

GCSE

English Language  
Paper 2  
  
Non-Fiction Texts   
  
Name:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Reading Questions**   
  
There are four different exam questions that you should expect to see in paper 2. You can apply the following questions to any of these linked sources and it will help you practise the key skills needed to do the exam successfully

**1.** Write down four true statements and 3 false statementsabout the article.

2. Use details from both sources to give a summary of the differences. Remember to:

* make comparisons
* use quotations
* make inferences

3. How does the writer use language to describe…?  
  
There will be a question on language which will want you to do the following:

* Identify the language features by using subject terminology
* Select quotations
* Comment on the effect of the language used

4. Read both of the articles that are on the same topic e.g. tattoos. The writer’s viewpoints and perspectives will be slightly different.

Compare how the writer’s convey their different ideas and viewpoints.

* Make a statement about how the writer feels
* Use quotations from the article to support your point
* Comment on the writer’s methods
* Compare this to the other writer’s attitude

**Source 1  
A Bugs Life  
*Autumnwatch* presenter Chris Packham slams I’m a Celebrity…for ‘killing  
animals and cruelty to bugs and insects’**

TV wildlife expert Chris Packham has blasted *I'm A Celebrity…Get Me Out of Here!* for being cruel to bugs and insects. The host of BBC2's *Autumnwatch*, who controversially called for giant pandas to be allowed to die out, says he is appalled by how the show's bosses and celebrities abuse animals in the Aussie outback. The 48-year-old, who shot to fame on the BAFTA-winning BBC1 children's programme The Really Wild Show, says it is wrong that creatures are killed for entertainment purposes.

Chris told *Yours* magazine: "The people working on *I'm A Celebrity Get Me Out of Here*! have no regard for creatures' lives. If a celebrity trod on a cat it would be on the front page of every newspaper but they jump up and down on as many cockroaches, spiders and bugs as they like.

"From the first series I've been nothing short of appalled by the way they abuse animals. What sickens me more than anything is when people say 'But they're only insects. I happen to really like insects and more than anything I like life. There's not a single living organism on this planet that wants to die. […]

‘Other aspects of the programme like the physical trials can be entertaining but I don't find the treatment of creatures excusable at all.

'The insects are wriggling as they shove them into their mouths. Surely they have feelings? They do have nervous systems - for example witchety grubs and mealworms shy away from heat.  
  
‘There is a lunatic divide whereby it's okay to slaughter as many bugs as we like but if it is anything cute and furry it immediately makes front page news. If a celebrity were genuinely starving I'd have no problems with it. But when they are doing it for entertainment it's no more than exploitation. 'I'd like to see the animal aspects of the programme taken out. I'm sure there are enough brains in the programming department to come up with different challenges that are equally exciting but don't involve killing creatures.’

**Source 2**

*In the following newspaper article, the writer’s argument follows a logical sequence in order to convince the reader that collecting cockroaches can be fun.*

**The Creepy Subject of Darren’s Collecting Bug**

The day Darren Mann left primary school his teacher presented him with a parting gift – four hissing cockroaches. It was a wonderful present, he recalls. They make lovely pets.

It’s very much a minority view. Few creepy crawlies have a poorer public image than the humble cockroach. Associated with poor hygiene and the spread of disease, it’s a target for extermination wherever it raises its ugly head.

But it has a passionate defender in Darren Mann. He keeps about two thousand of the little beasts in a garden shed at the family home, where he spends hours every day feeding them sliced apple and specialist food prepared for pet rats. He likes nothing better than to put his hand into a squirming tankful and let them tickle his fingers.

The very thought makes environmental health officer George Makin cringe. He says that the common cockroach is rapidly moving up the public enemy list. He has recently had to close down several food premises and has no hesitation in describing the cockroaches as a health hazard, a carrier of diseases like salmonella that must be rooted out and eradicated wherever it is found.

That’s by no means easy. Cockroaches are among the great survivors of the animal kingdom. They’ll eat almost anything, including each other and the paste used to stick on wallpaper, and they can live in the tiniest crack in a skirting board.

Darren believes cockroaches are being unfairly maligned. He’s not convinced that they are a major cause of the spread of salmonella and he says that it’s their lifestyle, scuttling far and wide in search of food under cover of darkness, that makes them unloved. Despite the dirty brown appearance of the British cockroach, all cockroaches actually spend almost half their waking moments cleaning themselves, he reveals.

Darren’s parents are quite happy about several thousand cockroaches living at the bottom of the garden. And Darren’s girlfriend takes it in her stride, too. ‘She thinks they’re quite cute, actually,’ he says, ‘although she tends to scratch a bit when she comes out of the shed.’

As an insect collector who can’t pass a stone without lifting it to see what’s underneath, Darren is about to broaden his horizons. Next month, he’s off to Madagascar with a party of fellow enthusiasts, to study some of the more exotic species of cockroach in their natural habitat. He’s itching to get there.

