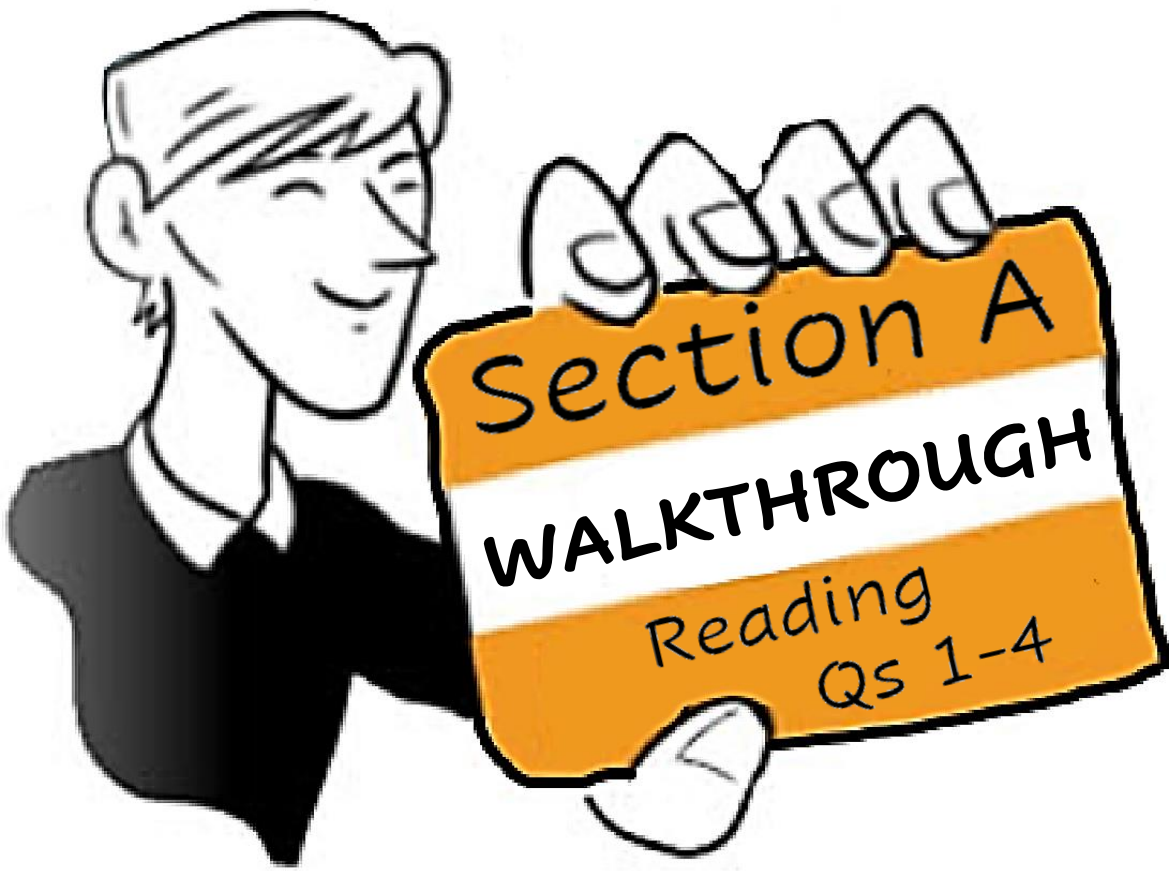
GCSE English Language
Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives



The basics…

- This exam is 1 hour 45 minutes
- 45 minutes for Section A (writing Q5)
- 1 hour for Section B (reading Qs 1-4)
  ↓
  15 minutes to read both texts
  ↓
  45 minutes to answer Qs 1-4
- 2x non-fiction texts

AO3

Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed across two or more texts

- **Both whole texts.**
- **COMPARISON!**
- **You will always be directed to compare the two writers' viewpoints/feelings/ perspectives / experiences / ideas.**
- **The second bullet point in the question always directs you to compare <u>methods</u> used by the writers. You will need to zoom in on *effects* of methods as well as comparing viewpoints/feelings… you must analyse *how* the two writers use language to express their views.**
- **You will need to support ideas with quotations from both texts.**

