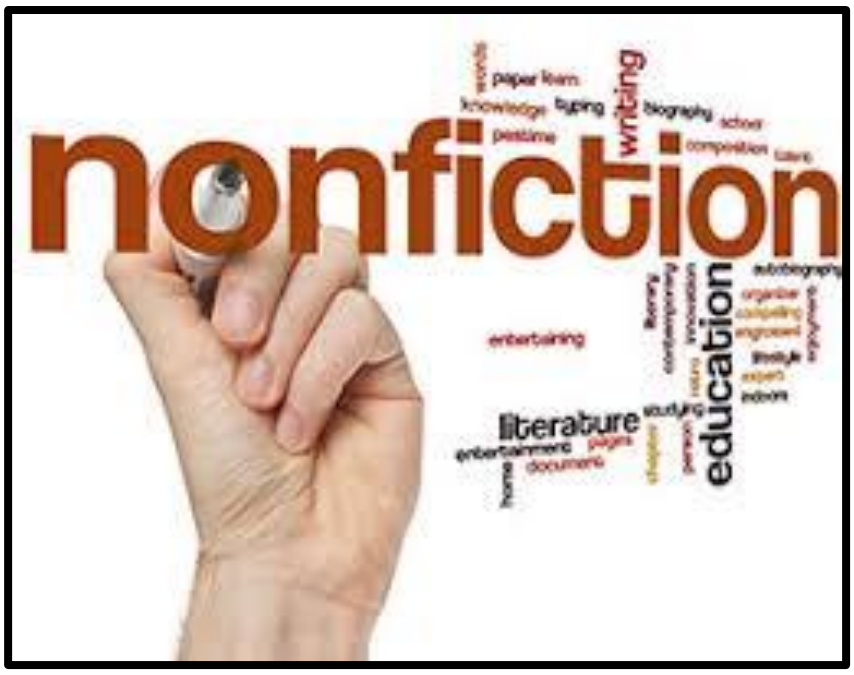
THE BOURNE ACADEMY

Year 9 English Homework Booklet

Reading Non-Fiction



Name: _____

Class: _____

Content

Exploration & Adventure

Task: read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Extract from On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian Lepers, *Kate Marsden*, (19th Century text-1891)

Kate Marsden was a British missionary and explorer who in 1891 set out on an expedition to Siberia to try to find a cure for leprosy. The following extract is taken from her account of this expedition, ***On Sledge and Horseback to Outcast Siberian Lepers****, first published in 1893. Here, she describes her journey through a mosquito infested marsh and forest.*

More bogs and marshes for several miles; and then I grew so sleepy and sick that I begged to rest, notwithstanding our position on semi-marshy ground, which had not as yet dried from the heat of the summer sun. I was asleep in five minutes, lying on the damp ground with only a fan to shelter me from the sun.

On again for a few more miles; but I began to feel the effects of this sort of travelling – in 5 a word, I felt utterly worn out. It was as much as I could do to hold on to the horse, and I nearly tumbled off several times in the effort. The cramp in my body and lower limbs was indescribable, and I had to discard the cushion under me, because it became soaked through and through with the rain, and rode on the broad, bare, wooden saddle. What feelings of relief rose when the time or rest came, and the pitching of tents, and the 10 brewing of tea! Often I slept quite soundly till morning, awaking to find that the mosquitoes had been hard at work in my slumbers[1], in spite of veil and gloves, leaving great itching lumps, that turned me sick. Once we saw two calves that had died from exhaustion from the bites of these pests, and the white hair of our poor horses was generally covered with clots of blood, due to partly mosquitoes and partly to prodigious[2] 15 horse-flies. But those lepers[3] – they suffered far more than I suffered, and that was the one though, added to the strength that God supply, that kept me from collapsing entirely.

My second thunderstorm was far worse than the first. The forest seemed on fire, and the rain dashed in our faces with almost blinding force. My horse plunged and reared, flew first to one side, and then to the other, dragging me amongst bushes and trees, so that I 20 was in danger of being caught by the branches and hurled to the ground. After this storm one of the horses, carrying stores and other things, sank into a bog nearly to its neck; and the help of all the men was required to get it out.

Soon after the storm we were camping and drinking tea, when I noticed that all the men were eagerly talking together and gesticulating. I asked what it all meant and was told 25 that a large bear was supposed to be in the neighbourhood, according to a report from a post-station close at hand. There was a general priming of fire-arms, except in my case, for I did not know how to use my revolver, so thought I had better pass it on to someone else, lest I might shoot a man in mistake for a bear. We mounted again and went on. The usual chattering this time was exchanged for a dead silence, this being our first bear 30 experience; but we grew wiser as we proceeded, and substituted noise for silence. We hurried on, as fast as possible, to get though the miles of forests and bogs. I found it best not to look about me, because, when I did so, every large stump of a fallen tree took the shape of a bear. When my horse stumbled over the roots of a tree, or shield at some object unseen by me, my heart began to gallop.

1 **Slumbers**: Sleep
2 **Prodigious**: Remarkable or impressive
3 **Lepers**: A person shunned or rejected for social reasons.

List six feelings the writer Kate Marsden experiences through and provide evidence for your choices.

(1 mark for correct feeling)

(1 mark for evidence to support)

1. Feeling: _____
   Evidence:
   _____
   _____

2. Feeling: _____
   Evidence:
   _____
   _____

3. Feeling: _____
   Evidence:
   _____
   _____

4. Emotion: _____
   Evidence:
   _____
   _____

5. Feeling: _____
   Evidence:
   _____
   _____

6. Feeling: _____
   Evidence:
   _____
   _____

Hot question*:* How does the writer use language to describe the journey? Find 3 examples.

Language Technique	Quote	Effect

Task: read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Accounts from the first men on the Moon, *Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin,* (20th Century: 1969)

On 21st July 1969, the American astronauts Neil Armstrong and Edwin 'Buzz' Aldrin became the first humans to set foot on the surface of the Moon. The following extract is taken from their account of the mission.

NEIL ARMSTRONG: The most dramatic recollections I had were the sights themselves. Of all the spectacular views we had, the most impressive to me was on the way to the Moon, when we flew through its shadow. We were still thousands of miles away, but close enough, so that the Moon almost filled our circular window. It was eclipsing the Sun, from our position, and the corona of the Sun was visible around the limb of the Moon as a gigantic lens-shaped or saucer-shaped light, stretching out to several lunar diameters. It was magnificent, but the Moon was even more so. We were in its shadow, so there was no part of it illuminated by the Sun. It was illuminated only by earthshine. It made the Moon appear blue-grey, and the entire scene looked decidedly three-dimensional.

