

GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Post-16 reading support

Paper 2

Version 2.1
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Assessment Objectives For Paper 2

- AO1 Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.
Select and synthesise
- AO2 Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers, using relevant subject terminology to support their views.
- AO3 Compare writers' ideas and perspectives and how they are conveyed.

Students could look to find additional sources of similar length and challenge, and might benefit from compiling a portfolio of non-fiction texts on subjects that interest them. This material could also be used as the basis for a spoken language presentation.

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Introduction

Use this resource to familiarise students with approaches to unseen extracts similar to those found in the English Language Paper 2 exam.

There are 7 pairs of texts designed to be explored together, which will support students in preparing for question 4 on Paper 2 – the comparison of two whole texts. (You can find out more about P2 question 4 in our post [16 Spotlight](#) resources.) These pairs of texts have been carefully selected to engage and interest students and have been written by a diverse range of authors.

The aim of Paper 2 is to develop insights into how writers have particular viewpoints and perspectives on issues or themes that are important to the way we think and live.

We've provided non-fiction and literary non-fiction sources, specially selected to engage post-16 students, and framed them with questions that encourage the reading and analysis skills needed for GCSE English.

This resource can also act as a springboard, helping you encourage wider reading and independent engagement with writers' viewpoints and perspectives. Students might benefit from compiling a portfolio on subjects that interest them and reflect their own lives and cultures.

This material could also be used as the basis for a spoken language presentation.

Texts on a live Paper 2 will be drawn from the 19th century, and either the 20th or 21st century depending on the time period represented in Paper 1. In this resource, texts have been grouped based on subject matter to allow for comparison, and they illustrate the conventions of a variety of genres. For more on exam structure and possible content, see specification [section titled 'writers' viewpoints and perspectives'](#).

How to get the best from this resource

- We recommend students reading the whole source first. This can be followed by close reading, analysis of the writer's craft and comparison with other texts.
- For each extract, after a first response, there are tasks that allow students to practice skills and techniques closely related to those needed in the live exam. For example, language analysis tasks provide practice for Question 3.
- There are also some linked viewpoint comparison tasks which develop techniques similar to those required in question four.

Please note that in the live series students would give an integrated interpretation of language and effects; they would not produce their response in the grid format encouraged by this resource.

Why train travel has a bad reputation

The Guardian (2010)

When Garth Cartwright bought a weekend return train ticket to go to a family party, no one bothered to tell him the line was closed. Out of pocket and furious, he now wants to warn others.

How bad can a British rail experience be? By my account it can be horrendous. And very expensive. It began innocently enough – on 12 April I bought a return ticket (£43.80) via thetrainline.com so I could attend my aunt's 80th birthday party in Worcestershire on 1 May. On booking, your email and mobile phone number are taken in case you need to be alerted to any changes. How very conscientious.

The journey out on 30 April – London Euston to Birmingham New Street on Virgin, changing and travelling on a local operator to Worcester – was perfect. My return, on the evening of 1 May, also began well – the train left Worcester for Birmingham on time. Then it began. At New Street station I discovered that all trains to London were cancelled because of engineering work. This was broadcast across the PA with the added information that travellers destined for London should go to Birmingham International Airport station. I couldn't find a railway employee – it was 21.36pm and no trains for Euston were listed for the rest of the evening, so I hopped on a train to International Airport, hoping that my Virgin ticket – leaving 22.13, getting into Euston at 0.13 – would depart from there.

But no. No trains were heading south. Instead, a replacement bus service was on offer. As I was booked to take part in an author's event at the Camden Crawl arts event at midday on Sunday I rode the bus. One problem: no buses were heading to London.

Wandering the empty station I collared a Virgin Rail employee who appeared rather disgruntled. She said she had no idea how I was going to get to London. Having examined my ticket – clearly valid "at 22.13 HOURS ON 01 MAY.10", listing carriage and seat – she began to employ Orwellian-speak of "that's an open return". This, she explained, meant I could have taken an earlier train. But I wanted to travel back at this time – that was the point of my booking in advance.

She had no answer, but did check if there would be a bus from Northampton – the furthest south the replacement buses were travelling – and came back with the grim news that there might be one at 3.30am. Otherwise, I could head back to New Street and wait for the 8.30am train to Euston.

My Camden Crawl began at midday. I needed sleep, a shower and to collect books and materials. So I took the risk of the Northampton bus. After two-and-a-half hours in the company of a driver who often appeared rather lost, the station was solidly locked, rain was tipping down and there was no sign of any forthcoming buses to London (or anywhere else). A taxi driver said the best he could do was Milton Keynes where there might be night trains or coaches. He dropped me off £40 lighter.

At Milton Keynes – no trains, no buses. At least the station was open. A cab pulled up and I began haggling. We agreed £100. I arrived in SE15 at 3am.

So ... now I want some answers. And some money. Obviously, thetrainline.com must have been informed about the closure, so why did it sell me the tickets? Why did it not contact me? And why didn't Virgin have staff to deal with customers? Or buses?

If I had turned up at Birmingham airport to find my flight cancelled, I would be offered an alternative and – if this could not be provided until the next day – hotel accommodation (with compensation for delay). No question.

The farcical manner with which British rail companies treat their customers helps maintain the UK's reputation as one of the worst train services in the Western world.

The moral of this story? I'll never use thetrainline.com, or Virgin Trains, again. I'll buy tickets from the station on the day, having ensured there are no line closures. It may not be the cheapest way but may well prove both better value and less stressful.

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The Train to London

John E Ocansey (1881)

In this text, John, E Ocansey from Ghana describes his first journey by rail from Liverpool to London.

At eleven o'clock in the morning we left Lime Street station, Liverpool and arrived in Euston Square Station, London, at 3:50 in the afternoon, travelling at some times at the rate of 60 miles in one hour!

When I first went into the railway train, I observed they were like great coaches, mounted on springs with strong, heavy wheels. Six persons can sit side by side in a row and they are so high that a man can stand upright with his hat on and not touch the top. The seats are cushioned and the carriages have large, strong glass windows at each end, and a lamp at the top to give light when they are rushing through the dark tunnels.

Some carriages will carry fifty or more persons and the carriages can be hooked on, one after the other, according to the number of passengers. A large and powerful engine, with fires burning inside, was fastened to the front of the carriages. The steam was coming out of the top or chimney with great and force and noise.

After I had been inside and secured my seat, I came out and stood on the platform, near to the door, to look at the large station, and all the people coming and going, and I was greatly astonished to see so large a place. You can walk about for half-an-hour before you can go all around it; and yet this vast place is all covered over the glass roof, supported and held up by iron beams and pillars. Whilst I was gazing about a gentleman came up, dressed in a blue suit with silver buttons. I thought he was a soldier; but he shouted out, "Take your seats, gentlemen; show your tickets." I immediately jumped inside, and he took my ticket and made a small cut in it, and then shut the door with a loud bang.

I then heard the bell ring, and the engine gave a loud screech, or whistle, and began to move very slowly at first, but gradually increased in speed, and we shot into a dark tunnel, which is made under the houses for about two miles, until we came out into the light in the country. I was bewildered with the motion of the carriages, and the great noise they made in rushing through the tunnel. The carriages were certainly very comfortable, and the lamp in the top gave us good light. But it was pleasant to break out into the sunshine again. Then I settled and composed myself to look out of the window on the country, and behold! All the trees of the field seemed to be flying away from us backwards! It was then I saw how swiftly we were going; swifter than a bird can fly through the sky!

