

I went into the gallery of the House of Commons as a parliamentary reporter when I was a boy not eighteen, and I left it — I can hardly believe the inexorable truth nigh thirty years ago. I have pursued the calling of a reporter under circumstances of which many of my brethren at home in England here, many of my modern successors, can form no adequate conception. I have often transcribed for the printer, from my shorthand notes, important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising, writing on the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark lantern, in a post-chaise and four, galloping through a wild country, and of fifteen miles an hour.

The very last time I was at Exeter, I strolled into the castle yard there to identify, for the amusement of a friend, the spot on which I once 'took', as we used to call it, an election speech of my noble friend Lord Russell, in the midst of a lively fight maintained by all the vagabonds in that division of the county, and under such a pelting rain, that I remember two good-natured colleagues, who chanced to be at leisure, held a pocket-handkerchief over my notebook, after the manner of a state canopy in an ecclesiastical procession. I have worn my knees by writing on them on the old back row of the old gallery of the old House of Commons; and I have worn my feet by standing to write in a preposterous pen in the old House of Lords, where we used to be huddled together like so many sheep — kept in waiting, say, until the woolsack might want re-stuffing.

Returning home from excited political meetings in the country to the waiting press in London, I do verily believe I have been upset, in almost every description of vehicle known in this country. I have been, in my time, belated on miry by-roads, towards the small hours, forty or fifty-miles from London, in a wheel-less carriage, with exhausted horses and drunken post-boys, and have got back in time for publication, to be received with never-forgotten compliments by the late Mr. Black, coming in the broadest of Scotch from the broadest of hearts I ever knew.

Ladies and gentlemen, I mention these trivial things as an assurance to you that I never have forgotten the fascination of that old pursuit. The pleasure I used to feel in the rapidity and dexterity of its exercise has never faded out of my breast. Whatever little cunning of hand or head I took to it, or acquired in it, I have so retained as that I fully believe I could resume it to-

morrow, very little the worse from long disuse. To this present year of my life, when I sit in this hall, or where not, hearing a dull speech, the phenomenon does occur I sometimes beguile the tedium of the moment by mentally following the speaker in the old, old way; and sometimes, if you can believe me, I even find my hand going on the tablecloth, taking an imaginary note of it all. Accept these little truths as a confirmation of what I know; as a confirmation of my undying interest in this old calling.

What do you think 'inexorable' means?			
Private	Historical	Relentless	Solitary

'Brethren' is an Old English word, what modern word do you think we get from the same root?			
Broths	Browns	Brothers	Brows

What do you think 'vagabonds' are?			
Police	Lords	Criminals	Tramps

What type of job do you think the word 'ecclesiastical' refers to?			
Royal	Driving	Actor	Religious

Which of these definitions of the word 'upset' best suits it's use in this extract?			
To make someone feel slightly sick.	To change the expected order of something.	To be involved in an accident.	To make someone feel unhappy.

What do you think 'dexterity' means?			
Speed	Skill	Momentum	Power

200-word challenge: Pick another job and write a speech about why you like it. You can imagine that you are already doing the job or talk about it from your own perspective. Use a similar style to the extract.

The majority of new clothes, whether luxury or massmarket, are manufactured in Asian factories. Doing so keeps costs low and margins high. Bangladesh has a minimum wage of \$38 a month making it particularly attractive to many retailers and brands. It also has appallingly lax health and safety laws. Vulnerable garment workers — eighty per cent of whom are women — work long hours in substandard facilities, without benefits and for little compensation. According to a 2012 report from the International Labor Rights Forum, over one thousand garment workers have been killed since 1990 in preventable factory fires. Corruption is rife and since factory owners make up some ten per cent of the Bangladeshi parliament the consequences for criminal negligence are few.

On 24 April 2013, just outside Dhaka, Bangladesh's capital city, the eight-storey Rana Plaza factory collapsed, killing over 1,100 garment workers and injuring over 2,500 more. Extensive media coverage and outrage around the world helped the Clean Clothes Campaign and global union Industriall convince many Western brands and retailers to sign the enforceable Accord on Fire and Building Safety, which should improve the working conditions in all Bangladeshi factories. More than seventy foreign companies, from Primark to Abercrombie & Fitch, signed the accord in the three months following the accident, a huge step forward in creating better working conditions for Bangladeshi garment workers. But other companies refused.

How many avoidable tragedies will it take before all retailers demand the fair and safe treatment of these workers? Again and again, the fashion and garment industries fail to take responsibility for these very real

fashion victims. So too, we as consumers must hold ourselves accountable for our purchases. For many garment workers, a living wage is only a few pennies away; pennies that for us are just spare change.

What does 'lax' mean?			
Chaotic	Hard to understand	Not strict enough	Too strict

What does 'rife' mean?			
Common and widespread	Rude and ill-mannered	Steep and difficult	Rare and infrequent

Select 4 quotations from this speech that create a powerful effect on the reader and fill out the table below.

Technique	Quote	Effect of language choice.

Separate quotations from the text in the table below.

Facts about the 2012 Dhaka garment factory collapse	Reasons for the collapse	Writer's opinions

After having glanced at the west-end streets, a couple of hours' walk through the City will bring [the visitor] into acquaintance with its principal features; then the docks and warehouses in the eastern districts may be visited; after which the principal public buildings may be more minutely examined, and the best of the exhibitions seen. In the evenings the theatres, concert-rooms, lecture-halls, and other places of amusement may be visited; and, if time permit, flying trips may be made to the outlying districts, or short excursions made into the country around the metropolis. For it must be remembered that London is a vast city in a garden—not as some suppose, a mere confused collection of bricks and mortar, without trees and flowers, and wide open spaces. Besides the squares, and terraces, and rows, and crescents, which, in different parts of the town, look fresh and green, in due season, with full-leaved trees and many-hued flowers, the visitor has only to jump on the roof of any omnibus going towards the suburbs, and in less than an hour he will not only have got away from the crowded streets, but he will have entered upon wide roads bordered with elms, and limes, and chestnuts, and planes, and various kinds of trees, behind which lie the villas, mansions, and pretty houses in which reside the wealthy among London's middle classes, and will presently find himself in the midst of as pure an atmosphere and as rural and pleasant a scene as can be found in any part of England. Strangers, especially foreigners, come to London, and expect to find all gloomy, and close, and wretched—a perpetual fog in the streets in the winter, and a mass of smoky clouds hanging over the houses in summer. Of course this is a great exaggeration. If, when the visitor has arrived at the end of his omnibus journey, he choose to walk out into the green lanes and fields, he will find as lovely spots as can well be imagined near a great city. It is simply the immense size of London that prevents people properly appreciating its wonderful variety. Indeed, there are in the metropolis hundreds and thousands of people who know less of its attractions and general aspect than the visitor of a week. How many busy people may you meet who confess to never having been inside St. Paul's, the National Gallery, or the British Museum, much less having looked at the city from the top of the Monument, or gazed at the beautiful panorama of park and garden, and palace, and square, and street from the summit of the Duke of York's Column in Waterloo-place.

Despite this extract being from a guidebook there are many descriptive techniques used by the writer. Pick one quotation that you think is most descriptive and explain how the writer has used language for a specific effect.

300 word challenge: This extract is from a guidebook printed in 1873. A modern tourist to London would see very different sights to the ones described here. Pick a section from the extract and update it. Make sure you stick to the style used by the writer. You may use the pictures as inspiration.



I think the country looked its best when we arrived. It was just that moment in Spring when the trees are in full leaf, but still keep their delicate varieties of colouring and that transparency which belongs only to this season. And the furze was in all its golden glory! I never saw it in such abundance as here; over some hills the air is laden with its scent, and the gorgeous masses of blossom perpetually invited me to gather them as the largest possible specimens. It was almost like the fading away of the evening red when the furze blossoms died off from the hills, and the only contrast left was that of the marly soil with the green crops and woods. The primroses were the contemporaries of the furze and sprinkled the sides of the hills with their pale stars almost as plentifully as daisies or buttercups elsewhere.

Perhaps the most enchanting of all our walks was that to Lee, because we had the double beauties of rocky coast and wooded inland hill. Lee is a tiny hamlet which has lodged itself, like a little colony of *Aurora Actinia*, in the nick between two ranges of hills, where the sea runs in and makes a miniature bay. From the hills we have to pass over in reaching it, there is an exquisite view on looking back towards Ilfracombe: first the green slopes forming the inland aspect of the Tors, which always reminded me of some noble animal that has reared itself in its forelegs to look at something, powerfully arresting its attention — as if the land had lifted itself up in amazed contemplation of the glorious sea; then Ilfracombe, at the meeting of many hills, with the graceful green Capstone Hill surmounted by its Flagstaff, and beyond it Hillsborough with its crag of rich, violet-veiled brown, standing like a rugged grand old warrior being played with by that capricious beauty the sea; while in the farther distance the sombre Hangman lifts its round, blackened shoulder, softened too with a violet veil, but of a different tone from that of Hillsborough.

What do you think 'furze' is?			
A type of plane	A type of animal	A type of plant	A type of butterfly

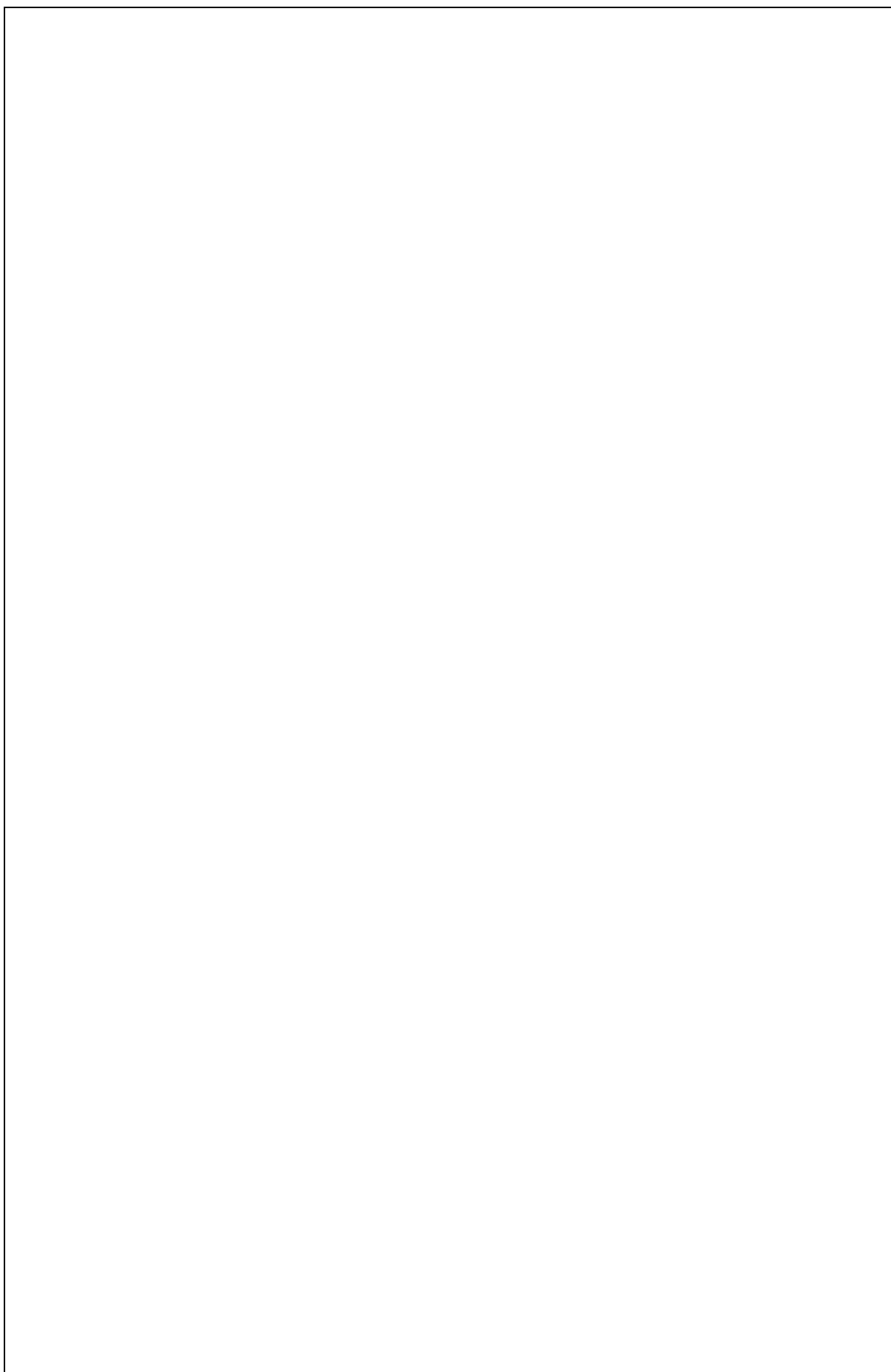
What do you think 'capricious' means?			
To be graceful	To be attracted to something	To choose to ignore something	To change your mind suddenly

500 word challenge: In this extract the writer is describing a countryside scene.

You are now going to write a similar piece of writing – however based on this picture of a city:



You may use similar stylistic choices as the writer has used in the extract.



In a lane not far from Fleet Street there is a complete factory of the literature of rascaldom a literature which has done much to people our prisons, our reformatories, and our Colonies, with scapegraces and ne'er do wells. At the present time no fewer than fifteen of these mischievous publications are in course of issue from this one place. They are not, it is true, very new, but they have a steady and considerable sale in the back streets, and are constantly advertised as in course of re-issue.

First on the list comes 'Spring Heeled Jack, or the Terror of London,' No. 2 given away with No. 1, with 'a splendid coloured plate gratis.' 'plate: a woodcut printed on tinted paper, represents a stage-coach crowded with affrighted passengers, over whose heads springs the devil with horns, hoofs, tail, and bat-like wings complete. The story is what might be expected; a tale of highwaymen, murderers, burglars, wicked noblemen, and Jove's J and persecuted damsels, whose physical charms and voluptuous embraces are dilated upon with exceeding unction. It is almost needless to say that the highwaymen of the romance are not the sorry and sordid rogues we know them to have been in real life, but always 'dashing,' 'high spirited,' and 'bold.' As a matter of course, they all carry pistols, which they use with unerring skill, which never miss fire, and apparently never require re-loading. It is equally a matter of course that the enemies of these gallant fellows -- the constables, who at the time of the story, which is left in uncertainty but is presumably about the middle of the eighteenth century, are under the orders of a 'Commissioner' — are ugly, stupid, ill conditioned, and cowardly; that it is a 'paternal government' under which 'things have reached such a pitch that a man maybe fined, perhaps imprisoned, for carrying a pistol to protect himself;' and that, in one word, all the officers of the law are 'tyrants' and 'oppressors,' whom it is the duty of 'spirited lads' to resist to the uttermost.

