit it, no matter how hard they are, they're scared," the unit's manager, a social worker with two decades of experience of detaining these children, tells me when the boy is gone. But before that he does an introductory run through of the unit's daily regime.

"We get up at 7.30," he begins. The boy looks shocked, as if he thought that 7.30 only happened in the evening. "Breakfast at 8.15. Then chores – hoovering, dusting – till 8.50. Then education, with lessons till 12.15, including a short break, and then lunch. Then education again until 3.30, after which there is some individual or group work till tea at 4.45. After that it's homework for an hour..."

"Homework?" says the boy, incredulously. "Can't I go on the Xbox?"

"Homework, for one hour, then after that Structured Activities – craftwork, model-making, gym, badminton, table tennis, volleyball," says the manager. "Then after that maybe some time on the Xbox, if you've earned the privilege. We have supper at 8.30 and then it's off to bed with everybody, depending on their age, locked in by 9.30."

"9.30? I don't go to bed at 9.30."

"You do now."

There is nothing here of the atmosphere of a Victorian gaol[1]. There are no bars, but the windows are thick plastic that can't be broken. The doors may look wooden, but that is veneer[2] on a heavy steel core. "Young people are not here to be punished," the manager says afterwards. "The punishment is being locked up."

He takes the boy into the dining room. “Everyone puts on weight here,” jokes the manager. “The food is good, with three or four choices including salad, sandwiches and a healthy option. You can get chips, but only on Fridays.” The boy turns to look at the staff behind the grille. But he is not interested in the food. He is avoiding the gaze of the dozen or so other residents, a mix of boys and girls aged between 12 and 15.

“Now remember what it was like on your first day,” the manager says to the others, introducing the boy by name. “And don’t go bombarding him with questions.” The kids sit three or four to a table, with an adult. There is a gender mix of staff, who wear their own clothes rather than uniforms as staff do in the units for older children. “We’re after something approximating to a parental relationship,” says the manager afterwards.

“We use first names here,” the manager tells the boy. “Because respect doesn’t come from titles. It has to be earned. And that’s a two-way thing. If you don’t like me, that’s alright, but if you call me a knobhead we’ll deal with that.” It is a warning, but it is matter of fact and contains no menace.

They leave the others to their meal and walk through the unit. In the lounge the television set is boxed into a wooden bookcase with a huge Perspex[3] screen in front of it. “They get smashed,” the manager shrugs to me. “You can only watch films or play games with the appropriate age certificate; there’s no Grand Theft Auto in here,” he says. “The other cupboards are mainly filled with books. We’re very keen on books.”

The inmates are given 30 minutes’ worth of phone calls free each day. “It’s not a privilege,” says the manager later. “We want to encourage them to talk. It’s the first step to everything. Even kids who never had time for their mothers outside find they want to talk to their mums once they’re in here. It’s one of the first changes being locked up brings.”

He is moving through the unit towards the sleeping quarters. Bedrooms, he calls them, but when he opens the last door and ushers the boy inside with the words “This is your room” he might as well use the word “cell”.

It is frighteningly austere[4] and spartan[5]. The walls of the cell are bare. A boy may be allowed to put up posters later, but nothing more. “You can’t hide much behind a poster,” the manager says.

Inside the boy looks around the stark cell. The door thuds shut with a deep resonating thud behind him. He lies down on his bed and stares at the high white bare ceiling. A ghostly disembodied voice echoes eerily from the intercom by the hatch in the door. “You alright then?”

He replies with a single word and turns his head into his pillow and begins to cry. They call it a secure children’s home. But he is in prison. There is no mistaking that.

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[1] Gaol: Victorian word for ‘jail’.

[2] Veneer: A decorative layer to make something look like wood.

[3] Perspex: Solid plastic.

[4] Austere: Plain and undecorated.

[5] Spartan: A lack of comfort or luxury.

Source 2B: 19th Century Non-Fiction

In 1897, the writer Oscar Wilde had recently been released from Reading Prison; shortly after, he writes a letter to The Daily Chronicle newspaper about a recent story they have published. It was common in the Victorian era for children to be put in adult prisons.

SIR, I learn with great regret, through the columns of your paper that the warder[1] Martin, of Reading Prison, has been dismissed by the Prisoner Commissioners for having given some sweet biscuits to a little hungry child. I saw the three children myself on Monday preceding my release. They had just been convicted and were standing in a row in the central hall in their prison dress carrying their sheets under the arms, previous to their being sent to the cells allotted[2] to them.

They were quite small children, the youngest – the one to whom the warder gave the biscuits – being a tiny little chap, for whom they had evidently been unable to find clothes small enough to fit. I had, of course, seen many children in prison during the two years during which I was myself confined. Wandsworth Prison, especially, contained always a large number of children. But the little child I saw on the afternoon of Monday the 17th at Reading, was tinier than any one of them.

I need not say how utterly distressed I was to see these children at Reading, for I knew the treatment in store for them. The cruelty that is practised by day and night on children in English prisons is incredible, except to those who have witnessed it and are aware of the brutality of the system.