And thus the engine rushed and pushed away with all its might; and we went dashing along past houses, villages, and through the midst of large towns, and over high bridges, and darted in and out of deep tunnels, with such a loud noise that I could not hear the sound of my own voice. As I looked out on the country it seemed very green and beautiful.

After we'd been flying along in this way for more than four hours, the train began to get quieter and go slower, until it stopped. A man dressed as an officer, came and violently opened the door, and shouted out, "Tickets, please!" and he took them from us; then I knew I was in the great City of London! But I was not tired of the journey, it was so pleasant, and so short a time in coming such a long distance!

First response

Read the whole of Text A. Write a bullet point list of his journey from start to finish including dates and times.

Begin your first point like this:

12th April – bought return ticket from trainline.

Close analysis

Now read the section below from Text B.

How does the writer use language to describe their experience of travelling by train?

I then heard the bell ring, and the engine gave a loud screech, or whistle, and began to move very slowly at first, but gradually increased in speed, and we shot into a dark tunnel, which is made under the houses for about two miles, until we came out into the light in the country. I was bewildered with the motion of the carriages, and the great noise they made in rushing through the tunnel. The carriages were certainly very comfortable, and the lamp in the top gave us good light. But it was pleasant to break out into the sunshine again. Then I settled and composed myself to look out of the window on the country, and behold! All the trees of the field seemed to be flying away from us backwards! It was then I saw how swiftly we were going; swifter than a bird can fly through the sky! And thus the engine rushed and pushed away with all its might; and we went dashing along past houses, villages, and through the midst of large towns, and over high bridges, and darted in and out of deep tunnels, with such a loud noise that I could not hear the sound of my own voice. As I looked out on the country it seemed very green and beautiful.

Developing a response

Both writers feel very differently about the train journeys they take. Find three quotations from each text which help to show the attitudes of the writers towards their train journeys.

Text A – quotations to show feelings about train journey	Text B – quotations to show feelings about train journey

Concluding task

Both writers use a range of different methods to help present their views. Look at the quotations in your table above. Can you find any techniques the writers have used to express their views?

Now build up a paragraph like the one below in answer to the question:

How does the writer use various methods to express his view?

In Text A, the writer is left feeling **frustrated** after his train journey. He is especially frustrated with the service he received from thetrainline.com and Virgin. He asks, 'so why did it sell me the tickets? Why did it not contact me? And why didn't Virgin have staff to deal with customers? Or buses?' The writer **uses a series of questions to create a list** of all his complaints that he feels have not been answered. The writer's use of questions, therefore, shows there are many issues that both companies got wrong. The questions also show that he feels the failures could have been avoided as he asks, 'why did it sell me the tickets?' This question suggests that he should not have been deceived into buying a ticket when there would be no trains running. This makes the train company seem like it is deliberately misleading customers, and this has obviously made the writer **extremely angry**.

Q5 linked task

'Public transport in our home town or city is terrible!'

Write a letter to the local council to explain your views on this topic.

Bastoy: The Norwegian prison that works

The Guardian (2013)

Arne Kvernvik Nilsen, the departing governor of a prison with a reoffending rate of just 16%, shares the secrets of his remarkable success.

When Arne Kvernvik Nilsen was a little boy he had an idea that one day he might grow up to be an entertainer. Instead he became the governor of Bastoy prison island, the first "human ecological prison" in the world. Under Nilsen's tenure, Bastoy, home to some of the most serious offenders in Norway, has received increasing global attention both for the humane conditions under which the prisoners live – in houses rather than cells in what resembles a cosy self-sustaining village, or what the sceptics have often described as a "holiday camp" – and for its remarkably low reoffending rate of just 16% compared with around 70% for prisons across the rest of Europe and the US. Last year alone, the island, not much bigger than a breakwater in the Oslo fjord, played host to visitors from 25 international media organisations, all keen to find out the secret of Nilsen's success.

"I run this prison like a small society," he says as we sip tea in his cramped but tidy office. "I give respect to the prisoners who come here and they respond by respecting themselves, each other and this community." It is this core philosophy that Nilsen, 62, believes is responsible for the success of Bastoy.

On a previous visit to Bastoy, I spoke to a number of prisoners serving long terms for murder, rape and other violent offences, and was struck by the air of optimism and hope they had of living constructive, contributing lives once their sentences were served. Among guards I noticed a glaring lack of cynicism and a genuine sense of pride in their work.

"It is not just because Bastoy is a nice place, a pretty island to serve prison time, that people change," says Nilsen. "The staff here are very important. They are like social workers as well as prison guards. They believe in their work and know the difference they are making."

It is clear to anyone – when looking at the results of Nilsen's approach that by achieving its low reoffending rate – thereby reducing the number of future potential victims of released prisoners, Bastoy prison works. Prisoners can come here for the final part of their sentence if they show a commitment to live a crime-free life on release. Bastoy is also one of the cheapest prisons in Norway to run.

Nilsen believes that politicians carry a huge responsibility for the number of people in prison around Europe and the proportionally high reoffending rates. "They should deal with this by rethinking how they address the public regarding what is most effective in reducing reoffending. Losing liberty is sufficient punishment – once in custody we should focus on reducing the risk that offenders pose to society after they leave prison. For victims, there will never be a prison that is tough, or hard, enough. But they need another type of help – support to deal with the experience, rather than the government simply punishing the offender in a way that the victim rarely understands and that does very little to help heal their wounds. Politicians should be strong enough to be honest about this issue."

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Anonymous prisoner

(1853)

A prisoner describes the building he is locked in and describes how he takes a bath, as the officers search his clothes. He is then sent to his prison cell for the first time, where he must obey very strict rules.

Strong and stony as the prison seems to passers-by, it looks much stonier and stronger to the men who enter it. The multiplicity of heavy walls, of iron gates and doorways; of huge locks, of bolts, spikes and bars of every imaginable shape and size, make of the place a very nightmare dungeon. I followed the gruff under-warden, through some dark and chilly vaulted passages, now turning to the right, now to the left. We crossed a large hall, in the centre of which is a glass room for the use of prisoners when they are giving instructions to their lawyers.

Still following, I was led into another large recess or chamber, on one side of which was a huge boiler with a furnace glowing under it, and on another side a large stone bath. On the third wall there were a couple of round towels on a roller, with a wooden bench beneath them. "Stop," cried the warden, "take your clothes off." I hesitated, "Take off your clothes, do you hear?" My clothes were soon laid on the bench, and a hot bath filled, and I went in. The officer had then his opportunity of taking up my garments one by one, searching their pockets and their linings, feeling them about and holding them against the light. My boots appeared to be especially suspicious. After he had put his hands into them, he thumped them violently on the stone floor; but there rolled nothing out.

Having bathed, I was led down another passage, at the end of which were two gratings of iron bars, closely woven over with wirework, distant about two feet from each other. Unlocking both he pushed me through, and started me up two or three steps into a square courtyard where there was a man walking to and fro very violently. After shouting "One in!" he locked the two gratings, and retreated rapidly in the direction of his dinner. Another warden with a bunch of keys came from a gloomy building that formed one side of the court. "Go up," he said to the pedestrian; who disappeared up the staircase instantly.