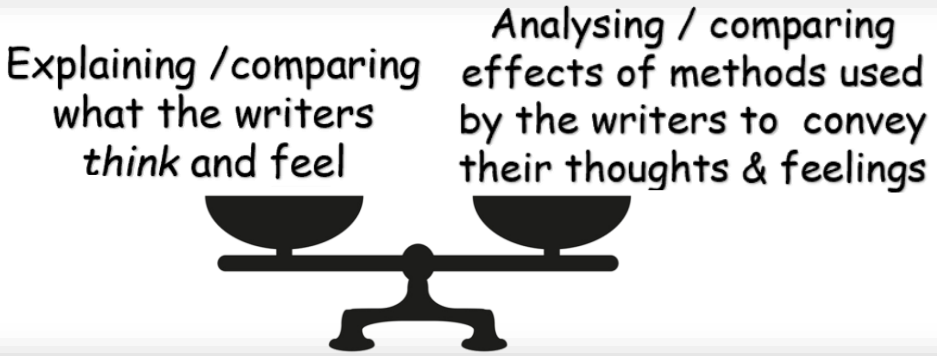
0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of source A** together with the **whole of source B**.

Compare how the writers have conveyed their different views and experiences of the festival and fair they describe.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different views and experiences
- compare the methods they use to convey those views and experiences
- support your ideas with references to both texts.

[16 marks]



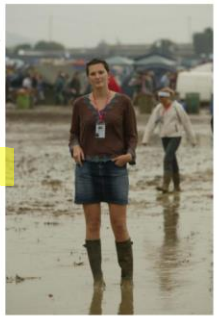
AO3
Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts

Source A - 21st Century non-fiction

Elizabeth Day has been sent to report on the 2005 Glastonbury Festival[1] for a Sunday newspaper.

Are we having fun yet?

Anton is standing knee-deep in tea-coloured water. He is covered in a slippery layer of dark-brown 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?"



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.

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.

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 Pimms[2] and making polite chit-chat.

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 tuxedo[3] 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-wig[4] is twirling round and round in bare feet. "What happened to your shoes?" I ask.

"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 – 19th Century non-fiction

Greenwich Fair: Where Dickens let his hair down

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[1], 'shay' carts[2], coal-waggons, stages, omnibuses[3], donkey-chaises[2] - 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.

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[4], 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[5],' and 'Threading my Grandmother's Needle[5],' too, are sports which receive their full share of patronage.

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[6] table, on which are exposed pennyworths of pickled salmon (fennel[7] 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.

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[8], the noise of a dozen bands, with three drums in each, all playing different tunes at the same time, the hallooing of showmen, and an occasional roar from the wild-beast shows; and you are in the very centre and heart of the fair.

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.

'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.

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1st person recount
Personal, anecdotal style

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Less personal, more descriptive... but still has an enthusiastic tone

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B: What, overall is the writers' view?

A&B: 1st person/2nd person/3rd person?
Personal/impersonal?
Serious/humorous/light-hearted/angry/emotive/passionate/melancholy/anecdotal/enthusiastic/descriptive

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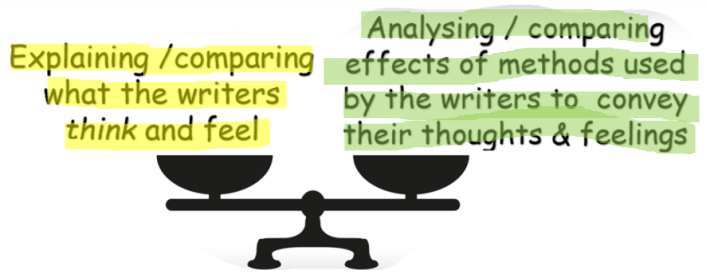
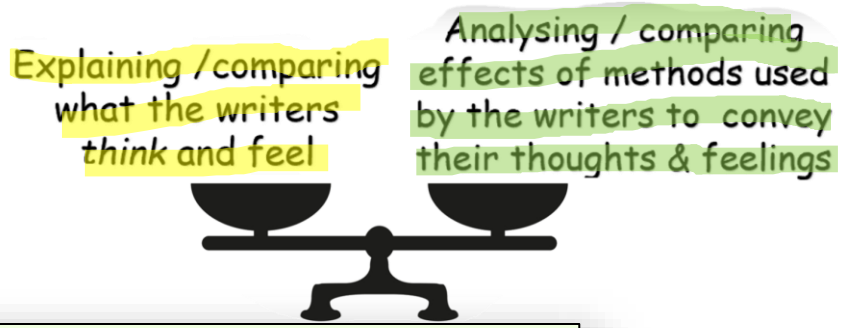