No. 2 on our list bears the promising title of 'Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street,' and is a delectable story of a barber under whose shop is a cellar into which his customers are precipitated through a trap door, to be robbed and murdered at leisure. By way of adding to the ludicrous ghastliness of the story, the corpses of the victims, who appear to average about one per diem, are made into meat pies by a fascinating woman who keeps a shop in Bell Yard. There is the usual apparatus of a gang of desperate criminals of superhuman strength, sagacity, and courage; and of stupid and blundering watchmen and honest folk. Everybody always goes armed, and is ready to produce his weapons on the smallest provocation, or none at all; and the use of a pistol is invariably represented as a proof of courage and presence of mind.

'Cheeky Charlie, or what a Boy can do' the third of these romances — is an impossible tale of an outcast boy, who is rescued by a personage very appropriately called 'the Vagabond,' from the cruelties of the workhouse and the Guardians of the Poor. The story is almost abject in its silliness — many children of twelve years old could write as coherently and as well — but it enforces with

great energy the theory that the constituted authorities are both rogues and fools, the fool predominating.

'Green as Grass,' No. 4 of the series, might also have been written by a sharp errand boy. The tale is of a swindling attorney, who with his son victimises a wealthy but intensely vulgar family, whose foolish son gives the title to the book. It is stupid beyond expression in conception and execution alike, the fun is intensely depressing, and the illustrations so wretched as to suggest the idea that the artist (?) must be caricaturing himself.

'Turnpike Dick' is described as the true history of all the celebrated highwaymen, and appears to be a hash up of the moral and improving biography of Dick Turpin and his 'gallant companions.' The hero is always in company with a magnificent horse; is always armed with sword and pistols, sumptuously dressed; he has 'a rich, mellow voice,' in spite of his 'nocturnal rambles' and frequently repeated 'draughts of brandy;' he is of matchless physical beauty, and is naturally beloved by the most adorable of women; and he beguiles his leisure with wine and song amidst a select crew of 'knights of the road,' whom he treats in a 'haughty yet affable manner.' The moon is always 'shining merrily' on his gallant exploits, and fortune is ever on the side of the handsome hero, and as constantly unfavourable

to the stupid, cowardly, and illlooking constables and their assistants.

'Jack Sheppard,' burglar and prison breaker, is the hero of the sixth romance on the list. The story is constructed on precisely the same lines as the last mentioned, and may be compendiously described as a glorification of vice and crime. The 'large coloured picture, presented gratis' with the first number, emphasises this point, representing, as the epigraph informs the reader, 'Jack Sheppard commencing his career of undying fame (!) in the carpenter's shop'

The 'Poor Boys of London, a Life Story for the People,' is a tale of slightly loftier pretensions, in the course of which the author displays his acquaintance with casual wards, thieves' kitchens, and criminal resorts generally, and uses such descriptive and dramatic powers as he possesses to extenuate the offences of the 'poor boys' who, in his own phrase, are 'driven to crime'.

'The School on the Sea' is a tale relating the rebellion of a number of boys against an impossible sea-captain, who is the head of an equally impossible school on a ship provided by the Admiralty. The whole thing is a farrago of disgusting rubbish, but it appears to be popular.

Which do you think 'rascaldom' means?			
A place of bad people	A place of young people	A place of dishonest people	A place of cheeky people

What do you think a 'reformatory' is?			
A place where young people are sent to be punished	A place where young people are sent to think about what they've done.	A place where young people are sent to be looked after.	A place where young people are sent to change.

In the context used here, what kind of words are 'scapegraces and "ne'er do wells"?			
Caesuras	Clichés	Colloquialisms	Connotation

'Gratis' is a Latin word. What do you think it means?			
Free	Incredibly	Kindly	Surprisingly

'Per diem' is a Latin word. What do you think it means?			
At least	If I'm right	Each day	Unfortunately

What do you think 'voluptuous' means?			
Soft and attractive	Happy and smiling	Keen and eager	Angry and jealous

What do you think 'dilated means?			
Forced	Expanded	Looked	Sorry about

What do you think 'unction' means?			
Skill	Deep and sincere emotion	Caution	Joy

The word 'precipitated' describes the quality of dropping – what do you think it is?			
Unexpectedly	Carefully	Dangerously	Delicately

What do you think 'sagacity' means?			
Confidence	Wisdom	Determination	Tiredness

What word BEST matches the definition of 'epigraph'?			
Audience	Introduction	Writer	Dictionary

What word BEST matches the definition of 'extenuate'?			
Criticise	Excuse	Punish	Warn

What sort of connotations does the word 'beguiles' have?			
Negative	Positive	Critical	Neutral

What sort of connotations does the word 'farrago' have?			
Negative	Positive	Critical	Neutral

<p>This article is quite negative. Select a quotation that you think best shows negativity and explain how the language creates that effect.</p>			

Between November 1911 and January 1912 two teams of men — one British, headed by a naval officer, Robert Falcon Scott, the other Norwegian, headed by Roald Amundsen — were engaged in the last stage of a protracted race to the South Pole. Using dogs and adapting themselves skilfully to the hostile environment, the Norwegian team reached the Pole on 15 December and returned safely. Scott, leader of an ill-prepared expedition which relied on strength-sapping man-hauling, reached the Pole on 17 January. Defeated, the five-man team faced a gruelling 800-mile trudge back to safety. By 21 March, eleven miles from the nearest depot of food and fuel, the three exhausted surviving members of the expedition — Scott, Dr Edward Wilson and Henry Bowers — pitched their tent and sat out a blizzard. At some point Scott seems to have made the decision that it was better to stay put and preserve the record of their struggle rather than die in their tracks. They survived for at least nine days while Scott, in Roland Huntford's phrase, 'prepared his exit from the stage' and addressed letters to posterity: 'We are setting a good example to our countrymen, if not by getting into a tight place, by facing it like men when we get there.' Despite its failure, the expedition, wrote Scott, 'has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past'. The tradition of heroic death which aggrandizes his own example is also invigorated by it: 'We are showing that Englishmen can still die with a bold spirit, fighting it out to the end . . . I think this makes an example for Englishmen of the future.'

On 12 November, in the collapsed tent, the bodies and their documents were found by a rescue party and the legend of Scott of the Antarctic began to take immediate effect. 'Of their suffering, hardship and devotion to one another,' wrote a member of the rescue team, 'the world will soon know the deeds that were done were equally as great as any committed on Battlefield and won the respect and honour of every true Britisher.'

Scott's headstrong incompetence had actually meant that, from an early stage, the expedition had been riddled by tension. Captain Oates — the 'very gallant Englishman' of legend — had earlier written that 'if Scott fails to get to the Pole he jolly well deserves it'. Although clad in the guise of scientific discovery, Scott's expedition contributed nothing to the knowledge of polar travel unless it was to emphasize 'the grotesque futility of man-hauling'. But with Scott, futility (the title of one of only a handful of poems published by Wilfred Owen in his lifetime) becomes an important component of the heroic. That Scott had turned the expedition into an affair of 'heroism for heroism's sake' only enhanced the posthumous glory that greeted news of his death when it reached England on 11 February the following year.

A memorial service 'for one of the most inefficient of polar expeditions, and one of the worst of polar explorers' was held at St Paul's, and Scott's failure took its place alongside Nelson's victory at Trafalgar as a triumphant expression of the British spirit. Scott's distorting, highly rhetorical version of events was taken up

enthusiastically and unquestioningly by the nation as a whole. At the naval dockyard chapel in Devonport, the sermon emphasized 'the glory of self-sacrifice, the blessing of failure'. By now the glorious failure personified by Scott had become a British ideal: a vivid example of how 'to make a virtue of calamity and dress up incompetence as heroism'.

Which of these definitions match the word 'fortitude'?

Resistance	Hatred	Strength	Luck
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The word 'aggrandizes' means to enhance the reputation of someone beyond what is justified by all the facts.

With this in mind, what word best describes how the writer feel about heroic deaths?

Non-plussed	Confused	Negatively	Positively
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Which of these definitions match the word 'futility'?

Ugliness	Laziness	Uselessness	Ability
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Which of these definitions match the word 'posthumous'?

Happens at a great distance	Happens when someone is old	Happens after someone's death	Pointless
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Which of these definitions match the word 'rhetorical'?			
Using musical language	Using language to be offensive	Using language to be cruel	Using language for impressive effect.

Which of these definitions match the word 'calamity'?			
An event that creates defeat and despondence	An event that causes calm and caution.	An event that causes damage and distress	An event that causes silliness and stupidity.

Which of these sentences best summarises the phrase "engaged in the last stage of a protracted race to the North Pole."			
Working together in the last stage of a long race to the North Pole	Taking part in the last stages of a long race to the North Pole	Working together in the last stages of a famous race to the North Pole	Taking part in a famous race to the North Pole.

Which of these sentences best summarises the phrase "stay put and preserve the record of their struggle rather than die in their tracks."			
Stop and give up rather than die going back the way they came	Stop and think rather than to die going back the way they came.	Stop and think rather than keep going	Stop and give up rather than to keep going.

Which of these sentences best summarises the phrase “prepared his exit from the stage’ and addressed letters to posterity”?			
Prepared to give up his life and wrote letters to be read in the future	Prepared to try and win the race on his own and wrote letters to his friends	Prepared to give up his life and wrote letters to his friends.	Prepared to try and get home and wrote letters to his friends.

Which of these sentences best summarises the phrase “Scott’s headstrong incompetence had actually meant that, from an early stage, the expedition had been riddled by tension”?			
Scott’s brave behaviour had actually meant that, from an early stage, the expedition had been full of tension	Scott’s arrogant lack of ability had actually meant that, from an early stage, the expedition had been full of tension	Scott’s arrogant behaviour had actually meant that, from an early stage, the expedition had been confused by tension	Scott’s arrogant lack of ability had actually meant that, from an early stage, the expedition had been confused by tension

Which of these sentences best summarises the phrase “Scott’s headstrong incompetence had actually meant that, from an early stage, the expedition had been riddled by tension”?

Scott’s brave behaviour had actually meant that, from an early stage, the expedition had been full of tension	Scott’s arrogant lack of ability had actually meant that, from an early stage, the expedition had been full of tension	Scott’s arrogant behaviour had actually meant that, from an early stage, the expedition had been confused by tension	Scott’s arrogant lack of ability had actually meant that, from an early stage, the expedition had been confused by tension
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Which of these sentences best summarises the phrase “clad in the guise of scientific discovery”?

Clothed in the guise of scientific discovery	Unpopular despite the guise of scientific discovery	Clothed by the men of scientific discovery	Scott’s arrogant lack of ability had actually meant that, from an early stage, the expedition had been confused by tension
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Which of these sentences best summarises the phrase “a triumphant expression of the British spirit.”

A proud
statement for
the British
dead

**A proud of
statement of
British beliefs**

A proud
moment for
the British
dead

A proud
moment for
British beliefs.

We should celebrate the new generation

The Independent on Sunday refuses to share the outdated grumbling about the youth of today. Deference 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 our 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 future opportunities and threats, has recognised that many of the stereotypes of the past 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 Jeremy 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 is 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 which is otherwise an incalculable boon.

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.

And we welcome the engagement of hundreds of thousands of people, especially younger ones, who have been drawn into politics by the Labour leadership contest. This newspaper did not advise its readers how to vote in the general election, and it does not plan to advise those of you who are eligible how to vote in internal party elections either. But it is important to the health of our democracy that we have a lively and credible opposition, and the injection of new life and idealism into our stale political culture can only be a good thing.

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.



What does the word 'incalculable' suggest about technology?			
That we don't fully know the effect it will have.	That we know exactly the effect it will have.	That it's not about maths.	Persistent

What does the word 'boon' suggest about technology?			
That it's a thing that is going to be big	That it's a bad thing	That it's a good thing.	That it's not a big deal.

What technique does the writer use a lot in the underlined paragraph?			
Statistic	Emotive Language	Simile	Listing

What does the writer cite as evidence for how he knows that parents are getting better at bringing up children?			
Because they don't drink and smoke as much as they used to.	Because of internet and computers	Because they sleep less.	Because they go on holiday together and move back in after university

How many of the AFFOREST techniques can you spot in this article? Give me an example of as many as you can find?

200 word challenge: 'It is easier being a kid now than it was 100 years ago.'

Write a response to this statement using as many AFORREST techniques as you can.

In order to make it clear how, as I believe, natural selection acts, I must beg permission to give one or two imaginary illustrations. Let us take the case of a wolf, which preys on various animals, securing some by craft, some by strength, and some by fleetness; and let us suppose that the fleetest prey, a deer for instance, had from any change in the country increased in numbers, or that other prey had decreased in numbers, during that season of the year when the wolf is hardest pressed for food. I can under such circumstances see no reason to doubt that the swiftest and slimmest wolves would have the best chance of surviving, and so be preserved or selected, provided always that they retained strength to master their prey at this or at some other period of the year, when they might be compelled to prey on other animals. I can see no more reason to doubt this, than that man can improve the fleetness of his greyhounds by careful and methodical selection, or by that unconscious selection which results from each man trying to keep the best dogs without any thought of modifying the breed. I may add that there are two varieties of the wolf inhabiting the Catskill Mountains in the United States, one with a light greyhound-like form, which pursues deer, and the other more bulky, with shorter legs, which more frequently attacks the shepherd's flocks.

Even without any change in the proportional numbers of the animals on which our wolf preyed, a cub might be born with an innate tendency to pursue certain kinds of prey. Nor can this be thought very improbable; for we often observe great differences in the natural tendencies of our domestic animals; one cat, for instance, taking to catch rats, another mice; one cat, according to Mr. St. John, bringing home winged game, another hares or rabbits, and another hunting on marshy ground and almost nightly catching woodcocks or snipes. The tendency to catch rats rather than mice is known to be inherited.

What do you think 'fleetness' means?			
Fierce behaviour	Selfish behaviour	Cunning behaviour	Quick movement.

What do you think 'modifying' means?			
Improving or changing	Intimidating or threatening	Educating or teaching	Supporting or sustaining

What do you think 'innate' means?			
Strange	Partial	Natural	Reluctant

Despite this being a scientific text, Darwin has managed to put some informal phrases in the extract. Pick a section that you consider to be informal and explain how the use of language has created that effect.

Select a word for each of these word classes.

Word class	Example
Noun	
Pronoun	
Verb	
Adverb	
Preposition	
Conjunction	
Interjection	

In this final volume there is a good deal of loose-end gathering to be done. Which side was Snape really on? Can Neville Longbottom rise above himself? Are the Malfoys as black as they have been painted? Unfortunately — and with the solid exception of Neville, whose gallantry is well evoked — these resolutions prove to possess all the excitement of an old-style Perry Mason-type summing-up, prompted by a stock character who says, “There’s just one thing I don’t understand. ...” Most of all this is true of Voldemort himself, who becomes more tiresome than an Ian Fleming villain, or the vicious but verbose Nicolae Carpathia in the Left Behind series, as he offers boastful explanations that are at once grandiose and vacuous. This bad and pedantic habit persists until the final duel, which at least sees us back in the old school precincts once again. “We must not let in daylight upon magic,” as Walter Bagehot remarked in another connection, and the wish to have everything clarified is eventually self-defeating in its own terms. In her correct determination to bring down the curtain decisively, Rowling has gone further than she should, and given us not so much a happy ending as an ending which suggests that evil has actually been defeated (you should forgive the expression) for good.