"Where are you from?" the jailor asked me, and "What are you here for?" Being replied to on these points, he said shortly, "Come this way." He led up the dark stone staircase to a corridor with cells on one side, having iron doors to them, a foot or more in thickness. One of those cells was to be mine. Venturing as I went in to ask "Whether I might be allowed to walk in the yard when I pleased?" he answered sharply, "You'll just please to walk where and when you're told." He slammed the door, bolted it, locked, and padlocked it.

The cell was about eight feet by four, lighted by a loophole above eye level. It contained, besides an iron bedstead with a straw mattress and two course rugs upon it, an uncomfortable stool, and a slanting reading desk fastened to the wall, on which were a Bible, a prayer book, and hymn-book. Alone for the first time since my apprehension, I stretched myself onto the bed, and with my hands over my eyes, endeavoured to collect my thoughts.

I was soon aroused by the undoing of bolts and bars below, while a stentorian voice shouted from the yard, "All – down!" I heard the cell doors being opened in the corridor; and, in due turn mine was flung open, and the jailor looked in. The impression my body had left upon the rugs enraged him dreadfully. "What," he cried, almost in a scream, "you've been lying on that 'ere bed, have you! You just let me catch you on it again till night, that's all!"

"Oh," I said soothingly, "I didn't know. Now that I do know, I will not lie down again."
"If I find you on it again I'll have you up before the governor or stop your supper." That's all. Go down."

19th Century Fiction and Non-Fiction by C Edge (ed) OUP © 2015

First response

1. Read the first paragraph of Text A (Bastoy: the Norwegian prison that works). Choose four statements below which are true.

- a) Arne Kvernik Nilsen wanted to be a prison governor when he was younger
- b) Bastoy looks after petty criminals
- c) Prisoners are treated compassionately at Bastoy
- d) Bastoy is more like a community than a prison
- e) Prisoners are more likely to be reformed if they have been to Bastoy
- f) People from other countries are interested in Bastoy
- g) Prisons in the US have lower re-offending rates
- h) Bastoy is part of the mainland

2. Fill out the table below to summarise the differences between the prisons in each extract.

Point of comparison	Text A	Text B
The prison and the cells	Quote:	Quote:
	Explanation:	Explanation:
The prison warders	Quote:	Quote:
	Explanation:	Explanation:
The inmates	Quote:	Quote:
	Explanation:	Explanation:

Using your plan, write a response to this question:

Summarise the differences between the prisons in Text A and Text B.

Close analysis

1. How does the writer use language to describe the experience of the inmate arriving at the prison in this section of the text?

Strong and stony as the prison seems to passers-by, it looks much stonier and stronger to the men who enter it. The multiplicity of heavy walls, of iron gates and doorways; of huge locks, of bolts, spikes and bars of every imaginable shape and size, make of the place a very nightmare dungeon. I followed the gruff under-warden, through some dark and chilly vaulted passages, now turning to the right, now to the left. We crossed a large hall, in the centre of which is a glass room for the use of prisoners when they are giving instructions to their lawyers.

Developing a response

1. The writers feel very differently about the prisons they describe. Select the words from the table below that best describe the attitudes of the writers towards the prisons. Then choose quotations from the extracts to complete the table.

Words which describe a positive attitude	Quotations from Text A	Words which describe a negative attitude	Quotations from Text B
Impressed		Unimpressed	
Admiring		Critical	
Inspired		Concerned/ worried	

Concluding task

1. What techniques do the writers use to present their views about the prisons?
Can you identify any techniques used by the writers in the quotations you have chosen above?

You might try to identify the following:

- Text A: statistics, quotations from the governor, adjectives and adverbs
- Text B: metaphor, adjectives, verbs and speech tags

2. Now use the following table to plan a comparative paragraph

Text A	My plan	Text B	My plan
Statement identifying viewpoint		Statement identifying viewpoint	
Quote		Quote	
Explain		Explain	
Method		Method	
Final comparison		Final comparison	

Q5 linked task

'Prisons are a waste of time. They don't help anyone!'

Write an article in a broadsheet newspaper in which you explain your views on this issue.

Extract from a letter

Thomas Carlyle (1824)

The following extract is taken from a letter written on 11th August 1824. Here the author describes a visit to the Black Country, a heavily industrialised area to the north and west of Birmingham, where a large number of factories, mills and mines caused a high level of air pollution.

I was one day through the iron and coal works of this neighbourhood - a half-frightful scene! A space perhaps of 30 square miles, to the north of us, covered over with furnaces, rolling-mills, steam-engines and sooty men. A dense cloud of pestilential smoke hangs over it forever, blackening even the grain that grows upon it; and at night the whole region burns like a volcano spitting fire from a thousand tubes of brick. But oh the wretched hundred and fifty thousand mortals that grind out their destiny there! In the coal mines, they were literally naked, many of them, all but trousers; black as ravens; splashing about among dripping caverns, or scrambling amid heaps of broken mineral; and thirsting unquenchably for beer.

In the iron-mills it was a little better: blast furnaces were roaring like the voice of many whirlwinds all around; the fiery metal was hissing through its moulds, or sparkling and spitting under hammers of a monstrous size, which fell like so many little earthquakes. Here they were wheeling charred coals, breaking their ironstone, and tumbling all into their fiery pit; there they were turning and boring cannon with a hideous shrieking noise such as the earth could hardly parallel; and through the whole, half-naked demons pouring with sweat and besmeared with soot were hurrying to and fro in their red nightcaps and sheet-iron breeches rolling or hammering or squeezing their glowing metal as if it had been wax or dough. They also had a thirst for ale.

19th Century Fiction and Non Fiction by C Edge (ed) OUP © 2015

The Shepherd's Life

James Rebanks (2015)

In the following extract, James Rebanks describes a typical lambing season on his farm, where he lives with wife and children, and the struggle that follows to keep the newly born lambs alive.

I love lambing time. In the long, sodden and wind-lashed winter weeks, I sometimes daydream of escaping the muddy tedium, but I wouldn't want to miss lambing. I've always loved it, ever since I used to follow my grandad around, helping him feed the ewes in pens of little hay bales, sometimes being given one to lamb like my daughters do now.

I always marvel at how gentle some of the men were at this time of year, how you saw them kneeling in the mud or the straw of the pens, delicately threading a stomach tube down an ailing lamb's throat over the little pink tongue. You could see how much they cared. My dad would be gutted if he lost a lamb; it would hangover him like a grey cloud until he had put things right by saving others.

We start planning at the beginning of April. In theory, this is the point at which winter becomes spring here, but sometimes winter isn't aware of our plans and the weather is still gruesome. Snow. Rain. Hail. Wind. Mud. One morning, by the time I get to the first field of lambing ewes, I am already wet. The rain is biting cold and the hillsides are just sheets of water. It is a disaster zone. A first time ewe (a shearling) has dropped her lamb, when giving birth, into the beck, where it was stumbling and falling back into the shallow but deadly water. It is tough but looks close to giving up as it cannot climb up the bank.

I left it out and put it in the trailer. I sent Floss to hold the ewe up and after some slipping and sliding in the mud I have hold of her I will take them home to shelter. The ewe looks uncertain of her lamb now, like the thread between them has broken. A hundred yards away, on either side of me lie new lambs that look as if they're dead or dying. There is nowhere for even the experienced ewes to hide their newborn lambs from this downpour. Normally dry places behind walls have turned into streams, sheltered spots are now ponds. The temperature is murderous. My neighbour says later this is the worst lambing, weather she has ever experienced.

