



**GCSE**

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and  
perspectives**

**8700/2**

**Insert**

**[Turn over]**

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**The two sources that follow are:**

**SOURCE A: 21st Century literary  
non-fiction**

**‘The Tent, The Bucket and  
Me’ by Emma Kennedy**

**An extract from an  
autobiography, published in  
2009**

**SOURCE B 19th Century non-fiction**

**‘In the Wilderness’ by  
Charles Dudley Warner**

**An extract from a book,  
published in 1878**

**[Turn over]**

**SOURCE A**

**SOURCE A is an extract from ‘The Tent, The Bucket and Me’ in which Emma Kennedy describes her camping holidays in France in the 1970s.**

**1 ‘You know,’ said my mother who, as far as I could tell, was the only person delighted to be back in France, ‘we should treat this holiday  
5 as the occasion it is. There’s no point in being miserable. Holidays are what you make them.’**

**Holidays were not what you made them. Holidays were in the hands of  
10 malevolent forces hell-bent on wreaking chaos at every turn. Holidays were assault courses of the mind and body, endurance tests designed to break spirits and shatter  
15 spleens. In my nine years on the planet I had learnt one thing: going**

on holiday was awful. As we sat,  
chugging along through the French  
countryside, sunflowers in the fields  
20 on either side of us, I thought, 'Yes, it  
IS nice to look at. But in the same  
way that cheese looks nice in a  
23 mousetrap.'

Eventually we arrived at the campsite  
25 where we had stayed the previous  
year. As is often the way when you  
revisit somewhere you've been  
before, the allure was not quite as  
sparkling. The table tennis hut, once  
30 such an astonishment of riches, was  
now a bit battered around the edges,  
the pool a little more dull. Even my  
mother was forced to concede that  
the place had lost its gloss. 'This  
35 isn't quite as nice as I remember it,'  
she said, hands on hips. 'Still, at  
least it's a bit cooler. What a relief!'

[Turn over]

**‘Storm clouds gathering over there,’  
said Dad, looking up to the west.**

**40 ‘That’ll explain the drop in  
temperature. Still, I’ll get the tent up.’**

**Our pitch backed on to a line of trees  
that acted as a windbreaker between  
us and the river. I wandered off,  
45 tiptoeing through the branches to  
stand at the water’s edge. The low  
evening sun was casting a pink tinge  
across the water and dragonflies  
were hovering. Picking up a round,  
50 flat stone I skimmed it across the  
surface of the lake and watched with  
satisfaction as it bounced away.  
Sometimes, it was the simplest  
things that provided the greatest  
55 pleasure and as I stood, throwing  
stone after stone, I felt real  
contentment as if I were actually  
enjoying myself.**

I returned to our pitch, having been  
60 called to supper by my mother. Dad  
was staring skywards. ‘Those clouds  
are shifting,’ he said, ‘we might get  
some rain after all.’

‘I can’t remember the last time I saw  
65 rain,’ answered my mother, ‘must be  
well over a month. It’ll be nice. Clear  
the air.’

68 Suddenly, there was a squall of  
activity all over the campsite as the  
70 sky darkened and the rain began to  
fall in thick, steady drops. Caravan  
awnings were being winched in,  
windows slammed shut, towels were  
being hastily gathered and  
75 everywhere, families were retreating  
to the inside of their tents. Because  
the ground was so dry, the patter of  
rain on the hard earth sounded

[Turn over]

almost metallic and each raindrop  
80 sparked up a plume of dust so fine it  
looked like steam, making the soil  
look as if it were boiling. In the  
distance, a low rumble of thunder  
began rolling towards us, the starter  
85 flag for any decent storm, and the  
rain which had an individual and  
random quality became more pack-  
like, shifting shapes like a flock of  
starlings. The storm was circling the  
90 area before clattering in to do its  
worst. Soon, the rain was slashing  
down, the relentless battering  
against the tent canvas loud and  
94 frightening.

95 Despite all my father's best efforts to  
waterproof the tent and lay the  
ground sheet properly, water was  
starting to seep in. The ground, dry  
from so many weeks without  
100 moisture, couldn't cope with the  
sudden onslaught and the campsite



was rapidly turned into a series of streaming rivers. Not wanting to get our bedding wet, we bundled our 105 sleeping bags together, placing them on top of the camping table just outside the sleeping compartment. With nothing to sleep in, and the water ever rising, Dad placed my air 110 bed on top of their air bed and we sat, huddled together, knees against our chests. As the storm fractured the skies, we clung together, terrified.

