

Preparing for the Exam

READING

Higher Tier

- Q3.** Explain some of the thoughts and feelings the writer has whilst...
(8 marks)



Practice Text 1

Thinking Green – Seeing Red



The latest conservation initiative is to encourage people to transfer their good “green” habits from the home to the workplace. It seems it’s not enough to be recycling at home, we are now being made to feel guilty for spending all of our time in work doing our jobs! Although conserving the planet is clearly a good thing and has very obvious benefits, we are constantly being made to feel guilty for putting our wheelie bins out each week. We seem to be driven to the point of going through our rubbish each week to ensure that a stray piece of lettuce leaf hasn’t slipped into the bins instead of into the compost heap. As if this isn’t enough we are now expected to transfer all of these neurotic behaviours to the workplace, previously a place for escape from obsessing about recycling.

It seems it is not enough to have to deal with computers that continually crash, workmates that do less than their fair share and bosses who impose unreasonable deadlines. We are now expected to remember not to throw a single piece of

paper into the bin, but to put it into a recycling box. We are also expected to car-share to and from work. The idea of seeing certain David Brent-like workmates at the office is bad enough, but the thought of being trapped in a car with them during rush hour is not appealing. Tempers get frayed when loved-ones are in the car; what would it be like with three or four people you detest?

Another suggestion is to reduce the amount of electricity used in businesses. That would certainly solve one problem – at least if the electricity was off, millions of workers would be saved the stress of dealing with their computers crashing. So maybe more conservation policies for the workplace would be a good thing. The amount of work done by staff would be significantly reduced, but at least we’d all be protecting the planet. And who could disagree that that’s only a small price to pay?



Explain some of the thoughts and feelings the writer has about conservation in the workplace. (8 marks)



Unit 1: Non-Fiction

Practice Response 1

To begin with, _____

For example, _____

This suggests/shows/reveals _____

The word/phrase _____

It makes me think _____

Perhaps _____

In addition, _____

Towards the end of the extract, _____

Overall _____



You need to *INFER* and *INTERPRET* for an *EXPLAIN* question. You're your way through the text and think about *SUMMARISING* at the end.



Unit 1: Non-Fiction

Practice Text 2

IT'S A MAD, MAD WORLD

Welcome to Mad Sunday on the Isle of Man. Yesterday was the serious Formula 1 stuff, but today is for the crazy amateurs. They will be at it soon after dawn and the TT circuit will, as usual, be ridden by any wildcat on two wheels who fancies his chances of surviving an encounter with the bumps and banks, the poles and pillars of these 38 twisting miles. No fairground switchback is more erratic, no wall of death more deadly. And many of the riders will, in their wild enthusiasm, try to hurl themselves around it at 120 mph, even 150 mph on the straights - whatever they can force out of their powerful machines. The authorities do their best to reduce the numbers indulging in this chaos by staging alternative entertainments, but they will not dissuade the determined. There was even a serious suggestion this year that a speed limit be imposed, but such interference was dismissed. Nothing on the motorcycling calendar so excites the real enthusiast as these two weeks on the Isle of Man, which calls itself the road racing capital of the world. The nine races have attracted 540 entries from 19 nations, but that is only the magnet. The iron filings fill the ferry from Lancashire for days on end. Last year the outrageously expensive boats carried 11,500 bikes, 2,700 cars and 30,000 passengers. That doubles the population, and hoteliers, who struggle to keep their heads above water through the rest of the year, rub their hands, air the beds, whack up the prices and tolerate being overrun by black leather and gleaming metal.

This is the oldest racing circuit in the world. The first TT race was in 1907 when the fastest lap speed was less than 43 mph. Steve Hislop, this year's favourite, averaged more than 123 mph – close to the record – on a practice lap on Monday. Last year, Mark Farmer rode his Yamaha to the eighth fastest lap in history on the Thursday afternoon. But by Thursday evening he was dead, ending a bright career in a horrific crash at Bedstead Corner.