The terror of a child in prison is quite limitless. I remember once, in Reading, as I was going out to exercise, seeing in the dimly-lit cell right opposite my own, a small boy. Two warders – not unkindly men – were talking to him with some sternness apparently, or perhaps giving him some useful advice about his conduct. One was in the cell with him, the other was standing outside. The child's face was like a white wedge of sheer terror. There was in his eyes the terror of a hunted animal.

The next morning I heard him at breakfast time crying and calling to be let out. His cry was for his parents. From time to time I could hear the deep voice of the warder on duty telling him to keep quiet. Yet he was not even convicted of whatever little offence he has been charged with. He was simply on remand[3]. That I knew by his wearing his own clothes, which seemed neat enough. He was, however, wearing prisoner socks and shoes. This showed that he was a very poor boy, whose own shoes, if he had any, were in a bad state. Justices and magistrates[4], an entirely ignorant class as a rule, often remand children for a week, and then perhaps remit whatever sentence they are entitled to pass. They call this "not sending a child to prisoner". It is, of course, a stupid view on their part. To a little child whether he is in prison on remand or after conviction is not a subtlety of social position he can comprehend. To him the horrible thing is to be there at all. In the eyes of humanity it should be a horrible thing for him to be there at all.

[1] Warder: An old name for a Prison Guard or Warden.

[2] Allotted: Something given or allocated to somebody.

[3] Remand: Being held in prison before trial, and therefore before being guilty.

[4] Justices and magistrates: Judges and people who sit in judgment in court.

Questions for Set 3: Homelessness

1. Read again the first part of Source 3A, lines 1 to 14.

   Choose **four** statements below which are TRUE.

   - Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true
   - Choose a maximum of four statements.

A	Miranda Keast feels forced to reconsider her status because of the man.	
B	Miranda Keast feels comfortable and enthusiastic.	
C	Miranda Keast has experience of being homeless herself.	
D	Miranda Keast feels out of place in the situation.	
E	Miranda Keast looks younger than she actually is.	
F	The homeless man she meets is grateful for support.	
G	This was Miranda Keast's first night working with the charity.	
H	The charity Miranda works for tries to ensure homeless people are looked after.	

[4 marks]

2. You need to refer to **source 3A** and **source 3B** for this question:

   The manner in which people respond to homeless is very different.

   Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of the differences.

[8 marks]

3. You now need to refer **only** to **source 3B**, Arthur Mumby's description of homeless beggars in St James's Park.

   How does Mumby use language to show the unhappiness of the homeless people?

[12 marks]

4. For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of source 3A** together with the **whole of source 3B.**

   Compare how the writers have conveyed their different views and perspectives about homelessness, and the treatment of homeless people

   In your answer, you could:

   - compare their different views and experiences
   - compare the methods used to convey those views and experiences
   - support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

[16 marks]

Source 3A: 21st Century Non-Fiction

Miranda Keast describes a night she spent on the streets of London helping homeless people.

I've never been homeless, but I can still support those who are

Walking the streets at night to support rough sleepers, I was forced to check my privilege by a homeless man

Miranda Keast
Friday 8 April 2016

We were standing outside late at night. It was dark, and I was cold and tired. As the homeless man in front of me shouted, I became increasingly self-conscious, aware of, in no particular order: my height (5ft); my baby face (which made me look much younger than my 21 years); my accent (more posh than one would expect from someone from Croydon, I've been told); my private school education (not visible, but certainly something to be ashamed of).

"Check your privilege" wasn't such a well-known saying back in 2007 when I started working for a homelessness charity in London. I was doing regular outreach[1] shifts, walking the streets late at night and early in the morning to find rough sleepers and ensure they were accessing the support services that would help them get off the streets. But checking my privilege is exactly what this man forced me to do as he shouted at me.

"Have you ever been homeless?"

"Er, no."

"Have you ever taken crack?"

"No."

"Have you ever been hit?"

"No."

You get the picture. Clearly my attempts to challenge his lifestyle and encourage him to engage with support services had hit a nerve with him – what right did this young girl have to question him about his life? He became quite irate at this point, and my colleague and I decided to make a swift exit.

We continued with our shift and there weren't any further problems, but I was shaken, because he had really hit a nerve. Over the next few weeks, I thought about my privilege endlessly.

I hadn't experienced anything like some of the things undergone by the homeless people I was working with. By any stretch of the imagination, I had lived a very sheltered life. Sure, a couple of my friends had passed away. I had experienced periods of depression. But when faced with difficulties I had a family that stood by me, supportive friendships, financial resources, and a good education.

What made me think that I could understand how rough sleepers found themselves on the streets of London? More to the point, what made me think that I had what it took to work with them and help them off the streets?

Bedroom tax and benefit sanctions: social workers must get to grips with welfare law

I continued working, pondering this. Slowly, I came to realise what makes someone suitable for this work isn't a shared experience or first-hand knowledge of abuse, poverty, or addiction. My colleagues who have experienced homelessness themselves are amazing at their jobs – but so are colleagues who don't have that experience.

What do they have in common? My colleagues really listen to the people they work with: each and every one of them. They understand where that person is coming from and, importantly, how that person reacts to their own individual circumstances.

Having a similar background isn't really what matters. What's essential is making the effort to understand the person in front of you. Listening to what they want and need. Understanding what is important to them, and then working out how you can help them.