Greater authors — Arthur Conan Doyle most notably — have been in the same dilemma when seeking closure. And, like Conan Doyle, Rowling has won imperishable renown for giving us an identifiable hero and a fine caricature of a villain, and for making a fictional bit of King’s Cross station as luminous as a certain address on nearby Baker Street. It is given to few authors to create a world apart, and to populate it as well as illustrate it in the mind. As one who actually did once go to boarding school by steam train, at 8, I enjoyed reading aloud to children and coming across Diagon Alley and Grimmauld Place, and also shuddering at the memory of the sarcastic schoolmasters (and Privet Drives) I have known.

The distinctly slushy close of the story may seem to hold out the faint promise of a sequel, but I honestly think and sincerely hope that this will not occur. The toys have been put firmly back in the box, the wand has been folded up, and the conjuror is discreetly accepting payment while the children clamor for fresh entertainments. (I recommend that they graduate to Philip Pullman, whose daemon scheme is finer than any patronus.) It’s achievement enough that “19 years later,” as the last chapter-heading has it, and quite probably for many decades after that, there will still be millions of adults who recall their initiation to literature as a little touch of Harry in the night.

What does ‘gallantry’ mean?			
Graceful behaviour	Courageous behaviour	Panicky behaviour	Crazy behaviour

What does 'grandiose' mean?			
Trying to make something sound funnier than it is.	Trying to make something sound harder than it is.	Trying to make something sound more important than it is	Trying to explain something clearly.

What word is the BEST synonym for 'vacuous'?			
Dull	Arrogant	Silly	Funny

What does 'pedantic' mean?			
Making something over-exaggerated.	Exposing that something is unfair.	Being too concerned with details or rules.	Trying too hard to make something scary.

What does the phrase 'imperishable renown' mean?			
Fame that's over too soon.	Fame that is over too soon.	Anonymity that lasts forever.	A sudden end to anonymity.

Which character does the writer think has a good ending?			
Snape	Neville Longbottom	Perry Mason	The Malfoys

Which author does the writer compare the writer of the Harry Potter books to?			
Arthur Conan Doyle	J.K. Rowling	Phillip Pullman	Walter Bagehot

The writer doesn't really like the character of Harry Potter	
True	False

Look at the underlined paragraph, what feature does the writer most focus on?

Dialogue

Narrative

Setting

Character

Which of the places mentioned in the article are NOT in the Harry Potter books?

Grimmauld Place

King's Cross
Station

Baker Street

Diagon Alley

This is from a review. Pick one quote that you think most clearly shows the writer giving an opinion and explain how the use of language gets his opinion across.

I have, myself, full confidence that if all do their duty, if nothing is neglected, and if the best arrangements are made, as they are being made, we shall prove ourselves once again able to defend our Island home, to ride out the storm of war, and to outlive the menace of tyranny, if necessary for years, if necessary alone.

At any rate, that is what we are going to try to do. That is the resolve of His Majesty's Government-every man of them. That is the will of Parliament and the nation.

The British Empire and the French Republic, linked together in their cause and in their need, will defend to the death their native soil, aiding each other like good comrades to the utmost of their strength.

Even though large tracts of Europe and many old and famous States have fallen or may fall into the grip of the Gestapo and all the odious apparatus of Nazi rule, we shall not flag or fail.

We shall go on to the end, we shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our Island, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender, and even if, which I do not for a moment believe, this Island or a large part of it were subjugated and starving, then our Empire beyond the seas, armed and guarded by the British Fleet, would carry on the struggle, until, in God's good time, the New World, with all its power and might, steps forth to the rescue and the liberation of the old.

What does 'subjugated' mean?			
Conquered	Removed	Mixed up	Hurt

What sentence best paraphrases the phrase: "to outlive the menace of tyranny"?			
To survive the negative influence of freedom	To survive the negative influence of oppression.	To run from the negative influence of oppression.	To survive the fearful effects of war.

Churchill uses a number of persuasive writing techniques, identify them and explain how they are powerful.

Method	Quotation	How is his language powerful?

Behold Mount Everest, reduced to adventure tourism

This is a photograph of all that has gone wrong in humanity's relationship with nature. Amid the rocky vastness of Mount Everest, a long line of people stand in the snow in a bizarre pedestrian traffic jam. Four people recently died on a single day on Everest: on that day 150 climbers made the ascent. It has been claimed that human traffic jams contributed to the tragedy, which seems only too likely looking at this picture. But as well as helping to explain those deaths, it is a picture of how profoundly we are failing to have any kind of decent respect for our world: how our romance with nature has become sick and twisted.

Britons are currently looking back at 60 years of history. The popularity of the Queen's diamond jubilee surely has less to do with reverence for majesty than a recognition that Elizabeth II's reign spans 60 years of history: thinking ourselves back to its start, we get a perspective on a period of radical change. As it happens, one of the most memorable events at the start of the Queen's reign was the "conquest" of Everest by a Commonwealth expedition. On 29 May 1953 Tenzing Norgay and Edmund Hillary became the first human beings who are ever known to have stood on the summit of the world's highest mountain.

It is instructive to compare today's photograph of an ant-like line of climbers with Hillary's picture of Tenzing Norgay on top of Everest. In the 1953 photograph one man stands alone on the snow-clad summit, seeming almost on the edge of space itself as a deep, dark blue void surrounds his thickly clad form. This image of the solitary explorer of lofty mountain realms has its chilly feet in early 19th century Romanticism: Tenzing Norgay is alone on the mountain, just like Caspar David Friedrich's *Wanderer above the Sea of Mist* in the 1818 painting that perfectly expresses the Romantic affinity for remote heights.

Mountain climbing as a sport grew out of the Romantic movement. Sir Walter Scott's poem *Helvellyn* tells of his own solitary ascent of the Lakelands peak and meditates on the death of a hiker there, whose body was guarded by his sole companion, a faithful dog: such images of distance from the everyday

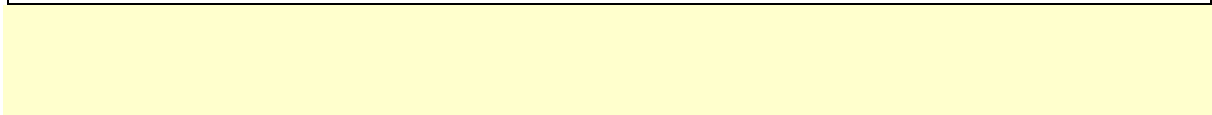
crowded world – and of lonely death – are integral to the myth of mountaineering still very much alive in tales such as *Touching the Void*.

This photograph mocks that romance. It shows an Everest that has merely become an overcrowded destination for extreme tourists who can afford to pay from 10 to fifty thousand dollars for something different and exotic. An ascent of Mount Everest is no longer the achievement at the edge of possibility that it was back in 1953 on the eve of the space age. If we want to know why so many people are preparing to nostalgically relive the early 1950s this weekend we might contemplate this high altitude tailback and reflect that a great deal of innocence has gone from the world. The picture of Everest's numerous ascendants reveals not only the excess of commercialised adventure tourism but the mind-warping impact of technology: why on earth do we believe there should be "progress" in ascending Everest? That this of all things should become easier and more accessible?

We believe it because we believe everything is becoming easier, faster, and more democratic. Technological advances, better clothes, better oxygen supplies, make what once took years of planning and a nationally sponsored expedition possible for anyone with the cash – we assume. Nature, from being a terror, has become a tame toy in the modern imagination.

Which is, of course, an illusion. Everest is not tame. The idea that it is controllable has been exposed once again as a spurious fantasy. Modern communications do not save you when you are too high for helicopters. The crowds queue past the dead and dying. This sad surreal image is not just about Everest but captures the delusions that hasten the world towards environmental catastrophe.

Write a letter to Jonathan Jones, the author of this article, stating your own opinions about people travelling to unusual places. You could agree with his point of view or disagree.



Once in the tent, it took his experienced eye but a moment to discern that the present feast was eclipsing in frightfulness all its predecessors.

Young Blandings Parva, in its normal form, tended rather to the stolidly bovine than the riotous. In all villages, of course, that must of necessity be an occasional tough egg — in the case of Blandings Parva the names of Willie Drake and Thomas (Rat-face) Blenkiron spring to mind — but it was seldom that the local infants offered anything beyond the power of a curate to control. What was giving the present gathering its striking resemblance to a reunion of sans-culottes at the height of the French Revolution was the admixture of the Fresh Air London Visitors.

About the London child, reared among the tin cans and cabbage stalks of Drury Lane and Clare Market, there is a breezy insouciance which his country cousin lacks. Years of back-chat with annoyed parents and relatives have cured him of any tendency he may have had towards shyness, with the result that when he requires anything he grabs for it, and when he is amused by any slight peculiarity in the personal appearance of members of the governing classes he finds no difficulty in translating his thoughts into speech. Already, up and down the long tables, the curate's unfortunate squint was coming in for hearty comment, and the front teeth of one of the school-teachers ran it a close second for popularity. Lord Emsworth was not, as a rule, a man of swift inspirations, but it occurred to him at this juncture that it would be a prudent move to take off his hat before his little guests observed it and appreciated its humorous possibilities.

The action was not, however, necessary. Even as he raised his hand a rock cake, singing through the air like a shell, took it off for him.

Lord Emsworth had had sufficient. Even Constance, unreasonable woman though she was, could hardly expect him to stay and beam genially under conditions like this. All civilized laws had obvious gone by the board and Anarchy reigned in the marquee. The curate was doing his best to form a provisional government consisting of himself and the two school-teachers, but there was only one man who could have coped adequately with the situation and that was King Herod, who - regrettably - was not among those present. Feeling like some aristocrat of the old régime sneaking away from the tumbril, Lord Emsworth edged to the exit and withdrew.

What animal might the word 'bovine' be referring to when the narrator compares the people in the town to an animal?

Foxes

Dogs

Lions

Cows

Looking at the word 'curate', what can you infer about the kind of people they normally are?

Laid back
and relaxed

**Kind and
Gentle**

Silly and
show-offs.

Forceful and
dominant

What do you think the word 'insouciance' means?

**Casual and
unconcerned**

Sleepiness

Industrious

Independent

Looking at the last line of the extract, what word do you think best describes Lord Emsworth's exit?			
Suspicious	Capricious	Surreptitious	Scrumptious

--

Identify a synonym of the word 'discern'			
Spend	Open	Focus	Detect

--

Which word best describes Willie Drake and Thomas Blenkiron?

Tough	Suspicious	Mysterious
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Where is the story set?			
Space	France	Countryside	Town

--

What is knocked out of Lord Emsworth's hand?

Rock Cake	A shell	Top Hat
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How would you describe the character of Lord Emsworth?
Pick out a quotation to back up your opinion and explain how language has been used to create that effect.

100 word challenge: Describe a party you have been to in very close detail.

Sir,

I am surprised that, according to your report of January 3, our new Astronomer Royal has stated that the prospect of interplanetary travel is 'utter bilge,' although he apparently admits both that it is technically possible and that he has no idea how much it would cost.

Surely it is unwise for him to prophesy that nobody will ever put up enough money to do such a thing, when he himself can exert little or no influence on the persons who seem most likely to have to decide whether or not to finance the first expedition — namely, the next two

or three Presidents of the United States, or the corresponding wielders of power in the Kremlin? While it is obvious that the next war could not be won by the first man or even the first regiment -- getting to the moon, the cold war might be decisively influenced. The propaganda value is obvious: a landing on the moon would unquestionably be man's greatest material achievement, and would no doubt be claimed to demonstrate its technical superiority to the nation concerned. It is hardly necessary for the expedition to be a financial success, any more than it is for the present Trans-Antarctic Expedition.

There are many fields of human endeavour which are more worthy of support -- cancer research is an example which springs immediately to one's mind. Nevertheless we cannot confine our activities to one or two narrow branches of knowledge. We now seem to be approaching the stage at which we both need to colonize the other planets (where suitable) and have the means to do so. When the moment of history arrives no doubt some organization will be prepared to play the part of Queen Isabella. Perhaps the real question facing us in this country so far as space travel is concerned is for us to decide whether we are content that it should come about

under the spur of national rivalry or whether to press for its being undertaken under the aegis of the United Nations.

I am, Sir, &c.,

G. V. E. THOMPSON

Extended Writing Challenge: Write a letter to a newspaper arguing your point of view regarding whether we should continue investing in space travel.

Use this letter from the 1950s as your guide.

Becoming a software engineer: from Silicon Valley to Shoreditch

Software engineer Tony Chen's career has taken him from Silicon Valley to Silicon Roundabout in Shoreditch. He describes the skills, expertise and approach that have helped him get ahead

It's Tuesday afternoon, and my boss just gave us the news that we're doing another site re-design and we have one month to do it. Our team moans because we know it's going to be a lot of hard work - maybe 50 or 60 hour weeks for the next four weeks, but we know it's critical to the company's success. In the life of a software start-up, speed is king. How quickly a business can adapt and change their hypothesis on what a consumer's wants and needs are, and then execute that vision impacts on the company's chance of success. What most people don't know is many companies start out with a preliminary vision, and only through time and various trials and tribulations, do they finally get to a sustainable and successful business model.

Flickr started as an online gaming company, Youtube was a dating site, and Nintendo originally started out as a trading card company. What's interesting about the software industry, especially the ones that are built on the internet, is that it takes virtually no capital to get started its easy to switch gears and iterate on the product.

As a software engineer, you are usually well-versed in either backend or front end engineering – sometimes even both. A backend engineer's primary job is to write code that will quickly analyse, filter and retrieve an enormous amount of data and give a result back to the user within seconds or a sub-second (think Google search, loading your Facebook feed, or finding directions between two places). A front end engineer's job is to make the site beautiful and handle all the interactions between the users and the interface (like Farmville game play, Google maps, and web page animations and transitions in general).

I found my first full time job through a career fair at college in San Diego. The company flew me up to the [Silicon Valley](#) for an all day interview. The typical engineering interview questions pertain more to your ability to problem solve,

and has less emphasis on your personality. Unless you are really confident, some studying is recommended. Remember that coding questions usually should have a quick and short answers. If you are taking longer than 5 minutes to get to a solution, you might be over thinking it. If you ever do get stuck during an interview, try and vocalise what you are thinking to the interviewer. Sometimes that alone will be enough for the interviewer to drop you some helpful hints as they listen to your thought process.