A local journalist believes that more than 170 have died on the Isle of Man since the races began. There were 10 last year, including spectators, the blame for which is shared between organisers, the riders, and those who dangle perilously close to the action. Crashes are too frequent to count, and this year there were six in the first practice on Monday. The local hospital is on emergency alert, served by a helicopter at the course that brings in at least 20 serious injuries each year. Death is discreetly parcelled away and statistics are not kept, they say.

“Dangerous? Yes, it’s very dangerous,” says Steve Hislop, who travels at close to 200 mph on some sections of the course. “At that speed your eyeballs are jumping about in their sockets and you can see a dozen of everything. Anyone who says he isn’t glad when it’s over is telling lies. But it is still the biggest challenge of the lot, to man and machine. And it’s the only event in the UK with decent prize money.”

David Hunn

Explain some of the thoughts and feelings David Hunn has about the TT race. (8 marks)



Practice Text 3

MICK JAGGER, POP STAR – MY BEST TEACHER

by Nigel Williamson



I've been back to Dartford over the years, but I hadn't been back to the grammar school until now. It's a strange feeling, because you want to be on your best behaviour. When you walk through the gates you remember that's where you got in a fight or that's where you got busted for not wearing the correct uniform. But I was a good, rounded person because I wasn't a swot and I wasn't a dunce. I was in the middle ground.

There was real violence between masters and pupils. There were guerrilla skirmishes on all fronts, with civil disobedience and undeclared war; they threw blackboard rubbers at us and we threw them back.

There were paper darts, pea-shooters, catapults. It was like something out of a cartoon in a comic book – *The Beano*, or something.

We used to get caned. It was routine everyday, with a line of boys standing outside the head's study. He was called "Lofty" Herman and he was a classic short person. He had very disciplined ideas and strange notions about social life. I didn't like him at all. I don't think anybody did.

He was an iron-fisted disciplinarian: totally cold and unapproachable. You had to wait outside the study until the light went on and then you'd go in. And everybody else used to hang about on the stairs to see how many he gave and how bad it was that morning.

Every master had his own tortures. There were some who would just punch you out. They'd slap your face so hard you'd go down. Others would twist your ear and drag you along until it was red and stinging. It was another world. They wouldn't get away with it today.

It's such a cliché that your school days are the happiest of your life. It really wasn't very pleasant. There was far too much petty discipline. There were incredibly petty rules

about uniforms. There was a girls' grammar school across the street, and you weren't even allowed to speak to them at the bus stop.

It was hard work. If you had other interests like singing or dancing you seemed to have very few hours for them. The weekend was taken up with homework. I remember getting up at 6am to finish my homework because I'd fallen asleep over it the previous night, especially during the second year of A-levels.

Some of the masters were better than others. Arthur Page, the sports master, he was okay. He was a friend of my father, Joe, who also taught sports as well as history at other Dartford schools. Having a teacher as a parent meant you couldn't lie about your homework, but at least they could help you with it. They would know the syllabus and the cribs for your Latin and how to pass the exam.

I did Latin for five years, but today I couldn't translate a three-word Latin tag. We used to rag the Latin master something terrible because he never really punished anyone. We used to throw the rubber dusters at the blackboard while he was writing on it. Then he'd turn round and you'd be yellow carded. Keeping order was really a problem. It was all streamed and our class was one of the better ones so I hate to think what the less interested groups were like.

There was one really good maths guy who wasn't actually my teacher. But he was another friend of my father's and he helped get me through my maths because I found that tricky. My history master, Walter Wilkinson, was good, despite the fact he had a really imperialist view of history. We used to throw football boots at the English master, just to keep ourselves amused and relieve the boredom of English poetry appreciation. Sweet Mr Brandon. He didn't deserve the ragging we gave him. He was such a gentle man.

