
GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Reading resource

Paper 2 – Question 4

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Notes

Lined area for writing answers, consisting of 30 horizontal blue lines.

Question 4 mark scheme

Assessment Objective 3: Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts.

Level	Skills descriptors
Level 4 Perceptive & detailed 13-16 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Shows a detailed understanding of the differences between the ideas and perspectives Compares ideas and perspectives in a perceptive way Analyses how methods are used to convey ideas and perspectives Selects range of judicious quotations from both texts
Level 3 Clear & relevant 9-12 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Shows a clear understanding of differences between the ideas and perspectives Compares ideas and perspectives in a clear and relevant way Explains clearly how methods are used to convey ideas and perspectives Selects relevant quotations to support from both texts
Level 2 Some attempts 5-8 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Identifies some differences between the ideas and perspectives Attempts to compare ideas and perspectives Some comment on how methods are used to convey ideas and perspectives Selects some quotations/references, not always supporting (from one or both texts)
Level 1 Simple & limited 1-5 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Simple awareness of different ideas and/or perspectives Simple cross reference of ideas and/or perspectives Simple identification of how differences are conveyed Simple references or textual details from one or both texts
Level 0 0 marks	No relevant comments offered about the differences.

How do I approach the question?

About the question:

- Question 4 is worth 16 marks – you should spend around 20-25 minutes on this question.
- You will always be asked to look at both sources.
- You will always be asked to compare how the writers convey their different views.
- You will always be given three bullet points to help you construct your answer.

Before writing anything:

- Highlight the key words in the statement.
- Go through each text, line by line, and highlight anything which shows the writers' contrasting views.

Constructing your answer:

- Introduce a quotation from one of the texts.
- Comment on the method used by the writer and what this shows about their attitude.
- Comment on a word or phrase from the quotation and evaluate its impact – what effect does it create? How does it convey the writer's attitude?
- Introduce a quotation from the other text (using language of contrast: however, on the other hand, although, on the contrary, whereas, while) and repeat the bullet points.

Example paragraph:

In Source A, the writer describes the 'scar on one of my shins', a result of a hoop being 'driven...deliberately' by a group of children. He clearly shows disdain for the children here as the tone of his comments is damning and antagonistic. The use of the word 'deliberately' suggests he feels he was the victim of a calculated attack by a group of children, 'even girls.' On the contrary, the writer from Source B has an entirely different attitude; he describes the 'graciousness of modern day youth', here implying that children are kind and caring - indeed the word 'graciousness' suggests that children are accommodating and compassionate.

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Source A: *Night Walks* by Charles Dickens (19th Century)

This is an account by Charles Dickens of his experiences as a 'houseless' person on the streets of London.

The restlessness of a great city, and the way in which it tumbles and tosses before it can get to sleep, formed one of the first entertainments offered to the contemplation of us houseless people. It lasted about two hours. We lost a great deal of companionship when the late public-houses turned their lamps out, and when the potmen thrust the last brawling drunkards into the street; but stray vehicles and stray people were left us, after that. If we were very lucky, a policeman's rattle sprang and a fray turned up; but, in general, surprisingly little of this diversion was provided. Except in the Haymarket, which is the worst kept part of London, and about Kent-street in the Borough, and along a portion of the line of the Old Kent-road, the peace was seldom violently broken. But, it was always the case that London, as if in imitation of individual citizens belonging to it, had expiring fits and starts of restlessness. After all seemed quiet, if one cab rattled by, half-a-dozen would surely follow; and Houselessness even observed that intoxicated people appeared to be magnetically attracted towards each other; so that we knew when we saw one drunken object staggering against the shutters of a shop, that another drunken object would stagger up before five minutes were out, to fraternise or fight with it. When we made a divergence from the regular species of drunkard, the thin-armed, puff-faced, leaden-lipped gin-drinker, and encountered a rarer specimen of a more decent appearance, fifty to one but that specimen was dressed in soiled mourning. As the street experience in the night, so the street experience in the day; the common folk who come unexpectedly into a little property, come unexpectedly into a deal of liquor.

At length these flickering sparks would die away, worn out—the last veritable sparks of waking life trailed from some late pie-man or hot-potato man—and London would sink to rest. And then the yearning of the houseless mind would be for any sign of company, any lighted place, any movement, anything suggestive of any one being up—nay, even so much as awake, for the houseless eye looked out for lights in windows.

Walking the streets under the pattering rain, Houselessness would walk and walk and walk, seeing nothing but the interminable tangle of streets, save at a corner, here and there, two policemen in conversation, or the sergeant or inspector looking after his men. Now and then in the night—but rarely—Houselessness would become aware of a furtive head peering out of a doorway a few yards before him, and, coming up with the head, would find a man standing bolt upright to keep within the doorway's shadow, and evidently intent upon no particular service to society. Under a kind of fascination, and in a ghostly silence suitable to the time, Houselessness and this gentleman would eye one another from head to foot, and so, without exchange of speech, part, mutually suspicious.

Source B: *Street Life* by Sophie Haydock (21st Century)

Journalist Sophie Haydock spent a night on the streets in aid of the homeless charity Simon on the Streets

After a night sleeping rough in a cardboard box, I considered myself lucky. The absolutely worst part about the experience was finding out, after the rain came down heavily at 4.30 am, that soggy cardboard does not make a good duvet. But compared with all the things that threaten to disturb a homeless sleeper in the night – rats, thugs, police officers moving you on, other homeless people stealing your blankets – a downpour was the most bearable.

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What's more the night had been mild. As I bedded down in the early hours, I was grateful for my sheltered spot under a leafy tree at the back of the parish church in Leeds city centre. It seemed safe compared with a darkened alley or fire escape: typical destinations for genuinely homeless people in any city in the UK.

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I was one of 50 people who had volunteered to take part in a sponsored sleep-out in September for Leeds-based homeless charity Simon on the Streets. It helps rough sleepers with an outreach-based service that provides a soup run, breakfast club, a peer support group and an intensive programme for people who are difficult to reach or who have slipped through the net.

Simon on the Streets organised the sleep-out to raise awareness about homelessness in Leeds. Its director, Clive Sandle, puts the number of homeless people they deal with on a regular basis at between 50 and 100 but adds that the accurate number of rough sleepers in any city can “never properly be known”. It costs Simon on the Streets in the region of £2,000 a year to provide intensive support to one homeless person. The sleep-out raised £6,500.

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The night began at 10 pm. We gathered in Leeds City Square, and were taken on a walk around the city centre. Clive pointed out rough sleeping hotspots. One was where Simon on the Streets used to hold a soup run close to the city's shopping hub. But the soup run was forced to stop after local residents complained to the council, having spent weeks making their feelings known directly by throwing fruit out of their windows.

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After the hour-long walk we settled at the church for the night with a polystyrene cup of hot vegetable soup from a soup kitchen. Then we were left to our own devices.

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The lowest point of the night was the early morning rain. However, despite the discomfort, my experience was but one night under soggy cardboard. We were all very aware that it was still a million miles removed from the genuine experience of people who have no other place to go but the streets.

Q4

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

Compare how the two writers convey their different views and experiences of being homeless.

In your response, you could:

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

[20 marks]

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the paper.