Six years into my career, I just relocated to London to join Songkick, a music startup based at Silicon Roundabout in Shoreditch. For me, its obvious that the music industry needs change, and one of the great things about being at a startup is to help drive that change through the consumer. Songkick helps users track their favourite musicians so that they never miss a concert by sending personalised concert alerts whenever favourite artists are coming to town. The day to day working environment is great. The dress code is informal, there is a Tesco delivery in the mornings so the fridge is always stocked, and each employee receives a monthly gig allowance.

I have had the privilege of working at four very different startups all within various company life cycles. While each had its innovations, they had their fair share of challenges as well. As an engineer, you're often given a tasks to build features that a consumer will directly interact with, such as: a new game element, a preview mode for the book that you've been putting together online, or a shiny new graph that helps you track your financial progress. But at a startup, you may have have the urge to dig deeper and go beyond your assigned tasks. There's often an open forum for discussion between engineers, product managers, and designers as you work together to get the best product out. This could mean sacrificing nice to have features in favour of delivering a focused and easy to use user experience. In addition, you'll always be finding new ways to optimise every step along the way. In terms of speed, every 0.2 seconds count. Why 200 milliseconds? It takes the brain roughly 200 milliseconds to recognise facial expressions, and its equivalent to what a user considers an action to be instant.

Growing up in the Silicon Valley, I was either destined to become an engineer or at the very least work for an engineering company. Everyone is always looking for the latest and greatest iPhone app, following to see what Google, Facebook, and Twitter is doing next, or keeping up with emerging startups. Even non-engineers follow these trends because it's part of our culture. The technology industry is ever-changing and knowledge is the key to survival.

Summarise the three most important skills you need to be a software engineer below.

Merely looking at the cover illustrations of the papers which I have on the table in front of me, here are some of the things I see. On one a cowboy is clinging by his toes to the wing of an aeroplane in mid-air and shooting down another aeroplane with his revolver. On another an engineer is lighting a stick of dynamite while a steel robot feels for him with its claws. On another a man in airman's costume is fighting barehanded against a rat somewhat larger than a donkey. On another a nearly naked man of terrific muscular development has just seized a lion by the tail and flung it thirty yards over the wall of an arena, with the words, 'Take back your blooming lion!' Clearly no school story can compete with this kind of thing. From time to time the school buildings may catch fire or the French master may turn out to be the head of an international anarchist gang, but in a general way the interest must centre round cricket, school rivalries, practical jokes, etc. There is not much room for bombs, death-rays, sub-machine guns, aeroplanes, mustangs, octopuses, grizzly bears or gangsters.

Examination of a large number of these papers shows that, putting aside school stories, the favourite subjects are Wild West, Frozen North, Foreign Legion, crime (always from the detective's angle), the Great War (Air Force or Secret Service, not the infantry), the Tarzan motif in varying forms, professional football, tropical exploration, historical romance (Robin Hood, Cavaliers and Round-heads, etc.) and scientific invention. The Wild West still leads, at any rate as a setting, though the Red Indian seems to be fading out. The one theme that is really new is the scientific one. Death-rays, Martians, invisible men, robots, helicopters and interplanetary rockets figure largely. Whereas the *Gem* and *Magnet* derive from Dickens and Kipling, the *Wizard*, *Champion*, *Modem Boy*, etc., owe a great deal to H. G. Wells, who, rather than Jules Verne, is the father of 'Scientifiction'. Naturally it is the magical Martian aspect of science that is most exploited, but one or two papers include serious articles on scientific subjects, besides quantities of informative snippets. (Examples: 'A Kauri tree in Queensland, Australia, is over 12,000 years old'; 'Nearly 50,000 thunderstorms occur every day'; 'Helium gas costs £1 per 1000 cubic feet'; 'There are over 500 varieties of spiders in Great Britain'; 'London firemen use 14,000,000 gallons of water annually', etc., etc.) There is a marked advance in intellectual curiosity and, on the whole, in the demand made on the reader's attention.

The other thing that has emerged in the post-war boys' papers, though not to anything like the extent one would expect, is bully-worship and the cult of violence. If one compares the *Gem* and *Magnet* with a genuinely modern paper, the thing that immediately strikes one is the absence of the leader-principle. There is no central dominating character; instead there are fifteen or twenty characters, all more or less on an equality, with whom readers of different types can identify. In the more modern papers this is not usually the case. Instead of identifying with a schoolboy of more or less his own age, the reader of the *Skipper*, *Hotspur*, etc., is led to identify with a G-man, with a Foreign Legionary, with some variant of Tarzan, with an air ace, a master spy, an explorer, a pugilist—at any rate with some single all-powerful character who dominates everyone about him and whose usual method of solving any problem is a sock on the jaw. This character is intended as a superman, and as physical strength is the form of power that boys can best understand, he is usually a sort of human gorilla; in the Tarzan type of story he is sometimes actually a giant, eight or ten feet high. At the same time the scenes of violence in nearly all these stories are remarkably harmless and unconvincing. There is a great difference in tone between even the most bloodthirsty English paper and the threepenny Yank Mags, *Fight Stories*, *Action Stories*, etc. (not strictly boys' papers, but largely read by boys). In the Yank Mags you get real blood-lust.

What do you think an 'anarchist' is?			
People who are easily afraid.	Haters of reading	Lovers of reading	People who fight against authority.

The word 'pugilist' is an old-fashioned word for what type of sportsperson?			
Basketballer	Cricketer	Rugby player	Boxer

In the context used here, what kind of words are 'sock' and "Yank"?			
Caesuras	Clichés	Colloquialisms	Connotation

Do you think the views expressed by this writer are still relevant today? Explain your answer.

To Fenchurch Street, and went down by rail to North

Woolwich, a place new to me. I went into the 'Royal Gardens'; a dreary place of the Cremorne kind; with pleasant trees, however, and a terrace looking on the river. In a large hall or ballroom in the grounds, a farce, a concert, a ballet, went on successively, in broad daylight; the audience, some 200 respectable looking artisan folk, men, wives and damsels. Then the hall was cleared, everyone standing around it; a couple of the new two wheeled velocipedes were

brought in; and the 'French Female Velocipedists' appeared: two girls of 18 or 20, one of them very pretty, and both wellmade and graceful. They were drest as men; in jockey caps, and satin jackets and short breeches ending above the knee, and long stockings, and midleg boots. Thus clad, they stepped forth unabashed into the midst, and mounted their bicycles'; each girl throwing her leg over and sitting astride on the saddle. And then they started, amidst cheers; pursuing one another round and round the hall, curving in and out, sometimes rising in their stirrups (so to speak) as if trotting, sometimes throwing one leg or both legs up while at full speed: and after riding so, with the skill and vigour of young men, for a quarter of an hour, these girls halted and dismounted, and made their bow amidst thunders of applause. 'They're fine made girls,' said a respectable matron near me: and the man who had charge of their steeds observed 'They've got some English velocipede-girls at Cremorne, as rides astride like these here; but lor, they [can't] hold a candle to these two!' It seems that the fair cavaliers are circus-riders from the Paris Hippodrome, not unused, therefore, to bestriding a horse; and that they belong to a party of six female velocipedists who have been

performing there. Before they rode, today, I had seen them in the garden, quietly drest in women's garb, walking to and fro: and in fine weather, they exhibit in the open air as well as in the hall. There was nothing indecent in the performance, or in the girls' behaviour; if once you grant that a woman may, like a man, wear breeches and sit astride in public...

What do you think 'artisans' are?			
Uninterested people	Skilled workers	Actors	Artists

What do you think 'unabashed' means?			
With great skill	Without embarrassment	Aggressively	Shyly

Throughout this journal, the writer gives his opinion on female cyclists. Select 4 quotations from the journal that best show his opinion and fill the table put below.

The writer's opinion is....	Quote	Effect of language choice.

A band came up the pavement through Old Steyne, a blind band playing drums and trumpets, walking in the gutter, feeling the kerb with the edge of their shoes, in Indian file. You heard the music a long way off, persisting through the rumble of the crowd, the shots of exhaust pipes, and the grinding of the buses starting uphill for the racecourse. It rang out with spirit, marched like a regiment, and you raised your eyes in expectation of the tiger skin and the twirling drumsticks and saw the pale blind eyes, like those of pit ponies, going by along the gutter.

In the public school grounds above the sea the girls trooped solemnly out to hockey: stout goal-keepers padded like armadillos; captains discussing tactics with their lieutenants; junior girls running amok in the bright day. Beyond the aristocratic turf, through the wroughtiron main gates they could see the plebeian procession, those whom the buses wouldn't hold, plodding up the down, kicking up the dust, eating buns out of bags. The buses took the long way round through Kemp Town, but up the steep hill came the crammed taxicabs — a seat for anyone at ninepence a time --- a Packard for the members' enclosure, old Morrisises, strange high cars with family parties, keeping the road after twenty years. It was as if the whole road moved upwards like an Underground staircase in the dusty sunlight, a creaking, shouting, jostling crowd of cars moving with it. The junior girls took to their heels like ponies racing on the turf, feeling the excitement going on outside, as if this were a day on which life for many people reached a kind of climax. The odds on Black Boy had shortened, nothing could ever make life quite the same after that rash bet of a fiver on Merry Monarch. A scarlet racing model, a tiny rakish car which carried about it the atmosphere of innumerable roadhouses, of totsies gathered round swimming pools, of furtive encounters in by-lanes off the Great North Road, wormed through the traffic with incredible dexterity. The sun caught it: it winked as far as the dining-hall windows of the girls' school. It was crammed tight: a woman sat on a man's knee, and another man clung on the running board as it swayed and hooted and cut in and out uphill towards the downs. The woman was singing, her voice faint and disjointed through the horns, something traditional about brides and bouquets, something which went with Guinness and oysters and the old Leicester Lounge, something out of place in the little bright racing car. Upon the top of the down the words blew back along the dusty road to meet an ancient Morris rocking and receding in their wake at forty miles an hour, with flapping hood, bent fender and discoloured windscreen.

The word 'plebeian' means 'of or belonging to the common people'. What word below best describes the writer's tone in his used of this word?

Aggressive	Supportive	Formal	Condescending
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What do you think the word 'rakish' means?

Handsome	Rubbish	Quick	Foreign
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The phrase "the atmosphere of innumerable roadhouses, of totsies gathered round swimming pools' using a number colloquial language. What word is colloquial in that quotation?

Innumerable	Atmosphere	Totsies	Roadhouses
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Which sentence best matches your understanding of quotation "the atmosphere of innumerable roadhouses, of totsies gathered round swimming pools'?

the atmosphere of carefree pubs, of women gathered round swimming pools'	the atmosphere of many pubs, of women gathered round swimming pools'	the atmosphere of many songs, of meals gathered round swimming pools	the atmosphere of many meals, of farewells gathered round swimming pools
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What do you think the word 'downs' means?

Island	Ice Shelf	Hill	Valley
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What can you assume 'Packards' and Morrisses' are?

Types of buses	Types of houses	Types of cars	Types of restaurant
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All of the following words have multiple definitions, some of which are used today and some of which were used in the past, but which one best suit the way it has been used in the extract?

Regiment			
Governmental rule	To organise	To direct	A military unit

Stout			
A type of ale	Strong	Forceful	Fat

Jostling			
Contending	Colliding	Pushing and shoving	Existing close together

Climax

To reach an end	The point of highest tension	The highest point	The strongest point
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Dexterity			
Grace	Readiness	Speed of thought	Prosperity

Bouquets			
Fragrances	Collections of songs	Bunch of flowers	Compliment

Throughout this text the writer creates a sense of things being busy and in motion. Pick a quote that best shows this and explain how language has been used to create that effect?

This week, in my quest to consume as much advice and online content to do with journalism careers as possible, I came across a particularly helpful resource from the Career Talk podcast archives. In "[new roles in journalism and how to get them](#)" the Guardian's local launch editor Sarah Hartley makes some useful points about looking into the many new careers that are developing within the media and online journalism.

One point that really stuck out for me was the importance of having an online presence. And Sarah isn't the only one encouraging us to market ourselves online. During my searches I stumbled upon a great resource by the job seeking blog, [Applicant](#), who has compiled a list of five compelling reasons why a blog is a must for job seekers.

So, all this got me thinking about my own online presence and — ashamed as I am to admit it — I Googled myself. Sure enough the first thing that came up was my Facebook page, making it known to all potential employers that I'm a fan of Glee; not quite the hard hitting journalism profile I was hoping for. What I really need is a blog. While it's true that anyone can set up a blog, for a journalist a blog can demonstrate a number of things that you will no doubt want editors to see; an ability to write; the motivation to write regularly and an ability to upload content, to name a few.

Given this rave review of the blogosphere, you might think it strange that I don't have a URL of my very own. The truth is I've always been worried I'd come across as self-indulgent and although some bloggers have attracted huge audiences writing about their working lives or fashion sense, the idea that putting an editorial spin on my daily routine might actually attract readers astounds me. But with my online presence as it stands, offers of paid work aren't exactly rolling in.

And so, after years of flat out refusal to enter the blogosphere, I resigned myself to the fact that I probably needed one — if for no other reason than to redeem myself for my enjoyment of Glee. After browsing the editorial treat that is the worldwide blogroll, I developed some serious blog envy. Some of my favourites include [The Satorialist](#), [New Dress a Day](#) and [The Sasa Report](#). But having a global following is a long way off. First I needed a name. After too much time spent thinking up bad puns, the answer was on my laptop; [Dell Tales](#) — tales from the Dell on which I write (corny yet catchy?) Designing the layout was a little trickier. As I don't really know my widgets from my type kits, I decided the simplest thing to do was to rob the theme from my boyfriend's music blog. So one 'Bueno' later, I was away. But on a more serious note, it has also got me thinking about the kinds of opportunities that are available within the world of online journalism. When asked, I've always professed a desire to work in print media — reeling off the kind of generic list of big consumer titles that must make careers advisers groan. But I

realize that with more content appearing online all the time and a public who are increasingly less willing to pay for what they read, there's an expanding pool of online opportunities and of new young journalists treading these waters. A fantastic new resource that I stumbled upon is the [Online Journalism Blog](#) and among the many useful articles and tips, are profiles of new, young journalists who are succeeding online.

I've also found both as a reader and a writer, that online journalism provides a more interactive experience; that you can instantly comment on something you've read changes the dynamic of the traditional journalist-reader relationship. I discovered this for myself this week as I contributed to the debate on the [people's panel](#) of the Guardian Comment Is Free section. The topic in question was vocational education; within minutes of the page going live, it had been hit with over twenty comments and the opportunity for contributors to respond to these comments created a live debate.