We didn't make their lives any easier. It was

terrible what we did, really. Even the ones who were okay got caught in the crossfire. The behaviour patterns were entrenched; we abused them whether they were decent or not. I was famous for mimicking them. You spent so long watching them, you could get them down to a fine art.

I read in the prospectus that the emphasis is now on self-discipline rather than corporal punishment, which is wonderful. The whole climate today is different. I think attitudes changed when they stopped using so much corporal punishment. It wasn't just the caning; there was a whole culture of violence. It was fear and loathing in north Kent. A different way of teaching came in during the Sixties which probably in some places has gone too far in the other direction.

Now the school has got this new performing arts centre, which is wonderful. There are so many different things they can do there: music, theatre, films, video. When I was at the school you got the feeling that arts and music were very much on the edge of the syllabus. I started a record club and we'd sit there in the lunch hour with a master behind the desk frowning while we played Lonnie Donegan records. That's all we had. If we had a facility like this new centre it would have made a fantastic difference. It would have gathered together all the people who had been in the closet, because it was a bit like being in the closet wanting to be a musician in those days. Nobody wanted to admit it. It wasn't a serious job like being the assistant manager of a bank.

Some of the masters rather begrudgingly enjoyed music, but they couldn't own up to it. There was a general feeling that music wasn't important. But we had the stereotypical modern master who liked trad jazz. Dave Brubeck was very popular. It was cool to like that and it wasn't cool to like rock 'n' roll. Jazz was intelligent and people with glasses played it, so we all had to make out we liked Gerry Mulligan. ■

Explain some of the thoughts and feelings Mick Jagger has about his school days. (8 marks)



Unit 1: Non-Fiction

Practice Text 4

Extract from: 'Race to the Pole' by Ben Fogle

A fierce wind scoured our faces, and ice snapped at our heels. The inside of my nose had frozen and icicles were beginning to form on my eyelashes. The cold cut through to the core, and my bones ached from the chill.

On we trudged. I'd long lost all feeling in my fingers, and my toes felt like ice cubes. I shook my arms furiously in an effort to get the blood flowing again. Every breath stung as the freezing air burnt my throat, while the moisture from my breath formed ice crystals on my unshaven chin. I bowed my head into the wind, gritted my teeth and pushed on, straining into my harness.

It was -40°C , a temperature at which the body is pushed to its limit, even in polar clothing. I knew that my fingertips had dropped below freezing; the moisture in the skin had frozen and if I didn't do something about it soon, I would be in danger of losing them to frostbite. Even my eyelids were beginning to stick together in the bitter conditions.

I looked across at James. His hair was tangled with ice, his balaclava was covered in a thick layer of frost and his legs were buckling with tiredness. We had been going for twelve hours and it was time to admit defeat, get inside and warm up.

Minutes later, we clambered into the tent and collapsed with exhaustion. Unzipping the door with my frozen hands had been like buttoning a shirt with an oven glove. The thin fabric gave us some protection from the wind chill, but even inside, as I struggled to light the stove, it was still -25°C .

The lighter had frozen. I fumbled with a box of matches, but the stove was too cold to ignite. I started to feel the pressure of the situation. We had to get the stove alight, or we'd freeze. We were hungry and dehydrated, but above all we needed heat.

Not a moment too soon, the match flared into life. I held it to the shallow pool of fuel on the freezing metal, and there was a small puff as a green flame engulfed the petrol. Slowly the flame grew into a flickering orange and then a thunderous blue as the metal sighed with relief.

Lying on my back as the freezing air was replaced by a warm glow, I peeled the balaclava from my face and removed the gloves from my icy, white fingers.

Needing water, and food, we scooped some snow into the small pan and placed it above the flame. The pan had a greedy appetite for snow as it disappeared in a plume of steam. I longed for the warmth of my sleeping bag.

I was worried about my fingers, though. They had been numb for too long. If I didn't warm them up fast, would I lose them? I shook them violently, but they remained frozen like a claw. I squeezed them back into the thin inner gloves, then the outer gloves, and the thick mitts. I pulled my hat low over my ears and pulled the damp balaclava back across my face.