The writer of Source A, writing in 1st person, emotively conveys his anger about fox hunting throughout the article. He clearly feels that this is a barbaric and unnecessary pastime that should be outlawed, and his passionate tone demonstrates just how strongly he feels this. In contrast, the writer of Source B, also writing from a 1st person perspective, is an advocate of fox hunting; he focuses on the enjoyment the sport give him and writes in a much more light-hearted, enthusiastic tone.



AO3
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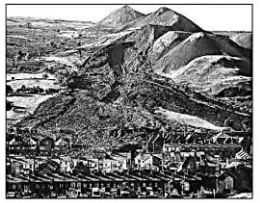
Source A – 20th Century literary non-fiction

This is an extract from an essay written in 1967 called *The Village that Lost its Children* by Laurie Lee. Aberfan was a small mining village in Wales. In 1966, many of its people, including children at a local school, were killed when heavy rain caused a landslide.

The Village that Lost its Children

Few people had ever heard of Aberfan until disaster struck it. It was just another of the small mining villages lying tucked away in the South Wales valleys – a huddle of anonymous terraced houses of uniform ugliness unrelieved except for chapel and pub.



Its heart was the coal-pit, and its environment like the others – the debris of a slowly exhausting industry: a disused canal, some decaying rail-tracks, a river black as the Styx[1], a general coating of grime over roofs and gardens, and the hills above blistered with a century of mining waste.

Such villages learned to accept a twilight world where most of the menfolk worked down the pits. Many died early, with their lungs full of coal-dust, and the life was traditionally grim and perilous. Disaster, in fact, was about the only news that ever came out of the valleys – the sudden explosion underground, miners entombed alive, or the silent death in the dark from gas. Wales and the world were long hardened to such news. But not to what happened in Aberfan.

A coal-mine sends to the surface more waste than coal, and a mining village has to learn to live with it. It must be put somewhere or the mine would close, and it's too expensive to carry it far. So the tips grow everywhere, straddling the hillsides, nudging the houses like black-furred beasts. Almost everyone, from time to time, has seen danger in them, but mostly they are endured as a fact of life.

On the mountain above Aberfan there were seven such tips. The evening sun sank early behind them. To some of the younger generation they had always been there, as though dumped by the hand of God. They could be seen from the school windows, immediately below them, rising like black pyramids in the western sky. But they were not as solid as they looked; it was known that several had moved in the past, inching ominously down the mountain.

What was not known however was that the newest tip, number 7, was a killer with a rotten heart. It had been begun in Easter 1958, and was built on a mountain spring, most treacherous of all foundations. Gradually, over the years, the fatal seeping of water was turning Tip 7 into a mountain of moving muck.

Then one morning, out of the mist, the unthinkable happened, and the tip came down on the village. The children of Pantglas Junior School had just arrived in their classrooms and were right in the path of it. They were the first to be hit by the wave of stupifying filth which instantly smothered more than a hundred of them.

The catastrophe was not only the worst in Wales but an event of such wanton and indifferent cruelty it seemed to put to shame both man and God.

Source B – 19th Century non-fiction

This is an extract from a Victorian newspaper article published in October 1863. A minor earthquake had been felt in some parts of Great Britain.

We have had an Earthquake. The men of science all tell us that we have every right to expect earthquakes. This country lies on the great volcanic belt. There runs under us a huge crack in the earth's crust, – who knows how deep or how wide? A few flimsy strata[1] have fallen in and now, who knows what enormous voids, what huge quantities of imprisoned gas, what seas of molten metal, there may be only a few miles below this fair surface?

The scientists tell us that there are probably many earthquakes which we do not feel. But if a small earthquake, even an imperceptible one, why not an earthquake to destroy a metropolis[2]?