I was really aware, visually aware, that the Moon was in fact a sphere not a disc. It seemed almost as if it were showing us its roundness, its similarity in shape to our Earth, in a sort of welcome. I was sure that it would be a hospitable host. It had been awaiting its first visitors for a long time…

[*After touchdown*]The sky is black, you know. It's a very dark sky. But it is still seemed more like daylight than darkness as we looked out the window. It's a peculiar thing, but the surface looked very warm and inviting. It was the sort of situation in which you felt like going out there is nothing but a swimming suit to get a little sun. From the cockpit, the surface seemed to be tan. It's hard to account for that, because later when I field this material in my hand, it wasn't tan at all. It was black, grey and so on. It's some kind of lighting effect, but out the window, the surface looks much more light desert sand than black sand…

EDWIN E. ALDRIN [on the moon]: The blue colour of my boot has completely disappeared now into this –still don't know exactly what colour to describe this other than grey-cocoa colour. It appears to be covering most of the lighter part of my boot…very fine particles…

[*Later*] The Moon was a very natural and pleasant environment in which to work. It had many of the advantages of zero gravity, but it was in a sense less lonesome than Zero G, where you always have to pay attention to securing attachment points to give you some means of leverage. In one-sixth gravity, on the Moon, you had a distinct feeling of being *somewhere*…

As we deployed our experiments on the surface, we had to jettison things like lanyards, retaining fasteners, etc., and some of these we tossed away. The objects would go away with a slow, lazy motion. If anyone tried to throw a baseball back and forth in that atmosphere he would be have difficulty, at first, acclimatizing himself to that slow, lazy trajectory; but I believe he could adapt to it quite readily…

Odour is very subjective, but to me there was a distinct smell to the lunar material-pungent like gunpowder or spent cap-pistol caps. We carted a fair amount of lunar dust back inside the vehicle with us, either one our suits and boots or on the conveyor system we used to get boxes and equipment back inside. We did notice the odour right away.

1. **Summarise Armstrong's description of the moon from beginning of the extract to the paragraph which ends 'had been awaiting its first visitors for a long time…' (4 marks)**

_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

2. **How does Aldrin describe working on the moon? (1 mark)**

Answer:_____

3. **What happened to the objects that they had thrown away? (1 mark)**

Answer:_____

4. **List the two smells Aldrin compares the odour of the moon to? (2 marks)**

Answer: *a)*_____

*b)*_____

Hot Question: What are the differences in the two astronauts' experiences on the moon?

Find at least two differences with a quote to support

Armstrong	Aldrin

Task: read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Extract from The Cruellest Journey, *Kira Salak,* (21st Century: 2004)

The following extract is taken from The Cruellest Journey, which was first published in 2004. Here the writer and adventure Kora Salak deceived the beginning of her 600-mile journey travelling solo in a kayak from Old Segou in Mali to Timbuktu, following the route taken by the 19th Century

In the beginning, my journeys feel at best ludicrous, at worst insane. This one is no exception. The idea is to paddle nearly 600 miles on the Niger River in a kayak, alone, from the Malian town of Old Ségou to Timbuktu. And now, at the very hour when I have decided to leave, a thunderstorm bursts open the skies, sending down apocalyptic rain, washing away the very ground beneath my feet. It is the rainy season in Mali, for which there can be no comparison in the world. Lightning pierces trees, slices across houses. Thunder racks the skies and pounds the earth like mortar fire, and every living thing huddles in tenuous shelter, expecting the world to end. Which it doesn't. At least not this time. So that we all give a collective sigh to the salvation of the passing storm as it rumbles its way east, and I survey the river I'm to leave on this morning. Rain or no rain, today is the day for the journey to begin. And no one, not even the oldest in the village, can say for certain whether I'll get to the end.

"Let's do it," I say, leaving the shelter of an adobe[1] hut. My guide from town, Modibo, points to the north, to further storms. He says he will pray for me. It's the best he can do. To his knowledge, no man has ever completed such a trip, though a few have tried. And certainly, no woman has done such a thing. This morning he took me aside and told me he thinks I'm crazy, which I understood as concern and thanked him. He told me that the people of Old Ségou think I'm crazy too, and that only uncanny good luck will keep me safe.

What he doesn't know is that the worst thing a person can do is tell me that I can't do something, because then I'll want to do it all the more. It may be a failing of mine. I carry my inflatable kayak through the narrow passageways of Old Ségou, past the small adobe huts melting in the rains, past the huddling goats and smoke of cooking fires, people peering out at me from the dark entranceways. It is a labyrinth of ancient homes, built and rebuilt after each storm, plastered with the very earth people walk upon. Old Ségou must look much the same as it did in Scottish explorer Mungo Park's time when, exactly 206 years ago to the day, he left on the first of his two river journeys down the Niger to Timbuktu, the first such trip by a Westerner. It is no coincidence that I've planned to leave on the same day and from the same spot. Park is my benefactor of sorts, my guarantee. If he could travel down the Niger, then so can I. And it is all the guarantee I have for this trip—that an obsessed nineteenth-century adventurer did what I would like to do. Of course, Park also died on this river, but I've so far managed to overlook that.

Hobbled donkeys cower under a new onslaught of rain, ears back, necks craned. Little naked children dare each other to touch me, and I make it easy for them, stopping and holding out my arm. They stroke my white skin as if it were velvet, using only the pads of their fingers, then stare at their hands for wet paint.

Thunder again. More rain falls. I stop on the shore, near a centuries-old kapok tree under which I imagine Park once took shade. I open my bag, spread out my little red kayak, and start to pump it up. A couple of women nearby, with colourful cloth wraps called *pagnes* tied tightly about their breasts, gaze at me cryptically, as if to ask: *Who are you and what do you think you're doing?* The Niger churns and slaps the shore, in a surly mood. I don't pretend to know what I'm doing. Just one thing at a time now, kayak inflated, kayak loaded with my gear. Paddles fitted together and ready. Modibo is standing on the shore, watching me.

“I’ll pray for you,” he reminds me.

I balance my gear, adjust the straps, get in. And, finally, irrevocably, I paddle away.

When Mungo Park left on his second trip, he never admitted that he was scared. It is what fascinates me about his writing—his insistence on maintaining an illusion that all was well, even as he began a journey that he knew from previous experience could only beget tragedy. Hostile peoples, unknown rapids, malarial fevers. Hippos and crocodiles. The giant Lake Debo to cross, like being set adrift on an inland sea, no sight of land, no way of knowing where the river starts again. Forty of his forty-four men dead from sickness, Park himself afflicted with dysentery when he left on this ill-fated trip. And it can boggle the mind, what drives some people to risk their lives for the mute promises of success. It boggles my mind, at least, as I am caught up in the same affliction. Already, I fear the irrationality of my journey. I fear the very stubbornness which drives me forward.