The first lamb I touch feels stiff and cold, just a faint hint of warmth on its bluing tongue. I lower in despondently into the trailer. The next two, from an older ewe that has tried to get them up and licked dry, have some life in them but are fading fast, their core temperature dropping. Desperate measures are needed. I decide to save the lambs quickly and worry about the ewes later. After five minutes, I have gathered up two lambs and am on the road home...

Minutes later, I have the lambs tight under a heat lamp, hung so low it is burning off the slime, mud and afterbirth. I haven't much hope for any of them. The first one is stiffening like a corpse. There doesn't seem to be much to lose, so I stomach-tube it with some warm artificial colostrum, figuring something warm inside may help. But sometimes the shock of the milk is too much for them - I am gambling. I leave my wife, Helen, drying them with towels from the bathroom. The children get themselves ready for school. Chaos. I go back for the mothers.

The fields are so sodden I am on my backside more than my feet... I fill the trailer with the required ewes (making a mental note of which lambs they have given birth to)...

I go back to the barn where Helen has managed to get some life into the lambs, and an hour later, miraculously, they are all sitting up and warm. Each is penned with its mother, bedded with clean straw. The one that was in the beck is suckling its mother. By the time we have tended to them and had a bit of breakfast, shoved the kids on the school bus, wearing the wrong clothes, it is time to get back to the first lambing field to do the rounds again.

From *The Shepherd's Life* by James Rebanks published by Allen Lane. Copyright © James Rebanks, 2015. Reprinted by permission of Penguin Books Limited.

First response

1. Read the whole of both texts and list the challenges that people working in these different environments face.
2. Find quotations to back up your points.
The first one has been done for you.

Text A – challenges and textual evidence	Text B – challenges and textual evidence
The environment is noisy 'blast furnaces were roaring like the voice of many whirlwinds'	1. The weather is challenging 'The rain is biting cold and the hillsides are just sheets of water'
2.	2.
3.	3.
4.	4.

Close analysis

1. How does the writer of Text A use language to describe the iron-mills in this section of the text?

In the iron-mills it was little better: blast furnaces were roaring like the voice of many whirlwinds all around; the fiery metal was hissing through its moulds, or sparkling and spitting under hammers of a monstrous size, which fell like so many little earthquakes. Here they were wheeling charred coals, breaking their ironstone, and tumbling all into their fiery pit; there they were turning and boring cannon with a hideous shrieking noise such as the earth could hardly parallel; and through the whole, half-naked demons pouring with sweat and besmeared with soot were hurrying to and fro in their red nightcaps and sheet-iron breeches rolling or hammering or squeezing their glowing metal as if it had been wax or dough.

Developing a response

1. Read again the whole of Source A and Source B. Compare how the writers convey their different feelings and perspectives about the work and the working environments they describe.

You might like to consider:

- Are the writers observers or directly involved in the work?
- How long do they spend at the places of work they describe?
- What verb tenses do they use to describe the scene?
- How do they feel about what they observe?

Use the table below to help you:

Words which describe feelings and perspectives	Quotations from Text A	Words which describe feelings and perspectives	Quotations from Text B
Pitying/ concerned for the workers		Compassionate/ concerned about the fate of the lambs	
Shocked		Anxious and stressed	
Patriotic pride		Pride in work	

Concluding task

Choose a quotation from each of the texts from your table above. What **methods** do you think the writer has used to show their feelings and perspectives?

Q5 linked task

'Jobs in the future should protect the environment rather than exploit it.'

Write a speech for your school's career day in which you explain your views on this issue.

Twilight in Italy

DH Lawrence (1916)

In 1912 DH Lawrence travelled to Italy and recorded his observations of the local people, customs and traditions. These were captured in his book *Twilight in Italy and other essays*. Here are two extracts from the book where he observes locals dancing.

Extract 1

Then the glasses are put down, the guitars give their strange, vibrant, almost painful summons, and the dance begins again.

It is a strange dance, strange and lilting, and changing as the music changed. But it had always a kind of leisurely dignity, a trailing kind of polka-waltz, intimate, passionate, yet never hurried, never violent in its passion, always becoming more intense. The women's faces changed to a kind of transported wonder, they were in the very rhythm of delight. From the soft bricks of the floor the red ochre rose in a thin cloud of dust, making hazy the shadowy dancers; the three musicians, in their black hats and their cloaks, sat obscurely in the corner, making a music that came quicker and quicker, making a dance that grew swifter and more intense, more subtle, the men seeming to fly and to implicate other strange inter-rhythmic dance into the women, the women drifting and palpitating as if their souls shook and resounded to a breeze that was subtly rushing upon them, through them; the men worked their feet, their thighs swifter, more vividly, the music came to an almost intolerable climax, there was a moment when the dance passed into a possession, the men caught up the women and swung them from the earth, leapt with them for a second, and then the next phase of the dance had begun, slower again, more subtly interwoven, taking perfect, oh, exquisite delight in every interrelated movement, a rhythm within a rhythm, a subtle approaching and drawing nearer to a climax, nearer, till, oh, there was the surpassing lift and swing of the women, when the woman's body seemed like a boat lifted over the powerful, exquisite wave of the man's body, perfect, for a moment, and then once more the slow, intense, nearer movement of the dance began, always nearer, nearer, always to a more perfect climax. And the women waited as if in transport for the climax, when they would be flung into a movement surpassing all movement. They were flung, borne away, lifted like a boat on a supreme wave, into the zenith and nave of the heavens, consummate.

Then suddenly the dance crashed to an end, and the dancers stood stranded, lost, bewildered, on a strange shore. The air was full of red dust, half-lit by the lamp on the wall; the players in the corner were putting down their instruments to take up their glasses.

And the dancers sat round the wall, crowding in the little room, faint with the transport of repeated ecstasy. There was a subtle smile on the face of the men, subtle, knowing, so finely sensual that the conscious eyes could scarcely look at it. And the women were dazed, like creatures dazzled by too much light.

Extract 2

The eyes of the wood-cutter flash like actual possession. He seems now to have come into his own. With all his senses, he is dominant, sure.

He is inconceivably vigorous in body, and his dancing is almost perfect, with a little catch in it, owing to his lameness, which brings almost a pure intoxication. Every muscle in his body is supple as steel, supple, as strong as thunder, and yet so quick, so delicately swift, it is almost unbearable. As he draws near to the swing, the climax, the ecstasy, he seems to lie in wait, there is a sense of a great strength crouching ready. Then it rushes forth, liquid, perfect, transcendent, the woman swoons over in the dance, and it goes on, enjoyment, infinite, incalculable enjoyment. He is like a god, a strange natural phenomenon, most intimate and compelling, wonderful.

But he is not a human being. The woman, somewhere shocked in her independent soul, begins to fall away from him. She has another being, which he has not touched, and which she will fall back upon. The dance is over, she will fall back on herself. It is perfect, too perfect. During the next dance, while she is in the power of the educated Ettore, a perfect and calculated voluptuary, who knows how much he can get out of this Northern woman, and only how much, the wood-cutter stands on the edge of the darkness, in the open doorway, and watches. He is fixed upon her, established, perfect. And all the while she is aware of the insistent hawk-like poising of the face of the wood-cutter, poised on the edge of the darkness, in the doorway, in possession, unrelinquishing.