This image shows a full page of blank, lined paper. It features approximately 28 horizontal blue lines spaced evenly across the page, typical of standard notebook paper. The lines are thin and light blue, set against a plain white background. There are no margins, text, or other markings on the page.

[illegible]

Source A: *A life Inside* by Erwin James (2004)

The following extract is taken from *A life Inside*, a series of columns written for *The Guardian* newspaper by Erwin James, a convicted murderer serving a life sentence. Here, in a column first published on the 19th February 2004, James reflects on the death penalty which was abolished in Great Britain in 1965.

A secret graveyard under a prison flowerbed changed the way I serve my time

Buried in the grounds of a small East Midlands prison I was in for much of the 90s are thought to be the remains of some of the prisoners hanged there during the years before the abolition of capital punishment. There is no hard evidence ~ no gravestones or official notices bearing names or dates. But, during the years I spent there, I heard enough anecdotal evidence to convince me that it was true. The most compelling testimony came from Sister Jean, an elderly woman who had worked as an unpaid assistant to the chaplain for more than 30 years and knew all there was to know about the place.

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I had been in the jail just a couple of years when I was given a job keeping the yards tidy. One February afternoon I was sweeping near the steps of the chapel when Sister Jean stopped to chat. After exchanging pleasantries for a few minutes, I decided to ask her if there was any truth in the rumours. She told me without hesitation.

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“They’re buried over there where the old outside wall used to be” she said, pointing to a secluded corner six feet or so within the new perimeter wall. “Opposite the topping shed.”

The topping shed. There was nothing mythical about the small stone former death house, accessed through a funnel-shaped annexe a short walk from the main prison wing. Since being decommissioned as a place of execution, the shed had been used as a store for “victuals”. When the outside doors were opened for deliveries, you could see high up inside. Two robust parallel cross beams stood out from the rest, for no apparent purpose ~ until you were told. Then it was obvious.

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The bulky construction of the beams ensured that they could regularly withstand the sudden jerking weight of a hanged man as he fell through the trap on the platform below. The trap had long since gone, but the platform remained and served admirably as a robust shelf loaded with sacks of oats, flour, and other assorted provisions with which to sustain human life - a typical barb of prison irony.

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Once I had learned about the secret burial ground, I used to take extra care to keep it neat. There was little to see, just a couple of rows of flower beds that had been defeated by the wind, and some shrub borders divided by rarely used earth paths. But it was a beautiful place to spend time thinking and getting my own situation into perspective. However demanding life in prison was, at least I was alive and could still dream about a future.

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The funny thing about “the future” when you are serving a life sentence is that you are less sure than most people that it will ever become a reality. You attend review boards where targets are set and checked at the end of a two- or three-year knock-back.

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The official perception of your “progress” is set down in reports, and for a while it feels as if you have moved forward. You know the time is passing by the changing of the dates and the seasons, and by the coming and going of fellow prisoners. Then, one day, you take a look around and suddenly, it feels like you are still in the exact same place. You thought you were ahead, but all

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you were doing was treading water, expending all your energy in an effort to stay from going under. But it isn't enough to just survive. You have to survive and then some, if you are ever going to be of any use when the time for release finally arrives.

When Sister Jean told me about the people buried in the prison grounds, I felt more determined than ever. The occasional echo of children's laughter from the other side of the wall when I was over in the corner added to the air of poignancy that seemed to hang about the place. After a stint clearing the litter from the unacknowledged graveyard, a bit of bang-up and the organised chaos on the landings never seemed so bad. 40

Memories of those prison yards and the secrets they hold have been a motivating factor in the way I have served my time for almost 10 years now. Any moments of disillusionment or times when I could feel myself flagging have been quickly dealt with by a swift recollection of the topping shed conversation with Sister Jean. There is so much about prison that I do not want to remember when the time comes for me to leave. But not the wind-beaten flower beds. Those I never want to forget. 45 50

Source B: article from *Household Words* by anonymous prisoner

The following extract is taken from a magazine article written by an anonymous prisoner describing his first day in Newgate Gaol. The article was first published in the magazine *Household Words* in 1853.

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 underwarden, 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. 5

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. 10

Having bathed, I was led down another passage, at the end of which were two gratings of iron bars, closely woven over with wire-work, distant about two feet from each other. Unlocking both he pushed me through, and started me up two or three steps into a square court-yard, 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 a staircase instantly. 15 20

“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. 25

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 coarse 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 upon the bed; and, with my hands over my eyes endeavoured to collect my thoughts. 30

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 a lying on that ere bed, have you! You just let me catch you on it again till night, that’s all!” 35

“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.”

Q4

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

Compare how the two writers convey their different attitudes to life in prison.

In your response, you could:

- compare the different attitudes
- compare the methods used to compare their attitudes
- support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

[20 marks]

This image shows a single sheet of white paper with horizontal blue ruling lines. The lines are evenly spaced and run across the width of the page. There are no vertical margin lines or other markings present. The paper appears to be a standard sheet of notebook paper.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Source A: *Letter to The Times* by a pedestrian (1842)

In the 19th century, one popular children's game was to roll a hoop with a stick. However this game wasn't without dangers as this letter published in *The Times* newspaper on 1st October 1842 illustrates.

THE HOOP NUISANCE

Sir, I have not for many years read a paragraph in *The Times* which has afforded me greater pleasure than that which heads your "Police" report of this day, conveying Mr. Hardwick's just complaint of, and directions to Inspector Baker, on the hoop nuisance.

As a daily passenger along the crowded thoroughfares of London-bridge and Thames-street, where boys and even girls, drive their hoops as deliberately as if upon a clear and open common, I can bear witness to its danger and inconvenience. I have at this moment a large scar on one of my shins, the legacy of a severe wound, which festered, and was very painful for an entire month, inflicted a year ago by the iron hoop of a whey-faced, cadaverous charity-boy from Tower-hill, who on my remonstrating with him on his carelessness, added impudence to the injury, by significantly advancing his extended fingers and thumb to his nose and scampering off. Aware that I had no redress, that the police would not interfere, I was compelled to grin and bear it while I hobbled away. The nuisance calls loudly for the interference of the Police Commissioners.

Your daily reader,

A PEDESTRIAN.

Source B: *Letter to The Times* by the Archdeacon of Chesterfield - 1923

Concerns about the youth of today aren't just a recent phenomenon, with teenagers in the 1920s finding their attitudes and behaviour criticised in the press. However, in this letter from the Archdeacon of Chesterfield, which was published in The Times newspaper on 23rd April 1923, modern youth finds an unexpected ally.

Sir,

The criticisms which have appeared in the correspondence on 'Modem Youth' have been on the severe side, though undoubtedly all that has been said must be acknowledged as embodying truth, but there is one aspect of the conduct of young people to which full justice has not been given, and that is the relationship between modem youth and old age. The graciousness of present-day youth to old age stands out as a remarkable contrast to the stilted respect of half a century ago. Affection was none the less true and sincere, no doubt, though we always addressed our fathers and grandsires as 'Sir' and always rose when they entered the room where we were; but I do not recall my own relationship with the elders as being what I can speak of as quite natural and at ease.