The Niger erupts in a new storm. Torrential rains. Waves higher than my kayak, trying to capsize me. But my boat is self-bailing and I stay afloat. The wind drives the current in reverse, tearing and ripping at the shores, sending spray into my face. I paddle madly, crashing and driving forward. I travel inch by inch, or so it seems, arm muscles smarting and rebelling against this journey.

A popping feeling now and a screech of pain. My right arm lurches from a ripped muscle. But this is no time and place for such an injury, and I won’t tolerate it, stuck as I am in a storm. I try to get used to the metronome-like pulses of pain as I fight the river. There is only one direction to go: forward.

1. **adobe**: a building material made from earth

1. **How many miles is the narrator kayaking? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

2. **How does the writer describe the rain in Mali? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

3. **What is the name of the narrator's guide? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

4. **What does the guide say he will do for her? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

5. **How many river trips did Mungo Park make? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

6. **What happened to Mungo Park on his journey? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

7. **How does the narrator react to the children she meets? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

8. **List four things the writer mentions to show how dangerous the trip is. (4 marks)**
   *a)*_____
   *b)*_____
   *c)*_____
   *d)*_____

9. **What does the narrator say 'drives her forward' in her journey? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

10. **Why is the narrator in pain at the end of the extract? (1 mark)**
    Answer: _____

Hot question: How would you describe the narrator, Kira Salak? Use evidence from the extract to support your views.

Kira Salek is…	Quote	Analysis

School & Childhood

Task: read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Extract from a speech by Charles Dickens, 5th November 1857, (19th Century)
Charles Dickens used his fame as a writer to help raise funds to educate poor and less fortunate children. The following extract is taken from the text of a speech that he gave on 5th November 1857, appealing for funds for a school for orphaned children.

Conspicuous[1] on the card of admission to this dinner is the word "Schools." This set me thinking this morning what are the sorts of schools that I don't like. I found them on consideration, to be rather numerous. I don't like to begin with, and to begin as charity does at home — I don't like the sort of school to which I once went myself — the respected proprietor[2] of which was by far the most ignorant man I have ever had the pleasure to know; one of the worst-tempered men perhaps that ever lived, whose business it was to make as much out of us and put as little into us as possible, and who sold us at a figure which I remember we used to delight to estimate, as amounting to exactly 2 pounds 4s. 6d. per head.

I don't like that sort of school, because I don't see what business the master had to be at the top of it instead of the bottom. Again, I don't like that sort of school — and I have seen a great many such in these latter times — where the bright childish imagination is utterly discouraged, and where those bright childish faces, which it is so very good for the wisest among us to remember in after life — when the world is too much with us, early and late — are gloomily and grimly scared out of countenance; where I have never seen among the pupils, whether boys or girls, anything but little parrots and small calculating machines. Lastly, I do not like, and I did not like some years ago, cheap distant schools, where neglected children pine from year to year under an amount of neglect, want, and youthful misery far too sad even to be glanced at in this cheerful assembly.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, perhaps you will permit me to sketch in a few words the sort of school that I do like. It is a children's school, which is at the same time no less a children's home, a home not to be confided to the care of cold or ignorant strangers, nor, by the nature of its foundation, in the course of ages to pass into hands that have as much natural right to deal with it as with the peaks of the highest mountains or with the depths of the sea, but to be from generation to generation administered by men living in precisely such homes as those poor children have lost; by men always bent upon making that replacement, such a home as their own dear children might find a happy refuge in if they themselves were taken early away. And I fearlessly ask you, is this a design which has any claim to your sympathy? Is this a sort of school which is deserving of your support?

Ladies and gentlemen, this little "labour of love" of mine is now done. I most heartily wish that I could charm you now not to see me, not to think of me, not to hear me — I most heartily wish that I could make you see in my stead the multitude of innocent and bereaved children who are looking towards these schools, and entreating with uplifted hands to be let in. A very famous advocate once said, in speaking of his fears of failure when he had first to speak in court, being very poor, that he felt his little children tugging at his skirts, and that recovered him. Will you think of the number of little children who are tugging at my skirts, when I ask you, in their names, on their behalf, and in their little persons, and in no strength of my own, to encourage and assist this work?

1. **conspicuous:** noticeably
2. **proprietor:** owner

1. **Why did Dickens not like the proprietor (owner) of the school he attended as a child? *(Give at least three reasons)* (3 marks)**

Answer:

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

2. **What does Dickens say is 'discouraged' in some schools? (1 mark)**

Answer: _____

3. **List two phrases from paragraph two of the text which shows that Dickens does not think that children thrive (do well) at the type of schools he dislikes. Then explain why the phrases you have chosen suggest this.**
   (1 mark for evidence)
   (2 marks for explanation)

   Evidence:_____
   What it suggests:

   _____

   _____

   _____

   Evidence:_____
   What it suggests:

   _____

   _____

   _____

Hot Task: Find at least two examples of persuasive techniques and write a paragraphs analysing how Dickens has used these techniques to persuade his audience that schools need to change.

Persuasive Technique	Example

Dickens has used…..

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Task: read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

A newspaper report about the evacuation of children in WWII, *Hilde Marchant***,** 1st September 1939, (20th Century Fiction)

It was not until Friday morning, September 1, that I really took the sharp, agonized breath of war. That day it began, in a slum in London.

The office had told me to cover the evacuation of some of London's schoolchildren. There had been great preparations for the scheme – preparations that raised strong criticism. Evacuation would split the British home, divide child and parent, break that domestic background that was our strength. I went to a block of working class flats at the back of Gray's Inn Road and in the early morning saw a tiny, frail, Cockney child walking across to school. The child had a big, brown-paper parcel in her hand and was dragging it along. But as she turned I saw a brown box banging against her thin legs. It bumped up and down at every step, slung by a thin string over her shoulder. It was Florence Morecambe, an English schoolchild, with a gas mask instead of a satchel over her shoulder.

I went along with Florence to her school. It was a big Council school and the classrooms were filled with children, parcels, gas masks. The desks and blackboards were piled up in a heap in one corridor. They were not going to school for lessons. They were going on holiday. The children were excited and happy because their parents had told them they were going away to the country. Many of them, like my little Florence, had never seen green fields. Their playground was the tarmac or a sandpit in the concrete square at the back.

I watched the schoolteachers calling out their names and tying luggage labels in their coats, checking their parcels to see there were warm and clean clothes. On the gates of the school were two fat policemen. They were letting the children through but gently asking the parents not to come further. They might disturb the children. So mothers and fathers were saying goodbye, straightening the girl's hair, getting the boys to blow their noses, and lightly and quickly kissing them. The parents stood outside while the children went to be registered in their classrooms. It was disturbing, for through the high grille their mothers pressed their faces trying to see the one child that resembled them. Every now and then the policeman would call out a child's name, and a mother who had forgotten a bar of chocolate or a toothbrush would have a last chance to tell a child to be good, to write and to straighten her hat.