**Source 3**

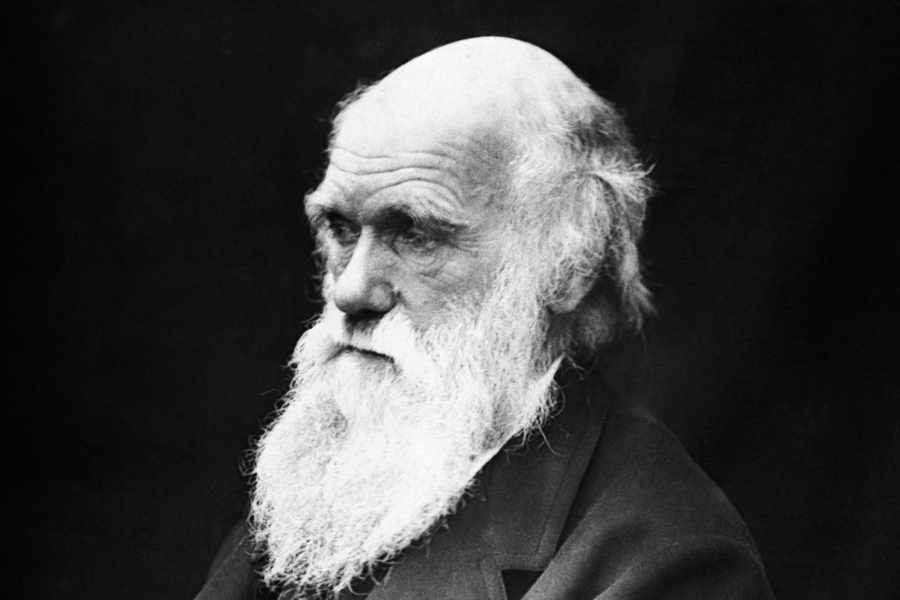
*Darren Mann started his cockroach collection in the 1980s, but collecting insects first became popular back in the 19th century. In the following extract, Charles Darwin, a famous naturalist, recalls how much he enjoyed his hobby while at university.*

**Extract from Autobiography of Charles Darwin by Charles Darwin**

No pursuit at Cambridge was followed with nearly so much eagerness or gave me so much pleasure as collecting beetles. It was the mere passion for collecting, for I did not dissect them, and rarely compared their external characters with published descriptions, but got them named anyhow. I will give a proof of my zeal\*: one day, on tearing off some old bark, I saw two rare beetles, and seized one in each hand; then I saw a third and new kind, which I could not bear to lose, so that I popped the one which I held in my right hand into my mouth. Alas! It ejected some intensely acrid fluid, which burnt my tongue so that I forced to spit the beetle out, which was lost, as was the third one.

I was very successful in collecting, and inventing two new methods; I employed a labourer to scrape, during the winter, moss off old trees and place it in a large bag, and likewise to collect the rubbish at the bottom of the barges in which reeds are brought from the fens, and thus I got some very rare species. No poet ever felt more delighted at seeing his first poem published that I did at seeing, in Stephens’ ‘Illustrations of British Insects’, the magic words “captured by Darwin, Esq.”

\*zeal – enthusiasm



**Source 4  
Poverty** *The first extract was written by Henry Mayhew in 1861. Mayhew is writing about the lives of coster mongers, whose job was to sell fruit on the streets.*

**Extract from London Labour and the London Poor by Henry Mayhew**

The story of one coster-girl’s life may be taken as a type of the many. When quite young she is placed out to nurse with some neighbour. […] As soon as it is old enough to go alone, the court is its play-ground, the gutter its schoolroom, and under the care of an elder sister the little one passes the day, among children whose mothers like her own are too busy out in the streets helping to get the food, to be able to mind the family home. When the girl is strong enough, […] she is lent out to carry about a baby, and so made to add to the family income by gaining her sixpence weekly. Her time is from the earliest years fully occupied; indeed, her parents cannot afford to keep her without doing and getting something. Very few of the children receive the least education. ‘The parents,’ I am told, ‘never give their minds to learning, for they say, “What’s the use of it? That won’t yarn a gal a living.”’ […]

At about seven years of age the girls first go into the streets to sell. A shallow basket is given to them, with about two shillings for stock-money, and they hawk, according to the time of year, either oranges, apples, or violets; some begin their street education with the sale of water-cresses. The money earned by this means is strictly given to the parents. Sometimes-though-rarely- a girl who has been unfortunate during the day will not dare to return home at night, and then she will sleep under some dry arch or about some market, until the morrow’s gains shall ensure her a safe reception and shelter in her father’s room.

The life of the coster-girls is as severe as that of the boys. Between four and five in the morning they have to leave home for the markets, and sell in the streets until about nine. Those that have more kindly parents, return then to breakfast, but many are obliged to earn the morning’s meal for themselves. After breakfast, they generally remain in the streets until about ten o’clock at night; many having nothing during all that time but one meal of bread and butter and coffee, to enable them to support the fatigue of walking from street to street with the heavy basket on their heads. […] There are many poor families that, without the aid of these girls, would be forced into the workhouse.

Yarn= earn  
hawk = carry and sell things  
workhouse = a place where poor people could work for very basic food and accommodation

**Source 5**

*Over 150 years later, a single mum from the North East wrote about her own life of poverty in a newspaper article.*

**Maria lives in a bungalow she can’t afford to rent and suspects that she and her two-year-old son, Taiu, will be evicted soon**

I survive on food from food banks, and by selling things I own. I often go without meals, but always ensure Taiu eats. I’m told that families like mine normally spend £35 a week on food. I have that for a month to buy things in Iceland. We eat a lot of soup and crackers. Taiu loves that. I prefer fresh vegetables, but the price of them is so high. At Christmas my dad sent me a little hamper from America and also someone from church sent me a shop round from Tesco. I think they found out by accident that I was really struggling because I try and keep quite private about that – I think that's pride.