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Today it is much different. A while ago I happened to be present at a point-to-point hunt meeting, the first I had attended since my youth, but I could not help noticing the delightful and friendly way in which the young men and women came and chatted to me and to other old fogeys who were there, talking quite naturally about the events, the horses and the riders and even confiding their 'backings'. It was very different half a century ago. The same kindness runs through all classes. On a wild stormy night during the past winter I had occasion on a Sunday night to take the service in an outlying district church two miles from my house. Two young collier lads insisted on walking home with me a long distance out of their way 'because it was not fit for an old gentleman to go alone on a night like that/ and they came in the soaking rain, though one of them had to change and go to work that night.

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I grant the young people often startle me, and I sometimes wonder! but their kindness, their openness and their gracious consideration of age make me feel they are the most lovable youth of all time. It is the same with the young children. We are told they are independent and wilful and undisciplined, but there is a wonderful charm in their quite natural absence of -awe- for the old people. In passing along one of the streets in our mining village, I was hailed and conducted into the backyard of a cottage home, a chair was brought from the cottage, and I witnessed a children's performance - 'Little Red Riding Hood' a fairy dance, a recitation and several songs. The dresses were made by the children of coloured crinkly paper and various homely devices which included old curtains and door-mats. The yard was full of children as spectators with a few collier lads. It was a priceless show, and had taken most of the Easter week holiday to prepare. There was no shyness and the stage manageress explained to me all details. The matter of note is that a lot of children should care to bring in an old gentleman and seemingly like to have him there just as one of themselves.

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With all the difficulties which youth presents in these days (and, my word, they are real difficulties) at least let it be chronicled there never was a time when the young were more gracious to the old.

Yours. &c..

E. F. CROSSE

Q4

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

Compare how the two writers convey their different attitudes to children.

In your response, you could:

- compare the different attitudes to children
- compare the methods used to compare their attitudes
- support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

[20 marks]

[illegible]

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Source A: *A visit to prison* by Henry Mayhew (19th Century)

Henry Mayhew (1812-1887) was a leading social reformer who investigated prisons and the lives of the poor in the nineteenth century.

The next moment a stream of some dozen or two prisoners poured from the cells, carrying their coats on their arms, and drew themselves up in two files across the centre corridor. Then we heard the warder cry, "Cleaners, face! - Cooks, face! - Bakers, face!" whereupon the men wheeled round with almost military precision, and retired, some to wash the entrance passages and offices, others to help in the kitchen, and others in the bake-house.

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By this time (ten minutes past six), the prison was all alive, and humming like a hive with the activity of its inmates. Some of the convicts, clad in their suits of mud-brown cloth, were out in the long corridors sweeping the black asphalt pavement till it glistened again as if polished with black-lead. Others, in the narrow galleries above, were on their knees washing the flags of slate that now grew blue-black around them with the water; others, again, in the centre corridor, were hearth-stoning the steps, and making them as white as slabs of biscuit-china; and others, too, in their cells, cleaning the floors and furniture there. A warder stood watching the work on each of the little mid-air bridges that connect the opposite storeys of every corridor, whilst other officers were distributed throughout the building, so as to command the best points for observing the movements of the prisoners.

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Our attendant led us to an elevated part of the building, so that we might have a bird's-eye view of the scene; and assuredly it was a strange sight to look down upon the long arcade-like corridors, that were now half-fogged with the cloud of dust rising from the sweepers' brooms, and witness the bustle and life of that place, which on our entrance seemed as still as so many cloisters; while the commingling of the many different sounds-the rattling of pails, the banging of doors, the scouring of the stones, the rumbling of trucks, the tramping of feet up the metal stairs, all echoing through the long tunnels-added greatly to the peculiarity of the scene.

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The officer now drew our attention to the fact that the hands of the clock were pointing to the time he had mentioned, and that the men who had been at work along one side of the galleries had all finished, and withdrawn. Then began the same succession of noises - like the clicking, as we have said, of so many musket-triggers - indicating the unlocking of the opposite cells; and we could see, whence we stood, the officers hastening along the corridors, unfastening each door, as they went, with greater rapidity than even lamplighters travel from lamp to lamp along a street; and immediately afterwards we beheld a fresh batch of cleaners come out into each gallery, and the sweepers below cross over and begin working under them, whilst the same noises resounded through the building as before.

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Source B: *A prison visit by Alex Cavendish (2016)*

The following extract is taken from an article written by Alex Cavendish, who goes back to prison to visit a friend.

I was back behind prison walls again yesterday. Hearing those barred metal gates clang shut and keys being turned in locks by men and women dressed in black and white uniforms brought back some mixed memories, as did being given a pretty thorough body search – while still clothed for once – and waiting for doors to be opened.

As I walked along a concrete path within a very high fence topped with razor wire, that was itself inside the massive grey and intimidating walls of an inner city Cat-B*, I had a curious feeling of being back ‘home’ again. That’s institutionalisation in action. The only glimpse of the outside world from inside was the blue sky above and it reminded me of the hundreds of days I’d spent within such confines looking up above the high walls of other prisons that were very similar in layout and design.

At each phase of the journey deeper and deeper into the prison, gates and doors have to be opened by a member of staff. The spaces and rooms steadily get smaller and more enclosed as you enter each new section.

Inside, it was all fluorescent lighting and all-too familiar polished lino tile floors. You can smell the same brand of disinfectant masking the stench of unwashed men on every prison wing. On the notice boards, there were the same old posters about reporting bullying and warnings against smuggling contraband. Everywhere CCTV cameras follow your every move, controlled from the security office. Home, sweet home!

Fortunately, I was just making another social visit to a good friend who is back inside on recall. I knew that at the end of the afternoon I’d be going back out into the real world, while he wouldn’t. If any reader feels the urge to experience a tiny little bit of what it’s like to be locked up in a UK prison – without actually committing a crime or being the victim of a miscarriage of justice – then I’d recommend going on a prison visit if you ever get the chance. Believe me, when the first barred metal gate clangs shut and you realise that you are on the wrong side of it without any keys, you do start to get the sense of being caged and confined that prison is all about.

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Q4

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

Compare how the two writers convey their different attitudes to life in prison.

In your response, you could:

- compare the different attitudes
- compare the methods used to compare their attitudes
- support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

[20 marks]

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[illegible]

[illegible]

Source A: *Letters from Crimea* by Captain W P Richards (1855)

This letter was written to his sister by Captain W P Richards who was based at Camp Sebastopol during the Crimean War.

It has been very cold here for the last three weeks, last week in particular the wind in addition to the frost and snow, contrived to make us pretty active to keep the circulation up by running up and down, or cowering over a few roots, which we have to go for, some distance, and which is the only fuel we have, except a bag of charcoal now and then which we get from Balaklava, but since we have lost four Officers from its fumes, and several others have had very narrow escapes, we are rather afraid of using it, except in the open air. We are still under canvas, and as far as I can see are likely to remain so. A few huts have it is true arrived at Balaklava, but we have no means of getting them, nor do the Authorities take any means of doing so.