And she is angry. There is something stupid, absurd, in the hard, talon-like eyes watching so fiercely and so confidently in the doorway, sure, unmitigated. Has the creature no sense? The woman reacts from him. For some time she will take no notice of him. But he waits, fixed. Then she comes near to him, and his will seems to take hold of her. He looks at her with a strange, proud, inhuman confidence, as if his influence with her was already accomplished.

THE CAMBRIDGE EDITION OF THE WORKS OF DH LAWRENCE: TWILIGHT IN ITALY AND OTHER ESSAYS (1994) © Cambridge University Press 1994. Reproduced by permission of Paper Lion Ltd, The Estate of Frieda Lawrence Ravagli and Cambridge University Press.

Definition

Ettore	Male Italian
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First response

- What is the subject matter of the two extracts?
- What happens in each account? How do the people involved feel?

List four things that are true about the three musicians in the first extract.

List four things that are true about the wood-cutter in the second extract.

Close reading

Outline the viewpoints of the writer with relation to the theme of how the women felt and behaved in the first extract and how they felt in the second extract.

Language: words and phrases to analyse

Extract 1 'transported wonder' 'rhythm of delight' 'seeming to fly'
'palpitating as if their souls shook and resounded to a breeze' 'intolerable climax'
'lifted like a boat on a supreme wave' 'crashed to an end'
'stranded, lost, bewildered'
'like creatures dazzled by too much light'

Do the words and language used within this extract remind you of anything else? If so, what?

Extract 2

'flash'
'pure intoxication'
'as strong as thunder' 'crouching'
'liquid' 'like a god'
'hawk-like poisoning' 'talon-like eyes'

Concluding task

Write a comparison about how the two extracts convey different attitudes between the men and women at the dance.

Pictures from Italy

Charles Dickens

The following extracts comes from Dickens' account of travelling around Italy in 1844. In these extracts, Dickens describes the Roman Amphitheatre in Verona and The Palazzo del Te in Mantua

Extract 1

With its fast-rushing river, picturesque old bridge, great castle, waving cypresses, and prospect so delightful, and so cheerful!

Pleasant Verona!

In the midst of it, in the Piazza di Bra--a spirit of old time among the familiar realities of the passing hour--is the great Roman Amphitheatre. So well preserved, and carefully maintained, that every row of seats is there, unbroken. Over certain of the arches, the old Roman numerals may yet be seen; and there are corridors, and staircases, and subterranean passages for beasts, and winding ways, above ground and below, as when the fierce thousands hurried in and out, intent upon the bloody shows of the arena. Nestling in some of the shadows and hollow places of the walls, now, are smiths with their forges, and a few small dealers of one kind or other; and there are green weeds, and leaves, and grass, upon the parapet. But little else is greatly changed.

When I had traversed all about it, with great interest, and had gone up to the topmost round of seats, and turning from the lovely panorama closed in by the distant Alps, looked down into the building, it seemed to lie before me like the inside of a prodigious hat of plaited straw, with an enormously broad brim and a shallow crown; the plaits being represented by the four- and- forty rows of seats. The comparison is a homely and fantastic one, in sober remembrance and on paper, but it was irresistibly suggested at the moment, nevertheless.

Extract 2

The Palazzo Te stands in a swamp, among this sort of vegetation; and is, indeed, as singular a place as I ever saw.

Not for its dreariness, though it is very dreary. Not for its dampness, though it is very damp. Nor for its desolate condition, though it is as desolate and neglected as house can be. But chiefly for the unaccountable nightmares with which its interior has been decorated (among other subjects of more delicate execution), by Giulio Romano. There is a leering Giant over a certain chimney-piece, and there are dozens of Giants (Titans warring with Jove) on the walls of another room, so inconceivably ugly and grotesque, that it is marvellous how any man can have imagined such creatures. In the chamber in which they abound, these monsters, with swollen faces and cracked cheeks, and every kind of distortion of look and limb, are depicted as staggering under the weight of falling buildings, and being overwhelmed in the ruins; upheaving masses of rock, and burying themselves beneath; vainly striving to sustain the pillars of heavy roofs that topple down upon their heads; and, in a word, undergoing and doing every kind of mad and demoniacal destruction. The figures are immensely large, and disagreeable; and the whole effect more like (I should imagine) a violent rush of blood to the head of the spectator, than any real picture set before him by the hand of an artist. This apoplectic performance was shown by a sickly-looking woman, whose appearance was referable, I dare say, to the bad air of the marshes; but it was difficult to help feeling as if she were too much haunted by the Giants, and they were frightening her to death, all alone in that exhausted cistern of a Palace, among the reeds and rushes, with the mists hovering about outside, and stalking round and round it continually.

First response

- What is the subject matter of the first extract and what are the subtle differences in topic that lead to the change of each paragraph?
- What is the subject matter of the second extract and how does the emotion and atmosphere of this differ from that of the first extract?

Look carefully at the first two lines of the first extract again. Can you list things that are true about Verona?

Close reading

Use the information in the source to summarise the differences between the Roman Ampitheatre in Verona and the Palazzo Te.

Language: words and phrases to analyse

'fierce thousands hurried in and out'

'nestling'

'like the inside of a prodigious hat of plaited straw'

'dreariness'

'desolate'

'unaccountable nightmares'

'ugly and grotesque'

'staggering'

'demoniacal destruction'

'the mists hovering about outside, and stalking round and round it continually'

Concluding task

Compare the views of Charles Dickens towards Verona with DH Lawrence's reflections of Italy. What seems to be influencing the writer of each extract specifically and in what way is this different between the two texts?

Compare the differing views and experiences of Charles Dickens as he travels through Italy with those of Caroline Hendrie as she walks through the Pyrenees.

How have these differences between shown in what has been written? Think about the writers' emotions outlined in the sources – are these different or similar?

Race To The Pole

Ben Fogle and James Cracknell

In this extract, Ben Fogle describes the training that he and his colleague James went through before undertaking a race across Antarctica.

A fierce wind scoured our faces, and ice snapped at our heels. The inside of my nose had frozen and icicles were beginning to form on my eyelashes. The cold cut through to the core, and my bones ached from the chill.

On we trudged. I'd long lost all feelings in my fingers, and my toes felt like ice cubes. I shook my arms furiously in an effort to get the blood flowing again. Every breath stung as the freezing air burnt my throat, while the moisture from my exhalations formed ice crystals on my unshaven chin.

It was minus 40 degrees Celsius, a temperature at which, even in polar clothing, the body is pushed to its limit. I knew that my fingertips had dropped below freezing; the moisture in the skin had frozen and if I didn't do something about it soon, I would be in danger of losing them to frostbite. Even my eyelids were beginning to stick together.

I looked across at James. His hair was tangled with ice, his balaclava was covered in a thick layer of frost and his legs were buckling with fatigue. We had been going for twelve hours and it was time to admit defeat, get inside and warm up.

Minutes later, we clambered into the tent and collapsed with exhaustion. Unzipping the door with my frozen hands had been like buttoning a shirt with an oven glove. The thin fabric gave us some protection from the wind chill, but even inside, as I struggled to light the stove, it was still minus 25.