Labelled and lined up, the children began to move out of the school. I followed Florence, her tiny face bobbing about, white among so many navy-blue school caps. She was chattering away to an older schoolgirl, wanting to know what the country was like, where they were going, what games they would play on the grass.

On one side of Gray's Inn Road this ragged crocodile moved towards the tube station. On the other, were the mothers who were who were waving and running along to see the last of their children. The police had asked them not to follow, but they could not resist.

The children scrambled down into the tube.

1. **Identify the phrase which suggests that the evacuation scheme was not supported by everybody. (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

2. **List four things we learn about Florence. (4 marks)**
   a)_____
   b)_____
   c)_____
   d)_____

3. **Why were the children 'excited' and 'happy'? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

4. **Why do you think the policeman want to keep the parents from coming outside the gate? (1 mark)**
   Answer:_____

5. **Which word does the writer use to describe her reaction to watching the mothers trying to take one last look at their children? (1 mark)**
   Answer:_____

6. **Identify a word/phrase which suggests that Florence is not worried about being evacuated. (1 mark)**
   Answer:_____

7. **Identify the metaphor in the paragraph which begins 'On one side of Gray's Inn Road…' towards the end of the extract. (1 mark)**
   Answer:_____

Hot Question: How do you think the writer feels about the evacuation process? Write a detailed paragraph and support your ideas with evidence from the text. **HOT HOT: Embed your quotes smoothly into your answer**

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Task: read the article below and answer the questions which follow.

Editorial from The Independent newspaper, 15th August 2015, (21st Century)
The following editorial celebrating the achievements of the youth of today was published in The Independent newspaper on the 15th August 2015.

We should celebrate the new generation

The Independent on Sunday refuses to share the outdated grumbling about the youth of today. Deference[1] has gone, and quite right too.

As the youngest national newspaper in Britain, The Independent on Sunday has always been optimistic, and one of the reasons for our hopefulness has been out faith in young people. Too often, the young are portrayed negatively in the media, as a problem or a threat.

We are encouraged, therefore, that the Government's "horizon scanning" group, which looks out for the future opportunities and threats, has recognised that many of the stereotypes are out of date. As we report today, the group notes that young people's use of alcohol, tobacco and illegal drugs has fallen substantially, and that teenage pregnancies are less common than they used to be. Crime and suicide are down. The analysis, carried out for Sir Mark Walport, the Government's chief scientific adviser, and Sir. Jeremey Heywood, the Cabinet Secretary, attributes the change to two big causes.

One is that today's and yesterday's parents are better at bringing up children, The youth are no longer as desperate to get away from their parents as they used to be and these days often go on holiday with them or even willingly move back in with them after university. The other is the development of the internet and computer technology, which means that young people have more to do and are usually better informed doing it.

Naturally, as the group points out, the digital life carries its own risks. These range from the relatively trivial, such as not getting enough sleep, through to lack of exercise, and to the more serious problems of self-image and status anxiety, including cyber-bullying, eating disorders and self-harm. Yet these should be seen in perspective.

That it not to say that we should be complacent about the problems of the "always-connected" life and of internet "addiction" – although it is fair to say that these afflict many middle-aged and older people too. Parents, politicians and internet companies need to take their responsibilities seriously to work on practical and supportive ways of protecting teenagers and young adults from the dark side of technology-– technology that is otherwise an incalculable boon[2].

But let us for once celebrate the contribution that young people make to society generally. As the group says, four-fifths of 16 to 24-year-olds took part in some voluntary charity or community activity in the past year – more than any other age group. These are things "that often go unrecognised in public debate", the group says. Well, this newspaper is trying to change that, with its *Happy List*, which recognises the selfless contribution made by people – of all ages – throughout the country.

We refuse to share the outdated grumbling about the youth of today. Deference has gone, and quite right too. But public spiritedness and good manners are much more important. *The Independent on Sunday* is proud to take the view that today's young people are the best educated, most socially responsible and most promising generation that this country has ever raised.

1. **deference:** awe/to hold in high esteem
2. **boon:** something very useful or practical

1. **List four things you learn about the *Independent on Sunday* newspaper from the opening to the second paragraph which ends '…a problem or a threat.' (4 marks)**
   *a)*_____
   *b)*_____
   *c)*_____
   *d)*_____

2. **Summarise in your own words the two main causes the article suggests show that stereotypes of young people are no longer valid? (2 marks for each cause)**

Answer

Cause 1:

_____
_____
_____

Cause 2:

_____
_____
_____

3. **Who does the writer suggest is responsible for looking after teenagers' welfare online? (1 mark)**
   Answer:_____

4. *Re-read the whole article again and complete the following question.*
   How does the writer present their views on the younger generation? (8 marks)
   In your answer you should:
   - *describe the views they present in the text about the younger generation*
   - *analyse the methods they use to present their views*
   - *support your ideas with evidence from the extract.*

Answer:

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Hot Task: *Write a letter to the Editor in response to the article you have just read. In the letter you should explain your own views on the issues raised in the article about the youth of today.*

Task: read the extract below and answer the following questions

Extract from a magazine article in *The Girl's Own Paper,* 2nd December 1899,
(19th Century)

The following extract is taken from a magazine article published in The Girl's Own Paper on 2nd December 1899. Here, the author presents her views on young women and the jobs they can do.

During the last few years it has been the fashion for people of all sorts and conditions to busy themselves about us and our position; they have given their opinions of us freely, they have discussed our capabilities, or rather incapabilities, together with our future prospects very much as though we were marionettes[1], without brains or hands.

If any among us are idle, and a good many of us are credited with this disease, we are rebuked[2]; if, on the contrary, we are industrious and earn an independent livelihood, we are abused for taking the bread out of our brothers' mouths.

If we did not work, we are told that we cannot make good wives; and if we do work, that we shall be unable to make our husbands happy because they want companions more or less frivolous when they have been at work all day. Alas! We should be thoroughly deserving of all the compassion showered upon us from time to time, if were moved one iota from our steady purposes by all conflicting advice and opinions offered us.

It is our determination not to be objects of compassion, neither will we be useless lumber[3] in our homes, neither will we arrange out loves with the one purpose of entrapping men to marry us.

Are we to be sorry that it is now quite rare to find among us girls, one that sits down all day reading novels with a pet dog in her lap which she from time to time caresses, or that a girl willing to work is deterred from it by the fear of lowering her position thereby?

We are convinced that work is good for us; we are better for it physically, mentally and spiritually. We are altogether happier for it, and we object to being compassionated[4] for doing that which our talents fit us for.

No girl will be the worse for a little money in the Savings Bank, but it will go double as far as if she has placed it there out of her own earnings and not out of her father's.