*from Ben Fogle and James Cracknell: Race to the Pole,
published by Macmillan*

Explain some of the thoughts and feelings Ben Fogle has during his race to the pole. (8 marks)



Unit 1: Non-Fiction

Practice Text 5

I took a train to Manchester and, having left home late, it was four o'clock and getting on for dark by the time I emerged from Piccadilly station. The streets were shiny with rain, and busy with traffic and hurrying pedestrians, which gave Manchester an attractive big-city feel. For some totally insane reason, I had booked a room in an expensive hotel. My room was on the eleventh floor, but it seemed like the eighty-fifth, such were the views. Manchester seemed enormous – a boundless sprawl of dim yellow lights and streets filled with slow-moving traffic.

I played with the TV, confiscated the stationery and spare tablet of soap and put a pair of trousers in the trouser press – at these prices I was determined to extract full value from the experience – even though I knew that the trousers would come out with permanent pleats in the oddest places. That done, I went out for a walk and to find a place to eat.

I walked for some distance but the only places I could find were either the kind of national chains with big plastic menus and dismal food, or hotel dining rooms where you had to pay £27.95 for three courses of pompous description and overcooked disappointment.

Eventually I ended up in Chinatown, which announces itself to the world with a big colourful arch and then almost immediately loses heart. The better-looking restaurants were packed, so I ended up going to some upstairs place, where the décor was tatty and the food barely OK. When the bill came, I noticed an extra charge marked 'S.C'. 'What's that?' I said to the waitress, who had, I should like to note, been uncommonly surly throughout.

'Service charge.'

I looked at her in surprise. 'Then why is there also a space here for a tip?'

She gave me a bored, nothing-to-do-with-me shrug.

'That's terrible,' I said. 'You're just tricking people into tipping twice.'

She gave a heavy sigh, as if she had been here before. 'You want to see manager?'

The offer was made in a tone that suggested that if I were to see the manager it would be with some of his boys in a back alley. I decided not to press the matter, and instead returned to the streets and had a long, purposeless walk through Manchester's dank and strangely ill-lit streets. I can't remember a darker city. I couldn't say where I went exactly because Manchester's streets always seem curiously indistinguishable to me. I felt I was just wandering in a kind of urban limbo.

Eventually I ended up beside the great dark bulk of the Arndale Centre. What a monumental mistake that was. I suppose it must be nice, in a place as rainy as Manchester, to be able to shop undercover but at night it is just 25 acres of deadness, a massive impediment to anyone trying to walk through the heart of the city. Outside it was covered in those awful tiles that make it look like the world's largest lavatory, and indeed as I passed up Cannon Street three young men with close-cropped heads and abundantly tattooed arms were using an outside wall for that very purpose. It suddenly occurred to me that it was getting late and the streets were awfully empty of respectable-looking chaps like me, so I decided to get back to my hotel before they put me to similar use.

I awoke early and hit the streets determined to form some fixed impression of the city. My problem with Manchester, you see, is that I have no image of it, none at all. It is an airport with a city attached. If I haven't got a very clear image of the city, it's not entirely my fault. 'Shaping Tomorrow's City Today' is the official local motto, but in fact Manchester is decidedly of two minds about its place in the world. At Castlefield, they were busy creating yesterday's city today, cleaning up old warehouses, recobbling the quaysides, putting fresh coats of paint on the old arched footbridges and scattering about a generous assortment of old-fashioned benches and lampposts. By the time they have finished, you will be able to see what life would have been like in nineteenth-century Manchester if they had had wine-bars and cast-iron litter bins. At Salford Quays, on the other hand, they have done everything they can to obliterate the past, creating a kind of mini-Dallas on the site of the once-booming docks of the Manchester Ship Canal. It's the most extraordinary place – a huddle of glassy modern office buildings and executive flats in the middle of a vast urban nowhere, all of them seemingly empty.