I believe this makes someone suitable for this work, and I'm so glad I stuck at it. Eight years on, I'm still working in the sector and love my job.

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[1] Outreach: When a charity goes out to people instead of people going to the charity.

Source 3B: 19th Century Literary Non-Fiction

This extract is taken from the diary of Arthur Mumby, an artist who lived in London. In this entry from 1864, he describes the beggars he encounters in St James's Park.

Walking through St. James's Park about 4pm, I found the open spaces of sward[1] on either side the path thickly dotted over with strange dark objects. They were human beings; ragged[2] men and ragged women; lying prone[3] and motionless, not as those who lie down for rest and enjoyment, but as creatures worn out and listless[4]. A park keeper came up: who are these? I asked. They are men out of work, said he, and unfortunate girls; servant girls, many of them, what has been out of place and took to the street, till they've sunk so low that they can't get a living. It's like this every day, till winter comes; and then what they do I don't know. They come as soon as the gates open; always the same faces: they bring broken victuals[5] with 'em, or else goes to the soup kitchen[6] in Vinegar Yard; and except for that, they lie about here all day. It's a disgrace Sir (said he), to go on in a City like this; and foreigners to see it, too! Why Sir, these unfortunates are all over the place: the group (he added with a gesture of disgust) is lousy with them'.

I looked and looked and still they did not move. The men were more or less tattered, but their dress was working dress, and so did not seem out of place. But the girls were clothed in what had once been finery: filthy draggled muslins[7]; thin remnants of shawls, all rent and gaping; crushed and greasy bonnets of fashionable shape, with springs of torn flowers, bits of faded velvet, hanging from them. Their hands and faces were dirty and weather-stained; and they lay, not (as far I saw) herding with the men, but singly or in little groups; sprawling about the grass in attitudes ungainly, and unfeminine, and bestial[8]: one flat on her face, another curled up like a dog with her head between her knees; another with her knees bent under her, and her cheek on the ground, and her arms spread out stiff and awkward, on either side of her. Every pose expressed an absolute degradation and despair: the silence and deadness of the prostrate[9] crowd was appalling. I counted these as I went along; and on one side only of one path (leading from the lake to the Mall), there were one hundred and five of them. 105 forlorn and foetid[10] outcasts – women, many of them – grovelling on the sward, in the brightest sunshine of a July afternoon, with Carlton House Terrace and Westminster Abbey looking down at them, and infinite well-dressed citizens passing by on the other side.

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[1] Sward: A small area of grass.
[2] Ragged: Old and torn.
[3] Prone: Lying flat, particularly face down.
[4] Listless: Lacking energy and enthusiasm.
[5] Victuals: Food or provisions.
[6] Soup Kitchen: A place where homeless people are given food.
[7] Muslins: Light cotton to form fine clothes.
[8] Bestial: Like animals.
[9] Prostrate: Lying face down, stretched out on the ground.
[10] Foetid: Smelling extremely unpleasant.

Questions for Set 4: Christmas

1. Read again the first part of Source 4A, lines 1 to 15.

   Choose **four** statements below which are TRUE.

   - Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true
   - Choose a maximum of four statements.

A	David Mitchell sees people who dislike Christmas as his enemies.	
B	David Mitchell strongly dislikes Christmas.	
C	David Mitchell thinks other festivals are now more celebrated than Christmas.	
D	Some people believe that Christmas is too commercial.	
E	David Mitchell particularly enjoys eating lots of food and lazing about.	
F	Davis Mitchell feels the same way about Christmas now as he did as a child.	
G	David Mitchell suggests his liking for Christmas is so he can avoid the idea that it is actually not true.	
H	David Mitchell describes Christmas as a “living hell”.	

[4 marks]

2. You need to refer to **source 4A** and **source 4B** for this question:

   The two writers describe very different Christmas scenes, and different ideas about the meaning of Christmas.

   Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of the differences.

[8 marks]

3. You now need to refer **only** to **source 4B**, Charles Dickens’s description of a traditional Victorian Christmas Dinner.

   How does Dickens use language to show the excitement and enjoyment at the dinner?

[12 marks]

4. For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of source 4A** together with the **whole of source 4B.**

   Compare how the writers have conveyed their views about Christmas and its meaning.

   In your answer, you could:

   - compare their different views and experiences
   - compare the methods used to convey those views and experiences
   - support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

[16 marks]

Source 4A: 21st Century Non-Fiction

David Mitchell explains what he considers to be the new meaning of Christmas in the 21st Century in this article from 2008.

Bah Humbug to all you who just hate Christmas

David Mitchell
Sunday 21 December 2008

My official policy on Christmas is that I like it. That says a lot more about me than that I'm partial to a day spent watching TV and stuffing my face. More fundamentally, it shows that I can't stand the thought of our most public and celebratory festival being a lie. It is a happy and magical time, I'm insisting, for deeper and more sinister reasons than a liking for brazil nuts and Shrek 3.

Other people - my enemies - love to hate Christmas. They rejoice in looking at the sparkle, the bustle, the drinking and the queues and muttering: "Christmas is a nightmare"; "It's going to be a living hell"; "The sooner we can forget all the expense and false jollity, this great capitalist hypocrisy[1] dance, the better, I say", as if commerce were as exclusive to this time of year as mince pies.