We looked round upon many families we know, and wherever we see a girl petted and thought too pretty or too delicate or too anything else to work, she is invariably discontented and unhappy- and why? Because she is not fulfilling her mission in the world.

If, as many people say, we are robbing our brothers of their work, it must be because we take more pains with the work and do it better than they. Therefore, let them look to it.

There is work for everybody; if not in one way, then in another. A lady whom some of us know was once very rich, and when her husband died she found herself quite poor, and would have been obliged to live upon her friends but for one gift she possessed, and peculiar as it was, she resolved to use it. It

was that of mending clothes and linen, which she could do beautifully. She made her position known to several families who gladly engaged her on stated days of the month from nine in the morning till six in the evening, and needless to say, she is proving the greatest comfort possible to mothers of large families. For some years now she has kept herself not only independent, but able to put by a little for old age or sickness, and no one thinks of looking down upon her because she is doing the one thing she knows she could do well.

In the same way a clergyman's daughter deprived of means had to face the world for herself and little sister, and knew that no one could clean or trim lamps better than she. So she at once made this accomplishment know, and she is getting a very tolerable income in this way without loss of self-respect.

Working does not make us less womanly or less helpful in our homes or less affectionate to our parents, or depend upon it, God would not have given us the capacity and the ability to work.

Who is the strength and the brightness of the home – the busy or the idle girl? The one who uses her brains or the one who lets them rust?

If people interfere with us at all, let them try to build us up in vigorous, healthful work, teaching us that however humble the work we do, we give it dignity by doing it to the best of our ability.

We have come to the conclusion that we shall live better lives and longer lives if we work well and cheerfully at that which falls to our lot. The nation will be the better for our influence and example, and our brothers cannot and will not be content to smoke and dawdle away their time at clubs and music halls while we, their sisters, are earnestly working.

At the same time we will endeavour to hold fast by those attributes of modesty, gentleness and patience which belong to good women, and while we enrich the home with our earnings, we will try to be its sunlight.

1. **marionette**: a puppet on strings
2. **rebuked:** tell someone off, criticise
3. **lumber**: something useless
4. **compassionated**: showing compassion to

1. **Read paragraph 2.**
   List two things that the writer says women are unfairly accused of. (2 marks)

   i. _____

   ii. _____

2. **The following quotations from the texts show the three things the writer is determined that women should not be or do. (1 mark for each)**

   For each quotation explain what is being suggested.

   a) **objects of compassion** _____
   _____
   _____

   b) **useless lumber in our homes**_____
   _____
   _____

   c) **entrapping men to marry us**_____
   _____
   _____

3. **Re-read paragraphs 5-9**
   Identify three language techniques used by the writer to present her views. For each example explain the effect created by the writer's choice.
   (1 mark for example and correct technique)
   (3 marks for effect)

   Example: _____
   Language technique/device: _____
   Effect created: _____
   _____
   _____

   Example: _____
   Language technique/device: _____
   Effect created: _____
   _____
   _____

   Example: _____
   Language technique/device: _____
   Effect created: _____
   _____
   _____

4. **Give three benefits the writer offers at the end of the article, in support of allowing women to go to work. (3 marks)**

   Answer:

   i. _____

   ii. _____

   iii. _____

Hot Question: Write a short persuasive speech for a school assembly about something you would like to change in today's society.

It could be about:

- Homelessness
- Mental Heath
- Social Media
- Education
- Heathcare
- Benefits

Or anything else that interests you.

Task: read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Extract from a suffragette's account of force-feeding in prison, *Lady Jane Constance Lytton***,** 1910, (20th Century)

The suffragettes were women who campaigned in the early 20th Century for women to have the right to vote. The direct action they took often led to imprisonment and some suffragettes even went on hunger strike to protest at their treatment. Here, Lady Constance Lytton, a suffragette who was imprisoned in 1910 under the alias (when you take another persona/name on to disguise your true identity) of a working-class woman, Jane Wharton, to avoid special treatment, describes how she is force-fed in prison.

I was visited again by the senior medical officer, who asked me how long I had been without food. I said I had eaten a buttered scone and a banana sent in by friends to the police station on Friday at about midnight. He said, "Oh, then, this is the fourth day; that is too long, I shall have to feed you, I must feed you at once," but he went out and nothing happened till about 6 o'clock in the evening, when he returned with, I think, five wardresses and the feeding apparatus. He urged me to take food voluntarily. I told him that was absolutely out of the question, that when our lawmakers ceased to resist enfranchising[1] women then I should cease to resist taking food in prison. He did not examine my heart nor feel my pulse; he did not ask to do so, nor did I say anything which could possibly induce him to think I would refuse to be examined. I offered no resistance to being placed in position, but lay down voluntarily on the plank bed. Two of the wardresses took hold of my arms, one held my head and one my feet. One wardress helped to pour the food. The doctor leaned on my knees as he stooped over my chest to get at my mouth. I shut my mouth and clenched my teeth. I had looked forward to this moment with so much anxiety lest my identity should be discovered beforehand, that I felt positively glad when the time had come.

The sense of being overpowered by more force than I could possibly resist was complete, but I resisted nothing except with my mouth. The doctor offered me the choice of a wooden or steel gag; he explained elaborately, as he did on most subsequent occasions, that the steel gag would hurt and the wooden one not, and he urged me not to force him to use the steel gag. But I did not speak nor open my mouth, so that after playing about for a moment or two with the wooden one, he finally had recourse to the steel. He seemed annoyed at my resistance, and he broke into a temper as he plied my teeth with the steel implement. He found that on either side at the back I had false teeth mounted on a bridge which he did not take out. The superintending wardress asked if I had any false teeth, if so, that they must be taken out; I made no answer and the process went on. He dug his instrument down onto the sham tooth; it pressed fearfully on the gum. He said if I resisted so much with my teeth he would have to feed me through the nose.

The pain of it was intense, and at last I must have given way, for he got the gag between my teeth, when he proceeded to turn it much more than necessary until my jaws were fastened wide apart, far more than they could go naturally. Then he put down my throat a tube which seemed to me much too wide and was something like four feet in length. The irritation of the tube was excessive. I choked the moment it touched my throat until it had got down. Then the food was poured in quickly; it made me sick a few seconds after it was down, and the action of the sickness made my body and legs double up, but the wardresses instantly pressed back my head and the doctor leaned on my knees. The horror of it was more than I can describe. I was sick over the doctor and wardresses, and it seemed a long time before they took the tube out. As the doctor left, he gave me a slap on the cheek, not violently, but, as it were, to express his contemptuous[2] disapproval, and he seemed to take for granted that my distress was assumed.

At first it seemed such an utterly contemptible[3] thing to have done that I could only laugh in my mind. Then suddenly I saw Jane Warton2 lying before me, and it seemed as if I were outside of her. She was the most despised, ignorant and helpless prisoner that I had seen. When she had served her time and was out of the prison, no one would believe anything she said, and the doctor when he had fed her by force and tortured her body, struck her on the cheek to show how he despised her! That was Jane Warton, and I had come to help her.