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I see in a leading article of the *Times* of the 23rd of last month (which is an excellent one), that you are at home beginning to find out the true state of things here. It would make the people of England's blood boil, to see one half the miseries the finest Army she ever sent out, have been made, and still are being made to suffer, the horrible waste, mismanagement, and culpable neglect of the public and private stores sent out for us, so generously by the public. The Army are most thankful for them, that is for the intention, but as to the things themselves, they never get them. They are either left on board the transports to rot, or carried into some of the deserted houses at Balaklava, which that most infernal Commissariat have converted into what they call stores, there they are piled in heaps, in an undesirable state of confusion, and when anything is applied for, you find Mr. Commissary Jones, Smith or Robinson smoking a cigar (which most likely has been sent out for the Army, but which he has bagged), who tells you that really he is very sorry, he believes that the article is somewhere in one of the stores, but where he has not the slightest idea, and at present he has no time to look for it. The consequence is, the poor devil is obliged to go to the next Sutler's shop, and pay 200%, for an article, which if the affairs were carried on as they ought to be would have been received from the Government, or our Country for nothing, or at the worst, what they cost in England. If he does not do this, he must starve from hunger or cold, as the case may be. Now this is - I give you my honour - the true state of things.

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Another grievance which is complained of deeply here is that cursed Staff, which is worth nothing, and does nothing, except get all the credit, and all the promotion, which is deserved actually by the Regimental Officers, and soldiers. Not content with that, having nothing to do, are well looked after etc., etc., what do you think is the last thing they have done? I will tell you. You know the people at home have raised a fund called the Crimean Army Fund, for sending out the Troops necessities at cost price, so that we may not be robbed any more by the Sharks at Balaklava. They also send out large quantities of things as donations, or presents, well the other day a shipload of things arrived and will you believe it, the Staff bagged the whole of it, and the Army with the exception of one regiment, which managed to get one or two things, got nothing.

30

Lord Raglan does not care the least about us. He has a capital house, stabling for his horses, good coal fires, capital grub, and his things washed and starched just as if he was in England, and there he remains, scarcely ever seen except once a week or so, when he takes a ride through the Army, when it is a fine day, but he does not see any of the miseries. He does not see the hundreds of sick in hospital with only a thin tent, and one blanket to cover them. He does not see men carried out of the trenches these cold nights frozen to death, one poor fellow (an Officer of the 23rd) lost both his legs, a night or two ago. They are carried out ten at a time, in fact he sees nothing, he ought to see.

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Source B: *Some Desperate Glory* by Edwin Campion Vaughan (1981)

The following extract is taken from a diary written by a British Army Officer, Edwin Campion Vaughan, during the First World War, but first published in 1981. Here, he describes coming under fire as he leads an attack on the enemy position.

Immediately there came the crackle of bullets and mud was spattered about me as I ran, crawled and dived into shell-holes, over bodies, sometimes up to the armpits in water, sometimes crawling on my face along a ridge of slimy mud around some crater... As I neared the gunpits I saw a head rise above a shell-hole, a mouth opened to call something to me, but the tin hat was sent flying and the face fell forward into the mud...

5

I had almost reached the gunpits when I saw Wood looking at me, and actually laughing at my grotesque capers. Exhausted by my efforts, I paused a moment in a shell-hole; in a few seconds I felt myself sinking, and struggle as I might I was sucked down until I was firmly gripped round the waist and still being dragged in. The leg of a corpse was sticking out of the side and frantically, I grabbed it; it wrenched off and casting it down I pulled in a couple of rifles and yelled to the troops in the gunpit to throw me more. Laying them flat I wriggled over them and dropped, half dead, into the wrecked gun position.

10

Here I reported to Taylor and was filled with admiration at the calm way in which he stood, eyeglass firmly fixed in his ashen face, while bullets chipped splinters from the beam beside his head. He told me that the attack had not even reached the enemy front line, and that it was impossible to advance across the mud. Then he ordered me to take my company up the hard road to the Triangle and to attack Springfield. He gave his instructions in such a matter-of-fact way that I did not feel alarmed, but commenced forthwith to collect "C" Company men from the neighbouring shell-holes...

15

So many of our men had been killed, and the rest had gone to ground so well, that Wood and I could only collect a very few ... Finally, Wood and I led 15 men over to the tanks. The fire was still heavy, but now, in the dusk and heavy rain, the shots were going wide. As we reached the tanks, however, the Boche hailed shrapnel upon us and we commenced rapidly to have casualties... Up the road we staggered, shells bursting around us. A man stopped dead in front of me, and exasperated I cursed him and butted him with my knee. Very gently he said, "I'm blind, sir," and turned to show me his eyes and nose torn away by a piece of shell.

20

25

"Oh God! I'm sorry, sonny" I said. "Keep going on the hard part," and left him staggering back in his darkness. At the Triangle the shelling was lighter and the rifle fire far above our heads. Around us were numerous dead, and in shell-holes where they had crawled to safety were wounded men. Many others, too weak to move, were lying where they had fallen and they cheered us faintly as we passed: "Go on boys! Give /em hell!" ...

30

A tank had churned its way slowly round behind Springfield and opened fire; a moment later I looked and nothing remained of it but a crumpled heap of iron; it had been hit by a large shell. It was now almost dark and there was no firing from the enemy; ploughing across the final stretch of mud, I saw grenades bursting around the pillbox and a party of British rushed in from the other side. As we all closed in, the Boche garrison ran out with their hands up; in the confused party I recognised Reynolds of the 7th Battalion, who had been working forward all the afternoon. We sent the 16 prisoners back across the open but they had only gone 100 yards when a German machine-gun mowed them down.

35

Q4

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

Compare how the two writers convey their views and experiences of war and their superiors.

In your response, you could:

- compare the views and experiences of war and their superiors
- compare the methods used to compare their attitudes
- support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

[20 marks]

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[illegible]

[illegible]

Source A: *Sunday morning in London* (2014)

Sundays are for relaxation, catching up with things there is little time for in the week, and quite often, recovering from the night before. Whether you're full of beans or in need of several siestas, we've got your Sunday morning covered.

Start the day by going for a walk. Hyde Park is the most obvious choice, and will likely be filled with early morning joggers. Alternatively the beautiful, very peaceful Kyoto Garden in Holland Park is a fantastic place to read a book or simply sit in the sunshine (weather permitting). Rather surprisingly, there is a small but perfectly formed green space tucked behind Charing Cross Road called the Phoenix Garden, which is both well maintained and filled with wildlife. There is another unlikely natural habitat near King's Cross station, at Camley Street Natural Park, which is run by the London Wildlife Trust. If you feel like spotting birds, fish or butterflies, there is plenty to look at here. If greenery doesn't appeal, try a walk along the Thames. Pick the Embankment area for a view of the Houses of Parliament and the Southbank Centre, or head further East for Tower Bridge and the Docklands. To really indulge in that Sunday morning feeling stroll around the City, as the streets connecting the area's imposing skyscrapers are completely deserted at weekends. If that seems like too much effort for a Sunday, the river bus operates various services daily, the two longest routes being from Embankment to as far out as Woolwich Arsenal, and Putney all the way to Blackfriars. 5 10 15