As they grumble and sneer their way through the season - seek each other out for affirmation that it's all just a sick joke and that participating is as joyous as diarrhoea and as prudent as a pyramid scheme[2] - I stand shocked and afraid. To the boy I once was, heart buoyed[3] by the air of magic, and expectation of an acquisitive nature about to be satisfied, this is a colossal slap in the face: it has finally all ended in tears.

So I must sustain my policy. It's vulnerable, I know. I'm not at a good time of life for liking Christmas. The childhood enchantment has long gone, as has the excitement about presents, and I have no children to help me rediscover it vicariously[4]. Meanwhile, shopping is stressful, tree lights never work, turkey's not the best meat in the world and Christmas pudding is weird. If I'm not careful, I'll realise I'm only in it for the booze.

But I'm still too tribal to accept this conclusion. We of the Christmas-liking tribe will keep the Christmas-cynic tribe in perpetual subjugation[5] - they will be made to join in whether they like it or not and particularly if not. They will never, if we can help it, be permitted to "get away somewhere hot" but, if they do, we can be confident that our allies overseas will besiege them with spray-on snow and piped-in Slade even as they sweat round the pool.

This is a time when we all come together to disagree about how Christmas is supposed to be done. It's not so much "love thy neighbour" as "mock the neon Santa on thy neighbour's roof". In another life, I could have been a great witchfinder general, paranoid anti-communist or warrior ant. I will root out people who slightly differ from me in their Christmas traditions and blow them away with the twin barrels of my British disdain gun, which are, of course, snobbery and inverse snobbery.

To test your suitability for this fight, consider your reaction to the phrase: "We actually had goose this year." It's not the nature of your reaction that's important, but its strength. I'm hoping for a strong one. Either: "Yes of course, goose is a much tastier meat and an older tradition. I can't believe those turkey-eating scum are suffered to live. They should be locked up in the same hell sheds where the bland objects of their culinary affection

are chemically spawned." Or, and this is the one I favour: "Piss off back to Borough Market[6] with your talk of goose deliciousness. We're supposed to eat turkey - that's now the tradition. Stop pretending you're Victorian, drop this obsession with flavour and get defrosting a Bernard Matthews[7]."

The issue of how to decorate the tree is fraught. It shouldn't look tasteful, it should look like a space-dog's dinner: masses of coloured lights and random bits of shiny litter, many made by children with few artistic gifts (either family members or Chinese child labourers). Here, I must share a terrible secret: my Christmas tree does look quite tasteful. I bought all the decorations in one go and they match. It looks like something out of a department store window (in contrast to the domestic wreckage which surrounds it) and I am ashamed. I am guilty of a tasteless lapse of tastelessness and consumed by self-loathing about it; very few things make me feel more British.

And this is all about Britishness, not capitalism or Jesus. We British love to judge our close class competitors - people incredibly similar to us and therefore most threatening.

We're quite tolerant of genuinely different ways of life but, for those very like our own but with just a hint of either the stuck-up or common, we reserve our highest octane vitriol. And Christmas exposes so much of this because it's when families revert to type, do what they've always done: by your traditions you shall be judged.

So, while we're picking sides, I'll stay pro-Christmas - specifically the one I grew up with (that's turkey not goose, fairy on the tree, cream not brandy butter and always watch the Queen despite the tedium). It's all such a lovely break from having to judge and be judged by behaviour, rather than the collection of baubles we happen to have in the attic.

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[1] Hypocrisy: Pretending to have higher standards than you really do.

[2] Pyramid Scheme: A fraud scheme where people make money by defrauding other people.

[3] Buoyed: Kept afloat, continued to be excited.

[4] Vicariously: Experience or imagine something through another person.

[5] Subjugation: To gain control over somebody or a group.

[6] Borough Market: A food market in London, often associated with quality and high status.

[7] Bernard Matthews: Famous producer of Christmas turkeys.

Source 4B: 19th Century Literary Non-Fiction

This extract is taken from a series of non-fiction sketches written by Charles Dickens; here, he describes the scene at a traditional Christmas dinner in Victorian England.

There are people who will tell you that Christmas is not to them what it used to be; that each succeeding Christmas has found some cherished hope, or happy prospect, of the year before, dimmed or passed away; that the present only serves to remind them of reduced circumstances and straitened incomes—of the feasts they once bestowed[1] on hollow friends, and of the cold looks that meet them now, in adversity and misfortune. Never heed such dismal reminiscences. There are few men who have lived long enough in the world, who cannot call up such thoughts any day in the year.

But all these diversions are nothing to the subsequent excitement when grandmamma in a high cap, and slate-coloured silk gown; and grandpapa with a beautifully plaited shirt-frill, and white neckerchief; seat themselves on one side of the drawing-room fire, with uncle George's children and little cousins innumerable, seated in the front, waiting the arrival of the expected visitors. Suddenly a hackney-coach[2] is heard to stop, and uncle George, who has been looking out of the window, exclaims 'Here's Jane!' on which the children rush to the door, and helter-skelter down-stairs; and uncle Robert and aunt Jane, and the dear little baby, and the nurse, and the whole party, are ushered up-stairs amidst tumultuous[3] shouts of 'Oh, my!' from the children, and frequently repeated warnings not to hurt baby from the nurse. And grandpapa takes the child, and grandmamma kisses her daughter, and the confusion of this first entry has scarcely subsided, when some other aunts and uncles with more cousins arrive, and the grown-up cousins flirt with each other, and so do the little cousins too, for that matter, and nothing is to be heard but a confused din[4] of talking, laughing, and merriment.