1. **enfranchising:** giving somebody the vote
2. **contemptuous:** scornful/disrespectful
3. **contemptible**: shameful/disgraceful

1. **How many days has the writer not eaten? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

2. **Why is the writer refusing to eat? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

3. **What had the writer been worried might have happened when she was imprisoned? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

4. **Why does the Doctor offer her a choice of a wooden or steel gag? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

5. **Why does the Doctor 'slap' the writer? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

6. **How does the writer react to being hit by the Doctor? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

7. **How does the writer present Jane Wharton? Use evidence to support your view. (3 marks)**
   Answer: _____
   _____
   _____

8. **Why does the writer refer to Jane Wharton in the third person? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

Challenge question: How does the writer use language to describe the brutality of being forced fed? (12 marks)
Write an answer to this question on lined paper, at least 2 paragraphs long.

Task: read the article below and answer the questions which follow.

Editorial from *The Independent on Sunday* newspaper, March 2014, (21st Century)

The following editorial was published in the Independent on Sunday newspaper in March 2014 to explain its decision to no longer review books aimed specifically at boys or girls.

Gender-specific books demean all our children.

A good read is just that. Ask any child, regardless of gender, says *Independent on Sunday* literary editor Katy Guest.

Sugar and spice and all things nice, that's what little girls are made of. And boys? They're made of trucks and trains and aeroplanes, building blocks, chemistry experiments, sword fights and guns, football, cricket, running and jumping, adventure and ideas, games, farts and snot, and pretty much anything else they can think of.

At least, that's the impression that children are increasingly given by the very books that are supposed to broaden their horizons.

An online campaign called Let Books Be Books, which petitions publishers to ditch gender-specific children's books, has met with mixed success recently. Last week, both Parragon (which sells Disney titles, among others) and Usborne (the Independent Publisher of the Year 2014), agreed that they will no longer publish books specifically titled "for boys" or "for girls". Unfortunately, Michael O'Mara, which owns Buster Books, pledged to continue segregating young readers according to their gender. Mr O'Mara himself told The Independent that their Boys' Book covers "things like how to make a bow and arrow and how to play certain sports and you'd get things about style and how to look cool in the girls' book." At the same time, he added: "We would never publish a book that demeaned one sex or the other".

It is not like a publisher to leave a bandwagon[1] unjumped upon, but Mr O'Mara seems to have missed a trick. Hasn't he heard of Suzanne Collins' multi-million-selling Hunger Games trilogy, which has a female lead character and striking, non-pink cover designs, and is loved by boys and girls equally? For anyone else who has missed it, the heroine, Katniss Everdeen, is rather handy with a bow and arrow and doesn't spend much time caring about looking cool. At the same time, Mr O'Mara should know that telling boys they should all be interested in doing physical activities outdoors, while girls should be interested in how they look, is demeaning to both.

There are those who will say that insisting on gender-neutral books and toys for children is a bizarre experiment in social engineering by radical lefties and paranoid "femininazis" who won't allow boys to be boys, and girls to be girls. (Because, by the way, seeking equality of rights and opportunities was a key plank of Nazi ideology, was it?) But the "experiment" is nothing new. When I grew up in the 1970s, and when my parents grew up in the 1950s, brothers and sisters shared the same toys, books and games, which came in many more colours than just pink and blue, and there was no obvious disintegration of society as a result. Publishers and toy companies like to say that they are offering parents more "choice" these days by billing some of their products as just for boys and others as just for girls. What they're actually doing, by convincing children that boys and girls can't play with each other's stuff, is forcing parents to buy twice as much stuff.

There are also those who argue that children are set upon their boyish and girly courses from conception, and that no amount of book-reading is going to change them. In fact, there is no credible evidence that boys and girls are born with innately different enthusiasms, and plenty of evidence that their tastes are acquired through socialisation. Let's face it, any company with a billion dollar advertising budget could convince even Piers Morgan to dress up as a Disney princess if it really wanted to, and probably would if his doing so could double its income. So what hope is there against all this pressure for an impressionable child?

I wouldn't mind, but splitting children's books strictly along gender lines is not even good publishing. Just like other successful children's books, The Hunger Games was not aimed at girls or boys; like JK Rowling, Roald Dahl, Robert Muchamore and others, Collins just wrote great stories, and readers bought them in their millions. Now, Dahl's Matilda is published with a pink cover, and I have heard one bookseller report seeing a mother snatching a copy from her small son's hands saying "That's for girls" as she replaced it on the shelf.

You see, it is not just girls' ambitions that are being frustrated by the limiting effects of "books for girls", in which girls' roles are all passive, domestic and in front of a mirror. Rebecca Davies, who writes the children's books blog at Independent.co.uk, tells me that she is equally sick of receiving "books which have been commissioned solely for the purpose of 'getting boys reading' [and which have] all-male characters and thin, action-based plots." What we are doing by pigeon-holing children is badly letting them down. And books, above all things, should be available to any child who is interested in them.

Happily, as the literary editor of The Independent on Sunday, there is something that I can do about this. So I promise now that the newspaper and this website will not be reviewing any book which is explicitly aimed at just girls, or just boys. Nor will The Independent's books section. And nor will the children's books blog at Independent.co.uk. Any Girls' Book of Boring Princesses that crosses my desk will go straight into the recycling pile along with every Great Big Book of Snot for Boys. If you are a publisher with enough faith in your new book that you think it will appeal to all children, we'll be very happy to hear from you. But the next Harry Potter or Katniss Everdeen will not come in glittery pink covers. So we'd thank you not to send us such books at all.

1. **Bandwagon:** trend/fashion/craze

1. **What does the writer state is the purpose of books for children? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

2. **Which publishing company has decided to continue with gender specific books? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

3. **Which author does the writer use as an example to show that Mr. O'Mara's decision is wrong? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

4. **What does the writer think is the real reason that publishers and toy companies have gender specific toys and books? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

5. **According to the writer, where do children develop their interests and enthusiasms from? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

6. **Why is Rebecca Davies (writer of the Independent children's blog) frustrated? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

7. **What does the writer of the article pledge to do? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

8. **Do you think banning gender specific books is a good or bad idea? Write at least two paragraphs explaining your views on the issue. You may refer to the text in your response.**

_____
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Hot Question: How does the writer use language to convey his ideas about gender specific books? (12 marks)

Write your answer onto lined paper, including at least two paragraphs of analysis.