But, the earth-wave has been faint, and only a feeble echo of some distant shock, for it was not everywhere, nor was it everybody that was waked by the earthquake of Tuesday, October 6. More than half the nation has to accept the word of the rest. Yet many felt it that will never forget the feeling; and many even heard it that will carry the "awful" sound in the ear to their dying day. In some places it even did damage. It upset furniture and broke crockery. It displaced bricks, and even revealed a crack in a wall. We should not be surprised to hear of more serious damage. But if this much, why not more?

BRITANNIA'S[3] fabled rock has been shaken from its basis. Be it only an inch or two, the ocean throne has been tilted up. Throughout the Midland counties, the earthquake appears to have been felt the most. At Birmingham walls were seen to move, and people rose from their beds to see what damage had been done. At Edgbaston successive shocks were plainly felt, houses were shaken to their foundations, "a dreadful rattle" was rather felt than heard, and people woke one another to ask the meaning. Everything around was violently agitated. The houses cracked and groaned as if the timbers had been strained. The policemen on duty saw the walls vibrate, heard everything rattle about them, and were witnesses to the universal terror of the roused sleepers.

In London, we are situated on a deep bed of clay, where our houses are well built, and where we are so accustomed to noises, shocks, and tremors that we are almost startled to find it calm and quiet. Noises from vast warehouses along the river banks, bathed by the muddy and dull water of the great river, while trains rush past at full speed or rumble underground uttering horrible cries and vomiting waves of smoke. London: where men work in darkness, scarcely seeing their own hands and not knowing the meaning of their labour. London: a rainy, colossal city smelling of molten metal and of soot, ceaselessly streaming and smoking in the night fog. Fog which persists and assumes different hues – sometimes ashen – sometimes black. With the lighting of the fires, it soon becomes yellow and pungent, irritating the throat and eyes.

Here, on this day, a large proportion of us felt a sort of shock and shiver, and the feeling of being upheaved; but very few of us could trust our own sensations, and be sure it was something out of the usual course.

Who can say what strange trial of shaking or upheaving, sinking, dividing, or drying up, may await us? We know by science these isles have gone through many a strange metamorphosis[4], and science cannot assure us that there are none more to come.

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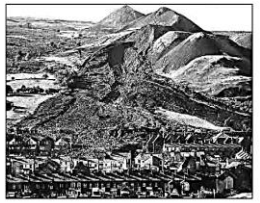

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In London, we are situated on a deep bed of clay, where our houses are well built, and where we are so accustomed to noises, shocks, and tremors that we are almost startled to find it calm and quiet. Noises from vast warehouses along the river banks, bathed by the muddy and dull water of the great river, while trains rush past at full speed or rumble underground uttering horrible cries and vomiting waves of smoke. London: where men work in darkness, scarcely seeing their own hands and not knowing the meaning of their labour. London: a rainy, colossal city smelling of molten metal and of soot, ceaselessly streaming and smoking in the night fog. Fog which persists and assumes different hues – sometimes ashen – sometimes black. With the lighting of the fires, it soon becomes yellow and pungent, irritating the throat and eyes.

Here, on this day, a large proportion of us felt a sort of shock and shiver, and the feeling of being upheaved; but very few of us could trust our own sensations, and be sure it was something out of the usual course.

Who can say what strange trial of shaking or upheaving, sinking, dividing, or drying up, may await us? We know by science these isles have gone through many a strange metamorphosis[4], and science cannot assure us that there are none more to come.

Step 1…

A short introduction summarising/comparing the two writers' OVERALL views and writing style.
This ensures that you are meeting both requirements (comparing viewpoints *and* analysing methods) from the start!

A: What, overall, is the writers' view?
B: What, overall is the writers' view?

A&B: 1st person/2nd person/3rd person?
Personal/impersonal?
Serious/humorous/light-hearted/angry/emotive/passionate/melancholy/anecdotal/enthusiastic/descriptive

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 ideas and perspectives of the events that they describe.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different ideas and perspectives
- compare the methods they use to convey their ideas and perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

Laurie Lee, writing in third person in Source A, feels that the mining disaster in Aberfan was a shocking and dreadful event that should never have been allowed to happen. He writes in a dramatic, grave tone to express his sorrow about the disaster. The writer of Source B writes from a first person perspective but also employs a quite dramatic tone when describing the earthquake. Though much less devastating than the event in Aberfan, Source B's writer fears the consequences of future, more dangerous earthquakes.