As to the dinner, it's perfectly delightful—nothing goes wrong, and everybody is in the very best of spirits, and disposed to please and be pleased. Grandpapa relates a circumstantial account of the purchase of the turkey, with a slight digression relative to the purchase of previous turkeys, on former Christmas-days, which grandmamma corroborates[5] in the minutest particular. Uncle George tells stories, and carves poultry, and takes wine, and jokes with the children at the side-table, and winks at the cousins that are making love, or being made love to, and exhilarates everybody with his good humour and hospitality; and when, at last, a stout servant staggers in with a gigantic pudding, with a sprig of holly in the top, there is such a laughing, and shouting, and clapping of little chubby hands, and kicking up of fat dumpy legs, as can only be equalled by the applause with which the astonishing feat of pouring lighted brandy into mince-pies, is received by the younger visitors. Then the dessert!—and the wine!—and the fun! Such beautiful speeches, and such songs, from Aunt Margaret's husband, who turns out to be such a nice man, and so attentive to grandmamma! Even grandpapa not only sings his annual song with unprecedented vigour, but on being honoured with an unanimous encore, according to annual custom, actually comes out with a new one which nobody but grandmamma ever heard before; and a young scapegrace of a cousin, who has been in some disgrace with the old people, for certain heinous sins of omission and commission—neglecting to call, and persisting in drinking Burton Ale—astonishes everybody into convulsions of laughter by volunteering the most extraordinary comic songs that ever were heard. And thus the evening passes, in a strain of rational good-will and cheerfulness, doing more to awaken the sympathies of every member of the party in behalf of his neighbour, and to perpetuate their good feeling during the ensuing year.

[1] Bestowed: Given or gifted to.
[2] Hackney Coach: An early form of a taxi, consisting of horse and cart.
[3] Tumultuous: Loud or confused
[4] Din: A loud, unpleasant and prolonged noise.
[5] Corroborates: To confirm or support.

Questions for Set 5: Expedition Danger

1. Read again the first part of Source 5A, lines 1 to 11.

   Choose **four** statements below which are TRUE.

   - Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true
   - Choose a maximum of four statements.

A	Douglas Mawson was walking downhill when the accident occurred.	
B	Douglas Mawson was unprepared for his second fall through the snow.	
C	Douglas Mawson only fell into the crevasse up to his legs the first time.	
D	It is Douglas Mawson's rucksack that haves him in his second fall.	
E	Douglas Mawson moves 150 yards on after his first fall through the snow.	
F	Douglas Mawson through he was going to die when he fell through the snow for the second time.	
G	Douglas Mawson's companions were waiting for him at the Hut.	
H	Douglas Mawson feels lucky to have survived.	

[4 marks]

2. You need to refer to **source 5A** and **source 5B** for this question:

   The two writers both experience dangers during expeditions.

   Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of the similarities.

[8 marks]

3. You now need to refer **only** to **source 5B**, Kate Marsden's account of her expedition to Siberia.

   How does Marsden use language to create a sense of fear and tension?

[12 marks]

4. For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of source 5A** together with the **whole of source 5B.**

   Compare how the writers have conveyed their views and experiences about their expeditions.

   In your answer, you could:

   - compare their different views and experiences
   - compare the methods used to convey those views and experiences
   - support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

[16 marks]

Source 5A: 20th Century Literary Non-Fiction

Douglas Mawson is writing, in 1915, about his exploration of the Antarctic. Here, after the deaths of his companions, he is trying to reach the safety of the Hut.

Alone

I was hauling the sledge through deep snow up a fairly steep slope when my feet broke through into a crevasse[1]. Fortunately, as I fell I caught my weight with my arms on the edge and did not plunge in further than the thighs.

I decided to try a crossing about fifty yards further along, hoping that there it would be better. But it took an unexpected turn catching me unawares. This time I shot through the centre of the snow in a flash. Having seen my comrades perish and having lost hope of ever reaching the Hut, I had many times wondered what the end would be like. So as I fell through into the crevasse the thought, "so this is the end", blazed up in my mind, for I expected that the next moment the sledge would follow through, crash on my head, and all go to the unseen bottom. But the unexpected happened and the sledge held, the deep snow acting as a brake.

Realizing that the sledge was holding I began to look around. The crevasse was somewhat over six feet wide with sheer walls descending into blue depths below. My clothes were now stuffed with snow broken from the roof, and very chilly it was. Above, at the other end of the fourteen-foot rope, was the daylight seen through the hole in the snow-lid.