The lighter had frozen. I fumbled with a box of matches, but the stove was too cold to ignite. I started to feel the pressure of the situation. We had to get the stove alight, or we'd freeze. We were hungry and dehydrated, but above all we needed heat. I began to wonder what we'd let ourselves in for.

Race To The Pole by Ben Fogle and James Cracknell. Pan Macmillan © 2009. Reproduced with permission of the Licensor through PLSclear.

First response

- What is happening in the extract?
- What happens in each of the paragraphs?

List some things that are true about what happens to Ben Fogle's body as a result of the weather.

Language: words and phrases to analyse

'wind scoured our faces'

'ice snapped at our heels'

'cold cut through to the core'

'toes felt like ice cubes'

'buckling'

'clambered'

'like buttoning a shirt with an oven glove'

'fumbled'

Concluding task

Compare the thoughts and attitude of the writer, Ben Fogle, with the thoughts and attitude of Bradley Wiggins when he is preparing for the Tour de France in the previous extract.

In what ways are they similar and how do they differ?

Captain Scott's diary

Captain Robert Falcon Scott

An extract taken from Captain Scott's diary in February and March 1911 as he attempts to survive the weather conditions at the South Pole. He describes in detail his experience of being out in the cold and the freezing temperatures he and his party have to endure.

Thursday, February 2nd, 1911

Impressions.

The seductive folds of the sleeping-bag.

The hiss of the primus and the fragrant steam of the cooker issuing from the tent ventilator.

The small green tent and the great white road.

The whine of a dog and the neigh of our steeds.

The driving cloud of powdered snow.

The crunch of footsteps which break the surface crust.

The wind blown furrows.

The blue arch beneath the smoky cloud.

The crisp ring of the ponies' hoofs and the swish of the following sledge.

The droning conversation of the march as the driver encourages or chides his horse.

The patter of dog pads.

The gentle flutter of our canvas shelter.

Its deep booming sound under the full force of a blizzard.

The drift snow like finest flour penetrating every hole and corner – flickering up beneath one's head covering, pricking sharply as a sand blast.

The sun with blurred image peeping shyly through the wreathing drift giving pale shadowless light.

The eternal silence of the great white desert.

Cloudy columns of snow drift advancing from the south, pale yellow wraiths, heralding the coming storm, blotting out one by one the sharp-cut lines of the land.

The blizzard, Nature's protest – the crevasse, Nature's pitfall – that grim trap for the unwary – no hunter could conceal his snare so perfectly – the light rippled snow bridge gives no hint or sign of the hidden danger, its position unguessable till man or beast is floundering, clawing and struggling for foothold on the brink.

The vast silence broken only by the mellow sounds of the marching column.

Saturday, March 25th, 1911

We have had two days of surprisingly warm weather, the sky overcast, snow falling, wind only in light airs. Last night the sky was clearing, with a southerly wind, and this morning the sea was open all about us. It is disappointing to find the ice so reluctant to hold; at the same time one supposes that the cooling of the water is proceeding and therefore that each day makes it easier for the ice to form – the sun seems to have lost all power, but I imagine its rays still tend to warm the surface water about the noon hours. It is only a week now to the date which I thought would see us all at Cape Evans.

The warmth of the air has produced a comparatively uncomfortable state of affairs in the hut. The ice on the inner roof is melting fast, dripping on the floor and streaming down the sides. The increasing cold is checking the evil even as I write. Comfort could only be ensured in the hut either by making a clean sweep of all the ceiling ice or by keeping the interior at a critical temperature little above freezing-point.

Sunday, March 17th, 1912

Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch, the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do, and induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his Mother, but immediately before he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint, and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not – would not – give up hope to the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning – yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said, 'I am just going outside and may be some time.' He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.

I take this opportunity of saying that we have stuck to our sick companions to the last. In case of Edgar Evans, when absolutely out of food and he lay insensible, the safety of the remainder seemed to demand his abandonment, but Providence mercifully removed him at this critical moment. He died a natural death, and we did not leave him till two hours after his death. We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death, but though we tried to dissuade him, we knew it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman. We all hope to meet the end with a similar spirit, and assuredly the end is not far.

I can only write at lunch and then only occasionally. The cold is intense, -40° at midday. My companions are unendingly cheerful, but we are all on the verge of serious frostbites, and though we constantly talk of fetching through I don't think anyone of us believes it in his heart.

First response

- What is the difference between 'Impressions' and the other two diary extracts? How does the description in the 'Impressions' section convey the scene for the reader?
- Which details create a sense of the beauty of the scene?
- Where is there a suggestion of the danger that the explorers face?
- What makes the men uncomfortable in their tent?
- What impression does he convey of the character of Titus Oates?
- Who do you think Scott had in mind as his intended audience for this piece of writing?
- What is his purpose in keeping the diary?
- List four things that are true about the weather two days previous to 25 March 1911.

Language: words and phrases to analyse

'powdered snow' 'crunch'

'snow like finest flour' 'the sun...peeping shyly' 'the great white desert' 'ice so reluctant to hold'

'tragedy'

'fetching through'

How does Scott use metaphors to create a sinister impression of the power of nature?

Look again at the structure of sentences in the diary entry for 17 March 1912. Why has Scott used some fragment sentences?

Concluding task

Compare Scott's viewpoint as evidenced through his diary extracts with those of Ben Fogle when he was on his way to the Pole. How are they similar? Do they differ in any way?

We choose to go to the moon

John F Kennedy

President Kennedy made this speech to a large audience at Rice University in Houston, Texas. He was keen to persuade the American people to support NASA's work in sending a manned spaceship to the moon.

Those who came before us made certain that this country rode the first waves of the industrial revolutions, the first waves of modern invention, and the first wave of nuclear power, and this generation does not intend to founder in the backwash of the coming age of space. We mean to be a part of it—we mean to lead it. For the eyes of the world now look into space, to the moon and to the planets beyond, and we have vowed that we shall not see it governed by a hostile flag of conquest, but by a banner of freedom and peace. We have vowed that we shall not see space filled with weapons of mass destruction, but with instruments of knowledge and understanding.

Yet the vows of this Nation can only be fulfilled if we in this Nation are first, and, therefore, we intend to be first.

We set sail on this new sea because there is new knowledge to be gained, and new rights to be won, and they must be won and used for the progress of all people. For space science, like nuclear science and all technology, has no conscience of its own. Whether it will become a force for good or ill depends on man, and only if the United States occupies a position of pre-eminence can we help decide whether this new ocean will be a sea of peace or a new terrifying theatre of war.

There is no strife, no prejudice, no national conflict in outer space as yet. Its hazards are hostile to us all. Its conquest deserves the best of all mankind, and its opportunity for peaceful cooperation may never come again.

But why, some say, the moon? Why choose this as our goal? And they may well ask why climb the highest mountain? Why, 35 years ago, fly the Atlantic? Why does Rice play Texas?

We choose to go to the moon. We choose to go to the moon in this decade and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard, because that goal will serve to organize and measure the best of our energies and skills, because that challenge is one that we are willing to accept, one we are unwilling to postpone, and one which we intend to win, and the others, too.

It is for these reasons that I regard the decision last year to shift our efforts in space from low to high gear as among the most important decisions that will be made during my incumbency in the office of the Presidency.

First response

- What is the speech about?

List some things that are true according to President Kennedy about the reasons for going to the moon.