I'm struggling at the moment and it's like, "Right, what can I pay today?" And that's it; it's the bills and everyone's had their gas and electric bills go up. When mine went up they said to me "Sorry, we haven't been charging you enough for the last year, so you now owe us". I mean, they just sent me a bill for £423 because I was paying my gas and electric bills at £38 a month and they turned around and said "We should have been charging you over £70 a month". Their mistake, but now they're expecting it all. […]

There's no public transport in this town between eight and nine in the morning, on Sundays, and after six o'clock. My work as a care co-ordinator started at nine. I was working in town but there were no buses. I could get in for about quarter past nine and then try to make the time up in my break. My work said no. You can start at half nine, but you've got to work to half five. I told them if I work until then the next bus is at a quarter past six, by the time I've picked my son up and got home it’s going to be gone seven. I said I couldn't do that, plus they wanted me to be on call one week per month, which means if anyone got sick or couldn't do a care call I'd have to do it. I just couldn't do it.

I've got a lot of stuff off Freecycle, toys for my son and charity shops or eBay. For Christmas I go on to eBay – you can get good toys on there and if you can watch things you can get a £20 toy for a couple of pounds.

Shoes for him are always second hand. He hasn't had a brand new pair of shoes for a long time. My sister gives me some of her son's shoes but Taiu is a narrow fitting. I know this because I've been into Clarks and had him measured up but I can't afford anything. Even finding something with his fitting on eBay is very difficult. I know you have to be careful with their feet as they're growing.

Taiu misses out on activities and going out and doing things, other than just going to the park. One of my friends said, "Let's go on holiday – let's do the 10 pound holiday". I can't afford that. It's 10 pound each, plus you've then got to pay your electric, then you've got to buy your food when you're there, then you've got to pay for your transport, then you've got to pay for your excursions. It's too much.

**War**

**Source 6**

*The extract below is an autobiographical account of a soldier arriving in the trenches, in France, during the First World War.*

**Extract from Goodbye to All That by Robert Graves**

Collecting the draft of forty men we had with us, we followed [the man] through the unlit suburbs of the town – all intensely excited by the noise and flashes of the guns in the distance. None of the draft had been out before, except the sergeant in charge. They began singing. Instead of the usual music-hall songs, they sang Welsh hymns, each man taking a part. The Welsh always sand when pretending not to be scared; it kept them steady. And they never sang out of tune.

We marched towards the flashes and could soon see the flare-lights curving over the trenches in the distance. The noise of the guns grew louder and louder. […]From behind us on the left of the road a salvo of four shells came suddenly over our heads. The battery was only about two hundred-yards away. 'This broke up Aberystwyth in the middle of a verse and set us off our balance for a few seconds; the column of fours tangled up. The shells went hissing away eastward; we could see the red flash and hear the hollow bang where they landed in German territory. […]

The roadside cottages were now showing more and more signs of dilapidation. A German shell came over and then whoo - oo - ooooooOOO - bump - CRASH! twenty yards away from the party. We threw ourselves flat on our faces. Presently we heard a curious singing noise in the air, and then flop! flop! little pieces of shell-casing came buzzing down all around. 'They calls them the musical instruments,' said the sergeant. 'Damn them,' said Frank Jones-Bateman, who had a cut in his hand from a jagged little piece, 'the devils have started on me early.' 'Aye, they'll have a lot of fun with you before they're done, sir,' grinned the sergeant. Another shell came over. Every one threw himself down again, but it burst two hundred yards behind us. Only Sergeant Jones had remained on his feet .[…]

After a meal of bread, bacon, rum and bitter stewed tea sickly with sugar, we went up through the broken trees to the east of the village and up a long trench to battalion headquarters. The trench was cut through red clay. I had a torch with me which I kept flashed on the ground. Hundreds of field mice and frogs were in the trench. They had fallen in and had no way out. The light dazzled them and we could not help treading on them. So I put the torch back in my pocket.

**Source 7**

*One of Robert Graves’ comrades was a poet, Siegfried Sassoon. While on leave, Sassoon wrote a letter to his Commanding Officer refusing to return to fight in France. The letter was published in The Times in 1917.*

**Extract from ‘Finished with War – A Soldier’s Declaration’ by Siegfried Sassoon**

I am making this statement as an act of wilful defiance of military authority because I believe that the war is being deliberately prolonged by those who have the power to end it. I am a soldier, convinced that I am acting on behalf of soldiers. I believe that the war upon which I entered as a war of defence and liberation has now become a war of aggression and conquest. I believe that the purposes for which I and my fellow soldiers entered upon this war should have been so clearly stated as to have made it impossible to change them and that had this been done the objects which actuated us[[1]](#footnote-1) would now be attainable by negotiation.

I have seen and endured the sufferings of the troops and I can no longer be a party[[2]](#footnote-2) to prolonging these sufferings for ends which I believe to be evil and unjust. I am not protesting against the conduct of the war, but against the political errors and insincerities for which the fighting men are being sacrificed.

On behalf of those who are suffering now, I make this protest against the deception[[3]](#footnote-3) which is being practiced upon them; also I believe it may help to destroy the callous complacency[[4]](#footnote-4) with which the majority of those at home regard the continuance of agonies which they do not share and which they have not have enough imagination to realise.

**Survival**

**Source 8**   
*Aron Ralston may not be a name that you recognise, but if you have seen the movie 127 hours, then his story may well be familiar to you. Aron Ralston was a mountain climber who became trapped under a boulder while hiking alone in the canyons of Utah, USA. In the opening of the newspaper article below, the scene is set for an act of courage that is almost unbelievable, as Aron is forced to resort to desperate measures in order to survive.*

**127 Hours: Aron Ralson’s story of survival**

When the sun starts to go down on the canyonlands of south-eastern Utah in the American west, it bathes the vast rock formations and caverns in a deep red glow. It’s beautiful.