In my weak condition, the prospect of climbing out seemed very poor indeed, but in a few moments the struggle was begun. A great effort brought a knot in the rope within my grasp, and after a moment's rest, I was able to draw myself up and reach another, and, at length, hauled my body on to the overhanging snow-lid. Then, when all appeared to be well and before I could get to quite solid ground, a further section of the lid gave way, throwing me once more down the full length of the rope.

There, exhausted, weak and chilled, hanging freely in space and slowly turning round as the rope twisted one way and the other, I felt that I had done my utmost and failed, that I had no more strength to try again and that all was over except the passing. There on the brink of the Great Beyond I well remember how I looked forward to the peace of the great release — how almost excited I was at the prospect of the unknown to be revealed.

My strength was fast ebbing[2]; in a few minutes it would be too late. It was the occasion for a supreme attempt. Fired by the passion that burns the blood, new power seemed to come as I applied myself to one last tremendous effort. The struggle occupied some time, but I slowly worked upward to the surface. This time emerging feet first, I pushed myself out extended at full length on the snow lid and then shuffled safely on to the solid ground at the side. Then came the reaction from the great strain, and lying there alongside the sledge my mind faded into a blank.

[1] Crevasse: A deep, open crack in ice or snow.

[2] Ebbing: Moving away.

Source 5B: 19th Century Literary Non-Fiction

In 1891, Kate Marsden, a British missionary and explorer, participated in an expedition to Siberia. Here she describes her journey through a mosquito infested marsh and forest.

More bogs and marshes for several miles; and then I grew so sleepy and sick that I begged to rest, notwithstanding our position on semi-marshy ground, which had not as yet dried from the heat of the summer sun. I was asleep in five minutes, lying on the damp ground with only a fan to shelter me from the sun.

On again for a few more miles; but I began to feel the effects of this sort of travelling – in a word, I felt utterly worn out. It was as much as I could do to hold on to the horse, and I nearly tumbled off several times in the effort. The cramp in my body and lower limbs was indescribable, and I had to discard the cushion under me, because it became soaked through and through with the rain, and rode on the broad, bare, wooden saddle. What feelings of relief rose when the time or rest came, and the pitching of tents, and the brewing of tea! Often I slept quite soundly till morning, awaking to find that the mosquitoes had been hard at work in my slumbers[1], in spite of veil and gloves, leaving great itching lumps, that turned me sick. Once we saw two calves that had died from exhaustion from the bites of these pests, and the white hair of our poor horses was generally covered with clots of blood, due to partly mosquitoes and partly to prodigious[2] horse-flies. But those lepers[3] – they suffered far more than I suffered, and that was the one though, added to the strength that God supply, that kept me from collapsing entirely.

My second thunderstorm was far worse than the first. The forest seemed on fire, and the rain dashed in our faces with almost blinding force. My horse plunged and reared, flew first to one side, and then to the other, dragging me amongst bushes and trees, so that I was in danger of being caught by the branches and hurled to the ground. After this storm one of the horses, carrying stores and other things, sank into a bog nearly to its neck; and the help of all the men was required to get it out.

Soon after the storm we were camping and drinking tea, when I noticed that all the men were eagerly talking together and gesticulating. I asked what it all meant and was told that a large bear was supposed to be in the neighbourhood, according to a report from a post-station close at hand. There was a general priming of fire-arms, except in my case, for I did not know how to use my revolver, so thought I had better pass it on to someone else, lest I might shoot a man in mistake for a bear. We mounted again and went on. The usual chattering this time was exchanged for a dead silence, this being our first bear experience; but we grew wiser as we proceeded, and substituted noise for silence. We hurried on, as fast as possible, to get though the miles of forests and bogs. I found it best not to look about me, because, when I did so, every large stump of a fallen tree took the shape of a bear. When my horse stumbled over the roots of a tree, or shield at some object unseen by me, my heart began to gallop.

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[1] Slumbers: Sleep

[2] Prodigious: Remarkable or impressive

[3] Lepers: A person shunned or rejected for social reasons.

Questions for Set 6: Railway Accidents

1. Read again the first part of Source 6A, lines 1 to 18.

   Choose **four** statements below which are TRUE.

   - Shade the boxes of the ones that you think are true
   - Choose a maximum of four statements.

A	The crash occurred before the mass use of mobile phones.	
B	The people who attended the crash are still haunted by their experiences.	
C	Part of the carriages caught fire after the crash.	
D	Denman and Maureen knew their daughter was on-board the train.	
E	Denman and Maureen were awoken by the noise of the crash.	
F	The crash was covered by morning news programmes on television.	
G	The crash occurred at Paddington Railway Station.	
H	The two trains involved in the crash had collided.	

[4 marks]

2. You need to refer to **source 6A** and **source 6B** for this question:

   The two writers both experience railway accidents.

   Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of the differences.

[8 marks]

3. You now need to refer **only** to **source 6B**, Charles Dickens's account of his involvement in a railway accident.

   How does Dickens use language to convey his experience of the accident?

[12 marks]

4. For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of source 6A** together with the **whole of source 6B.**

   Compare how the writers have conveyed their views and experiences of railway disasters.

   In your answer, you could:

   - compare their different views and experiences
   - compare the methods used to convey those views and experiences
   - support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

[16 marks]

Source 6A: 21st Century Non-Fiction

Denman and Maureen Groves' daughter Juliet was killed in a large rail crash outside London Paddington station in 1999. This is an interview they gave to a newspaper 15 years later.