War & Disaster

Task: read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Extract from Mary Seacole's autobiography, *Mary Seacole*, 1858, (19th Century)

Between 1853 and 1856, the Crimean War fought between the Russian Empire and an alliance of the United Kingdom, France and other nations claimed many lives. Mary Seacole was a nurse who travelled to the Crimea to help the wounded soldiers there. The following extract is taken from her autobiography, which was first published in 1858, and describes her experience of the battle of Tchernaya, which was fought on 16th August 1855.

It was a fearful scene; but why repeat this remark. All death is trying to witness—even that of the good man who lays down his life hopefully and peacefully; but on the battle-field, when the poor body is torn and rent in hideous ways, and the scared spirit struggles to loose itself from the still strong frame that holds it tightly to the last, death is fearful indeed. It had come peacefully enough to some. They lay with half-opened eyes, and a quiet smile about the lips that showed their end to have been painless; others it had arrested in the heat of passion, and frozen on their pallid[1] faces a glare of hatred and defiance that made your warm blood run cold. But little time had we to think of the dead, whose business it was to see after the dying, who might yet be saved. The ground was thickly cumbered[2] with the wounded, some of them calm and resigned, others impatient and restless, a few filling the air with their cries of pain—all wanting water, and grateful to those who administered it, and more substantial comforts.

I attended to the wounds of many French and Sardinians, and helped to lift them into the ambulances, which came tearing up to the scene of action. I derived no little gratification from being able to dress the wounds of several Russians; indeed, they were as kindly treated as the others. One of them was badly shot in the lower jaw, and was beyond my or any human skill. Incautiously I inserted my finger into his mouth to feel where the ball had lodged, and his teeth closed upon it, in the agonies of death, so tightly that I had to call to those around to release it, which was not done until it had been bitten so deeply that I shall carry the scar with me to my grave. Poor fellow, he meant me no harm, for, as the near approach of death softened his features, a smile spread over his rough inexpressive face, and so he died.

I attended another Russian, a handsome fellow, and an officer, shot in the side, who bore his cruel suffering with a firmness that was very noble. In return for the little use I was to him, he took a ring off his finger and gave it to me, and after I had helped to lift him into the ambulance he kissed my hand and smiled far more thanks than I had earned. I do not know whether he survived his wounds, but I fear not. Many others, on that day, gave me thanks in words the meaning of which was lost upon me, and all of them in that one common language of the whole world—smiles.

I picked up some trophies from the battle-field, but not many, and those of little value. I cannot bear the idea of plundering either the living or the dead; but I picked up a Russian metal cross, and took from the bodies of some of the poor fellows nothing of more value than a few buttons, which I severed from their coarse grey coats.

So end my reminiscences of the battle of the Tchernaya, fought, as all the world knows, on the 16th of August, 1855.

1 **pallid:** pale
2 **cumbered**: littered, cluttered
3 **plunderers**: robbers, thieves

1. **How does Seacole describe death and dying in the first eight lines of the text ending with the line '…might be saved.'? (2 marks)**
   Answer:

   _____
   _____
   _____
   _____
   _____
   _____
   _____
   _____

2. **List four things you learn about how the wounded from Seacole's description. (4 marks)**
   a) _____
   b) _____
   c) _____
   d) _____

3. **What causes the scar which Seacole refers to in the extract? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

4. **What does Seacole describe smiles as? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

5. **What does Seacole not wish to do on the battlefield? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

Hot Question: What impression do you have of Mary Seacole's character from this account? List at least three ideas with quotes to support. (9 marks)

Impression of Mary Seacole	Quote	Analysis

Task: read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Extract from Some Desperate Glory: The World War I Diary of a British Officer,
Edwin Campion Vaughan, written during WW1, published 1981, (20th Century)

The following extract is taken from a diary written by a British army office, Edwin Campion Vaughan, during the First World War, but first published in 1981. Here, he describes coming under fire as he leads an attack on enemy position.

Immediately there came the crackle of bullets and mud was spattered about me as I ran, crawled and dived into shell-holes, over bodies, sometimes up to the armpits in water, sometimes crawling on my face along a ridge of slimy mud around some crater… As I neared the gunpits I saw a head rise above a shell-hole, a mouth opened to call something to me, but the tin hat was sent flying and the face fell forward into the mud…

I had almost reached the gunpits when I saw Wood looking at me, and actually laughing at my grotesque capers. Exhausted by my efforts, I paused a moment in a shell-hole; in a few seconds I felt myself sinking, and struggle as I might I was sucked down until I was firmly gripped round the waist and still being dragged in. The leg of a corpse was sticking out of the side, and frantically I grabbed it; it wrenched off and casting it down I pulled in a couple of rifles and yelled to the troops in the gunpit to throw me more. Laying them flat I wriggled over them and dropped, half dead, into the wrecked gun position.

Here I reported to Taylor and was filled with admiration at the calm way in which he stood, eyeglass firmly fixed in his ashen face, while bullets chipped splinters from the beam beside his head. He told me that the attack had not even reached the enemy front line, and that it was impossible to advance across the mud. Then he ordered me to take my company up the hard road to the Triangle and to attack Springfield. He gave his instructions in such a matter-of-fact way that I did not feel alarmed, but commenced forthwith to collect "C" Company men from the neighbouring shell-holes…

So many of our men had been killed, and the rest had gone to ground so well, that Wood and I could only collect a very few… Finally, Wood and I led 15 men over to the tanks. The fire was still heavy, but now, in the dusk and heavy rain, the shots were going wide. As we reached the tanks, however, the Boche[1] hailed shrapnel upon us and we commenced rapidly to have casualties… Up the road we staggered, shells bursting around us. A man stopped dead in front of me, and exasperated[2] I cursed him and butted him with my knee. Very gently he said, "I'm blind, sir," and turned to show me his eyes and nose torn away by a piece of shell.

"Oh God! I'm sorry, sonny," I said. "Keep going on the hard part," and left him staggering back in his darkness. At the Triangle the shelling was lighter and the rifle fire far above our heads. Around us were numerous dead, and in shell-holes where they had crawled to safety were wounded men. Many others, too weak to move, were lying where they had fallen and they cheered us faintly as we passed: "Go on boys! Give 'em hell!"…

A tank had churned its way slowly round behind Springfield and opened fire; a moment later I looked and nothing remained of it but a crumpled heap of iron; it had been hit by a large shell. It was now almost dark and there was no firing from the enemy; ploughing across the final stretch of mud, I saw grenades bursting around the pillbox[3] and a party of British rushed in from the other side. As we all closed in, the Boche garrison ran out with their hands up; in the confused party I recognised Reynolds of the 7th Battalion, who had been working forward all the afternoon. We sent the 16 prisoners back across the open but they had only gone 100 yards when a German machine-gun mowed them down.