Sunday mornings are a great time to go shopping, as busy streets are empty and shops are uninhabited, meaning you might actually reach some of the rails at Topshop on Oxford Street. There are also a number of markets to be visited, some of which operate exclusively on a Sunday, like Columbia Road Flower Market in the East End. For clothing, pick up a bargain at the Holloway Car Boot Sale; second hand books and bric-a-brac are also sold. Farmers' markets have become trendy of late, where the focus is on fresh food from small producers at exorbitant prices. Still, some of it is mouth-watering, such as the organic nosh offered at Marylebone Farmers' Market. If you didn't make time for brunch, the Sunday Up-Market at the Truman Brewery has stalls selling food from all over the world, from Japanese fried octopus balls to Spanish gazpacho. 20 25

This is also an opportune day for a spot of pampering, whether this means going for a relaxing swim, having a massage or visiting the hairdressers. Splurge on a spa like the K West Spa, which offers a wide range of massages, facials and nail treatments, and benefits from a sauna, hydrotherapy pool, and brand spanking new trends like a "snow room", where the body's circulation is stimulated by immersing it in below freezing temperatures before exposing it to steam. As unpleasant as that may sound, it's very good for the skin and the immune system, although given the choice between this and a lie-down on one of their suede loungers we know what we'd be choosing. Other very reputable spas include The Sanctuary, Aveda and Elemis. 30

You might not want to be induced into a state of dreamy relaxation however. On a Sunday morning gyms are at their quietest, so you're in luck if you like solitary workouts. So long as it's not pouring with rain, tennis enthusiasts can use the courts off Farringdon road in Islington and Southwark Park for free, and many parks have facilities like table tennis, football, boating and even fishing. Regent's Park has its very own sports centre called The Hub, as well as pitches for cricket, boules and rugby. And after all this physical activity, it'll be time for a hearty Sunday lunch and a snooze. 35 40

Source B: *The Streets* by Charles Dickens (19th Century)

- The appearance presented by the streets of London an hour before sunrise, on a summer's morning, is most striking even to the few whose unfortunate pursuits of pleasure, or scarcely less unfortunate pursuits of business, cause them to be well acquainted with the scene. There is an air of cold, solitary desolation about the noiseless streets which we are accustomed to see thronged at other times by a busy, eager crowd, and over the quiet, closely-shut buildings, which throughout the day are swarming with life and bustle, that is very impressive. 5
- An hour wears away; the spires of the churches and roofs of the principal buildings are faintly tinged with the light of the rising sun; and the streets, by almost imperceptible degrees, begin to resume their bustle and animation. Market-carts roll slowly along: the sleepy waggoner impatiently urging on his tired horses, or vainly endeavouring to awaken the boy, who, luxuriously stretched on the top of the fruit-baskets, forgets, in happy oblivion, his long-cherished curiosity to behold the wonders of London. 10
- Rough, sleepy-looking animals of strange appearance, something between ostlers and hackney-coachmen, begin to take down the shutters of early public-houses; and little deal tables, with the ordinary preparations for a street breakfast, make their appearance at the customary stations. Numbers of men and women (principally the latter), carrying upon their heads heavy baskets of fruit, toil down the park side of Piccadilly, on their way to Covent-garden, and, following each other in rapid succession, form a long straggling line from thence to the turn of the road at Knightsbridge. 15
- Here and there, a bricklayer's labourer, with the day's dinner tied up in a handkerchief, walks briskly to his work, and occasionally a little knot of three or four schoolboys on a stolen bathing expedition rattle merrily over the pavement, their boisterous mirth contrasting forcibly with the demeanour of the little sweep, who, having knocked and rung till his arm aches, and being interdicted from endangering his lungs by calling out, sits patiently down on the door-step, until the housemaid may happen to awake. 20 25
- Covent-garden market, and the avenues leading to it, are thronged with carts of all sorts, sizes, and descriptions, from the heavy lumbering waggon, with its four stout horses, to the jingling costermonger's cart, with its consumptive donkey. The pavement is already strewed with decayed cabbage-leaves, broken hay-bands, and all the indescribable litter of a vegetable market; men are shouting, carts backing, horses neighing, boys fighting, basket-women talking, pie-men expatiating on the excellence of their pastry, and donkeys braying. These and a hundred other sounds form a compound discordant enough to a Londoner's ears, and remarkably disagreeable to those of country gentlemen who are sleeping at the Hummums for the first time. 30

Q4

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

Compare how the two writers convey the different pace and speed of London.

In your response, you could:

- compare the different pace and speed of London
- compare the methods used to compare their attitudes
- support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

[20 marks]

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Source A: *Force Feeding* by a Suffragette (1910)

Liverpool

Tuesday, January 18th

I was visited again by the senior medical officer, who asked me how long I had been without food. I said I had eaten a buttered scone and a banana sent in by friends to the police station on Friday at about midnight. He said, "Oh, then, this is the fourth day; that is too long, I shall have to feed you, I must feed you at once," but he went out and nothing happened till about 6 o'clock in the evening, when he returned with, I think, five wardresses and the feeding apparatus.

5

He urged me to take food voluntarily. I told him that was absolutely out of the question, that when our legislators ceased to resist enfranchising women then I should cease to resist taking food in prison. He did not examine my heart nor feel my pulse; he did not ask to do so, nor did I say anything which could possibly induce him to think I would refuse to be examined. I offered no resistance to being placed in position, but lay down voluntarily on the plank bed.

10

Two of the wardresses took hold of my arms, one held my head and one my feet. One wardress helped to pour the food. The doctor leaned on my knees as he stooped over my chest to get at my mouth. I shut my mouth and clenched my teeth. I had looked forward to this moment with so much anxiety lest my identity should be discovered beforehand, that I felt positively glad when the time had come.

15

The sense of being overpowered by more force than I could possibly resist was complete, but I resisted nothing except with my mouth. The doctor offered me the choice of a wooden or steel gag; he explained elaborately, as he did on most subsequent occasions, that the steel gag would hurt and the wooden one not, and he urged me not to force him to use the steel gag. But I did not speak nor open my mouth, so that after playing about for a moment or two with the wooden one, he finally had recourse to the steel.

20

He seemed annoyed at my resistance, and he broke into a temper as he plied my teeth with the steel implement. He found that on either side at the back I had false teeth mounted on a bridge which he did not take out. The superintending wardress asked if I had any false teeth, if so, that they must be taken out; I made no answer and the process went on. He dug his instrument down onto the sham tooth; it pressed fearfully on the gum. He said if I resisted so much with my teeth he would have to feed me through the nose.

25

The pain of it was intense, and at last I must have given way, for he got the gag between my teeth, when he proceeded to turn it much more than necessary until my jaws were fastened wide apart, far more than they could go naturally. Then he put down my throat a tube which seemed to me much too wide and was something like four feet in length. The irritation of the tube was excessive. I choked the moment it touched my throat until it had got down.

30

Then the food was poured in quickly; it made me sick a few seconds after it was down, and the action of the sickness made my body and legs double up, but the wardresses instantly pressed back my head and the doctor leaned on my knees.

35

The horror of it was more than I can describe. I was sick over the doctor and wardresses, and it seemed a long time before they took the tube out. As the doctor left, he gave me a slap on the cheek, not violently, but, as it were, to express his contemptuous disapproval and he seemed to take for granted that my distress was assumed.

Source B: *Solitary confinement is inhumane. I should know – I spent 30 days there* by Chandra Bozelko (2016)

The isolation of solitary confinement – getting away from the shouts and chaos of the general inmate population – is almost a relief, for about the first 20 minutes.