AO3
Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts

Source A - 21st Century non-fiction

Elizabeth Day has been sent to report on the 2005 Glastonbury Festival[1] for a Sunday newspaper.

Are we having fun yet?

Anton is standing knee-deep in tea-coloured water. He is covered in a slippery layer of dark-brown 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?"

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.

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.

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 Pimms[2] and making polite chit-chat.

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 tuxedo[3] 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-wig[4] is twirling round and round in bare feet. "What happened to your shoes?" I ask.

"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 – 19th Century non-fiction

Greenwich Fair: Where Dickens let his hair down

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[1], 'shay' carts[2], coal-waggons, stages, omnibuses[3], donkey-chaises[2] - 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.

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[4], 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[5],' and 'Threading my Grandmother's Needle[5],' too, are sports which receive their full share of patronage.

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 deaf[6] table, on which are exposed pennyworths of pickled salmon (fennel[7] 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.

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[8], the noise of a dozen bands, with three drums in each, all playing different tunes at the same time, the hallooing of showmen, and an occasional roar from the wild-beast shows; and you are in the very centre and heart of the fair.

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.

'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.

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 have conveyed their different views and experiences of the festival and fair they describe.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different views and experiences
- compare the methods they use to convey those views and experiences
- support your ideas with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

Elizabeth Day, writing in first person in Source A, has an overall positive experience of Glastonbury Festival and is impressed by the wacky atmosphere and positivity she sees there. Despite her initial dread about attending, her anecdotal recount conveys how pleasantly surprised she is. Likewise, Dickens in Source B is impressed by Greenwich Fair. Differently to Day, he writes from a 2nd person perspective using direct address, but his description of the fair is equally as enthusiastic and positive.

A= imagery at the start effectively conveys her initial apprehension about the festival... simile and hyperbole suggest disgust!

However, language changes halfway through the article... becomes more positive... cites other festival-goers to highlight its positive aspects... adjective 'brilliant' and emphasis on enjoyment: 'cheerily', 'broad grins'

B= no change in tone/language... positive and enthusiastic throughout.

Positive adjective: ' attractive goods'

Long, listing sentence in lines 28-33 suggests exhilaration and complete immersion in the atmosphere

Complimentary, hyperbolic language: 'foot it to perfection'

Step 2...

Go back to the two texts and zoom in on more specific, precise aspects of the writers' views/feelings, and on the methods they use to convey them.

Day initially uses quite dismal imagery to convey her first impression of Glastonbury; the simile she uses to compare some of the festival-goers to 'survivors of a terrible natural disaster', combined with the hyperbolic language describing what she sees a 'a scene of near-total devastation' effectively convey how unimpressed she was to begin with. 'disaster' and 'devastation' are both nouns with connotations of danger, suggesting she didn't feel safe there at first. However, halfway through the article, her language changes and becomes much more positive as she begins to enjoy the experience. By the end, she is focusing on how much fun everybody is having; she uses the positive adjective 'brilliant' to describe people's smiles and includes quotations from others who are enjoying the festival and its 'safe, family-friendly atmosphere' to highlight how safe and fun it actually is. In contrast, Dickens does not express a change in attitude in his text. He is enthusiastic, impressed and positive about Greenwich Fair throughout; he describes the goods on display as 'attractive' – a positive adjective suggesting pleasure – and, like Day, uses some hyperbolic language to emphasise how remarkable the pantomime is when he writes that the actors 'foot it to perfection'. The noun 'perfection' suggests that nothing could be better, that Dickens is captivated and enthralled by what he is seeing.

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B= no change in tone/language... positive and enthusiastic throughout.