from Bill Bryson: Notes from a Small Island, published by Black Swan

Explain some of the thoughts and feelings Bill Bryson has during his visit to Manchester. (8 marks)



Unit 1: Non-Fiction

Practice Text 6

Although the sheer pleasure of sharing the water with these amiable mammals is reason enough to do it, there has over recent years grown up the practice of Dolphin Therapy. I am due to swim with a boy, Kyle Crouch, who lives with cerebral palsy and has been coming to swim with bottle-nosed dolphins in Key Largo since he was ten years old. A young therapist called Eli has been swimming with him and supervising the sessions and it is clear that they both believe the experience has been wholly beneficial. Kyle's mother agrees.

Maybe it is the sheer exhilaration of being towed, nosed, tickled, slapped, prodded, swiped and barged by boisterous, squeaking, clicking creatures – maybe that is therapy enough, coupled with the muscular toning resulting from the active time in the seawater. I certainly feel enchanted and emerge glowing with *bien-être* and a sense of one of nature's highest privileges having been bestowed upon me.

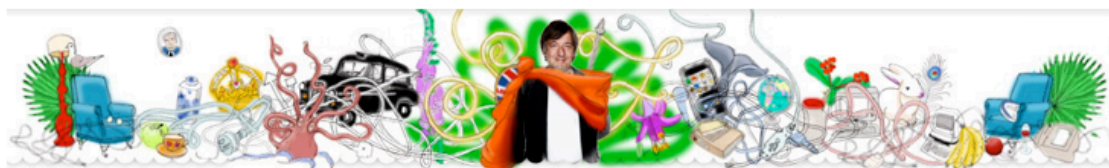
I ponder man's fascination with the 'higher' mammals – great apes, whales and dolphins. When in their presence it is as if we are communing with royalty or Hollywood stars. A great grin spreads over our faces. Eye contact or attention causes our hearts to beat a little faster at the knowledge of having been noticed by such supreme beings. A shame that, given this, we can't seem to share the planet with them. There won't be many species of whale or gorilla left by 2020. Perhaps the dolphins are safe so long as they continue to play.

'Dolphins,' says Eli, 'they got this instinct where they only approach those in the water who are the most nervous. They always seem to pay attention to the most vulnerable and the most wounded, physically or emotionally. You'll see them gently prod these people into play.'

'But confident people?'

'Self-satisfied people, fit people, confident people they will leave alone.'

I do not know whether to be flattered or insulted by the dolphins' very clear attentions to me.



from Stephen Fry: *Stephen Fry in America*

Explain some of the thoughts and feelings Stephen Fry has whilst swimming with dolphins. (8 marks)



Unit 1: Non-Fiction

Mark Criteria

Band 4 'perceptive, detailed' 7-8 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> engages in detail with the events described in the text<input type="checkbox"/> offers perceptive explanations and interpretations of the thoughts and feelings expressed<input type="checkbox"/> employs appropriate quotations or references to support ideas
Band 3 'clear, relevant' 5-6 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> shows a clear understanding of the events described in the text<input type="checkbox"/> clearly explains and begins to interpret thoughts and feelings<input type="checkbox"/> employs relevant quotations or references to support understanding and interpretation
Band 2 'some, attempts' 3-4 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> shows some engagement with the text and the events described<input type="checkbox"/> attempts some comments to explain thoughts and feelings<input type="checkbox"/> offers some quotations or references to support ideas
Band 1 'limited' 1-2 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> shows limited engagement with the text<input type="checkbox"/> offers limited or simple comments to explain thoughts and feelings<input type="checkbox"/> may offer copying or irrelevant quotation
0 marks	<ul style="list-style-type: none"><input type="checkbox"/> nothing worthy of credit

Identify TWO things you do well in your responses:





Set ONE target that would improve your response to this type of question: