



General Certificate of Secondary Education
Higher Tier
June 2015

English/English Language

NENG1H

Unit 1 Understanding and producing non-fiction texts

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Insert

The three sources that follow are:

- **Source 1:** an online newspaper article called, 'All together now: singing is good for your body and soul' by Sarah Rainey
- **Source 2:** an article called, 'Who said boys hate housework? The 17-year-old taking ironing to extreme lengths' by Anna Edwards
- **Source 3:** 'Paragliding', an extract from a non-fiction book by Philippe Pozzo di Borgo.

**Please open the insert fully
to see all three sources**

Source 1



All together now: singing is good for your body and soul

By Sarah Rainey

After years of singing in the shower and warbling my way through karaoke duets, 18 months ago I finally joined a choir. Every Thursday evening, I head to a church hall in central London, where, along with 30 others, I spend 90 minutes belting out Motown, gospel and pop classics, from Abba to Bon Jovi. I'm more of a keen amateur than a wannabe soloist, but even the odd off-key note or wrong lyric can't detract from how good singing makes me feel. I leave every session uplifted, buoyed by a flurry of endorphins flooding through my body.

So it comes as no surprise that scientists have shown that not only does singing in a choir make you feel good, it's got health benefits, too. Researchers at the University of Gothenburg, Sweden, found that choristers' heartbeats synchronise when they sing together, bringing about a calming effect that is as beneficial to our health as yoga.

The scientists asked a group of teenagers to perform three choral exercises – humming, singing a hymn and chanting – and monitored their heart rhythms during each. They showed that singing has a dramatic effect on heart rate variability, which is linked to a reduced risk of heart disease.



Having done both yoga and singing, I'm inclined to agree. Yoga may supposedly be relaxing, but it's also sweaty, tiring and often painful. Singing, on the other hand, never fails to leave me feeling fabulous. But is it really better for your heart?

Over the years, scientists have found that crooning has a number of health benefits. The Gothenburg researchers proved that with singing we can train our lungs to breathe better; similarly, another study found that lung cancer patients who sang in a choir had a greater breathing capacity than those who didn't. Singing has also been shown to boost our immune system, reduce stress levels and, according to a report published in the *Journal of Music Therapy*, help patients cope with chronic pain.

Choral singing has been used as music therapy in hospitals, care homes and hospices for decades. 'Singing enables people with dementia to access memories and joy in times when communication is faltering,' says Sarah Teagle, co-founder of the Forget-Me-Not chorus, a charity for dementia sufferers.

Can as much be said for yoga? Those living in Los Angeles don't have to choose between the two: vocal yoga is the latest trend in the US, combining the health benefits of both in a single class. Back in the UK, no such newfangled activity exists – but joining a good old-fashioned choir can provide benefits aplenty. The science doesn't lie: singing really is better for your health than yoga.

Source 2

Who said boys hate housework? The 17-year-old taking ironing to extreme lengths

By Anna Edwards



Most parents would give anything for their teenage son to pick up an iron. But for one teen, pressing his shirts has turned into an extreme hobby.

Kevin Krupitzer, 17, has turned the mundane into the insane by taking his ironing board to the most extraordinary of locations, from the edge of a cliff to onboard a canoe. The teenager travels around his hometown of Gilbert, Arizona, in search of the weirdest places to 'iron'. And he has even climbed to the top of a 120ft high rock, dubbed the Totem Pole, in Queen Creek Canyon in pursuit of his bizarre hobby. But with most of his locations lacking a place to plug his iron, Kevin poses with the iron and board to add to his collection of extreme ironing images.

He said: 'I've always liked the outdoors and have always enjoyed hiking and backpacking. The extreme ironing came about when my brother bought me an Extreme Ironing calendar as a joke present. I immediately thought that looks cool, I might give it a go. Sometimes if I'm hiking I'll bring the board with me and look out for an unusual place to iron. I like the idea of doing something really mundane in the least mundane of places.'

But, sadly for his parents, the teen's interest in pressing his shirts ends when he steps through the door to his home.

'The funny thing is I'll take the ironing board out with me when I'm going hiking but I rarely use it to actually iron at home,' he said.

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SOURCE 2: 'Who said boys hate housework? The 17-year-old taking ironing to extreme lengths' by Anna Edwards © Daily Mail. Photograph © Caters News Agency.

SOURCE 3: 'Paragliding' by Philippe Pozzo di Borgo. Published in 2012 by Simon and Schuster.

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Source 3

After a paragliding accident, Philippe is left paralysed from the neck down. Three years later, after the death of his wife, Beatrice, he decides to revisit the scene of his accident with his friend, Yves.

Paragliding

I decided to return to Crest-Voland, find the place where I crashed, and, in some way, try to exorcise the accident by flying from there in my wheelchair. Childish, I know. But my real friends were those crazy, magnificent flying men Beatrice never really liked. They were overwhelmed by feelings of guilt and I wanted to relieve them. I longed to catch a thermal* that would take me fifteen or twenty thousand feet in the air. I'd talk to my wife out loud up there, as I sometimes did at night. In the splendour of the mountain, I'd feel closer to her. I sometimes had an obscure feeling of wanting to join her. It was irrational and childish.

My friends fitted a special seat that inflated when the wing picked up speed and should cushion my landing. Yves, hanging behind my harness, had the controls. We had decided that I would give him instructions by moving my head. Head left: turn at the indicated angle; head down: brake; head up: release the brakes. Tilting my head down slightly, I signalled to Yves that a bit of brake was needed, then we were airborne.

I rediscovered the sensation of flight, or at least my head did – I couldn't feel anything with the rest of my body. At one point, Yves yelled at me that I was taking too much of a risk: we were too close to the forest. But I knew that, by skimming the treetops, we would have enough small parcels of hot air to keep us aloft.

Suddenly, we'd caught a fantastic thermal. We were in the elevator! In a few seconds we had gone up hundreds of feet. We were above the peak, wheeling in great circles. What an amazing sight. We tried to regain altitude, but the conditions wouldn't allow it, so we dived back down to the forest. We could have stayed up there forever, but Yves gestured that we had to go back. We'd been flying for more than an hour and a half. I didn't feel any tiredness. It felt like a resurrection.

We passed the last rocky outcrop and raced toward our chalet. To maintain the spirit of mature, good sense in which the enterprise had been conducted thus far, I steered Yves toward the hill above the chalet and asked him to do some hedge-hopping. We came zigzagging down the hillside, less than nine feet off the ground. What a feeling.

Yves lined us up to land against a nice headwind. Suddenly, just as we were about to touch down, the wind changed direction. We were sent hurtling at over twenty-five miles an hour. I didn't have any legs to help him; my face acted as a brake. After plowing up the ground for thirty yards or so, we came to a standstill and burst out laughing, which made all our friends who'd come to watch start laughing, too. My face was covered in blood. I bore the marks of that landing for several weeks, but I can't describe how relieved I felt.

*thermal - an upward current of warm air

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**Open out this page to see
Source 2 and Source 3**