But at night, if you’re alone, it can be a cold and frightening place. Particularly if you find yourself trapped in one of the deep ravines that split the sandstone monoliths in two. It would be difficult for anyone to hear you during the day – but in the dark, a cry for help would be met with only silence.

No one knows that more than 35-year-old Aron Ralston. In 2003, he had gone hiking, alone, near Robbers Roost – an old outlaw hideout used in the dying days of the Wild West by Butch Cassidy. But while Ralston was climbing down a narrow slot in Bluejohn Canyon, a boulder became dislodged, crushing Ralston’s right forearm and pinning it against the wall.

For five and a half days, he struggled to get free until he was forced to do the unthinkable. Using a blunt knife from his multi-tool, he began amputating his arm.

**Source 9**

*The following extract from a newspaper article is also about being trapped but the circumstances are very different. This time, the person involved is a young girl who worked in an industrial cotton mill in the 1860s.*

A shocking accident, which will probably prove fatal, occurred at the Mechanics Mill, this forenoon. Annie Mc Neal, a girl about 15 years old […] in some unknown manner, got her hair caught in the ‘black shaft’ of a fine speeder\* and was drawn into the machine. The speeder was stopped as soon as possible but it was some time before the girl could be extracted, her hair and portions of her scalp having become wound around the machine. She was immediately removed to her home on North Main Street, and Dr A.M Jackson was summoned. Dr Jackson found four scalp wounds, the one behind the left ear being five inches long. A piece of the skull two inches long by an inch and a quarter wide was also missing and the brain was laid bare though uninjured. It is barely possible that the child will recover, but it is more probable that inflammation will set in with fatal results.   
  
\*spinner = large factory machine that makes cloth.

**Prison Life**

**Source 10**

A SMIRKING killer has revealed the cushy time he and fellow ‘lifers’ enjoy behind bars in a controversial TV documentary that is certain to infuriate taxpayers. Callous Lance Rudge smiles as he tells of how enjoyable prison is for him with his widescreen television, stereo and three meals a day. The unrepentant 24-year-old is puzzled why anyone would want to leave jail where he “has it nice” and does not need to get a job.

Rudge was sentenced for the murder of disabled Gregory Baker at his home in 2007. He will not be released until 2025 at the earliest, but during the Channel 4 documentary filmed at Gartree prison, in Leicestershire, makes it clear he is in no hurry. Last night friends of his victim attacked the system that allows a cold-hearted killer to see out his sentence in “holiday camp” surroundings. […]

Sitting in his cell in a Stoke City shirt, Rudge tells viewers: “In here you’ve got everything. You’ve got a stereo, a TV. You’ve got three meals a day. I’ve got it nice. I don’t want it to change.” When asked what he thinks life is like outside, he says: “Horrible. A nightmare to get a job. I wouldn’t like to be out there at all now. I’d prefer to stay inside for a while, and wait until it calms down. “In the documentary, Rudge says he tried to attack his mother during the trial, after she attempted to blame the murder on him. But he tells the interviewer that being on trial for murder had been “boring”. Rudge says: “I fell asleep five times. It wasn’t really the best impression to make but I couldn’t help it. When I got sentenced I almost collapsed. But now I don’t even think about it. Time flies by.”

Last night Staffordshire University lecturer Ken Raper, who as a former detective investigated the case, said: “Rudge’s words show there is no honour or loyalty among these people and just how little thought they give to others.” Alton parish councillor Tony Moult, who knew Mr Baker, said: “Rudge is lucky. If he had been tried before the Sixties he might have been hanged. It seems that prison is like a holiday camp. It is terrible for Gregory’s family for it all to be raked up again.”

Last night the Taxpayers’ Alliance called on the Government to tackle the issue of the easy life Britain’s boasting lags have behind bars. Jonathan Isaby, the campaign group’s political director, said: “Any right-thinking person will find Rudge’s attitude appalling and beyond contempt. Taxpayers expect to see prisoners being punished for their crimes, not given luxuries that many of us cannot afford in the outside world. “Part of the regime should be about rehabilitation, such as instilling a work ethic in prisoners, something which appears to be lacking.”

A Channel 4 spokesman said: “Lifers provides insight into the realities of long-term imprisonment and the rehabilitative efforts of prison authorities.”

**Source 11 *Extract from ‘A Visit to Newgate’ by Charles Dickens***

We entered the first cell. It was a stone dungeon, eight feet long by six wide, with a bench at the upper end, under which were a common rug, a bible, and prayer-book. An iron candlestick was fixed into the wall at the side; and a small high window in the back admitted as much air and light as could struggle in between a double row of heavy, crossed iron bars. It contained no other furniture of any description.

Conceive the situation of a man, spending his last night on earth in this cell. Buoyed up with some vague and undefined hope of reprieve, he knew not why - indulging in some wild and visionary idea of escaping, he knew not how - hour after hour of the three preceding days allowed him for preparation, has fled with a speed which no man living would deem possible, for none but this dying man can know.[…] and now that the illusion is dispelled, now that eternity is before him and guilt behind, now that his fears of death amount almost to madness, and an overwhelming sense of his helpless, hopeless state rushes upon him, he is lost and stupefied, and has neither thoughts to turn to, nor power to call upon, the Almighty Being, from whom alone he can seek mercy and forgiveness. […]

Hours have glided by, and still he sits upon the same stone bench with folded arms, heedless alike of the fast decreasing time before him, and the urgent entreaties of the good man at his side. The feeble light is wasting gradually, and the deathlike stillness of the street without, broken only by the rumbling of some passing vehicle which echoes mournfully through the empty yards, warns him that the night is waning fast away.

The deep bell of St. Paul's strikes - one! He heard it; it has roused him. Seven hours left! He paces the narrow limits of his cell with rapid strides, cold drops of terror starting on his forehead, and every muscle of his frame quivering with agony. Seven hours!

**Mind Blowing**

*People have been experimenting with the effects of drugs on their minds and bodies for centuries. Two hundred years ago, opium (a powerful drug like heroin) was widely available in London. Thomas de Quincey wrote about his experience of being addicted to opium to warn people of the dangers of taking drugs. In his Confessions of an English Opium-Eater, he writes about the pain he felt as a result of drug taking.*

**Source 12**

**Extract from *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater by Thomas de Quincey***

In the middle of 1817, I think it was, […] a change took place in my dreams; a theatre seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendour, […]Changes in my dreams were accompanied by deep- seated anxiety and funeral melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words, I seemed every night to descend- not metaphorically, but literally to descend- into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever re-ascend. Nor did I, by waking feel that I had re-ascended. Why should I dwell on this? For indeed the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at last to utter darkness, […] cannot be approached by words.

The sense of space, and in the end the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, etc., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable and self-repeating infinity. This disturbed me very much less than the vast expansion of time. Sometimes I seemed to have lived for seventy or a hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium passed in that time, or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

**Source 13  
  
JUST BECAUSE THEY’RE SOLD AS LEGAL, DOESN’T MEAN THEY’RE SAFE**

Over the past 12 months the news has been filled with horror stories about people suffering from the serious effects of consuming so called ‘legal highs.’  The term ‘legal highs’ is misleading, as it implies these substances are safe when they are not and therefore these substances are often referred to as New Psychoactive Substances or New Drugs. […]

‘Legal highs’ are substances designed to produce similar effects to illegal drugs such as cocaine, cannabis and ecstasy, but have been created so that their chemical structure is different enough to avoid being classified as illegal substances […]Generally they are white powders, herbal matter or pills. The packaging can be colourful and attractive with hundreds of different substance and brand names. These drugs cannot legally be sold for human consumption, so are often sold as research chemicals, bath salts or plant food to get round the law.

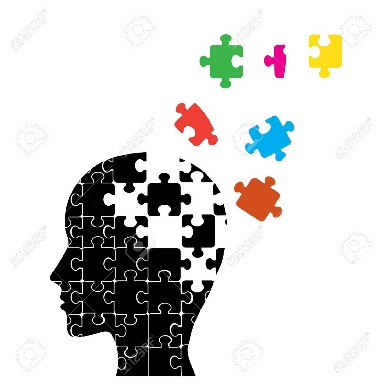
Like any drug, there is no way of knowing for sure what chemicals are in them. Unlike foods and other items that are for sale in your local shops, there is nobody testing these substances for safety, or checking to see what is contained in the packages before they are sold.

Many people have reported unpleasant effects to their physical and mental health as a result of taking these drugs. […]Reported effects from people taking these drugs have included: nose bleeds, sickness and diahorrea, black outs, short-term memory loss, severe mood swings, anxiety, panic, confusion and paranoia. They can also put a strain on your heart and nervous system.  There are reports of people ending up in hospital, or dying after reportedly consuming these drugs.

Like any drug use, use of new psychoactive substances can quickly spiral out of control. The long term effects can be serious, similar to other drugs and are not just physical.  Your life can be affected in all sorts of negative ways - everything from losing your job to hurting friends and family or even worse. It’s just not worth the risk.

**Mental illness**

**Source 14**

Naomi Jacobs, 34, woke up in 2008 but believed she was just about to sit her GCSE exams in the summer of 1992.

The last thing she could remember was falling asleep in her bunk bed as a schoolgirl. She was horrified to learn she was living in the 21st century, and was even mother to an 11-year-old boy she did not recognise.

Doctors revealed that Naomi had been under so much stress that part of her brain had simply closed down, erasing many memories of her life.

She was left baffled by the internet, and flummoxed by her mobile phone as she struggled to get to grips with modern life. Today, three years after waking up in the future, Naomi has finally regained most of her memory, and has written a book about her experiences.

She said: "I fell asleep in 1992 as a bold, brassy, very confident know-it-all 15-year-old, and woke up a 32-year-old single mum living in a council house. “The last thing I remember was falling asleep in my lower bunk bed, dreaming about a boy in my class.

"When I woke up, I looked in the mirror and had the fright of my life when I saw an old woman with wrinkles staring back at me.” Then this little boy appeared and started calling me mum. That's when I started to scream.

"I didn't know who he was. I didn't think he was much younger than I was, and I certainly didn't remember giving birth to him. “I began sobbing uncontrollably. “To say I was petrified was an understatement. I just wanted my mum. I couldn't get my head around going to bed one night and waking up in a different century."

Naomi, who was a psychology student before her memory loss, was told by doctors that she was suffering from Transient Global Amnesia, a form of memory loss brought on by stress. Slowly she began the difficult task of piecing her life back together by ploughing through years of her diaries and journals.

Naomi added: "At 15, I thought I would have conquered half the planet by the time I was 32."It was a massive shock to discover I was just an ordinary, single mum, living in Manchester and driving a battered old Fiat Brava.

"At first, I struggled to leave my home, and venture out into the world - but slowly, with the help of my family, I started to get used to the world again. Although it was traumatic, I'm really grateful for being thrown forward through time now.

"I've been able to follow my childhood dream of becoming a writer - and am currently writing my story."

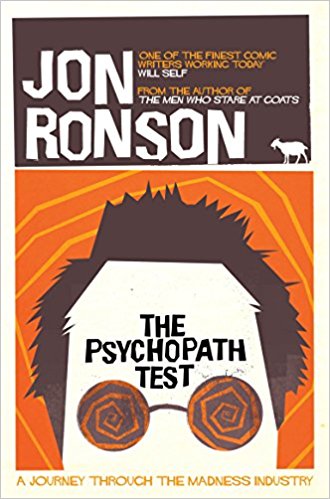
**Source 15  
Extracts from Journals of Sylvia Plath 1950-1962**

**Letter to a demon:**

Last night I felt the sensation I have been reading about to no avail in James: The sick, soul-annihilating flux of fear in my blood switching its current to defiant fight. I could not sleep, although tired, and lay feeling my nerves shaved to pain & the groaning inner voice: Oh, you can't teach, can't do anything. Can't write, can't think. And I lay under the negative icy flood of denial, thinking that voice was all my own, a part of me, and it must somehow conquer me and leave me with my worst visions: having had the chance to battle it & win day by day, and having failed.

…

I have a good self, that loves skies, hills, ideas, tasty meals, bright colours. My demon would murder this self by demanding that it be a paragon, and saying it should run away if it is anything less. I shall doggedly do my best and know it for that, no matter what other people say. I can learn to be a better teacher. But only by painful trial and error. Life is painful trial and error. I instinctively gave myself this job because I knew I needed the confidence it would give me as I needed food: it would be my first active facing of life & responsibility: something thousands of people face every day, with groans, maybe, or with dogged determination, or with joy. But they face it. I have this demon who wants me to run away screaming if I am going to be flawed, fallible. It wants me to think I'm so good I must be perfect. Or nothing. I am, on the contrary, something: a being who gets tired, has shyness to fight, has more trouble than most facing people easily. If I get through this year, kicking my demon down when it comes up, realizing I'll be tired after a day's work, and tired after correcting papers, and its natural tiredness, not something to be ranted about in horror, I'll be able, piece by piece, to face the field of life, instead of running from it the minute it hurts.

**All in the mind  
  
Source 16**

*The extract is from a non-fiction book called The Psychopath Test by journalist Jon Ronson. Jon is being taken by Brian, his guide, to meet a man called Tony, who is being held in a psychiatric hospital (for mentally-ill patients) at Broadmoor.*

**Extract from *The Psychopath Test* by Jon Ronson**

The Broadmoor visitors’ centre was painted in all the calming hues of a municipal leisure complex- all peach and pink and pine. The prints on the walls were mass-produced pastel paintings of French doors opening onto beaches at sunrise. The building was called the Wellness Centre. I had caught the train here from London. I began to yawn uncontrollably around Kempton Park. This tends to happen to me in the face of stress. Apparently dogs do it too. They yawn when anxious.

Brian picked me up at the station and we drove the short distance to the hospital. We passed through two cordons – ‘Do you have a mobile phone?’ the guard asked me at the first. ‘Recording equipment? A cake with a hacksaw hidden inside it? A ladder?’ – and then on through gates cur out of high-security fence after fence after fence.

‘I think Tony’s the only person in the whole DSPD unit to have been given the privilege of meeting people in the Wellness Centre,’ Brian said as we waited.

What does DSPD stand for?’ I asked.

‘Dangerous and Severe Personality Disorder,’ said Brian.

There was a silence.

‘Is Tony in the part of Broadmoor that houses the most dangerous people?’ I asked.

‘Crazy, isn’t it?’ laughed Brian.

Patients began drifting in to sit with their loved ones at tables and chairs that had been fixed to the ground. They all looked quite similar to each other, quite docile and sad-eyed.

‘They’re medicated,’ whispered Brian.

They were mostly overweight, wearing loose, comfortable T-shirts and elasticated sweatpants. There probably wasn’t much to do in Broadmoor but eat.

I wondered if any of them were famous.

They drank tea and ate chocolate bars from the dispenser with their visitors. Most were young, in their twenties, and their visitors were their parents. Some were older, and their partners and children had come to see them.

‘Ah! Here’s Tony now!’ said Brian.

I looked across the room. A man in his late twenties was walking towards us. He wasn’t shuffling like the others had. He was sauntering. His arm was out-stretched. He wasn’t wearing sweatpants. He was wearing a pinstripe jacket and trousers. He looked like a young business man trying to make his way in the world, someone who wanted to show everyone that he was very, very sane.

And of course, as I watched him approach our table, I wondered if the pinstripe was a clue that he was sane or a clue that he wasn’t.

We shook hands.

‘I’m Tony,’ he said. He sat down.

‘So Brian says you faked your way in here,’ I said.

‘That’s exactly right,’ said Tony.

He had the voice of a normal, nice, eager-to-help young man.

‘I’d committed GBH [grievous bodily harm],’ he said. ‘After they arrested me I sat in my cell and I thought, “I’m looking at five to seven years.” So I asked the prisoners what to do. They said, “Easy! Tell them you’re mad! They’ll put you in a county hospital. You’ll have Sky TV and a PlayStation. Nurses will bring you pizzas.” But they didn’t send me to some cushy hospital. They sent me to bloody BROADMOOR.’

‘How long ago was this?’ I asked.

‘Twelve years ago,’ said Tony.

I involuntarily grinned.