And so having had a small taste of the world of online journalism, I've been searching out new websites and online publications to pitch to. This week I've been pestering ethical websites and online eco- magazines. With six months experience on an ethical lifestyle title and a number of ethically focused articles in my portfolio, this seems like a good place to start developing my niche. Having sussed out which ones would be willing to accept new contributors, I combed their pages for content, looked for gaps which I could attempt to fill and after a great deal of re-drafting, sent off my pitches. While I have little trouble coming up with new ideas, the difficult part seems to be getting the attention of editors. But that was pre-blog. Now I've a shiny new online presence to dazzle them with.

What do you think 'generic' means?			
Nationwide	Predictable	Complete	General

Which of these definitions of the word 'dynamic' best suits it's use in this extract?			
Continuously changing	Having a lot of ideas	The way that people relate to each other.	Relating to forces of movement.

200 word challenge: In the near future all newspapers will have stopped printing and will be solely online.

Introduce your blog post arguing your point of view on this statement.

To excel you will need to consider that you are writing a blog post on blogging – this may slightly change the way you share your opinion.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING used to be ascribed to the angry behaviour of gods (the more powerful and important god in a pantheon, Zeus of the Greeks, Thor of the Norsemen, Thunor of the Anglo-Saxons and Germans), who viciously wielded their thunderbolts, i.e. the burning, splitting, stunning and slaying effects of flashes to earth. It was not an unreasonable explanation when no one knew of electricity or could understand that the thundercloud itself is the electric generator. The flash of forked lightning zigzags to earth from a cloudbase some 3,000 to 5,000 feet up, the cloud carrying a negative charge in its lower parts (and a positive charge in the upper parts). Sheet-lightning is caused differently, by short-circuiting flashes in the cloud itself. Thunder reverberates from the sudden expansion of air heated along the path of the flash. It can seldom be heard for a distance of more than seven miles; and you can tell, if not infallibly, how far you are from the discharges in a storm by timing the interval between flash and crack, the noise taking five seconds to travel a mile.

As for danger, the worst way of attracting this malignancy of Zeus or Thunor (who have a particular enmity towards golfers) is to be isolated out of doors, on bare hills (hollows and valleys are safer), under a tree which stands by itself (better to shelter in a copse), alongside a wire fence, or in an isolated hut, barn or cartshed. For more than 2,000 years it was believed you could avert lightning or thunderbolt by planting house-leek on the roof the house-leek having been the sacred plant of the Roman thunder-god Jupiter and of the German Thunor. On English thatched houses the house-leek was grown on a clay ridging.

The word 'pantheon' means a group of Gods. Which explanation of its etymology do you think is correct?			
Pan = Away	Pan = All	Pan = Around	Pan = All
Theos = Ground	Theos = God	Theos = Sky	Theos = Sky

What do you think 'reverberates' means?			
To say something again	To rethink your decision	To echo	To regrow

Which of these is the most likely root word for the word 'enmity'?			
End	Endurance	Energetically	Enemy

What do you think 'infallibly' means?			
According to some people	Without ever making mistakes	Incorrectly	Scientifically

Using your answer to the previous question, what statement is closest to the writer's viewpoint?		
You can never judge how far away a storm is with this method.	You can always judge how far away a storm is with this method.	You can sometimes judge how far away a storm is with this method.

Which of these is the BEST synonym for 'malignancy'?			
Slander	Maliciousness	Idling	Flexibility

What are "burning, splitting, stunning and slaying" examples of?			
Dynamic verbs	Modal verbs	Auxiliary verbs	Linking verbs

What are 'flash and crack' examples of?			
Onomatopoeia	Simile	Alliteration	Nouns

What do you think 'ascribed to' means?			
Blamed on	Laughed about as	Described by	Written by

Zeus, Thor and Thunor are figures from...			
Marvel	Psychology	Mythology	Palaeontology

What is the BEST synonym for 'seldom'?			
Never	Sometimes	Always	Rarely

Despite this being an extract from a guidebook, the writer has managed to put some informal phrases in the extract. Pick a section that you consider to be informal and explain how the use of language has created that effect.

Fill the table out below finding a quotation for each of the suggested purposes and explaining how language has been used.

Purpose	Quotation	How language has been used
To advise		
To instruct		
To describe		
To persuade		

Why are men turning to personal shoppers?

Need help navigating the menswear minefield? Luke Leitch meets the man whose Selfridges' personal shopping service is becoming increasingly popular.

Not long ago, a chap in town from the Middle East spent more than £1 million on clothes (and a watch or two) for himself during a single shopping trip to Selfridges. Or at least that's what I've heard. Asked if that's true, Joe Ottaway will neither confirm nor deny: he merely smiles apologetically from beneath his impressive beard. Discretion, not depilation, is his watchword.

If anyone would know though, it's Ottaway, the stylist in charge of Selfridges's personal shopping service for men. Even though the recommended minimum spend for customers who want Ottaway or one of his three colleagues to guide them through the department store's rails is £2,000, the service has proved extremely popular since launching a few years ago. So popular, in fact, that Selfridges recruited the architect Alex Cochrane to design a just-opened private lounge for high-rolling male shoppers to prepare themselves for the browsing ahead.

According to Ottaway, the role of personal shopper is akin to that of a sommelier: "When a guy comes in you have to combine your intuition with your experience and knowledge. We find out everything we can about his tastes, lifestyle, and body-shape. You never know where a man's tastes are going to lead him."

The whole of Selfridge's block-wide first floor is dedicated to masculine clothes and includes the largest men's shoe department in the world. Looking at it all — let alone trying it all on — would take at least several days.

My 30-minute pretend-shop with Ottaway, however, provides a near-perfect precis of the best new-season menswear — everything from the conventionality of houses like Armani, Tom Ford, Burberry and Zegna through to the radical propositions of edgier designers like Maison Martin Margiela, Sacai and Dries Van Noten.

Rather shamefully — as this is supposed to be my job — I learn about several great new labels I've never heard of before.

Ottaway might be frustratingly discreet — apart from letting slip about an heir to a throne who wears only Tiger Of Sweden — but he is comfortable spilling the broader beans on the type of men who use him as their shopping sommelier. He says the four main categories are English City types ("aged about 35 to 55"), footballers and loaded visitors from the Middle East and Asia — and their tastes vary dramatically.

Middle Eastern visitors

"One of the key periods for these shoppers, Eid, is coming up. We pull out all the stops for these guys because they might come in only once or twice a year. They are into labels like Givenchy, Louis Vuitton, Balenciaga and Moncler and their tastes are often shaped by what they see

R&B and hip-hop stars wearing — it's the Kanye factor!"

Chinese visitors

"Young Chinese guys now make up a huge part of our tax-free shopping, and their tastes are very directional.

They are especially keen on accessories: bags and shoes. Their favourite brands tend to be Dior Homme, Prada and Louis Vuitton. Shoe-wise they also love Zanotti as well as Christian Louboutin, Balenciaga and Givenchy."

City types

"These guys practically live in their offices — in fact this afternoon I'm heading to the City to help a client choose some clothes because he doesn't have the time to come in. A lot of them might be quite sheltered, tastewise. They will know about Richard James and Zegna Zegna practically sells itself but once we broaden their horizons they might become just as excited about Ralph Lauren Purple Label, Brunello Cucinelli, Brioni and Faconnable. "

Footballers

"Footballers are a very self-contained group — they are influenced by each other's tastes. We now do an annual pop-up shop at the training ground of one London premiership club and they love it. They are especially interested in cutting-edge streetwear and extreme embellished trainers like these Zanottis."

A 'sommelier' is a wine waiter and the word 'precis' means summary. Why do you think the writer used these more formal words rather than the more easily understandable ones?

What do you think "their tastes are very directional" means?			
Confusing	They know what they want.	They don't know what they want.	Crazy

How can you tell that this article is for people who already have an interest in fashion?

Pick a quote that suggests that the reader already needs to know about fashion and analyse how the language has created that effect.

Sir,

Few strangers leave town without paying a visit to the Tower, and every one must be struck with the incivility and want of accommodation therein. Upon entering the gates this afternoon I found some hundreds of persons, male and female, huddled together, striving to obtain tickets from a window under a portico where no two persons can pass abreast, and the scene there reminded me of what might be expected at the gallery entrance of a theatre on boxing night. After waiting just one hour we obtained our tickets and were ordered into what is called the ante or refreshment room. This room is about 12ft. by 18ft., with a counter containing ginger pop, buns, etc., immediately behind which are two waterclosets (I understand recently erected). I will not attempt to describe the stench one had to contend with, the place being completely crammed with persons waiting their turns or numbers to be called, but merely add that this room seems to be the resort of pickpockets, two ladies having been eased of their purses, containing some pounds, during the half hour I was present therein.

The management, or rather the mismanagement, of this fortress devolves upon the Board of Ordnance, and is really a disgrace to them, and such as no public company would dare to offer. Surely, with the many thousands of pounds annually spent upon this place, a room might be erected, in the interior of the fortress fit for respectable people to enter, instead of a tarpauling covered shed, formerly the receptacle of coals, etc.

As this will probably meet the eyes of the officials, I will just observe that it would be as well if the 'wardens' were taught a little civility. They appear under no control, and quarrel among themselves, in language not the most refined. I do not see the use of these gentlemen, as most of the figures, etc., are ticketed. I think their services might be dispensed with, at any rate, as far as the public are concerned. The Tower has also a police force within its walls, but it appears of no use to the visitors, as robberies committed this afternoon took place within two yards of one of them, who, when appealed to, replied that he was not aware of the presence of the swell mob. Did this worthy expect notice to that effect?

Asking your pardon for troubling you at such length and advising visitors to the Tower to take care of their pockets,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

A COUNTRY VISITOR

What does 'incivility' mean?			
Welcoming nature	Lack of freedom	Rude behaviour	Luxury

What modern word do you think we use instead of the word 'portico'?			
Roof	Porch	Larder	Stairs

What modern word do you think we use instead of the word 'waterclosets'?			
Washing machine	Pipe	Bathroom	Kitchen

What do you think the phrase 'swell mob' means?			
Well-dressed thieves	Well-dressed movers	Large movers	Large police officers.

What do you think 'pop' is?			
A rude name for an insignificant person	A fizzy drink	A type of sweet	A type of biscuit.

What do you think “stench” means?			
Crush	Smell	Pain	Heat

Which of these sentences best summarises the phrase “The management, or rather the mismanagement, of this fortress devolves upon the Board of Ordnance, and is really a disgrace to them”			
The tower is run by the Board or Ordnance and they should be ashamed.	The Board of Ordnance were made to run the tower even though they didn’t want to.	It is a shame that the Board of Ordnance don’t run the tower.	The Board of Ordnance are proud of the way they run the tower.

Which of these sentences best summarises the phrase “that it would be as well if the 'wardens' were taught a little civility”			
It would be a good idea if the people that work there were taught to be more polite.	It would be a good idea if the wardens could teach the people who work at the tower how to behave.	It would be better if the people that worked there were better able to deal with rude visitors.	It would be better if more money was spent on the tower.

Which of these sentences best summarises the phrase “prepared his exit from the stage’ and addressed letters to posterity”?			
Prepared to give up his life and wrote letters to be read in the future	Prepared to try and win the race on his own and wrote letters to his friends	Prepared to give up his life and wrote letters to his friends.	Prepared to try and get home and wrote letters to his friends.

Which of these sentences best summarises the phrase “I think their services might be dispensed with, at any rate, as far as the public are concerned”?			
Even though it might affect the public, the people who work there should be sacked.	They should ask the public if they think the people who work there should be sacked.	The people who work there should not be sacked.	It would not affect the public if the people who work there should be sacked.

Which of these sentences best summarises the phrase “Did this worthy expect notice to that effect?”?			
Did the policeman expect a warning about the crime?	Did the thieves not care about the crime?	Did the thieves expect warning of the policeman?	Did the policeman not care about the tower?

Which of these sentences best summarises the phrase “a room might be erected, in the interior of the fortress fit for respectable people to enter?”?			
A room might be found outside the tower for polite people to enter.	A room might be built outside the tower for polite people to enter	A room might be built outside the tower for richer people to enter	A room might be built inside the tower for richer people to enter

Which of these sentences best summarises the phrase “They appear under no control, and quarrel among themselves, in language not the most refined.”?			
They appear under no control and argue with one another using rude language.	They appear under no control and fight with visitors using rude language.	They appear under no control and fight with visitors using irreligious language.	They appear under no control and argue with visitors using irreligious language.

Vineland, New Jersey,
Dec. 20, 1871.

Mr. Darwin:

Dear Sir,

Experimenting with *Papilio asterias*, Cramer, I learned to distinguish the sex in the larva state—the female being larger than the male—and this led me to try to control the sex.

My first experiments were a year ago last summer, some three or four hundred miles inland, where I had much better success than I had here last summer near the coast.

The larvae of my first experiment were of the first brood,² so that I only had to wait a few days for their final transformation. These larvae fed on two quite dissimilar Umbelliferous plants—the Poison Hemlock (*Conium maculatum*), and the Caraway of the gardens (*Carum Carni*). I could always distinguish the larvae that fed on the Poison Hemlock from those that fed on the Caraway; but with the butterflies there was little or no marked difference in their general appearance.

I noticed that the female larva fed longer than that of the male. So taking several larvae of the same age, I found some specimens were inclined to leave their food several days earlier than others, and these always proved to be males. It then occurred to me to try to induce some of these male larvae to feed longer; so, after they had wandered from their food, and even selected places for their transformations, (of course not *fixed*), if I disturbed them, made them leave their places, and coaxed them with a fresh supply of their favorite food, I could almost invariably induce them to eat from ten days to two weeks longer, when all such ones would be females— If it was a larva that fed on Caraway, I tempted it with the tenderest, and freshest leaves and flowers of the same plant. It was never hungry enough at that stage to be induced to change its food, though they will change in their earlier stages rather than starve, but evidently they do not like to change even then, and frequently fail to transform when their food is thus changed. They can be induced to change their food to the nearest allied species of plants with less difficulty—

On the other hand, when a larva had become the right size to produce a male, if I cut off its supply of food, even when it was eating greedily, it would wander about perhaps a little longer, as if in search of food, but finally it almost always changed to the chrysalis, and such a chrysalis always produced a male butterfly.

I do not know that my experiments can be of use to you, but I thought perhaps they might interest you. A life time of observation and experiments could not repay the debt of gratitude we owe you.

Yours most respectfully, | Mrs. Mary Treat.

What do you think 'larva' are?			
Insects in the first stage of its life.	Sound made by an insect	Hot molten rock erupted from a volcano	To do with the throat.

Which of these definitions of the word 'brood' suits it's use in this context?			
To sit upon eggs to hatch	Young animals that were hatched or born together	To warm, protect or cover with the wings.	To dwell on a subject

I want you to look at how the writer has structured her letter throughout this piece of writing. Look at each of the paragraphs in turn and fill the table in below.

Paragraph	What is the writer's focus?	What does she want the reader to understand?
The paragraph starting 'Experimenting with...'		
The paragraph starting 'My first experiments were...'		
The paragraph starting 'The larvae of my first...'		
The paragraph starting 'I noticed that the female...'		
The paragraph starting 'On the other hand, when a...'		
The paragraph starting 'I do not know that my...'		