Positive adjective: ' attractive goods'

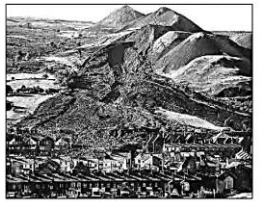
Long, listing sentence in lines 28-33 suggests exhilaration and complete immersion in the atmosphere

Complimentary language: 'foot it to perfection'

Source A – 20th Century literary non-fiction

This is an extract from an essay written in 1967 called *The Village that Lost its Children* by Laurie Lee. Aberfan was a small mining village in Wales. In 1966, many of its people, including children at a local school, were killed when heavy rain caused a landslide.

The Village that Lost its Children



Few people had ever heard of Aberfan until disaster struck it. It was just another of the small mining villages lying tucked away in the South Wales valleys – a huddle of anonymous terraced houses of uniform ugliness unrelieved except for chapel and pub.

Its heart was the coal-pit, and its environment like the others – the debris of a slowly exhausting industry: a disused canal, some decaying rail-tracks, a river black as the Styx[1], a general coating of grime over roofs and gardens, and the hills above blistered with a century of mining waste.

Such villages learned to accept a twilight world where most of the menfolk worked down the pits. Many died early, with their lungs full of coal-dust, and the life was traditionally grim and perilous. Disaster, in fact, was about the only news that ever came out of the valleys – the sudden explosion underground, miners entombed alive, or the silent death in the dark from gas. Wales and the world were long hardened to such news. But not to what happened in Aberfan.

A coal-mine sends to the surface more waste than coal, and a mining village has to learn to live with it. It must be put somewhere or the mine would close, and it's too expensive to carry it far. So the tips grow everywhere, straddling the hillsides, nudging the houses like black-furred beasts. Almost everyone, from time to time, has seen danger in them, but mostly they are endured as a fact of life.

On the mountain above Aberfan there were seven such tips. The evening sun sank early behind them. To some of the younger generation they had always been there, as though dumped by the hand of God. They could be seen from the school windows, immediately below them, rising like black pyramids in the western sky. But they were not as solid as they looked; it was known that several had moved in the past, inching ominously down the mountain.

What was not known however was that the newest tip, number 7, was a killer with a rotten heart. It had been begun in Easter 1958, and was built on a mountain spring, most treacherous of all foundations. Gradually, over the years, the fatal seeping of water was turning Tip 7 into a mountain of moving muck.

Then one morning, out of the mist, the unthinkable happened, and the tip came down on the village. The children of Pantglas Junior School had just arrived in their classrooms and were right in the path of it. They were the first to be hit by the wave of stupifying filth which instantly smothered more than a hundred of them.

The catastrophe was not only the worst in Wales but an event of such wanton and indifferent cruelty it seemed to put to shame both man and God.

Source B – 19th Century non-fiction

This is an extract from a Victorian newspaper article published in October 1863. A minor earthquake had been felt in some parts of Great Britain.

We have had an Earthquake. The men of science all tell us that we have every right to expect earthquakes. This country lies on the great volcanic belt. There runs under us a huge crack in the earth's crust, – who knows how deep or how wide? A few flimsy strata[1] have fallen in and now, who knows what enormous voids, what huge quantities of imprisoned gas, what seas of molten metal, there may be only a few miles below this fair surface?

The scientists tell us that there are probably many earthquakes which we do not feel. But if a small earthquake, even an imperceptible one, why not an earthquake to destroy a metropolis[2]?

But, the earth-wave has been faint, and only a feeble echo of some distant shock, for it was not everywhere, nor was it everybody that was waked by the earthquake of Tuesday, October 6. More than half the nation has to accept the word of the rest. Yet many felt it that will never forget the feeling; and many even heard it that will carry the "awful" sound in the ear to their dying day. In some places it even did damage. It upset furniture and broke crockery. It displaced bricks, and even revealed a crack in a wall. We should not be surprised to hear of more serious damage. But if this much, why not more?

BRITANNIA'S[3] fabled rock has been shaken from its basis. Be it only an inch or two, the ocean throne has been tilted up. Throughout the Midland counties, the earthquake appears to have been felt the most. At Birmingham walls were seen to move, and people rose from their beds to see what damage had been done. At Edgbaston successive shocks were plainly felt, houses were shaken to their foundations, "a dreadful rattle" was rather felt than heard, and people woke one another to ask the meaning. Everything around was violently agitated. The houses cracked and groaned as if the timbers had been strained. The policemen on duty saw the walls vibrate, heard everything rattle about them, and were witnesses to the universal terror of the roused sleepers.