Closer reading

Outline the viewpoints of the writer with relation to the theme of space exploration.

Language: words and phrases to analyse

'first waves'

'we shall not see it governed by a hostile flag of conquest, but by a banner of freedom and peace' 'we shall not see space filled with weapons of mass destruction, but with instruments of knowledge and understanding.'

'We set sail on this new sea' 'terrifying theatre of war' 'low to high gear'

What persuasive language techniques are used to try to persuade the American people that space exploration should go ahead?

Concluding task

Compare John F Kennedy's attitude and viewpoints regarding space exploration with those of Captain Scott and exploration. How are they similar and how do they differ?

Chief Seattle's speech

There is some debate over the authenticity of this speech, a version of which is thought to have been delivered in the mid-19th century. This particular account is thought to have been influenced by a 1970's script writer named Ted Perry. Writing about Chief Seattle's speech in 1974, The Irish Times reported that it 'has been described as one of the most beautiful and profound statements on the environment ever made'.

In 1981, Buckminster Fuller wrote in *Critical Path* that the speech was delivered in response to a proposed treaty under which the Native Americans were persuaded to sell two million acres of land for \$150,000.

How can you buy or sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us.

If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them? Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people. The sap which courses through the trees carries the memories of the red man.

The white man's dead forget the country of their birth when they go to walk among the stars. Our dead never forget this beautiful earth, for it is the mother of the red man. We are part of the earth and it is part of us. The perfumed flowers are our sisters; the deer, the horse, the great eagle, these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the juices in the meadows, the body heat of the pony, and man --- all belong to the same family...

So, we will consider your offer to buy our land. But it will not be easy. For this land is sacred to us. This shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water but the blood of our ancestors. If we sell you the land, you must remember that it is sacred, and you must teach your children that it is sacred and that each ghostly reflection in the clear water of the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of my people. The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father.

The rivers are our brothers, they quench our thirst. The rivers carry our canoes, and feed our children. If we sell you our land, you must remember, and teach your children, that the rivers are our brothers and yours, and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness you would give any brother.

We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on. He leaves his father's grave behind, and he does not care.

He kidnaps the earth from his children, and he does not care. His father's grave, and his children's birthright are forgotten. He treats his mother, the earth, and his brother, the sky, as things to be bought, plundered, sold like sheep or bright beads. His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert.

I do not know. Our ways are different than your ways. The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the red man. There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the unfurling of leaves in spring or the rustle of the insect's wings. The clatter only seems to insult the ears. And what is there to life if a man cannot hear the lonely cry of the whippoorwill or the arguments

of the frogs around the pond at night? I am a red man and do not understand.

The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of a pond and the smell of the wind itself, cleaned by a midday rain, or scented with pinon pine. The air is precious to the red man for all things share the same breath, the beast, the tree, the man, they all share the same breath. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying for many days he is numb to the stench. But if we sell you our land, you must remember that the air is precious to us, that the air shares its spirit with all the life it supports.

The wind that gave our grandfather his first breath also receives his last sigh. And if we sell you our land, you must keep it apart and sacred as a place where even the white man can go to taste the wind that is sweetened by the meadow's flowers...

I am a savage and do not understand any other way. I have seen a thousand rotting buffaloes on the prairie, left by the white man who shot them from a passing train.

I am a savage and do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be made more important than the buffalo that we kill only to stay alive.

What is man without the beasts? If all the beasts were gone, man would die from a great loneliness of the spirit. For whatever happens to the beasts, soon happens to man. All things are connected.

You must teach your children that the ground beneath their feet is the ashes of our grandfathers. So that they will respect the land, tell your children that the earth is rich with the lives of our kin. Teach your children that we have taught our children that the earth is our mother. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of earth. If men spit upon the ground, they spit upon themselves.

You must teach your children that the ground beneath their feet is the ashes of our grandfathers. So that they will respect the land, tell your children that the earth is rich with the lives of our kin. Teach your children that we have taught our children that the earth is our mother. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of earth. If men spit upon the ground, they spit upon themselves.

This we know; the earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the earth. This we know. All things are connected like the blood which unites one family. All things are connected. Even the white man, whose God walks and talks with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We shall see. One thing we know which the white man may one day discover; our God is the same God.

You may think now that you own Him as you wish to own our land; but you cannot. He is the God of man, and His compassion is equal for the red man and the white. The earth is precious to Him, and to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its creator. The whites too shall pass; perhaps sooner than all other tribes. Contaminate your bed and you will one night suffocate in your own waste...

That destiny is a mystery to us, for we do not understand when the buffalo are all slaughtered, the wild horses are tamed, the secret corners of the forest heavy with the scent of many men and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires.

Where is the thicket? Gone. Where is the eagle? Gone.

The end of living and the beginning of survival.

First response

- What is the speech about?

Describe the Native American person's belief system, according to Chief Seattle.

Close reading

Outline the viewpoints of the writer with relation to the theme of all things being connected.

Language: words and phrases to analyse

'the perfumed flowers are our sisters'

'this shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water but the blood of our ancestors'

'the rivers are our brothers, they quench our thirst' 'he kidnaps the earth from his children'

'like a man dying for many days he is numb to the stench'

'his appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert'

Concluding task

Compare the viewpoints of Chief Seattle on ownership of land and natural resources with those of John F Kennedy in relation to space exploration.

How do their belief systems impact on their viewpoints and attitudes? What are the differences in the viewpoints?

Red Tape and White Knuckles

Lois Pryce

The extract describes the journey by motorbike by celebrated adventurer and author Lois Pryce. She shares the story of her 10,000 mile journey through the vast continent of Africa.

Emerging from the forest under a black sky, I was met with a storm howling across the desolate plateau. The thunder moved nearer with every clap and the rain was ceaseless, coming down in sheets but the ground could no longer absorb it quickly enough and torrents of muddy water flowed past my wheels while huge chunks of the dirt road were disintegrating before my eyes. Overhanging trees and thorn bushes dangled in my path, scratching my face and ripping my waterproofs, allowing yet more rain to soak me quite literally, to the skin. This was wild, high, open country with not a glimmer of civilisation in sight; there were no people living here now, long since driven out in the civil war's slashing and burning of the villages. I longed to see some evidence of the human hand at work, just a hut or a farmhouse, a truck or car. But the only signs of man's existence were grim and sinister, in the shape of rusting tanks at the roadside and the crumbling concrete of improvised roadblocks.

The map revealed that the small town of Caconda was about forty miles away. It would take me at least two hours to get there at this rate and I would be riding in the dark yet again, with no idea what I would find there, although I guessed there would be somewhere I could shelter for the night, even if it was just another bombed-out house. Lightning ripped open the darkening sky, briefly illuminating the route ahead and I found myself confronted with an unexpected fork in the road. It wasn't marked on the map, and with no road sign to aid the traveller, I was forced to stop to consider my options.

The left fork showed the broken remains of the blacktop leading off into some woods, while the right fork was a most unappealing option; here was the *inundacao repentina* – the flash flooding that I had been warned about by the locals. It was a rock-strewn, muddy track, but currently under a foot of fast-flowing water; the heavy rain had turned it into a treacherous river and I hoped, and almost prayed, that this was not the road to Caconda. I dallied and I dallied, and I looked at the map, and the compass, and tried to orientate myself in the dimming light and the pouring rain. There were faint marks in the mud leading to the right fork, but then again, the scraps of old asphalt on the left fork suggested the course of the original road, but on the other hand it looked quite overgrown, almost abandoned.