Tony grinned back.

**Source 17 *Now read the second extract. It is a newspaper article written by Fanny Fern, a 19th century journalist. A ‘lunatic asylum’ was the term used in the 1800s for a psychiatric hospital.***

My verdict after visiting a Lunatic Asylum is… what an immense improvement has modern humanity effected in the treatment of these unfortunates! What an advance upon the diabolical cruelty of blows, and stripes, and iron cages, and nothing to do, and no room to do it in! Now, we have the elegant, spacious, well ventilated and attractive building, surrounded with scenes of natural grandeur and beauty… One draws a long breath of relief to see them, under the eye of a watchful superintendent, raking hay in the sweet, fresh meadows, or walking about in a beautiful garden.

How affecting, too, is the child-like confidence with which they approach a perfect stranger, to tell the sorrow that is eating their lives away! “Poor Laura’s dead!” said one of them to me, in mournful tones. “Poor Laura’s dead!” she repeated, without awaiting an answer, looking sorrowfully in my face. Another sat at the window of a handsome room, watching with a smiling countenance the gravel-walk that led to the building. As I entered, she said, “I don’t know when he will come; if it is not this winter, it will be next summer; he said he would come and take me away, and I am going to sit here and wait for him;” and she turned again to the window and looked far off into the bright sunshine, and folded her hands in her lap in cheerful expectancy.

As the key was turned in one of the wards a woman rushed to the door, and said fiercely to the doctor, “Let me out, I say!” He calmly barred the entrance with his arm, and laying one hand soothingly on her shoulder, replied, “By and by-wait a little-won’t you?” Her countenance grew placid; and she replied, coaxingly, “Well, let me have one little peep out there then.” – “Yes,” said he, “you may go so far,” pointing to a designated limit, but not accompanying her. She walked out delightedly, took a survey of the hall, and promptly returning, said, “I wanted my father, but I see he is not there.” It seemed so humane to satisfy the poor creature, even though one know she might be a prey so some other fantasy the next minute.

It is a very curious sight, these lunatics – men and women, preparing food in the perfectly-arranged kitchen. One’s first thought, to be sure, is some possibly noxious ingredient that might be cunningly mixed in the viands; but further observation showed the impossibility of this under the rigid surveillance exercised. As to the pies, and meats, and vegetables, in process of preparation, they looked sufficiently tempting to those who had earned a good appetite like ourselves, by a walk across the fields. The poor French man was sane as a cook; his monomania was far out of his profession; it was poetry, and his epic had turned his brain. Some lunatic-women who were employed in the laundry, eyed me as I stood watching them, and, glancing at the embroidery on the hem of my skirt, a little the worse for the wet and dust of the road, exclaimed, “Oh, fie! A soiled skirt!” In fact, I almost began to doubt whether our guide was not humbugging us as to the real state of these people’s intellects; particularly as some of them employed in the grounds, as we went out, took off their hats, and smiled and bowed to us in the most approved manner.

**Sounds of the City**

*Cities are busy places, full of people, activity, traffic and noise. This is nothing new, according to a journalist’s account of spring in the city written in 1871.*

**Source 18**

**Extract from ‘Budding Spring – In the City’ written by Fanny Fern**

We of the city do not appreciate the blessing of closed windows and silence, until budding spring comes. The terrific war-whoop of the milkman inaugurates the new-born day long before we should otherwise recognize it. Following him is the rag-man, with his handcart, to which six huge jangling, terrific cow-bells are fastened, as an accompaniment to the yet louder yell of ‘r-a-g-s’. Then comes the ‘strawberry’ man, with lungs of leather, splitting your head, as you try to sip your coffee in peace. Close upon his heels, before he has hardly tuned the corner, comes the pine-apple man, who tries to out screech him. Then the fish-man, who blows a hideous tin trumpet, loud enough and discordant enough to set all your nerves jangling, if they had not already been taxed to the utmost.

You jump up in a frenzy to close the window, only to see that the fish-man has stopped his abominable cart at the door of a neighbour, where he is deliberately cleaning and splitting them, and throwing the refuse matter in the street, as a bouquet for your nostrils during the warm day. […] By this time comes a great mob of boys, with vigorous lungs, tossing each other’s caps in the air, and screeching with a power perfectly inexplicable at only six, ten, or twelve years of practice. Indeed, the smaller the boy the bigger is his war-whoop, as a general rule. […]

By this time your hair stands on end, and beads of perspiration form upon your nose. You fly for refuge to the back of the house. Alas! In the next house is a little dog barking as if his las hour was coming; while upon the shed are two cats, on the most inflamed state of bristle, glaring like fiends, and ‘meow’-ing in the most hellish manner at each other’s whiskers. You go down into the parlour, and seat yourself there. Your neighbour, Tom Snooks. Is smoking at his window, and puffing it right through yours over your lovely roses, the perfume of which he quite extinguishes with his nasty odour. Heavens! And this is ‘Spring’!

**Source 19** *A second article, written in 2010, offers a very different perspective on sound in the city.*

**Why we love sounds of the city jungle**

For some, living in a city is a loud, unpleasant babble of intrusive noise. For others it is a soundscape of calming, tones that lift the spirits and brighten the day. Now a £1m, three-year research project is building a database of noises that people say improve their environment. It will translate those findings into design principles to help architects create sweeter-sounding cities.

Among the urban sounds researchers have found to be surprisingly agreeable are car tyres on wet, bumpy asphalt, the distant roar of a motorway flyover, the rumble of an over ground train and the thud of heavy bass heard on the street outside a nightclub.

Other sounds that are apparently kind to the ear include a baby laughing, skateboarders practising in underground car parks and orchestras tuning up.

Sound in the environment, especially that made by other people, has overwhelmingly been considered purely as a matter of volume and generally in negative terms, as both intrusive and undesirable,' said Dr Bill Davies of Salford University, who is leading the Engineering and Physical Sciences Research Council-funded project Positive Soundscapes.[…]

According to the latest National Noise Incidence Study, moves to bring in quieter transport and urban noise barriers are falling short. Traffic noise is audible in 87 per cent of homes in England and Wales, and 54 per cent of the population is exposed to levels beyond the World Health Organisation guidelines for avoiding serious irritation.

Davies would like to see more water features and sound-generating sculptures next to busy roads. Buildings and trees can also be used to scatter, deaden or reflect sound, to create peaceful, quieter spaces or vibrant, exciting-sounding areas. […]

Sounds are not, the study found, judged solely on volume. 'The frequency [pitch] of a noise is a huge issue,' said Davies. 'A high-pitched sound is unpleasant even if it is very quiet, like the whine of a wasp trapped in a room, while a sound like bass coming through the wall of a nightclub, which is loud but low, can be very soothing.'

**Tattoos**

**Source 20**

*In the following newspaper article, Tony Parsons offers his views on the subject of tattoos.*

As soon as the sun starts shining, I realise with a sinking heart that Britain is now a tattooed nation. Tattoos are everywhere. You see them on firm young flesh and on wobbly, middle-aged flab, as common now on the school run and in the ­supermarket queue as they are on some footballer or his wife.

I feel like the last man left alive whose skin crawls at the sight of these crass daubings. I feel like the only person in the world who sees David Beckham modelling his ­swimming pants on the cover of Elle magazine and thinks – oh, how much better a ­handsome guy like you would look, David, without all those dumb ink stains stitched into your skin. I feel like nobody else looks at little Cheryl Cole – so pretty, so smiley – and recoils at the sight of the florist shop she has ­permanently engraved on her lovely body.

[…]Tattoos scream for attention. Tattoos say – look at me! I guess the person with the tattoo imagines that – somehow – having a martial arts symbol or a badly drawn flower or a sentimental heart expresses their individuality. The end result is a million simple souls all with exactly the same primitive daubings, all telling you what an individual they are.

On Tuesday, a tattooed lady called Joanna Southgate – pretty, blonde, young – swerved past the dress code at Royal Ascot by waiting until she was inside before revealing that her arms are covered in what looks like a three-year-old’s finger paintings. Joanna looked so proud. But why? She has ravaged her natural good looks with what, at best, looks like cartoons done by someone who flunked their art GCSE.

Tattoos were her choice. But tattoos are self-mutilation. Tattoos are a tragedy. Having tenth-rate art on your body for life is now part of the national fabric. Did I say that Britain is a tattooed nation? Strike that – Britain is the tattooed nation. […]

Tattoos are so ­widespread, so ugly and so very, very ­permanent. You can, in theory, have them removed – but a large chunk of your living flesh will go with it.

The tattooed nation will live to regret this voluntary disfigurement. Already I sense that some of our celebs are covering up – you don’t see Cheryl Cole’s florist shop nearly as often as you used to. It used to be that you made a mark on your body because you couldn’t make a mark on the world. With adored ­multi-millionaires like Beckham stoking the tattoo craze, that is clearly no longer the case. But some things never change.

A tattoo doesn’t make you look like an individual. A tattoo makes you look a thicko. You’ll all look silly when you’re 60.

**Source 21**

*Read the account ‘Tattooed Royalty’ which was written in 1898. It is also about tattoos, but this time the attitude towards them is very different.*

**Tattooed Royalty. Queer Stories of a Queer Craze**

When royalty hangs onto a craze, you may be assured that the rest of the exclusive world of wealth and power soon follow in the same path, and annex the peculiarities of the pleasures of which have given amusement to their heroes born in the purple.

What wonder, then, that tattooing is just now the popular pastime of the leisured world? For one of the best-known men in high European circles, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, is most elaborately tattooed. And Prince and Princess Waldemar of Denmark, […]with many others of royal and distinguished rank, have submitted themselves to the tickling, but painless and albeit pleasant, sensation afforded by the improved tattooing needle. […]

The present fancy for being tattooed […] mainly exists among men who have travelled much; while ladies have also taken a strong liking to this form of personal decoration, which, from a woman’s point of view, is about as expensive as a dress, but not so costly as good jewellery. […]For the purpose of passing her time in the "off" season, the lady about town now consents to be pricked by the tattoo artist's operating needle, and to have her forearm or shoulder adorned with perhaps such a mark as this - a serpent holding its tail in its mouth - a symbol representing eternity.

In order to form an idea of the kind of work that is wanted by those who give their patronage to this specific class of fine art, a close examination of these illustrations will assist you. The skill of the tattoo artist, to be realized properly and fairly, must be seen in beautiful colours on a white skin - work which is amazing. The sketches he employs are made in various coloured inks. His great skill is in the faithful reproduction of any symbol or picture desired by the sitter. These designs vary in size from a small fly, or bee, to that of an immense Chinese dragon, occupying the whole space offered by the back or chest, or a huge snake many inches in thickness coiling round the body from the knees to the shoulders.

1. the objects which actuated us = the aims that motivated us [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. be a party = agree [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. deception = lying and secrecy [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. callous complacency= unfeeling smugness [↑](#footnote-ref-4)