Then you realise that the horror-film cliché “no one can hear you scream” has come true. When I spent a month there in 2008 during my six-year sentence at York Correctional Institution, the staff thought it was funny to push the white, take-out style boxes that my meals came in off the tray slot before I could catch it, causing food to spill on the floor. And there was nobody to tell that I was starving.

5

Solitary confinement cells don’t get cleaned regularly or completely. Tumbleweeds of female hair – mine and others – skittered around the floor and mixed with the food. As trays were dumped over two weeks, the residue of meals would build up – the only way I could clean the mess was to scoop the food up and flush it, while my toilet still worked. I had one towel for my thrice-weekly showers, and scant toilet paper, and I wasn’t going to waste them wiping up liquid shepherd’s pie.

10

When the meal was two bags of cornflakes and an apple, there was nothing to spill so they just tossed the brown bag hard enough to bruise the fruit. In an abject display of my hunger, I rushed to pick up the bag.

15

As if I could preserve some dignity, I didn’t eat what hit the floor. As if I had some power, I wouldn’t pick up what they would drop, at least initially. Solitary shrinks a person with helplessness.

And I did shrink. One time when the commanding officer chucked the tray, filled with chicken a la king’s gelatinous gravy, across my floor, leaving withered peas, red peppers and carrot cubes in a milky trail where it slid, I ate about three vegetables from the muck and then was mortified by behaviour that no one else would ever see.

20

Nobody could see the guards’ behaviour either. If you get abused in solitary, the only person to whom you can report the abuse is the abuser. Or the abuser’s colleagues.

Prison infantilizes everyone inside, but inmates in the general population have brief romances with resourcefulness as they roam the facility: they can walk to the staff’s desk and ask for toilet paper; they can mail a letter. They can march up to a lieutenant in the dining hall and ask for help with an obstinate guard.

25

Not so in solitary. Theoretically, you can report a problem to a lieutenant or captain that tours the unit but in segregation, they’re usually accompanied by a guard. Since every inmate is locked in, the reason for the escort can’t be to protect the higher rank from attack; the bodyguard is there to censor inmate complaints. Mail a letter? If you can get an envelope, you hand it to a guard who can open and trash it.

30

Even though I’ve been critical of the case *Peoples v New York*, which ended in a settlement agreement between the State of New York and inmates kept in solitary confinement that reduces the use of isolation, one aspect of the *Peoples* agreement is very important in protecting inmates: the guarantee of a phone call.

35

With a phone call, inmates can alert someone that they are in solitary and that the reason for their detention is wrong. As it was, being in solitary blocked me from any contact with my family.

Q4

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

Compare how the two writers convey their different attitudes to their experience in prison.

In your response, you could:

- compare the different attitudes to their experience
- compare the methods used to compare their attitudes
- support your ideas with quotations from both texts.

[20 marks]

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Source A: *A looker-on in London* by Mary Krout (1899)

This is an account, by an on-looker, of Queen Victoria's
Diamond Jubilee celebrations in 1897

As the Queen left Buckingham Palace to enter her carriage, the cannon boomed, and a fresh peal of chimes broke forth in strains more joyous than before. It seemed but a moment, until the announcement that she was approaching passed from lip to lip, and but a moment more until there was a rustle and an eager movement, people bending forward for a better view, exclamations of "she has come !" and then a resounding cheer broke from ten thousand throats. The chiming bells were drowned by it and the clatter of hoofs and the roll of wheels were swallowed up; nothing could be heard but that one prolonged and mighty cry. 5

The Queen rode in the state carriage, drawn by the eight cream-coloured horses which are reserved for great occasions, each led by a groom in the royal livery. She sat alone, bowing gravely to the right and left; on the seat facing her was the beautiful Princess of Wales, and beside her the Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. The Queen was very tastefully dressed, her costume being a pleasing change from the heavy mourning which she had worn since the death of the Prince Consort; her bonnet and gown were relieved with delicate touches of white and she carried a parasol of white lace over black, matching her toilette. Her carriage was preceded by Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief of the British army. 10 15

She was either fatigued from the unusual exertions of the preceding day or was greatly moved by the imposing spectacle-the greatest honour ever paid to any monarch, living or dead; the universal congratulations of heathendom and Christendom; the spontaneous expression of good-will from every nation upon the globe. The Queen was very pale, but her countenance had a youthfulness that was striking and unexpected; she sat very erect and displayed all the strength of vigorous middle age; the hand that held the parasol did not falter and even her silvery white hair parted over her brow, which was smooth and calm, failed to give her the appearance of a woman of her years. 20

While the Princesses who preceded and accompanied her smiled graciously their acknowledgments, the Queen received the greeting of the people with profound seriousness, impressed by the solemnity of the hour, as a woman of her sympathy and quick feeling could not fail to be impressed. In attendance upon the royal carriage were the Prince of Wales, newly created Field Marshal, the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Cambridge, her Majesty's personal aid-de-camp. 25

The Duchess of York, the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Teck were the especial favourites of the multitude, among the Princesses. The greetings to the Duchess of Teck, who was greatly beloved, were affectionate in the extreme. She had just recovered from a dangerous illness and had made an especial effort to appear in the procession; no one dreamed then that her improvement was only temporary and that she was destined to pass away within the year. 30

Behind the royal carriage came a miscellaneous company of household dignitaries; Sir A. J. Bigge, equerry and private Secretary; Lieutenant Colonel, the Rt. Hon. Sir F. I. Edwards, Keeper of the Royal Purse, with other equerries and the Silver Stick in Waiting. As a whole, the procession was criticised as having been too exclusively military in its character; the greatness of the Empire in science, letters, art and jurisprudence, being unrepresented. It had been remarked with some bitterness that not even the Lord Chief Justice had been asked to appear, an omission which he shared with the Lord Chancellor and other important dignitaries. 35 40

Source B: *The Diamond Jubilee: The day a nation pushed the boat out* by John Walsh (2012)

This is an article written by John Walsh for *The Independent*. He describes Queen Elizabeth II's Diamond Jubilee celebrations in 2012.

Masks of Prince Charles and the Duke of Cambridge were popular. One little girl had dyed her hair red, white and blue. Others had painted Union Jacks on their cheeks like daubs of war. An elderly gent in a stripy jacket and Panama hat, reminisced about previous pageants. "The Queen's first ever river pageant was in 1953, you know. She watched it go by from Festival Pier. Weather was bloody awful then, too, if memory serves."

5

At 2.20pm, we cheered as the Queen appeared on a giant screen, mounted above the bridge's portable lavatories. In a sensational white ensemble, accessorised with white hat, white curls, white pearls and a diamond corsage; she resembled a fabulous baked Alaska. She even managed to eclipse the Duchess of Cambridge in her cop- this-boys, figure-hugging, pillar-box red frock.

10

An hour later, the crowd turned their eyes from the screen to the actual river, as the first craft – 260-odd, man-powered boats – appeared on the horizon, filling the breadth of the Thames like an invasion of beautiful, exotic insects, their thousand oar-legs wiggling. There were Venetian gondolas, Maori dugouts, shallows, cutters, gigs and skiffs from Thameside rowing clubs. At the head of the procession was a "belfry boat" carrying a quarter-peal of eight church bells. Behind it came the gilded row barge *Gloriana*, presented to the Queen in 2002 for her Golden Jubilee.