What to do? If only there was someone around to ask. But there was no-one and no solid clues to help me either. Then, as I stared at the left hand fork I noticed, among the bushes, that this route was lined with concrete posts about a foot high; they were painted red and white and looked reassuringly official. This must be it, I decided and secretly thankful to not be riding up the torrential river, I headed off down the old road, following the line of the posts, bumping over the smashed-up blacktop.

I don't know why, but after about five-hundred yards I had a powerful sensation that something wasn't right. I can't say what caused me to stop and question my decision, but it was no more than a feeling, some kind of intuition, and nothing whatsoever to do with the reason and logic in which I trusted so deeply for my survival and sanity. Whatever this force was, it convinced me to return to the junction and think again. I swung a wide U-turn through the bushes around one of the posts and as I did so, my headlight caught the white-painted concrete, illuminating a patch of faded red lettering.

I stopped and peered closer and as I read the words my heart froze. Weathered by Angolan rain and sun, it was only just legible, but it told me everything I needed to know. Beneath a crude motif of a skull-and-crossbones were the words that shook me to the core, *PERIGO MINAS*. And just in case you hadn't got the picture, in small letters there was an English translation too. It said: Danger Mines.

A roar of thunder and an almost simultaneous flash of lightning exploded above me and the rain lashed down harder than ever. I was in the thick of the storm, sitting in the middle of a minefield. What were the chances of that? And what a choice? Struck by lightning or blown apart by a landmine? Or possibly both. At the same time, even!

I sat there on the bike, trying to control my thumping heart. All the bad roads, the hard riding, the tumbles in the mud; they all paled into insignificance. Now I really had a situation on my hands. I had ridden five-hundred yards into a minefield and now I had to ride back out again. The only way to do this was to follow my tyre tracks exactly, but they were dissolving before my very eyes; the rain was washing them away as quickly as I made them. I sat there, utterly still for what felt like an age, realising I had two options: I could either make a dash for it or I could sit here for, well, for ever.

No-one would ever find me. I took a deep breath and clicked into first gear.

As I retraced my route I felt an eerie calm envelop me, as if my fate was out of my hands and I was high above, looking down on my filthy, bedraggled self, pottering through an Angolan minefield beneath a biblical storm.

None of it seemed real.

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First response

- What is happening in the extract?
- What are the changing emotions of the writer?

List some things that are true in the first paragraph about the physical problems that Lois encountered.

Language: words and phrases to analyse

'storm howling'

'coming down in sheets' 'slashing'

'grim and sinister'

'Lightning ripped open the darkening sky'

'my heart froze'

'thumping heart'

'eerie calm envelop me'

'filthy bedraggled self' 'pottering'

'biblical storm'

Concluding task

Compare Lois Pryce's experiences of visiting a new place with Charles Dickens' experiences of visiting Italy. In what way do the writers' viewpoints and experiences differ?

Long Way Down

Ewan McGregor and Charley Boorman

Ewan McGregor and Charley Boorman are making a TV film about riding their motorbikes from Scotland to South Africa. Here, they are in Egypt but are behind schedule.

Charley was on my outside and I rode with one hand on the bars and one in my lap; the asphalt true and grippy. For a while it seemed the land was greener, farming country perhaps, but before we knew it there was the sand again – the rubble, piles of rock littered across the horizon.

I'd been in a very bad mood and it was only just beginning to ease. I wasn't quite sure how our planning had gone so awry; it hadn't been like this when we rode round the world. I don't remember this level of tension either; we'd had our moments but this time we seemed to go from one petty squabble to another.

Giza came up quicker than I expected, so preoccupied was I with my thoughts. All at once the driving worsened, the cars came thick and fast and we were on the outskirts of the town. Cars were hooting, kids yelling from donkeycarts and bicycles.

And then there they were. Just a glimpse to begin with, they seemed to grow up from the middle of the town itself. It took a moment to dawn: the pyramids. My God, I'd ridden my motorbike all the way to the great pyramids of Egypt.

Excitement gripped me. We funnelled into traffic; the buildings stained a dirty yellow; apartments, stalls, people everywhere peering at us and waving. We came to a checkpoint and stopped. It was early evening, the sun just beginning to set.

People wandered over to look at the bikes; mine was hot and sounded pretty gnarly. I switched the engine off. 'Hey, Ewan,' Charley said, 'there's a golf course over there. Imagine having a round of golf with the pyramids as your backdrop.' I could hear the enthusiasm in his voice. Suddenly all the tension seemed to lift. There's nothing like witnessing one of the great wonders of the world if you want to put your troubles into perspective.

Moments later we were moving up to a chequered barrier and the pyramids were right ahead of us and not quite as deep in the town as I'd thought. The road was wide and dusty; it snaked a few hundred yards to where the massive stone structures dominated the skyline. As I passed his truck, Ramy, our fixer, was standing there in his Indiana Jones hat.

'All yours,' he called.

Initially I didn't understand what he meant. Then I realised – the area was closed off for the evening, and we were the only visitors. I couldn't believe it. Not only had I ridden my bike to the pyramids, now we had them to ourselves. Two colossal structures, they lifted from the desert with Cairo on one side and an ancient expanse of nothingness on the other. I was speechless, standing on the foot-pegs of my bike as if in homage.

First response

- What is happening in the extract?
- Describe how the action changes in each paragraph and how the writer's emotions change as a result of this.
- How does he feel at the end of the extract?

List some things that are true in the paragraph starting 'Giza came up quicker than I expected' and the following paragraph about Giza.

Language: words and phrases to analyse

'piles of rock littered across the horizon'

'petty squabble'

'cars were hooting, kids yelling'

'they seemed to grow up from the middle of the town itself'

'we funnelled into traffic'

'it snaked a few hundred yards'

'the massive stone structures dominated the skyline'

'two colossal structures'

'as if in homage'

Concluding tasks

Compare Ewan McGregor's viewpoint with travelling and seeing a new environment with Lois Pryce's. How do their viewpoints differ? Why do you think this is the case?

Compare Ewan McGregor's attitude to travelling with those of Charles Dickens of *Pictures from the Past*. What are the similarities and differences?

Language analysis grid

Paper 2 Question 3

Language analysis grid: examples of use and fill-in exercises for DH Lawrence's *Twilight in Italy*.
Some of these columns could be deliberately left blank for students to complete.

Selected word/phrase	Terminology	Effect
'flash'	verb	the eyes give a sudden, unpredictable intense beam of light or energy
'pure intoxication'	metaphor	the man's dance is thoroughly engrossing, overpowering the observer, resulting in a trance-like state
'as strong as thunder'	simile	the man possesses natural strength, an almost destructive power
'crouching'	verb/ metaphor	the man's strength is almost waiting to unfold/unleash itself
'liquid'	metaphor	the movement of the dance is extremely fluid; like water it flows
'like a god'	simile	the man is all-powerful and could control others
'hawk-like poising'	simile	the man is looking in an inquisitive, predatory manner towards the woman
'talon-like eyes'	simile	the man has eyes that give sudden sharp glances, suggesting that he is dangerous

Here is a practice grid to use with any extract.
Students can add their own words/phrases.

Selected word/phrase	Terminology	Effect

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