Paddington rail disaster: 'Her last words to me were goodbye, Daddy'

Those present at the scene of the Paddington rail crash have said that the worst memory they have endured over the past 15 years is the sound of mobile phones ringing from the bodies of the dead. Among the scorched metal carcases of the two trains involved in one of Britain's worst-ever rail disasters, a cacophony of telephones bleeped and buzzed. At the other end of the line were anxious family and friends, their desperation building with each missed call.

Denman Groves first phoned his daughter, Juliet, at around 8.30am on October 5 1999. He and his wife Maureen had woken up in their home in the village of Ashleworth, near Gloucester, and as usual, switched on the television news. Like the rest of the nation watching that crisp autumn morning, they stared in shock at the plume of smoke rising from the wreckage of the two passenger trains that had collided just outside Paddington station. Neither could even imagine that their 25-year-old daughter might have been on board.

"I didn't even think she was anywhere near Paddington that day," says Denman, a 67-year-old company director, in soft West Country tones. Still, when he left for work, he tried to phone her from the car – just to make sure. There was no answer.

"I thought I'd try again, but then I was so busy that I forgot. It wasn't until lunchtime that I called. I still couldn't get an answer, so phoned her company. They said: 'We're afraid she hasn't arrived yet, Mr Groves, and we're very worried.' At that point my heart sank."

Juliet Groves, an accountant with Ernst & Young, was one of hundreds aboard a Thames Trains commuter service from Paddington station at 8.06am that morning. Petite (she was just under 5ft), pretty and fiercely intelligent – the previous year she had come seventh in the entire country in her chartered accountancy exams.

She was in the front carriage of the train when it passed through a red signal at Ladbroke Grove and into the path of the oncoming Paddington-bound First Great Western express travelling from Cheltenham Spa in Gloucestershire. Both drivers were killed, as well as 29 passengers, and 400 others were injured. Juliet's body was one of the last to be discovered. She was finally found on the eighth day.

The disaster, says Network Rail, "simply could not happen today". Some £550 million has been spent equipping 12,000 signals and every passenger and freight train with a system that automatically applies the brakes if one passes through a red light. Fifteen years on, the network is a far safer place.

But that promise is not enough for Denman and Maureen Groves. Neither have boarded a mainline British train since the crash, and never will again. Their grief would not allow it, nor the sense of lingering injustice.

"I can't do it, I won't do it," says Denman. "I don't want any involvement with Network Rail. The last contact I had with them was at the trial in 2007. I told the chairman he ought to be ashamed of himself."

On the Tuesday lunchtime, when reality dawned that their daughter might have been involved in the crash, Denman and Maureen packed an overnight bag and rushed to London by car, waiting in her flat until 8.30pm in case she returned; hoping, says Denman, against hope.

Then they spent the night driving between hospitals, clutching a photograph of Juliet to show to staff. The police, they say, told them nothing. Even after her death was reported in the next day's paper, the authorities would still not confirm anything.

A few days later, they were invited to visit the crash site with a number of the families of the dead, injured and missing. "It was horrendous," Denman says. "You could smell all the diesel and the smoke. There were still dead bodies in the wreckage. She was still there.

"What we went through in those days was the most horrible feeling you could ever imagine. Everything is frozen. You feel like a zombie and you don't know which way to turn. In the end we came home after five days. Then, three days after that, they rang up to say they had found her."

In the immediate aftermath, attention was focused on the inexperienced 31-year-old Thames Trains driver, Michael Hodder. Yet Denman says this is "fudging" the issue and feels no malice towards Mr Hodder. That is reserved for Network Rail.

As an engineer, he has pored over the technical details of the crash, even commissioning a replica built from model railways. For him, the root cause was the network itself: the position of the points, and the lack of a fail-safe when the signal was red. Despite what he feels were the glaring inadequacies, he seethes at the fact that "it took eight years for Network Rail to apologise. I still think it is an absolute disgrace," he says.

As each landmark anniversary has passed, ever fewer of the bereaved turn up to the small service on the morning of the crash at the memorial stone at Ladbroke Grove. Now only a handful attend, but Denman and Maureen Groves still make the journey down to London and, at 8.11am, lay flowers in silence.

They say they always will. Theirs remains a grief defined by a railway timetable, and an anger that will not subside.

Source 6B: 19th Century Literary Non-Fiction

The 19th Century saw a huge number of fatal rail accidents; one of these occurred at Staplehurst, and involved the famous writer Charles Dickens. He recalls the accident in this letter to a friend.

GAD'S HILL PLACE, HIGHAM BY ROCHESTER, KENT,

_Tuesday, June 13th, 1865

MY DEAR MITTON,

I should have written to you yesterday or the day before, if I had been quite up to writing.