Asteroids: between a rock and a hard place

There have been recent near misses – an explosion over Russia, a mysterious crater in Nicaragua. But what would we do in the event of an actual meteor strike?

If you've ever stopped to peer with suspicion at the sky, wondering how *that* would go, a mammoth piece of space rock on its way in to bring ruin, the last two years have not been especially restful. In February 2013, a large asteroid ripped over the Chelyabinsk district of Russia, trailing cartoonish lines of smoke as it made its shallow entry, radiating so much light and heat that onlookers were left with reddened faces. Skin peel. When the asteroid exploded, 15 miles up, there was a terrible, prolonged bang – a noise that has rung on, in its way, ever since.

We now know that the explosion over Chelyabinsk occurred with a force equal to 500 kilotons of TNT, or a couple of dozen Nagasaki bombs. Had it come down a little steeper that February, directing the might of its detonation at rather than over Chelyabinsk, the asteroid would have killed thousands on the ground. A little later, it might have done for many more in Moscow, or Riga, or Gothenburg. Though nobody died at Chelyabinsk, it was an event of such calamitous potential that the asteroid was classified by certain astronomers a "city-killer". Those astronomers have wondered, since, if we're not being a little complacent.

In November last year, having had months to chew on the data from Chelyabinsk, a Nasa scientist called Bill Cooke said the likely frequency of such meteor strikes was being re-evaluated. That month, a trio of studies published in the journals Nature and Science suggested impacts of Chelyabinsk's magnitude were between three and 10 times more likely to happen than previously supposed. The UN, in December, called for the creation of an international asteroid warning network. Come the new year, it took only hours for the first major rock of 2014 to arrive: a car-sized lump that burst apart over the Atlantic on 1 January.

To recap: asteroids are hunks of space rock that whisk around the solar system in orbits around the sun, colliding with anything that crosses their path. If they collide with Earth, we call them meteorites. Most are small and burn up in our atmosphere; some are big enough to matter, such as the Chelyabinsk rock, which was the size of a swimming pool, 20m from end to end. Though Nasa has for some time been tracking giant asteroids (those at least 1km wide), it has never seemed much concerned about lesser rocks – those capable only of scraping away a city, say.

At a press conference earlier this year, former Nasa astronaut Dr Edward Lu announced that there are around 1m asteroids in the Earth's vicinity "with the potential to destroy a major metropolitan area". He teed up an animated graphic to demonstrate how unprepared we are. The graphic showed the Earth in orbit among the dangerous asteroids we knew about and were tracking, around 10,000 of them. Seen like this, our planet looked like a pedestrian hustling along a busy street, not overly troubled. Then Lu changed the graphic to show "what it really looks like out there" – the Earth ploughing on through a million-strong field of city-killing asteroids. I saw the same pedestrian, now trying to make it across a train station concourse in the middle of rush hour, avoiding collisions purely by fluke. "Blind luck," as Lu put it.

This information, I thought, watching online, was appalling. Why wasn't it all over the nightly news? I can't be the only person who feels fidgety on the subject, having watched Deep Impact and Armageddon at an impressionable age. I watched some of the YouTube videos of the Chelyabinsk strike, dozens of them recorded on mobile phones, and found that though the images were shocking (people swept flat by the shock of the impact), it was the noise that was truly unbearable. The meteorite's *thoom* rang on for longer than made sense; it sounded unnatural, or maybe too natural. It seemed to contain an old message. Don't get comfy, Beijing. Look alive, London.

Despite the fact that this article is from a newspaper article, the writer has managed to get some of his own opinions.

Pick three quotations that suggest how the writer feels and explain how the use of language shows his opinion.

The writer feels...	The quote that shows this is...	The effect of this language is....

SOURCE A –

THE CHAMPION CUP AT FOOTBALL, The officers of the Royal Engineers and the celebrated Wanderers played their final contest for the Association Challenge Cup at the Surrey Cricket Club ground on Saturday afternoon. There was a vast number of spectators, including many ladies in the tent, and there were several open landaus on the ground. The ball was kicked off at three o'clock, and after a scrimmage the Wanderers got the ball down towards the Engineers, who had a downfall of their lines by a well-directed kick by E. Chequers. Many battles were fought with no other result, the Wanderers having it all their own

way from the commencement to the end. The Engineers worked hard, but could not alter the state of affairs. It was a perfectly one-sided match, the Wanderers taking it comparatively easy, only defending their goal, having obtained their object by coming into possession of the trophy. The Engineers could never get within many yards of their opponent's quarters. It would be needless to state any other particulars. [...] It is but fair to state that Alcock, Crawford, Hooman, Lubbock, R. W. Vidal, and C. Woolaston played in the first rate style of excellence for the Wanderers; and Captain Marindin, Lieutenant Renny-Tailyour, and others played well, but without success.

Source B

Manchester City win FA Cup to seal treble with 6-0 demolition of Watford

And then there were three. Or maybe even four, perhaps, if Pep Guardiola had his way and we counted the Community Shield as a major trophy, as they do in Spain with the *Supercopa*. Let's call it three, the first domestic treble by any men's team in history, and another thumping demonstration of how [Manchester City](#) have changed the landscape of English football.

They turned this final into such a cakewalk it was difficult, long before the end, not to sympathise with the latest team to feel the full force of Pep Guardiola's side. Guardiola had stopped celebrating the goals and, if anything, looked slightly awkward about the ordeal [Watford](#) were suffering. The only other time an FA Cup final has been won by this margin goes back to 1903 when Bury put six past Derby. City have played six ties in this season's competition and scored 26 goals, the most by any team since 1946. And it was the biggest margin of victory in any final at Wembley.

It was also no surprise, unfortunately for Watford, bearing in mind it was the fifth time in the last 15 months that City have taken possession of a major trophy. Domestically, their superiority is complete, courtesy of two goals from Sterling, another couple from Gabriel Jesus and one apiece for David Silva and Kevin De Bruyne. Though Sterling might be aggrieved not to have finished the day as the first player since Stan Mortensen in 1953 to score a hat-trick in the final. City's second goal was initially given to him before the FA announced after the game that it was being credited to Jesus instead, by a matter of millimetres.

The first source is the entirety of a newspaper article reporting the first FA Cup final. The second source is the first three paragraphs of a much longer report of the 2019 FA Cup Final.

In the table below find three ways that Source A is different to a modern newspaper report on a football game. Find a quotation from either source to prove your point.

Difference	Quotation

Writing challenge: Rewrite the older article in a more modern style. Take the facts and information from Source A and the style of Source B to create a hybrid report.

Who should get credit for declining youth crime? Young people, of course

They are responsible for a record drop in the crime rate, so we should stop demonising them

Some teenagers tried to rob me the other evening. I was walking my dog on an isolated stretch of the Manchester Cycleway between the run-down neighbourhoods of Gorton and Levenshulme around dusk.

A gang of about half a dozen boys and girls, aged around 15 and sporting urban uniform tracksuit bottoms and hoodies came towards me.

They took one look at my dog, crouched down, and said something approximating: "Oo look atchoo! What a gorgeous liddle puppy wuppy, yesh you are. I'm going to steal you and take you home with me. Come on, come with me doggie..."

They then danced off in the opposite direction, with my pliant little mutt skipping merrily after them. I let them escape a few yards before calling him to me. As he obediently galloped back, the young bandits gave some melodramatic wails, 'No! Come back!' then we all laughed, waved, and went our separate ways.

Not exactly Eden Lake, I know. Nonetheless, this little non-event illustrates a stark but seldom-noted truth about our young people. They are remarkably law-abiding.

The latest statistics from the Ministry of Justice show that the number of people involved with the criminal justice system is at the lowest level since records began in 1970, and the drop is very largely driven by young people.

In 2007 there were 126,500 prosecutions of juveniles, in 2013 there were 48,000. Young people accounted for only 3% of defendants prosecuted in 2013 compared to 7% in 2007.

Over a period of time when the policy of has been to use more and longer custodial sentences, the number of young people in custody has dropped from around 3,000 in 2007/8 to an average of 1,233 last year.

The stubborn remnants of the hell-in-a-handcart brigade will doubtless attribute this to police fiddling their figures, or insist that nobody reports crimes to the police any more.

I hate to splash sunshine on their cherished pessimism, but we see the exact same trends coming through from victim surveys, and from independent sources such as A&E admissions resulting from violent crimes. Some of the crimes which are hardest to sweep under the carpet, such as homicides and firearms offences, have shown some of the largest drops.

The Manchester Cycleway itself offers a vivid example of change. A seven mile stretch of converted railway line, flanked by banks of nettles and far from the reach of police patrols or the panopticon gaze of CCTV.

It is the natural habitat of inner city youth, and you do still see them hanging out beneath the countless bridges. There are those who are swigging cider or rolling wobbly spliffs, but their numbers too are on the decline.

The graffiti in the underpasses has mostly been there for years with nothing added or changed. Twenty, even ten years ago I would not

have dared venture there alone and on foot, for fear of the young muggers and gun-toting gangs that once made south Manchester notorious. Today it feels safe, even as night falls.

Of course it is not a utopia. In this city and every other there remain some dangerous individuals and criminal gangs. My dog and I have occasionally had to make a tactical change of route when we sense an air of hostility around the park benches or the underpasses.

Local or national headlines occasionally present us with horrific reminders of humanity's darker side, notably the recent savage killing of teacher Ann Maguire.

There are doubtless some parts of the country where the improvements to our safety lag far behind the rest. Such exceptions should not leave us blinkered to the rule.

Explanations for the dramatic change in the social landscape of Britain remain hotly debated. There are theories on the table ranging from environmental lead pollution to more effective policing and crime prevention technology, or the acceptability of physical punishment and our growing sensitivity to child abuse.

Others suggest that delinquent criminality has not gone away, but has reinvented itself in less visible incarnations. The truth is most probably a combination of all of the above. However the most obvious and simple solution may be the most significant.

It has long been said that the devil makes work for idle hands, and a lot of juvenile delinquency has always been a product of boredom. It may simply be the case that when young people have a choice of smartphone, tablet and games console in front of them, they feel less need to smash up a bus shelter.

It's true, but having said that, this explanation still seems a trifle churlish. As a society we have few hesitations in laying the blame on

our young people when things go badly. But we should be equally quick to offer applause when things go right.

The inescapable truth is that young people today are less criminal, less violent, less dangerous than at any time in recent memory, and credit for that goes not to Sony, Apple or Microsoft, but to young people themselves.

What does 'pliant' mean?			
Easily influenced	Innocent	Poorly	Tiny
What does 'panopticon' mean?			
Robotic	Recorded	All-seeing	Thankful

What does 'churlish' mean?			
Rude	Noble	Aggressive	Bias

Find a section of this writing that you would describe as informal. Explain how the language use is informal.

Find a section of this writing that you would describe as formal. Explain how the language use is formal.

Whilst thus occupied with our front, we suddenly became sensible of a most destructive flanking fire from a battery which had come, the Lord knows how, and established itself on a knoll somewhat higher than the ground we stood on, and only about 400 or 500 yards a little in advance of our left flank. The rapidity and precision of this fire were quite appalling. Every shot almost took effect, and I certainly expected we should all be annihilated. Our horses and limbers being a little retired down the slope, had hitherto been somewhat under cover from the direct fire in front: but this plunged right among them, knocking them down by pairs, and creating horrible confusion. The drivers could hardly extricate themselves from one dead horse ere another fell, or perhaps themselves. The saddlebags, in many instances, were torn from the horses' backs, and their contents scattered over the field. One shell I saw explode under the two finest wheel-horses in the troop— down they dropped. In some instances the horses of a gun or ammunition-waggon remained, and all their drivers were killed.

The whole livelong day had cost us nothing like this. Our gunners too—the few left fit for duty of them— were so exhausted that they were unable to run the guns up after firing, consequently at every round they retreated nearer to the limbers; and as we had pointed our two left guns towards the people who were annoying us so terribly, they soon came altogether in a confused heap, the trails crossing each other, and the whole dangerously near the limbers and ammunition waggons, some of which were totally unhorsed, and others in sad confusion from the loss of their drivers and horses, many of them lying dead in their harness attached to their carriages. I sighed for my poor troop— it was already but a wreck.

I had dismounted, and was assisting at one of the guns to encourage my poor exhausted men, when through the smoke a black speck caught my eye, and I instantly knew what it was. The conviction that one never sees a shot coming towards you unless directly in its line flashed across my mind, together with the certainty that my doom was sealed. I had barely time to exclaim 'Here it is, then!'—much in that gasping sort of way one does when going into very cold water takes away the breath—'whush' it went past my face, striking the point of my pelisse collar, which was lying open, and smash into a horse close behind me. I breathed freely again.

Under such a fire, one may be said to have had a thousand narrow escapes: and, in good truth, I frequently experienced that displacement of air against my face, caused by the passing of shot close to me; but the two above recorded, and a third, which I shall mention, were remarkable ones, and made me feel in full force the goodness of Him who protected me among so many dangers. While in position on the right of the second line, I had reproved some of my men for lying down when shells fell near them until they burst. Now my turn came. A shell, with a long fuse, came slop into the mud at my feet, and there lay fizzing and flaring, to my infinite discomfiture. After what I had said on the subject, I felt that I must act up to my own words, and, accordingly, there I stood, endeavouring to look quite composed until the cursed thing burst and—and, strange to say, without injuring me, through so near. The effect on my men was good.

Which of these definitions of the word 'sensible' best suits it's use in this extract?

Practical and suitable	Aware of	Not exciting	Acting out of good judgement.
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The word 'battery' has a number of definitions.

In this extract it means 'a number of large guns operating together.'

Another definition of the word battery is 'producing a large number of eggs by keeping a lot of chickens in rows of small cages.'

What do these two definitions have in common?

To do with death	To do with power	To do with amount	To do with electricity
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What geographical feature do you think a knoll is?			
A mountain	The horizon	A river	A hill

What is suggested by the word 'annihilation'?			
The speed that they would die.	The shame associated with their death	The anonymous nature of their death.	The complete destruction they would suffer.

What is suggested by the word 'livelong'?			
That the writer is old	That no one is going to die anymore	That it was exciting	How long the day was.

What do you think the word 'extricate' means?			
Very detailed	Very noticeable	A key part of something	To free someone or something

"Ere" is an old-fashioned word for?			
Before	Have	It was	It is

What do you think the word 'discomfiture' means?			
Feeling of being alone	Feeling of unease	Feeling of extreme sadness.	Feeling of something stopping suddenly

The writer creates an intense feeling of how bad the battle was. Pick a quotation that best shows this and explain how the language used creates that effect.

200 word challenge: There is not much descriptive language in here. Select one key image and describe it in great detail.