In London, we are situated on a deep bed of clay, where our houses are well built, and where we are so accustomed to noises, shocks, and tremors that we are almost startled to find it calm and quiet. Noises from vast warehouses along the river banks, bathed by the muddy and dull water of the great river, while trains rush past at full speed or rumble underground uttering horrible cries and vomiting waves of smoke. London: where men work in darkness, scarcely seeing their own hands and not knowing the meaning of their labour. London: a rainy, colossal city smelling of molten metal and of soot, ceaselessly streaming and smoking in the night fog. Fog which persists and assumes different hues – sometimes ashen – sometimes black. With the lighting of the fires, it soon becomes yellow and pungent, irritating the throat and eyes.

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Who can say what strange trial of shaking or upheaving, sinking, dividing, or drying up, may await us? We know by science these isles have gone through many a strange metamorphosis[4], and science cannot assure us that there are none more to come.

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Compare how the writers convey their different ideas and perspectives of the events that they describe.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different ideas and perspectives
- compare the methods they use to convey their ideas and perspectives
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[16 marks]

AO3
Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts

Step 2…
Go back to the two texts and zoom in on more specific, precise aspects of the writers' views/feelings, and on the methods they use to convey them.

Laurie Lee, writing in third person in Source A, feels that the mining disaster in Aberfan was a shocking and dreadful event that should never have been allowed to happen. He writes in a dramatic, grave tone to express his sorrow about the disaster. The writer of Source B writes from a first person perspective but also employs a quite dramatic tone when describing the earthquake. Though much less devastating than the event in Aberfan, Source B's writer fears the consequences of future, more dangerous earthquakes.

Source A

British climber, Matt Dickinson, together with his team, is attempting to scale Mount Everest. At base camp, a thousand feet below them, his colleague, Audrey Salkeld is the first to see the approaching storm.

The Death Zone

At 5,360 metres, base camp is a cheerless place at the best of times, but once the sun has dipped beneath the surrounding ridges, it is like living in a freezer. Shivering with the cold, Salkeld left the mess tent and walked across the ice of the Khumbu glacier towards her tent to find some extra clothing.

Glancing into the sky to the south, she became one of the first people, and probably *the* very first, to see what was sweeping up from the lower valleys of the Himalayas towards Everest. It was a sight which fixed her to the spot, all thoughts of seeking out a few more layers of clothing momentarily forgotten.

Sudden squalls are common in the afternoon on Everest but Salkeld had never seen anything like this before. She later described it as looking like a tyre dump fire, great billowing lilac clouds racing up from the south. She called out other members of the team from our tents, and they stood watching in awe as the apocalyptic vision crept silently and swiftly towards them.

At speeds touching 80 to 100 kilometres an hour, the storm whipped into the camp just minutes later, plunging the temperature down by ten to fifteen degrees in as many seconds, ripping into the tents in a blinding fury of driving snow. The storm swept up the southern flanks of Everest engulfing the ice-clad slopes effortlessly in a swirling mantle of hurricane-force winds. Within minutes it had the northern side in its grip and then it rose to take the summit. The mightiest mountain in the world disappeared from view as the storm took control.

If Shiva, the Hindu god of destruction, and Nemesis, the Greek goddess of retribution, had joined forces they could not have done a better job of devastation than nature itself did on that day. The timing was uncanny, as bad as it was possible to be. If the storm had struck in winter then no one would have been hurt. But as chance would have it, the tempest[1] arrived on the busiest day of the Everest calendar, right in the middle of the pre-monsoon climbing season.

Our expedition, a British attempt on the North Face via the North-East Ridge, was at camp three when the storm thundered in.

We immediately knew that this was something far more dangerous than any other storm that had hit us in the eight weeks we had been there. The temperature fell to ten degrees below freezing, then twenty, then thirty degrees below. The wind became a constant, bullying force, pulling guy ropes from the glacier ice, tumbling fully-laden equipment barrels into crevasses and demolishing our canvas mess tent with frightening ease. The dome tents, built to withstand hurricane-force winds, creaked and groaned under the beating, distorted into shapes they were never designed for and straining the tent poles to their limits.