Reynolds and I held a rapid conference and decided that the cemetery and Spot Farm were far too strongly held for us to attack, especially as it was then quite dark; so we formed a line with my party on the left in touch with the Worcesters, who had advanced some 300 yards further than we, and Reynolds formed a flank guard back to the line where our attack had broken. I entered Springfield, which was to be my HQ. It was a strongly built pillbox, almost undamaged; the three defence walls were about 10ft thick, each with a machine-gun position, while the fourth wall, which faced our new line, had one small doorway – about 3ft square. Crawling through this I found the interior in a horrible condition; water in which floated indescribable filth reached our knees; two dead Boche sprawled face downwards and another lay across a wire bed. Everywhere was dirt and rubbish and the stench was nauseating.

1. **Boche**: a derogatory term used to refer to German soldiers during the First World War
2. **exasperated**: frustrated
3. **pillbox**: guard post

Task: read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

1. **What does Taylor report to the narrator, Edwin Campion Vaughan? (2 marks)**
   Answer:
   _____
   _____

2. **How does the narrator feel about what Taylor has told him? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

3. **Which place does the narrator make his HQ? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

4. **Re-read paragraphs 1 and 2, which ends with the line '*… into the wrecked gun position*' . In this section, how does the writer use language to create tension? (8 marks)**

   Answer:

Task: read the extract below and answer the questions which follow.

Extract from a magazine article from the *Guardian* newspaper: Surviving the Tsunami, 15th November 2014, (21st Century)

On Boxing Day in 2004, an earthquake struck beneath the Indian Ocean, triggering a tsunami that killed more than 230,000 people in fourteen countries. The following extract is taken from a magazine article published in The Guardian newspaper on 15th November 2014 describes the experience of Edie Fassnidge who lost both her mother and sister in the tsunami.

'Surviving the tsunami'

Just before the first wave hit, Edie Fassnidge took a picture of her younger sister Alice and their mother. The scene was idyllic, Boxing Day 2004, the three of them kayaking off Koh Nang beach in Thailand with Fassnidge's boyfriend, Matt: blue skies, clear waters, perfectly calm weather. "I remember saying, 'It's so beautiful here,'" Fassnidge says. "We were floating along in the sea, and there was a dramatic limestone column right by us, a little island in the background, and we were all really happy."

The camera was still aloft when something in the air shifted. Fassnidge's mood switched to high alert. "I caught sight of the horizon and suddenly that didn't look right. Everything had been so calm and now there was a ridge all the way along it." A wave was approaching them – her mother and Alice in one kayak, she and Matt in the other. They were a kilometre from the nearest beach, but only a few metres from a rocky, vertical cliff. "My mind was going crazy, trying to make sense of what I was seeing."

Fassnidge noticed her mother and Alice paddling towards the rocks and shouted at them to stop, before water engulfed them all. She was pulled from her boat, into a bank of rocks, her head pounding against them, over and over. Her mother and sister were swept away.

Then the waves came. After that first one, Fassnidge tumbled underwater until everything calmed around her. When she regained some control of her body, she kicked up and found she was trapped beneath a wall of solid rock; as she felt her way along, she started panicking, deeply aware of her lack of oxygen. Finally, her hand reached into clear water and she rose up through the blue.

At the surface, she saw Matt, Alice and her mother a few metres away, all treading water. "I was so happy – so, so happy – and I was about to say to everyone, 'It's all fine!' when I realised they didn't look fine, any of them. They all looked very, very distant, just staring, not saying anything." A couple of seconds later she watched, appalled, as another wave rose behind them.

She was pulled under again, and emerged to find her family had disappeared. As she swam around looking for some sign of them, another wave hit, and when she broke the surface for the third time, she saw her mother's body five metres away in the water. "I swam over to her and she was face down. I turned her over and knew she was dead, but I wanted to see if I could bring her back to life, so I breathed into her mouth. I had hold of her, and my back to the sea, but I sensed something else." Another wave. "I knew my mum was dead and that if I stayed in the water, I could die, too."

Fassnidge swam to some nearby rocks, pulled herself out and scrambled as high as she could, holding on to rushes as the waves crashed around her. "When the water died down, I looked to see whether my mum was there, and her body had gone. Then I looked down at myself and I was speechless. I couldn't feel any pain, but where the rocks had torn me, I was covered everywhere with lacerations and cuts. It was the strangest experience, because I thought that when people looked like I looked, they screamed, but I was just completely numb."

Alone on the rocks, she considered her chances of being rescued. At that stage, she had no idea of the scale of what had just happened – she assumed the tsunami had just been a freak, local wave and that a search party would be along soon. But she also realised that she was very isolated. There was no way to dry land except via the sea, and since she was now terrified of the water, she started climbing up the rocky headland. “Before long I was climbing through really dense, spiky gorse bushes, pulling myself up through branches; I could feel myself getting cut even more. It was getting steeper and steeper, and I realised that it wasn’t going to work. I needed to turn back and preserve my energy.”

On climbing down, she was suddenly surrounded by large, orangey-brown ants. “I felt them first in my feet, which were really cut up; it was as if something was biting into the core of my body, electric pain, like an electric shock, and they swarmed all over me.” There were too many to pick off, and this was the first time that she cried. “I got really angry and I screamed, ‘Why is this happening to me?’” She moved down to the water, heard a helicopter, and motioned to it, shouting. It was flying low, but didn’t slow down, just kept moving on out to sea. There was no option but to follow it, to do what she was dreading: she lowered herself back into the water.

Fassnidge swam against the currents, then rested, aware of how close she might be to dying if she didn’t get help. “I was feeling drained and out of energy, out of ideas. I lay down and gave myself a bit of a talking to, told myself that if I didn’t do anything, I could die.” Finally she saw a small gap between some rocks and decided to squeeze through. She emerged on to a small, rocky beach. After so long without water she knew she was running solely on adrenaline, but she crawled, walked and paddled as far as she could, finally turning a corner and seeing two men next to some boats. A paramedic arrived and she was carried to a beach; she hadn’t spoken for hours, but her story began tumbling out.

1. **Who was Edie Fassnidge with when the first wave struck?**
   Answer:
   _____
   _____
   _____
   _____

2. **How did Fassnidge know that something had changed? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

3. **List four verbs used by the writer to help show the danger of the situation in paragraph 3. (4 marks)**
   i. _____
   ii. _____
   iii. _____
   iv. _____

4. **What did Fassnidge do to try to help her mother? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

5. **What reaction did Fassnidge think she would have to the situation? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

6. **What reaction <u>did</u> Fassnidge she have? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

7. **Why did Fassnidge choose to climb up the rocks? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

8. **How does she describe the pain of the ants swarming over her? (1 mark)**
   Answer: _____

9. **Identify the phrase which shows that Fassnidge had to push herself to continue. (1 mark) Answer:** _____

10. **Who does she see first when she finally makes it back to the beach? (1 mark)**
    Answer: _____

Hot activity: Write the opening of a story which has the title: *The Day that Changed My Life.*