Gender-specific books demean all our children. So the Independent on Sunday will no longer review anything marketed to exclude either sex

A good read is just that. Ask any child, regardless of gender, says IoS 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 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 Jeremy Clarkson 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.

Select 4 quotations from this article that create a powerful effect on the reader and fill out the table below.

Technique	Quote	Effect of language choice.

Invitations should be issued at least three weeks before the time appointed. The usual form of invitation-card is best, with "dancing" in the corner. Of course, a reply to such invitations should be sent without delay. If a large company be expected, the room selected for dancing in should be cleared of every article of furniture likely to impede the movements of the dancers. Bare boards are no longer in favour, however smooth the flooring may be. Neither should people be expected to dance on a carpet. Although clean, unless a carpet be quite new, dust and, consequently, liability to soil dresses are unavoidable. The right plan is to have a linen drugget or glazed holland strained over the ordinary carpet. This effectually keeps the dust from rising, and ensures a smooth agreeable surface for the dancers. The hearth-rug and fender should be removed, and the fire-place, except in winter, filled with evergreens and flowers.

THE next most important arrangement is to provide plenty of light. The ordinary chandeliers and lamps of a household are seldom sufficient for occasions of this kind and require to be supplemented by hired candelabra or temporary fittings. The ball-room should be furnished with "rout seats," or forms made of cane-work. These take up little space, and are not liable to be displaced to the inconvenience of the company. There are, in almost all large towns, furnishers of requisites for the ball room and to these warehouses it is better to apply when the giving of a ball is of unusual occurrence.

Good music is indispensable to the success of a ball. The pianoforte is not sufficient. A cornet is a valuable addition, and for most private rooms is enough. The harp is sometimes preferred, but the latter instrument possesses the disadvantage of taking up a great deal of room. If several musicians be engaged, they should be placed in some room or gallery adjoining the ball-room.

A cloak-room should be arranged for ladies to unwrap in. Numbered tickets should be provided, and pinned on each lady's wrappers, and a

corresponding ticket given to the owner. Gentlemen leave their hats and coats with the servant in the hall, unless an apartment be especially appropriated to their use. Gentlemen who wear opera-hats, however, frequently carry their hats with them the entire evening, thus avoiding the delay of getting them when leaving. It is very questionable whether gentlemen who do not dance should be present at all. They are certainly out of place lounging round the entrances of the room, or standing in the way of the dancers.

Strangers, when they meet at a private house, are not supposed to dance with each other without an introduction. If a gentleman should omit to seek this advantage, he should not feel surprised that a lady refuses his offer and accepts another from a more eligible partner. The ceremony of a ball-room introduction is a very slight matter. If a gentleman sees a lady with whom he would like to dance, he has only to go to any member of the family, or person that represents the host, and ask him to present him to the lady, for the form to be complied with. The introduction need not hold good for recognition afterwards unless the lady be so disposed.

Promenading in a private room after a dance is not now in fashion. On the termination of a dance the gentleman should offer his left arm to his partner, and conduct her to her seat near her chaperon. He should then make his bow and retire.

Cards, with the list of dances inscribed, are generally supplied for making engagements at balls. Once made, an engagement should not on any account be broken. If such should unavoidably be the case, the lady or gentleman whose fault it may be should not dance during the dance in question. If, for instance, two partners should claim one lady for the same quadrille or valse, the lady, having inadvertently engaged herself to both, should decline dancing with either, but should set the gentlemen free to choose other partners.

The last dance before supper is one of great interest to partners, as the gentleman escorts the lady with whom he then dances to supper.

The dress worn by young ladies at a ball should be of a light and gauzy kind, and of a length of skirt that enables the wearer to thread her way without impediment to herself and other dancers. Trains are quite out of place in a ball-room, and even if carried over the arm, are simply an encumbrance. Gentlemen wear the ordinary black suit that constitutes full evening dress, with very open waistcoat, white necktie, and light lavender or white kid gloves. A button-hole bouquet of choice flowers is now-a-days very general.

After a ball, guests call at the house of the host and hostess and leave cards, or pay a personal visit, within two or three days at the latest.

What are the pianoforte and the cornet examples of?			
Food	Drink	Dances	Musical Instruments.

What are the quadrille and the valse examples of?			
Dance	Person	Animal	Musical Instruments

The writer thinks music is important.	
True	False

Which of these definitions of the word 'soil' fits how it is used in the manual?			
The surface of the Earth	An opportunity for personal growth	To get dirty	A country.

What does 'effectually' mean?

Attractively

Definitely

Successfully

Cheaply

What does the word 'appropriated' mean?

Thought of

**Use for a
specific
purpose**

Used without
permission

Hidden away

What does 'complied with' mean?

Debated

Obedied

Responded to

Filled out

Promenading describes a way of walking. What word do you think best describes the style of walking?

Awkwardly

Closely

Stiffly

Leisurely

What is a 'chaperon'?

A husband

A best friend

**Someone who
supervises
young ladies
in public**

A father

What is the definition of 'impediment'?

Rudeness

Noticing

Obstruction

Humour

What is the definition of ‘encumbrance’?			
Old-fashioned	Inconvenience	Embarrassment	Heavy

The first clause of the quotation: “Of course, a reply to such invitations should be sent without delay” adds what feature to the quotation?		
Makes the writer sound judgemental.	Makes the tone of the text more formal.	Makes the message sound obvious.

What does the second clause of the quotation “Bare boards are no longer in favour, however smooth the flooring may be” add to the message the writer wants to get across?		
That it is up to the individual	That it depends how smooth the floor is.	That there is no excuse for using bare boards.

What word would best describe the purpose of the text?		
Convincing	Reporting	Recommendatory

What effect does the verb have in the quotation: “They are certainly out of place lounging round the entrances of the room.”?		
Highlights how rude they are being.	Highlights how lazy they are being.	Shows that they are getting in the way.

When do you think this piece of writing was produced? Give evidence for your beliefs. Give a quotation to back up your answer.		

Like millions of people, I love videogames. I also love books, music and chess. That's not unusual. For most of my generation, videogames are just part of the cultural furniture. In particular, videogames, among people all over the world, are a social pleasure. The after-hours PlayStation session is one of the joys of modern life.

Videogames are in one sense just another entertainment choice but compared to many, a much more interesting one. And yet there seems to be a fear that videogames are somehow nudging out other art forms, and that we're encouraging a generation of screen-glazed androids with no social skills, poetical sensitivity or entrepreneurial ambition. But new forms don't replace the old. Film did not replace theatre. The Internet did not replace the book. Videogames have been around for thirty years, and they're not going away.

When I was ten years old, my parents bought me a home computer. It was a ZX Spectrum, brainchild of the celebrated British inventor Sir Clive Sinclair (this was before he went on to create the savagely unsuccessful electric tricycle called the C5). The entire computer, which was a contemporary of the American Commodore Vic-20, was about half the size of a modern PC keyboard, and it plugged into a normal television. It was black, with little gray squidgy keys and a rainbow stripe over one corner. Tiny blocky characters would move around blocky landscapes lavishly painted in eight colors, while the black box beeped and burped. It was pure witchcraft. But the magic wasn't simply done to me; it was a spell I could dive into. I could swim happily in this world, at once mysterious and utterly logical, of insubstantial light.

Doubtless my parents imagined the Spectrum would be educational. In a way it was, for very soon I was an expert at setting exactly the right recording levels on hi-fi equipment to ensure a perfect copy of a hot new game. (In those days, videogames came on cassette, and I would swap copies and hints with my schoolfriends.) For many years, the myriad delights that videogames offered were a reliable evening escape, their names now a peculiarly evocative roll call of sepia-tinged pleasures: Jet Pac, Ant Attack, Manic Miner, Knight Lore, Way of the Exploding Fist, Dark Star . . . Then I decided, at the age of sixteen, to put away childish things. So I bought a guitar and formed a skate-punk heavy-metal band.

Extended writing challenge: Write a blog for your peers about a hobby that you have. Include some of the techniques used by this writer to make it sound genuine.

Lying luxuriously in my comfortable bed after a pleasant breakfast, with a sense of agreeable indifference to Press descriptions of the Allied Fleet in the Dardanelles and the more recent incidents of the new submarine blockade, I lazily opened a letter from Roland which had been forwarded from Somerville. Ten minutes after reading it I was dressed and staggering dizzily but frantically about the room, for it told me that he had successfully manoeuvred a transfer to the 7th Worcestershire Regiment and was off to the front in ten days' time. Assuming that I was going down from Oxford at the official end of term, he had asked me to meet him in London, where he was staying for his final leave, to say good-bye.

As the letter had taken three days to reach me, I fell into a panic of fear that I should miss him altogether. After spending the whole day in writing, telephoning, and tottering down to the town through a sudden spell of bitter cold to send off telegrams, I did endeavour in the few lines that I wrote him that evening to restrain my desperation.

I was expecting something like it of course but it is none the less of a shock for all that. It is still difficult to realise that the moment has actually come at last when I shall have no peace of mind any more until the War is over. I cannot pretend any longer that I am glad even for your sake, but I suppose I must try to write as calmly as you do — though if it were my own life that were going to be in danger I think I could face the future with more equanimity.

My parents returned the next day to find me still feverish and excited. As it would have been 'incorrect' for me to go alone to London, and as I was, in any case, still hardly fit to do so, they agreed that Roland, who had telephoned that he could manage it, should come to Buxton for the night. My father, however, did inquire from my mother with well-assumed indignation 'why on earth Vera was making all this fuss of that youth without a farthing to his name?'

When he had driven up in the taxi with me from the station, and we were left together in the morning-room, which looked across the snow-covered town to the sad hills beyond, the sudden effect of seeing him in my

semiinvalid weakness after such agitation of mind brought me so near to crying that I couldn't prevent him from noticing it.

Fighting angrily with the tears, I asked him: 'Well, are you satisfied at last?'

He replied that he hardly knew. He certainly had no wish to die, and now that he had got what he wanted, a dust-and-ashes feeling had come. He neither hated the Germans nor loved the Belgians; the only possible motive for going was 'heroism in the abstract', and that didn't seem a very logical reason for risking one's life.

Mournfully we sat there recapitulating the brief and happy past; the future was too uncertain to attract speculation. I had begun, I confessed to him, to pray again, not because I believed that it did any good, but so as to leave no remote possibility unexplored. The War, we decided, came hardest of all upon us who were young. The middle-aged and the old had known their period of joy, whereas upon us catastrophe had descended just in time to deprive us of that youthful happiness to which we had believed ourselves entitled.

'Sometimes,' I told him, 'I've wished I'd never met you --- that you hadn't come to take away my impersonal attitude towards the War and make it a cause of suffering to me as it is to thousands of others. But if I could choose not to have met you, I wouldn't do it ---- even though my future had always to be darkened by the shadow of death.'

'Ah, don't say that!' he said. 'Don't say it will all be spoilt; when I return things may be just the same.'

'If you return,' I emphasised, determined to face up to things for both of us, and when he insisted: "'When", not "if" I said that I didn't imagine he was going to France without fully realising all that it might involve. He answered gravely that he had thought many times of the issue, but had a settled conviction that he was coming back, though perhaps not quite whole.

'Would you like me any less if I was, say, minus an arm?'

My reply need not be recorded. It brought the tears so near to the surface again that I picked up the coat which I had thrown off, and abruptly said I

would take it upstairs which I did the more promptly when I suddenly realised that he was nearly crying too.

After tea we walked steeply uphill along the wide road which leads over lonely, undulating moors through Whaley Bridge to Manchester, twenty miles away. This was 'the long white road' of Roland's poems, where nearly a year before we had walked between 'the grey hills and the heather', and the plover had cried in awakening warmth of the spring. There were no plover there that afternoon; heavy snow had fallen, and a rough blizzard drove sleet and rain in our faces.

It was a mournfully appropriate setting for a discussion on death and the alternative between annihilation and an unknown hereafter. We could not honestly admit that we thought we should survive, though we would have given anything in the world to believe in a life to come, but he promised me that if he died in France he would try to come back and tell me that the grave was not the end of our love. As we walked down the hill towards Buxton the snow ceased and the evening light began faintly to shine in the sky, but somehow it only showed us the more clearly how grey and sorrowful the world had become.

What do you think 'agitation' means?			
A state of nervous excitement	A state of anger	A state of worthlessness	A state of self-interest

What do you think the phrase 'in the abstract' means?			
In a symbolic way	In a theoretical way	In a general way	To remove something

What do you think the 'recapitulating' means?			
To move	To throw something again	To state again	To repay

What can you suggest a 'plover' is?

A type of bird

A type of insect

The village the
extract is set

A type of plant

400 word challenge: In this extract the writer receives a shocking piece of news.

Write the opening to a short story where a surprising piece of information changes a character's life. Here you should be describing how a person feels rather than describing anything physical.

Every Saturday afternoon at the pictures there was a feature film, sixteen cartoons and an episode each from four different serials. The programme just went on and on like Bayreuth. The Margaret Street children would join up with the Irene Street children and the combined mass would add themselves unto the Sunbeam Avenue children and the aggregate would join the swarm from all the other areas all moving north along Rocky Point Road towards Rockdale, where the Odeon stood. In summer the concrete paths were hot. The asphalt footpaths were even hotter: bubbles of tar formed, to be squashed flat by our leathery bare feet. Running around on macadamised playgrounds throughout the spring, by summer we had feet that could tread on a drawing pin and hardly feel it.

When you got to the Odeon the first thing you did was stock up with lollies. Lollies was the word for what the English call sweets and the Americans call candy. Some of the more privileged children had upwards of five shillings each to dispose of, but in fact two bob was enough to buy you as much as you could eat. Everyone, without exception, bought at least one Hoadley's Violet Crumble Bar. It was a slab of dense, dry honeycomb coated with chocolate. So frangible was the honeycomb that it would shatter when bitten, scattering bright yellow shrapnel. It was like trying to eat a Ming vase. The honeycomb would go soft only after a day's exposure to direct sunlight. The chocolate surrounding it, however, would liquefy after only ten minutes in a dark cinema.

Fantails came in a weird, blue, rhomboidal packet shaped like an isosceles triangle with one corner missing. Each individual Fantail was wrapped in a piece of paper detailing a film star's biography — hence the pun, fan tales. The Fantail itself was a chocolate-coated toffee so glutinous that it could induce lockjaw in a mule. People had to have their mouths chipped open with a cold chisel. One packet of Fantails would last an average human being for ever. A group of six small boys could go through a packet during the course of a single afternoon at the pictures, but it took hard work and involved a lot

of strangled crying in the dark. Any fillings you had in your second teeth would be removed instantly, while children who still had any first teeth left didn't keep them long.