We could have been in the Antarctic, on the Greenland ice cap, or at the North Pole, so complete was the blanket of driving snow which obscured every feature around us. Not a single landmark, not even the huge North Ridge, was visible through the raging white-out of the blizzard.

Through the white wall of snow, and rising across the tempestuous roar of the wind across the glacier was another sound: a sinister howl which told of even greater powers at play in the altitudes above us; the scream of the storm as it whirled across the North Face at 8,000 metres and above.

There, in the 'Death Zone', more than thirty climbers were fighting for their lives. On the northern side three Indian climbers were stranded, exhausted and with their oxygen supplies running out, high on the North-East Ridge. On the southern side, two commercial expeditions were strung out between the South Col[2] and the summit.

The night that faced them was a night from hell. By the end of the following day, the three Indian climbers on the north side and five of the climbers on the south were dead. The total of eight fatalities made this the greatest loss of life in any twenty-four hour period on the peak.

Source B

Arthur Munby kept a diary in the 1800s, and in these extracts, taken from January 1867, he describes London in the snow.

London Snow

Wednesday, 2 January. Since midnight, snow had silently fallen, to the depth of six to eight inches; by breakfast time it was all over except a slight flaky dropping, and the day was calm and very cold. Nothing could be more beautiful; no change more complete and charming. The trees around the fountain near Garden Court were loaded with snow: an exquisite tracery of white branches, relieved against the dark red house fronts.

But in the streets the transformation was greatest. All traffic, except afoot, was stopped; no cabs, no omnibuses, no wagons. The snow lay in heaps in the road; men were scraping and shovelling the footways; and people in thick coats and wrappers stepped noiselessly along. The Strand was as quiet and empty as a village street at nightfall; even the foot passengers were far fewer than usual.

Here in the heart of London, and at midday, there was absolute cleanliness and brightness, absolute silence: instead of the roar and rush of wheels, the selfish hurry, the dirt and the cloudy fog, we had the loveliness and utter purity of new- fallen snow. It fell without force or sound; and all things huge and hasty and noisy were paralyzed in a moment. I walked along enjoying the wondrous lovely scene, the long perspective of houses, all grown picturesque and antique; their gable roofs white against a clear sky, and every overhanging joint and beam in their outline picked out in brilliant white; and beneath them, the tumbled and peopleless pavement of snow. It was like the quaint still London of old; one might have been arm in arm with Mr. Pepys, or even Mr. W. Shakespeare. And this state of things lasted all day.

There were many crossing sweepers about: I noticed one near Saint Clement Danes, a girl of seventeen or so, in ragged but warm shawl, and a bit of an old bonnet, whose dark rough hair was covered with snow, and hung in a tangled white mass, like the foam of a waterfall, over her brown bonny face, as she stood with her broom under her arm, stamping and blowing her fingers.

Friday, 4 January. The cold out of doors at ten this morning was more intense, to my apprehension, than I ever remember. My beard froze, and the nape of my neck, and my heart seemed paralyzed. A headache came on, and by the end of the short walk from here to Whitehall I was almost helpless.

At 4pm I walked westward, thinking to call on my friends, the Thackerays. The Horseguards Parade and the Mall were one sheet of snow, with paths trodden but not swept: a thick brown fog brooded over it, deepening the twilight; and muffled spectral figures hurried to and fro across the slippery ground. In Victoria Street a girl begged of me: a ragged tall girl of nineteen, by name Caroline Randall, by trade an ironer; who has no home; who slept last night on a step in a sheltered corner, and felt 'as cold as a frog', she said.

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 perspectives on the extreme weather conditions.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different perspectives on the extreme weather conditions
- compare the methods the writers use to convey their different perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

Step 1…

A short introduction summarising/comparing the two writers' OVERALL views and writing style.
This ensures that you are meeting both requirements (comparing viewpoints *and* analysing methods) from the start!

A: What, overall, is the writers' view?
B: What, overall is the writers' view?

A&B: 1st person/2nd person/3rd person?
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Serious/humorous/light-hearted/angry/emotive/passionate/melancholy/anecdotal/enthusiastic/descriptive

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