115 Despite a small but intense gnawing in my chest, there was something deliciously spine-tingling about being trapped inside the tent while hell rained itself down on me.

**[Turn over for SOURCE B]**

**SOURCE B**

**SOURCE B is an extract from ‘In The Wilderness’, written in 1878 by the American writer Charles Dudley Warner. At this time, some Americans were looking for adventure by camping in the wild.**

**1 The real enjoyment of camping in the woods lies in a return to primitive conditions of living, dress and food and an escape from civilization. It is  
5 wonderful to see how easily the limits of society fall off.**

**10 When our campers come to the bank of a lovely lake where they hope to enter the primitive life, everything is beautiful and unspoilt. There is a point of land jutting into the lake, sloping down to a sandy beach, on which the waters idly lap. The forest is untouched by the axe; ranks of**

**15 slender fir trees are marshalled by  
the shore. The discoverers of this  
paradise, which they have entered to  
destroy, note the babbling of the  
stream that flows close at hand; they  
20 hear the splash of the leaping fish.  
They listen to the sweet song of the  
evening birds, and the chatter of the  
red squirrel, who angrily challenges  
their right to be there.**

**25 The site for a shelter is selected. The  
whole group is busy with the  
foundation of a new home. The axes  
resound in the echoing spaces; great  
trunks fall with a crash; views are  
30 opened towards the lake and the  
mountains. The spot for the shelter  
is cleared of underbrush; forked  
stakes are driven into the ground,  
cross-pieces are laid on them, and  
35 poles sloping back to the ground.**

**[Turn over]**

In an incredible space of time there is the skeleton of a house, which is entirely open in front. The roof and sides must be covered. For this  
40 purpose, the trunks of great spruce trees are skinned. It needs but a few of these skins to cover the roof; and they make a perfectly water-tight roof, except when it rains.

45 Later, whilst we eat supper, a drop or two of rain falls. The sky darkens; the wind rises; there is a kind of shiver in the woods. We scud away into the shelter, taking the remains of  
50 our supper, eating it as best we can. The rain increases. The fire sputters and fumes. All the trees are dripping, dripping, and the ground is wet. We cannot step outdoors  
55 without getting a drenching. Like sheep, we are penned in the little hut, where no one can stand upright. The rain swirls into the open front and

wets the bottom of the blankets. We  
60 curl up in our sleeping rows and try  
to enjoy ourselves. How much better  
off we are than many a shelter-less  
wretch!

However, as we are dropping off to  
65 sleep, somebody unfortunately notes  
a drop of water on his face. He  
moves his head to a dry place. Then  
he feels a dampness in his back and  
he finds a puddle of water soaking  
70 through his blanket. By this time,  
somebody inquires if it is possible  
that the roof leaks. One man has a  
stream of water under him; another  
says it is coming into his ear. The  
75 roof appears to be a discriminating  
sieve. Those who are dry see no  
need of such a fuss. The man in the  
corner spreads his

[Turn over]

umbrella, and the protective measure  
80 is resented by his neighbour. In the  
darkness there is recrimination. The  
rain continues to soak down. The  
fire is only half alive. The bedding is  
damp. Some sit up, if they can find a  
85 dry spot to sit on, and smoke. A few  
sleep. And the night wears on.

The morning opens cheerless. The  
sky is still leaking and so is the  
shelter. The roof is patched up.  
90 Even if the storm clears, the woods  
are soaked. There is no chance of  
going out. The world is only ten feet  
square.

This life, without responsibility or  
95 clean clothes, may continue as long  
as the camper desires. Some would  
be happy to live in this free fashion  
forever, in rain or sun, but there are  
others who cannot exist more than  
100 three days without their worldly

**baggage. These campers will soon leave and the abandoned camp is a melancholy sight.**

**The woods have been despoiled; the  
105 stumps are ugly; the bushes are scorched; the pine-leaf-strewn earth is trodden into mud; the ground is littered with all the unsightly debris of a hand-to-hand life. The  
110 dismantled shelter is a shabby object; the charred and blackened logs, where the fire blazed, suggest the extinction of life. Man has wrought his usual wrong upon  
115 Nature.**

**END OF SOURCES**

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