I was in the only carriage that did not go over into the stream. It was caught upon the turn by some of the ruin of the bridge, and hung suspended and balanced in an apparently impossible manner. Two ladies were my fellow-passengers, an old one and a young one. This is exactly what passed. You may judge from it the precise length of the suspense:

Suddenly we were off the rail, and beating the ground as the car of a half-emptied balloon[1] might. The old lady cried out, "My God!" and the young one screamed. I caught hold of them both (the old lady sat opposite and the young one on my left), and said: "We can't help ourselves, but we can be quiet and composed. Pray don't cry out." The old lady immediately answered: "Thank you. Rely upon me. Upon my soul I will be quiet." We were then all tilted down together in a corner of the carriage, and stopped. I said to them thereupon: "You may be sure nothing worse can happen. Our danger must be over. Will you remain here without stirring[2], while I get out of the window?" They both answered quite collectedly, "Yes," and I got out without the least notion what had happened. Fortunately I got out with great caution and stood upon the step. Looking down I saw the bridge gone, and nothing below me but the line of rail. Some people in the two other compartments were madly trying to plunge out at window, and had no idea that there was an open swampy field fifteen feet down below them, and nothing else!

The two guards (one with his face cut) were running up and down on the down side of the bridge (which was not torn up) quite wildly. I called out to them: "Look at me. Do stop an instant and look at me, and tell me whether you don't know me." One of them answered: "We know you very well, Mr. Dickens." "Then," I said, "my good fellow, for God's sake give me your key, and send one of those labourers here, and I'll empty this carriage." We did it quite safely, by means of a plank or two, and when it was done I saw all the rest of the train, except the two baggage vans, down in the stream. I got into the carriage again for my brandy flask, took off my travelling hat for a basin, climbed down the brickwork, and filled my hat with water.

Suddenly I came upon a staggering man covered with blood (I think he must have been flung clean out of his carriage), with such a frightful cut across the skull that I couldn't bear to look at him. I poured some water over his face and gave him some to drink, then gave him some brandy, and laid him down on the grass, and he said, "I am gone," and died afterwards. Then I stumbled over a lady lying on her back against a little pollard-tree, with the blood streaming over her face (which was lead colour) in a number of distinct little streams from the head. I asked her if she could swallow a little brandy and she just nodded, and

I gave her some and left her for somebody else. The next time I passed her she was dead. Then a man, examined at the inquest yesterday (who evidently had not the least

remembrance of what really passed), came running up to me and implored me to help him find his wife, who was afterwards found dead. No imagination can conceive the ruin of the carriages, or the extraordinary weights under which the people were lying, or the complications into which they were twisted up among iron and wood, and mud and water.

I don't want to be examined at the inquest, and I don't want to write about it. I could do no good either way, and I could only seem to speak about myself, which, of course, I would rather not do. I am keeping very quiet here. I have a--I don't know what to call it--constitutional (I suppose) presence of mind, and was not in the least fluttered at the time. I instantly remembered that I had the MS. of a number with me, and clambered back into the carriage for it. But in writing these scanty words of recollection I feel the shake and am obliged to stop.

Ever faithfully.

CHARLES DICKENS

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[1] Balloon – Hot Air Balloons carry passages in a basket suspended by a number of strong ropes.

[2] Stirring - Moving

SECTION B: WRITING

1. “As a developing continent, Africa should be given financial aid by richer countries in the West to support them to improve the quality of life for its citizens”.

   Write a letter to a Government Minister in which you argue your opinion on this statement.

   (24 marks for content and organisation
   16 marks for technical accuracy)
   [40 marks]

2. “Western tourists are slowly but surely destroying the natural habitat of hundreds of animals in what they describe as ‘safaris’”.

   Write the text for a leaflet aimed at people attending a safari park that advises them how to ensure they do not damage the ecosystems they visit.

   (24 marks for content and organisation
   16 marks for technical accuracy)
   [40 marks]

3. “Regardless of their crimes or misdemeanours, children in prison still deserves love, care and support. They are currently not receiving this”.

   Write the text for a speech to be delivered to a local Prison Governor in which you explain your opinion on this statement.

   (24 marks for content and organisation
   16 marks for technical accuracy)
   [40 marks]

4. “Every council should be expected to provide decent, high-quality services to support and care for homeless people in their area”.

   Write an article for a local newspaper in which you persuade its readers to support your opinion on this statement.

   (24 marks for content and organisation
   16 marks for technical accuracy)
   [40 marks]

5. “Festivals like Easter and Christmas is nothing to do with family and presents; it should be preserved as a memory to the religious nature of its history”.

   Write an article for a broadsheet newspaper in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

   (24 marks for content and organisation
   16 marks for technical accuracy)
   [40 marks]

6. “All young people should be given the opportunity to participate in overseas expeditions as part of their school experience”.

   Write the text of an essay in which you explain the possible reasons either for or against this opinion and proposal.

   (24 marks for content and organisation
   16 marks for technical accuracy)
   [40 marks]

7. “While public transport is by far the safest method of transport, all passengers should be ready for a disaster”.

   Write the text for a leaflet to be distributed on board trains that seeks to instruct passengers how to conduct themselves in an emergency situation.

   (24 marks for content and organisation
   16 marks for technical accuracy)
   [40 marks]

8. “Public sector workers such as nurses and teachers deserve higher wages, not underworked and selfish footballers”.

   Write a letter to your local MP in which your persuade them to agree with your opinions on this statement.

   (24 marks for content and organisation
   16 marks for technical accuracy)
   [40 marks]