AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

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

Please turn the page over to see the sources

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.

‘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 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 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 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 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 mousetrap.’

Eventually we arrived at the campsite 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 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 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!’

‘Storm clouds gathering over there,’ said Dad, looking up to the west. ‘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, 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, 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 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 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 rain,’ answered my mother, ‘must be well over a month. It’ll be nice. Clear the air.’

Suddenly, there was a squall of activity all over the campsite as the 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 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 almost metallic and each raindrop 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 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 area before clattering in to do its worst. Soon, the rain was slashing down, the relentless battering against the tent canvas loud and frightening.

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 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 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 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.

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.

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 wonderful to see how easily the limits of society fall off.

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 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 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.

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 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 poles sloping back to the ground. 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 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.

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 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 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 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 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 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 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 umbrella, and the protective measure 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 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. 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 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 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 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 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 Nature.

END OF SOURCES

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AQA

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I declare this is my own work.

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes

Materials
For this paper you must have:
- **Source A** and **Source B** – provided as a separate insert.

Instructions
- Answer **all** questions.
- Use black ink or black ball-point pen.
- Fill in the boxes at the top of this page.
- You must answer the questions in the spaces provided.
- Do not write outside the box around each page or on blank pages.
- If you need extra space for your answer(s), use the lined pages at the end of this book. Write the question number against your answer(s).
- Do all rough work in this book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.
- You must refer to the Insert booklet provided.
- You must **not** use a dictionary.

Information
- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- The maximum mark for this paper is 80.
- There are 40 marks for **Section A** and 40 marks for **Section B**.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your **reading** in **Section A**.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your **writing** in **Section B**.

Advice
- You are advised to spend about 15 minutes reading through the sources and all five questions you have to answer.
- You are advised to plan your answer to **Question 5** before you start to write.
- You should make sure you leave sufficient time to check your answers.

For Examiner's Use	
Question	Mark
1	
2	
3	
4	
5	
TOTAL	

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Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 9**.

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

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A The writer's mother was happy to be going on holiday. ⬭

B This is the first time the writer has been to France. ⬭

C The writer thinks evil powers ruin holidays. ⬭

D The writer thinks holidays are mental and physical challenges. ⬭

E The writer is a teenager at the time of the holiday. ⬭

F The family are travelling through a city. ⬭

G The fields on either side of the road are full of wheat. ⬭

H The writer admits that holidays can look attractive but she thinks this is a trick. ⬭

4

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0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The writers in **Source A** and **Source B** stay in very different camping sites.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the differences between the two camping sites.

[8 marks]

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8

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Turn over for the next question

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0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 29 to 38**.

How does the writer use language to describe the rain and the storm?

[12 marks]

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0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different thoughts and feelings about camping experiences.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different thoughts and feelings about camping experiences
- compare the methods they use to convey their thoughts and feelings
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

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16

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Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 'Holidays don't need to be faraway and expensive. They just need to give people a break from everyday life and the chance to relax.'

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

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

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

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END OF QUESTIONS

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ANSWER IN THE SPACES PROVIDED

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