15

The crowd surged forward, cameras and iPhones raised in supplication, as the Royal Barge came into view. The *Spirit of Chartwell*, once a sightseeing boat, had been transformed by the production designer Joseph Bennett and the horticulturalist Rachel de Thame, into a sumptuous floating exhibition of crimson velvet upholstery and coats of arms, and a hothouse of flower garlands, red, purple and gold.

20

The frontage was an eye-watering extravagance of gilded dolphins, seahorses and fair winds that wrapped itself around the prow in a way that, to be frank, flirted with vulgarity. But hell, this was the Queen's show-off vessel – her private quinquere, her burnished throne burning on the water.

And as she passed underneath Westminster Bridge, the crowd's chilled limbs and mortal weariness (for we had been waiting so long) evaporated to see the Queen – *Gloriana* herself – standing on the upper deck in her pristine finery, waving to her noble lords on the Parliamentary riverside terrace, looking animated and amused by all the folderol and hoopla. The bridge folk cheered, and waved their flags, and shouted "Hurrah!" as if in some Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera. It was hard not to feel, just for a second, a tidal tug of empathy between the monarch and her subjects, however foolish and illogical the thought.

25

30

The Queen's journey took her all the way to Tower Bridge, serenaded down the Thames by trumpet heralds, fanfares at every bridge, 10 music herald barges, the Commonwealth Squadron performing Handel's *Water Music*, the Royal Marines Band playing "A Life on the Ocean Wave", a London-Asian pipe-and-drum band called the Shree Muktajeevan Pipe and Dhol Ensemble playing traditional Scottish pipe airs and Bollywood film music, and the London Philharmonic playing "Rule Britannia". As the Queen and the senior royals reached their destination, the Thames behind them was crammed with 450 motor vessels, 90 passengers cruises and 160 safety and security boats, all sailing serenely on.

35

Q4

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

Compare how the two writers convey their views and experiences of the Diamond Jubilee.

In your response, you could:

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

[20 marks]

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Source A: *The Art of Travel* by Alain de Botton (21st Century)

Alain de Botton is a philosopher, writer and television presenter. Here, he gives his thoughts about travelling abroad

Awakening early on that first morning, I slipped on the dressing gown provided and went out on to the veranda¹. In the dawn light the sky was a pale grey-blue and, after the rustlings of the night before, all the creatures and even the wind seemed in deep sleep. It was as quiet as a library. Beyond the hotel room stretched a wide beach which was covered at first with coconut trees and then sloped unhindered towards the sea. I climbed over the veranda's low railings and walked across the sand. Nature was at her most benevolent¹. It was as if, in creating this small horseshoe bay, she had chosen to atone¹ for her ill-temper in other regions and decided to display only her munificence¹. The trees provided shade and milk, the floor of the sea was lined with shells, the sand was powdery and the colour of sun-ripened wheat, and the air – even in the shade – had an enveloping, profound warmth to it so unlike the fragility of northern European heat, always prone to cede¹, even in midsummer, to a more assertive, proprietary¹ chill. 5 10

I found a deck chair at the edge of the sea. I could hear small lapping sounds beside me, as if a kindly monster was taking discreet sips of water from a large goblet. A few birds were waking up and beginning to career through the air in matinal¹ excitement. Behind me, the raffia roofs of the hotel bungalows were visible through gaps in the trees. Before me was a view that I recognised from the brochure: the beach stretched away in a gentle curve towards the tip of the bay, behind it were jungle-covered hills and the first row of coconut trees inclined irregularly towards the turquoise sea, as though some of them were craning their necks to catch a better angle of the sun. 15

Yet this description only imperfectly reflects what occurred within me that morning, for my attention was in truth far more fractured and confused than the foregoing paragraphs suggest. I may have noticed a few birds careering through the air in excitement, but my awareness of them was weakened by a number of other, incongruous and unrelated elements, among these, a sore throat that I had developed during the flight, a worry at not having informed a colleague that I would be away, a pressure across both temples and a rising need to visit the bathroom. A momentous but until then overlooked fact was making its first appearance: that I had inadvertently brought myself with me to the island. 20 25

It is easy to forget ourselves when we contemplate pictorial and verbal descriptions of places. At home, as my eyes had panned over photographs of Barbados, there were no reminders that those eyes were intimately tied to a body and mind which would travel with me wherever I went and that might, over time, assert their presence in ways which would threaten or even negate the purpose of what the eyes had come there to see. At home, I would concentrate on pictures of a hotel room, a beach or a sky and ignore the complex creature in which this observation was taking place and for whom this was only a small part of a larger, more multi-faceted task of living. 30

¹ Veranda - a roofed platform along the outside of a house, level with the ground floor

¹ Benevolent - well-meaning or kindly

¹ Atone - make amends or repair

¹ Munificence - generosity

¹ Cede - give up power

¹ Proprietary - ownership

¹ Matinal - relating to or taking place in the morning

Source B: *Rambles in German and Italy* by Mary Shelley - 1840

The text is an extract adapted from a travel narrative written by Mary Shelley. In a series of letters she recounts her experiences whilst abroad with family and friends. In this extract she begins in the town of Linz and enjoys the River Danube, takes a train to Gmunden, breaking the journey at Lambach to visit the Traun waterfall.

Monday 5th September

The train of the railroad started at two in the afternoon for Gmunden: we thus had a few hours to spare. One of our party climbed the heights above Linz, to feast his eyes on the view which had enchanted me the preceding evening. There is no circumstance in travelling, consequent on my narrow means that I regret so much, as my being obliged to deny myself hiring a carriage when I arrive in a strange town, and the not being able to drive about everywhere, and see everything. I wandered about the town, and stood long on the bridge, drinking in the beauty of the scene, till soul became full to the brim with the sense of delight. The river is indeed magnificent; with speed, yet with a vastness that makes speed majestic, it hurries on the course assigned to it by the Creator. Never, never had I so much enjoyed the glory of the earth. The Danube gives Linz a superiority over a thousand scenes otherwise of equal beauty. Standing on the bridge, above is a narrow pass, hedged in by high sombre rocks, and the river sweeps, darkening as it goes, beneath the gloomy shadows of the cliffs; below, it flows in a mighty stream through a valley of wide expanse, till you lose sight of it at the base of distant mountains. I should liked to have stayed some days a Linz: I grieved also not to be going by stream to Vienna.

