



GCSE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

**Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and
perspectives**

8700/2

Insert

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The two sources that follow are:

**SOURCE A: 20th Century literary
non-fiction**

**‘One’s Company’ by
Peter Fleming**

**An extract from a travel
book, published in 1933**

SOURCE B: 19th Century non-fiction

**‘Records of a Girlhood’ by
Fanny Kemble**

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

[Turn over]

SOURCE A

Source A is an extract from a travel book in which Peter Fleming describes his train journey on the Trans-Siberian Railway in 1933. The journey is over nine thousand kilometres and takes more than a week to complete.

- 1 And now the journey was almost over. There is no more luxurious sensation than what may be described as the ‘end of term’**
- 5 feeling. I felt very content. After tomorrow there would be no more trips to the dining-car; no more of that black bread, in consistency and flavour suggesting rancid peat; no**
- 10 more of that equally earthy tea; no more of a monk’s existence; no more days entirely blank of action.**

It was true that I did not know what I was going to do, that I had nothing
15 very specific to look forward to. But I knew what I was going to stop doing, and that, for the moment, was
18 enough.

I wandered along the train to my
20 compartment, undressed and got into my bed. As I did so, I noticed for the first time that the number on my berth was thirteen. For a long time, I could not sleep but eventually
25 I drifted off.

[Turn over]



An image shows an old-fashioned train. Smoke is coming out of the chimney at the front.

26 All of a sudden there was a frightful jarring, followed by a crash. I sat up in my berth. From the rack above me my heaviest suitcase was
30 cannonaded down, catching me with fearful force on either knee-cap.

**This is the end of the world, I
thought, and in addition they have
broken both my legs. My little world
35 was tilted drunkenly. The window
showed me nothing except a few
fields. It was six o'clock. I began to
dress. I felt very much annoyed.
But I climbed out of the carriage into
40 a refreshingly spectacular world and
the annoyance passed. The
Trans-Siberian Express train
sprawled foolishly down the
embankment. The mail van and the
45 dining-car, which had been in front,
lay on their sides at the bottom.
Behind them the five sleeping cars,
headed by my own, were disposed
in attitudes which became less and
50 less grotesque until you got to the
last, which had remained, primly, on
the rails. Fifty yards down the line,
the engine, which had parted**

[Turn over]

company with the train, was dug in,
55 snorting steam, on top of the
embankment. It had a defiant and
naughty look; it was definitely
58 conscious of indiscretion.

It would be difficult to imagine a
60 nicer sort of railway accident. No
one was hurt. The weather was
ideal. And the whole thing was done
in just the right sort of theatrical
manner, with lots of twisted steel
65 and splintered woodwork and turf
scarred deeply with demoniac force.

This was great fun: a comical and
violent climax to an interlude in
which comedy and violence had
70 been altogether too lacking for my
tastes. It was good to lie back in the
long grass on a little hill and
meditate upon that sprawling

scrap-heap. There she lay, in the
75 middle of the wide green plain; the
fastest train, the Trans-Siberian
Luxury Express. For more than a
week she had bullied us. She had
knocked us about when we went to
80 clean our teeth in the little bathroom,
she had jogged our elbows when we
wrote, and when we read, she made
the print dance tiresomely before
our eyes. Her windows we might not
85 open on account of the dust, and
when closed they had proved a
perpetual attraction to small,
sabotaging boys with stones. She
had annoyed us in a hundred little
90 ways: by spilling tea in our laps, by
running out of butter, by regulating
our life. She had been our prison.
We had not liked her. Now she was
down and out. We left her lying
95 there, a broken, buckled toy, a thick

[Turn over]

**black worm without a head,
awkwardly twisted: a thing of no
use.**

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SOURCE B

Source B is an extract from a letter written by Fanny Kemble to a friend about her first ride on a steam train in 1830, when she was 21. The steam engine had recently been invented by George Stephenson and he was also on this ride.

A normal sheet of writing paper is enough for love, but only a large sheet can contain my raptures about my railroad journey. And now I will
5 give you an account of my excursion yesterday...

A party of sixteen persons was ushered into a courtyard where there stood a carriage of a peculiar
10 construction, prepared for our

reception. It was a long-bodied vehicle with seats placed across it, back-to-back; the one we were in had six of these benches and was a
15 sort of uncovered carriage. The carriage was set in motion by only a push and rolled with us down a slope into a tunnel which forms the entrance to the railroad.

[Turn over]



An image shows an old-fashioned train engine and carriage. A figure is standing behind the engine and another figure is standing beside the carriage.

20 Here, we were introduced to the little train engine which was to drag us along the rails. She (for they make these curious little fire-horses all mares*) consisted of a boiler, a

25 stove, a small platform, a bench,
and behind the bench a barrel
containing enough water to prevent
her being thirsty on our journey.
She goes upon wheels which are
30 her feet and are moved by bright
steel legs called pistons which are
propelled by steam. The reins of
this wonderful beast are a small
steel handle, which applies or
35 withdraws the steam from its legs or
pistons, so that a child might
manage it. The coals, which are its
oats, were under the bench. This
snorting little animal, which I felt
40 rather inclined to pat, was then
harnessed to our carriage.
Mr Stephenson and I took our seats
on the bench of the train engine and
we set off at about ten miles an
45 hour.

[Turn over]

As the steam-horse was unable to go up and down hill, the railroad was kept at a certain level, and appeared sometimes to sink below the surface of the earth, and sometimes to rise above it. It was most incredible. Almost from the start the track was cut through the solid rock which formed a wall on either side of it, about sixty feet high.

You can't imagine how strange it seemed to be journeying on thus, without any visible cause of progress other than the magical machine, with its flying white breath and rhythmical, unvarying pace, between these rocky walls. Then, when I reflected that these great masses of stone had been cut asunder to allow our passage far

below the surface of the earth, I felt
as if no fairy tale was ever half so
wonderful as what I saw. Bridges
70 were thrown from side to side
across the top of these cliffs, and
the people looking down upon us
from them seemed like dolls
standing in the sky. You cannot
75 conceive what that sensation of
cutting the air was; the motion is as
smooth as possible. I could either
have read or written; and as it was, I
stood up, and with my bonnet off,
80 drank the air before me. When I
closed my eyes this sensation of
flying was quite delightful, and
strange beyond description. Yet,
strange as it was, I had a perfect
85 sense of security and not the
slightest fear, as this brave little
she-dragon of ours flew on.

[Turn over]

We had now come fifteen miles and stopped where the railroad
90 traversed a wide and deep valley. Mr. Stephenson escorted me from the train down to the bottom of this ravine, over which, to keep the track level, he has thrown a magnificent
95 viaduct of nine arches, the middle one of which is seventy feet high, through which we saw the whole of this beautiful little valley. It was lovely and wonderful beyond all
100 words.

We then re-joined the rest of the passengers and the carriage set off at its utmost speed, thirty-five miles an hour, swifter than a bird flies, on
105 our return journey.

When I add that this pretty little creature can run either backward or

**forward, I believe I have given you
an account of all the train's abilities.**

GLOSSARY

*** female horses**

END OF SOURCES

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