Our drive by the railroad to Gmunden was delightful. We had a little carriage to ourselves. Our road lay through a valley watered by a stream, and adorned by woods; it was a secluded home-felt scene; while the high distant mountains redeemed it from tameness. After the sandy deserts of Prussia, and the burnt-up country round Dresden, the freshness and green of a pastoral valley, the murmur of streams and rivulets, the delightful shadow of the trees, imparted a sense of peace and amenity that lapped me in Elysium. We changed the train at Lambach, a quiet shady village. We had bargained that we should be allowed to visit the falls of the Traun on our way. It was evening before we reached the spot, and the falls are nearly a mile from the road; we had no guide but were told we could not miss the way. Our path lay through a wood, and as the twilight deepened we sometimes doubted whether we had gone astray through the gloom of the thicket. You know that a mile of unknown road, with some suspicion hovering in the mind as to whether you are in the right path, becomes at least three, or rather one feels as if it would never end. We came at last to the brink of the precipice above the river and descended by steps cut in the rock. We thus reached the lower part of the fall. With some difficulty, it being late, the Miller was found, and meanwhile we clambered to the points of rock from which the cascade is viewed. It was dim twilight, with the moon quietly moving among the summer clouds, and shedding its silver on the waters. The river winding above through a wooded ravine comes to an abrupt rocky descent, over which it falls with foam and spray. The drought had reduced the supply of water; a portion also carried off for the purpose of traffic – a wooden canal being constructed to allow the salt barges to ascend and descend the Traun without interruption from the cascade. This canal is on an inclined plain and it would be very delightful to rush down: we could not, as there was no boat; but for six swanzikers (six eightpences) the sluices¹ were shut and the water blocked up, turned to feed and augment¹ the fall. The evening hour took from the accuracy of our view, but added immeasurably to its charm; the mysterious glittering of the spray beneath the moon; the deep shadows of the rocks and trees; the soft air and dashing water – here was the reward for infinite fatigue and inconvenience; here we grasped an hour which, when the memory of every discomfort has become almost a pleasure, will endure as one of the sweetest in life.

Q4

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

Compare how the two writers convey their different views and experiences about travel.

In your response, you could:

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

[20 marks]

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Source A: *Are we having fun yet?* by Elizabeth Day (2005)

Elizabeth Day has been sent to report on the 2005 Glastonbury Festival for a Sunday newspaper.

Anton is standing knee-deep in tea-coloured water. He is covered in a slippery layer of darkbrown mud, like a gleaming otter emerging from a river-bed. The occasional empty bottle of Somerset cider wafts past his legs, carried away by the current. "I mean," he says, with a broad smile and a strange, staring look in his dilated eyes, "where else but Glastonbury would you find all this?"

5

He sweeps his arm in a grandiose arc, encompassing a scene of near-total devastation. In one field, a series of tents has lost its moorings in a recent thunderstorm and is floating down the hillside. The tents are being chased by a group of shivering, half-naked people who look like the survivors of a terrible natural disaster.

When I was told that The Sunday Telegraph was sending me to experience Glastonbury for the first time, my initial reaction was one of undiluted horror. Still, I thought, at least the weather was good. England was in the grip of a heat wave.

10

But then the rains came: six hours of uninterrupted thunderstorm in the early hours of Friday morning. When I arrived later that day, there was a polite drizzle. By yesterday, the rain had given way to an overcast sky, the colour of exhaled cigarette smoke. The mud, however, remained, and the only way to get around the 900-acre site was - like Anton - to resign oneself to getting very dirty indeed.

15

Everything else might have been damp, but the crowd remained impressively good-humoured throughout. "It's a very safe, family-friendly atmosphere," says Ed Thaw, a music student from London. "This is my sixth time at Glastonbury and I've never had any trouble." Indeed, on my train to Castle Cary, the carriages are crammed with well-spoken degree students sipping Pimms2 and making polite chit-chat.

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The acts for 2005 included Coldplay, Elvis Costello and the American rock band The Killers, who brought a touch of salubriousness to the proceedings by performing in tuxedo3 jackets and glitter. But Glastonbury has still managed to preserve a healthy degree of wackiness. In the Lost Vagueness area, a 1950s-style diner comes complete with fancy-dress rock 'n' roll dancers and a constant stream of Elvis songs. The Chapel of Love and Loathing has a disc jockey booth disguised as a church organ. Apparently, couples can get married here. Outside, a man wearing a huge pink Afro-wig4 is twirling round and round in bare feet. "What happened to your shoes?" I ask.

25

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"They got washed away with my tent," he says, cheerily.

Bizarrely, everyone seems to be having a brilliant time and there are broad grins wherever I look. In fact, it's almost nice, this Glastonbury thing.

Source B: *Greenwich Fair* by Charles Dickens (1839)

Charles Dickens is writing in 1839 about a fair in London which was a popular annual event he enjoyed.

- The road to Greenwich during the whole of Easter Monday is in a state of perpetual bustle and noise. Cabs, hackney-coaches, 'shay' carts, coal-waggons, stages, omnibuses, donkey-chaises - all crammed with people, roll along at their utmost speed. The dust flies in clouds, ginger-beer corks go off in volleys, the balcony of every public-house is crowded with people smoking and drinking, half the private houses are turned into tea-shops, fiddles are in great request, every little fruit-shop displays its stall of gilt gingerbread and penny toys; horses won't go on, and wheels will come off. Ladies scream with fright at every fresh concussion and servants, who have got a holiday for the day, make the most of their time. Everybody is anxious to get on and to be at the fair, or in the park, as soon as possible. 5
- The chief place of resort in the daytime, after the public-houses, is the park, in which the principal amusement is to drag young ladies up the steep hill which leads to the Observatory, and then drag them down again at the very top of their speed, greatly to the derangement of their curls and bonnet-caps, and much to the edification of lookers-on from below. 'Kiss in the Ring,' and 'Threading my Grandmother's Needle5,' too, are sports which receive their full share of patronage. 10
- Five minutes' walking brings you to the fair itself; a scene calculated to awaken very different feelings. The entrance is occupied on either side by the vendors of gingerbread and toys: the stalls are gaily lighted up, the most attractive goods profusely disposed, and un-bonneted young ladies induce you to purchase half a pound of the real spice nuts, of which the majority of the regular fair-goers carry a pound or two as a present supply, tied up in a cotton pocket handkerchief. Occasionally you pass a deal table, on which are exposed pennyworths of pickled salmon (fennel included), in little white saucers: oysters, with shells as large as cheese-plates, and several specimens of a species of snail floating in a somewhat bilious-looking green liquid. 15 20
- Imagine yourself in an extremely dense crowd, which swings you to and fro, and in and out, and every way but the right one; add to this the screams of women, the shouts of boys, the clanging of gongs, the firing of pistols, the ringing of bells, the bellowings of speaking-trumpets, the squeaking of penny dittos, the noise of a dozen bands, with three drums in each, all playing different tunes at the same time, the halloing of showmen, and an occasional roar from the wild beast shows; and you are in the very centre and heart of the fair. 25
- This immense booth, with the large stage in front, so brightly illuminated with lamps, and pots of burning fat, is 'Richardson's,' where you have a melodrama (with three murders and a ghost), a pantomime, a comic song, an overture, and some incidental music, all done in five-and-twenty minutes. 30
- 'Just a-going to begin! Pray come for'erd, come for'erd,' exclaims the man in the countryman's dress, for the seventieth time: and people force their way up the steps in crowds. The band suddenly strikes up and the leading tragic actress, and the gentleman who enacts the 'swell' in the pantomime, foot it to perfection. 'All in to begin,' shouts the manager, when no more people can be induced to 'come for'erd,' and away rush the leading members of the company to do the first piece. 35

Q4

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

Compare how the two writers convey their different views and experiences of the festival and fair they describe.

In your response, you could:

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

[20 marks]

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