The star lolly, outstripping even the Violet Crumble Bar and the Fantail in popularity, was undoubtedly Jaffa. A packet of Jaffas was loaded like a cluster be with about fifty globular lollies the size of ordinary marbles. The Jaffa had a dark chocolate core and a brittle orange candy coat: in cross section it looked rather like the planet Earth. It presented two alternative ways of being eaten, each with its allure. You could fondle the Jaffa on the tongue until your saliva ate its way through the casing, whereupon the taste of chocolate would invade your mouth with a sublime, majestic inevitability. Or you could bite straight through and submit the interior of your head to a stunning explosion of flavour. Sucking and biting your way through forty or so Jaffas while Jungle Jim wrestled with the crocodiles, you nearly always had a few left over after the stomach could take no more. The spare Jaffas made ideal ammunition. Flying through the dark, they would bounce off an infantile skull with the noise of bullets hitting a bell. They showered on the stage when the manager came out to announce the lucky ticket. The Jaffa is a part of Australia's theatrical heritage. There was a famous occasion, during the Borovansky Ballet production of Giselle at the Tivoli in Sydney, when Albrecht was forced to abandon the performance. It was a special afternoon presentation of the ballet before an audience of schoolchildren. Lying in a swoon while awaiting the reappearance of Giselle, Albrecht aroused much comment because of his protuberant codpiece.

After being hit square on the power-bulge by a speeding Jaffa, he woke up with a rush and hopped off the stage in the stork position.

'Macadamised' is a word we do not use as we have a more modern word we use more commonly. What do you think that word might be?

Tarmac-ed

Rundown

Fun

Grassy

What do you think 'protuberant' means?

Audible

Visible

Professional

Bulging Out

All of the words below appear in the article but which of them fit into the sentences below best.

Asphalt

Exception

Biography

Infantile

Heritage

Swoon

1. The young players at this football club have no respect for the _____ of the club.
2. Nobody takes her seriously. Her views are _____.
3. I sometimes struggle to draw humans but I made an _____ for her.

100-word challenge: Describe an event that happened to you in Primary School. Try and use the informal and humorous tone used in the extract.

THE chestnut blossom is raining steadily and noiselessly
down upon a path whose naked pebbles receive mosaic of
emerald light from the interlacing boughs. At intervals,
once or twice an hour, the wings of a lonely swallow pass
that way, when alone the shower stirs from its perpendicular fall. Cool and moist, the perfumed air flows,
without lifting the most nervous leaf or letting fall a suspended bead of the night's rain from a honeysuckle bud.
In an indefinite sky of grey, through which one ponderous cloud billows into sight and is lost again, no sun
shines : yet there is light - I know not whence; for the
brass trappings of the horses beam so as to be extinguished
in their own fire. There is no song in wood or sky.
Some one of summer's wandering voices bullfinch or
willow-wren might be singing, but unheard, at least unrealised. From the dead nettle spires, with dull green leaves
stained by purple and becoming more and more purple
towards the crest, which is of a sombre uniform purple,
to the elms reposing at the horizon, all things have bowed
the head, hushed, settled into a perfect sleep. Those
elms are just visible, no more. The path has no sooner
emerged from one shade than another succeeds, and so,
on and on, the eye wins no broad dominion.

It is a land that uses a soft compulsion upon the passer-by, a compulsion to meditation, which is necessary before
he is attached to a scene rather featureless, to a land that
hence owes much of its power to a mood of generous
reverie which it bestows. And yet it is a land that gives
much. Companionable it is, reassuring to the solitary ;
he soon has a feeling of ease and seclusion there. The
cool-leaved wood ! The limitless, unoccupied fields of
marsh marigold, seen through the trees, most beautiful

when the evening rain falls slowly, dimming and almost
putting out the lustrous bloom ! Gold of the minute
willows underfoot ! Leagues of lonely grass where the
slow herds tread the daisies and spare them yet !

Towards night, under the sweet rain, at this warm,
skyless close of the day, the trees, far off in an indolent,
rolling landscape, stand as if disengaged from the world,
in a reticent and pensive repose.

But suddenly the rain has ceased. In an old, dense
wood the last horizontal beams of the sun embrace the
trunks of the trees and they glow red under their moist
ceiling of green. A stile to be crossed at its edge, where
a little stream, unseen, sways the stiff exuberant angelica
that grows from it, gives the word to pause, and with a
rush the silence and the solitude fill the brain. The
wood is of uncounted age ; the ground on which it
stands is more ancient than the surrounding fields, for it
rises and falls stormily, with huge boulders here and
there ; not a path intrudes upon it j the undergrowth is
impenetrable to all but fox and bird and this cool red
light about the trunks of the trees. Far away a gate is
loudly shut, and the rich blue evening comes on and severs me irrevocably from all but the light in th
e old
wood and the ghostly white cow-parsley flowers sus-
pended on unseen stalks. And there, among the trees
and their shadows, not understood, speaking a forgotten
tongue, old dreads and formless awes and fascinations
discover themselves and address the comfortable soul,
troubling it, recalling to it unremembered years not so
long past but that in the end it settles down into a
gloomy tranquillity and satisfied discontent, as when we

see the place where we were unhappy as children once.
 Druid and devilish deity and lean wild beast, harmless
 now, are revolving many memories with me under the
 strange, sudden red light in the old wood, and not more
 remote is the league-deep emerald sea-cave from the
 storm above than I am from the world.

There are a lot of words that are not in common use today. How many can you correctly identify?

What does 'perpendicular' mean?			
Vertical	Steep	Straight	Rusty

What does 'ponderous' mean?			
Heavy and awkward	Helpless and excited	Hoarse and dutiful	High and clumsy

What does 'whence' mean?			
From where	From who	From when	From what

What word best matches 'dominion'?			
Domestic	Domicile	Dome	Domain

What does 'hence' mean?			
Therefore	Even more	However	Unfortunately

What does 'reverie' mean?			
Music	Sound	Daydreaming	Judgement

What does 'bestow' mean?			
To present with a gift	The best example	Sneak into	Destroy

What does 'lustrous' mean?			
Exuberant and expensive	Curious and cruel	Drab and dull	Bright and Brilliant

What does 'pensive repose' mean?			
Stealthy stealing	Furious movement	Pricy replacement	Thoughtful rest

What do you think 'angelica' is?			
A type of herb	A type of angel	A type of messenger	A type of desert

What do you think 'irrevocably' means?			
Unable to be altered	In a lovely way	Trustingly	Unimportantly

This is an incredibly detailed piece of writing with a lot of descriptive writing. Pick one quote and explain how the writer has used language to create a specific effect.			

100-word challenge: Describe your feelings while walking around a natural environment.

Wind farms: the death of Britain

"How the hell did we let that happen?" we often ask ourselves when we look at the brutalist monstrosity tower blocks which we allowed to blight our towns in the sixties. In a few decades' time we're going to be asking exactly the same question about the 300 foot wind turbines ruining what's left of Britain's wilderness.

And a bit like the perpetrators of terrible sixties architecture now, no one's going to be able to come up with a satisfactory answer because, quite simply, there isn't one: wind turbines are a bad idea in almost every way imaginable.

They don't work when there's no wind.

They don't work when it's too windy.

They produce so little power and so unreliably and erratically -- that even if you put one on every hill top in Britain you'd still need to rely on nuclear, coal and gas generated electricity for your main source of energy.

They chew up flying wildlife and scare horses.

They produce a subsonic hum which drives you mad if you're downwind of them.

They turn pristine landscape into Teletubby-style horror visions.

They destroy property values.

They steal light.

They're visible for miles around so that just when you're thinking you've got away from it all you're reminded of man's grim presence by the whirling white shapes on the horizon.

They're environmentally damaging: their massive concrete bases alone requiring enough concrete to fill two Olympic-size swimming pools; then there's the

access roads that have to be built through the unspoilt landscape to put them up in the first place.

They're twice as expensive as conventionally produced electricity.

They make you feel a bit queasy, especially the three bladed ones whose asymmetry is disturbing.

To supply the equivalent output of one nuclear power station you'd need a wind farm the size of Greater Manchester.

When I wrote all this a couple of years ago in *blow To Be Right*, my polemical A to Z of everything wrong with Blair's and Brown's Britain, I did think I was erring slightly towards the Dystopian.

The "wind turbines" entry was more of a warning of the awful things that could go wrong if the more extreme eco-nutters got their way and the government completely lost its head. Not even in my darkest moments did I imagine that this nightmare vision would come true.

Why? Well, apart from anything else, because the British landscape is our greatest asset, the thing that makes me so proud to have been born here and to live here. In July, I'll be walking with my family in the near deserted hills of the Welsh Borders; in late August, I'll be in Scotland wandering amid the purple heather of the Highlands; in October, the coastal path round Prawle Point and Bolt Head. I love swimming in burns, rock pools, rivers, beneath waterfalls, in the sea off South Dorset. I count it one of my greatest privileges to have been hunting over the stone walls of the Cotswolds and the steep valleys of Exmoor. Few things make me happier or more glad to be alive than the joy that so much of our countryside remains so pristine and stunningly beautiful.

And now, in the name of environmentalism, to serve a cause CO₂ reduction — that will not make the blindest bit of difference to global climate, our Government is destroying this landscape.

Brutalism is a way of describing a type of building, what type of buildings do you think it might be?

A huge structure with things inside.

A building that has something natural in the middle

A harsh looking building like a concrete tower block

A building made up using multiple squares

What do you think polemical means?

Well structured

Ignored

Tribute

Attack

What do you think Dystopian means?

A silly song

A world where everything is negative

A type of serious book

A type of dramatic play

Re-read the last line. Which word best describes the writer's tone in this sentence?

Free

Frank

Forthright

Friendly

Identify a synonym of the word 'asymmetry'

Embedded

Imbalance

Imbecile

Imitate

Which word best describes the writer's opinion on Brown and Blair?

Disenchanted

Disgusted

Disdainful

Distrustful

This article states the writer's opinion. Pick one quotation that you think best shows the writer's point of view and explain how the language used has created that effect.

200 word challenge: Pick something that lots of people think is good and start a newspaper article explaining why you think it is bad.

Ideas: Sport, types of music, videogames, TV shows or films

Cricket — The famous grounds of "Lord's," and "The Oval" with with the more recently established "Prince's "are the principal cricket of grounds of London. "Lord's" is the head-quarters of the Marylebone Club, and there some of the "sensational" cricket of the year is played. Oxford and Cambridge, and Eton and Harrow, especially the latter, attract society to an almost ridiculous extent, and are among the sights of London. The cricket lover will, however, find many matches more to his taste than these, and as hardly a week goes by in the season from May to September without a first-class match, will have no difficulty in finding a suitable occasion for a visit to the celebrated old place. "Lord's" is notoriously a difficult ground, but the Marylebone Club has recently expended a great deal of money in draining and relaying, and a great improvement is observable. A tavern is attached to the ground, and, besides racket and tennis courts, there are billiard-rooms and a variety of grand stands and pavilions. The Marylebone Club (entrance fee, £1; annual subscription, £3; election by committee) are the present proprietors of Lord's which is one situated in the St. John's Wood-road, NW. NEAREST Railway Station, St. John's Wood-road. Omnibus Routes Wellington-road and St. John's Wood-road. Cab fare from Charing-cross, 2s.; from the Bank of England, 2s. 6d. The Oval at Kennington, is the head-quarters of the Surrey County Cricket Club, and some of the very best matches of the season are played on the ground. A spacious pavilion, a tavern with billiards room and a large dining room, and racket-courts add to the attractions of the Oval. The ground itself is as nearly perfection as can be, and in seasonable weather a wicket can be selected as true as a billiard-table.

What do you think Eton and Harrow are examples of?			
Puddings	Schools	Farms	Train stations

What impression is the writer trying to express in the simile “a wicket can be selected as true as a billiard table.”			
That the wicket is bad	That the wicket is smooth	That the wicket is green	That the wicket can be used for a number of things.

Despite the fact that this extract comes from a guidebook, the writer has allowed his opinion to come across in some sections.

In the table below, select three quotations and explain to me how he has inferred his opinion.

Quote	Inference

Our sledge reached the west end of Herbert Island at eight o'clock, and two hours later, having crossed over to Northumberland Island, we came upon a cantonment of four snow-igloos. These were occupied by families from different settlements, who congregated here to be near a patch of open water a short distance off, where they caught seal. The largest snow-igloo was occupied by Tahtara, his wife, his father and mother, and some small children. This was put at our disposal; another was occupied by Ikwa and family, together with Kyoshu and his son, while Myah and his wife were accommodated in a third. The mistress of the remaining igloo was making an awful noise and trying to come out of her habitation, while a man was holding her back and talking to her but she screamed and struggled so long as we remained where she could see us. I asked Mané what was the nature of the trouble, and she told me that the woman was pi-bloc-to (mad).

As the wind was blowing fiercely and the air was thick with drifting snow, Mr Peary urged me to come into the igloo, which I did, rather to please him than to get out of the storm. Now as long as I have been in this country I have never entered an Eskimo hut; hearing about the filth and vermin was quite enough for me. But Mr Peary said the snow-house was much cleaner, etc., etc., and seeing that it really made him uncomfortable to have me stay outside, I yielded. Can I ever describe it? First I crawled through a hole and along a passage, about six feet, on my hands and knees; this was level with the snow outside. Then I came to a hole at the end of the passage and in the top of it, which seemed hardly large enough for me to get my head through, and through which I could see numberless legs. Mr Peary called for me to come, so the legs moved to one side and I wedged myself into the aperture and climbed into a circular place about five feet high, the floor of which, all of snow, was about two feet higher than that of the tunnel. A platform one and a half feet above this floor, and perhaps four feet wide in the middle and two and a half feet at the sides, ran all around the walls of the igloo, except that part in which the aperture or door came up in the noon. The middle of this platform for about five feet was the bed, and it was covered with two or three tooktoo skins, which almost crawled away, they were so very much alive. On this bed sat Tahtara's mother, tailor-fashion, with a child on her back; another woman, younger by far and rather pretty, his wife; and two children, about six and eight years old; and on the edge, with his feet resting on a chunk of walrus, from which some hungry ones helped themselves whenever they wanted to, regardless of the fact that a

number of feet had been wiped on it, and that it was not only frozen solid but perfectly raw, sat Tahtara himself, smiling and saying, 'Yess, yess,' to everything that Mr Peary said to him. Mr Peary had also taken a seat on the edge of this bed, and the women immediately made room for me between them; but this was more than I could submit to, so, excusing myself by saying that my clothing was wet from the drifting snow and that I could not think of getting their bedding wet, I sat down, not without a shiver, on the edge beside Mr Peary, selfishly keeping him between the half-naked women and myself.

The sides of this platform on either side of the doorway were devoted to two ikkimers (stoves), one of which was tended by Tahtara's mother and the other by his wife. These stoves were very large and filled with chunks of blubber; over each hung a pan, made of soapstone, containing snow and water, and above these pans were racks or crates, fastened very securely, on which the inmates flung their wet kamiks, stockings, mittens, and birdskin shirts. The drippings of dirt, water, and insects fell invariably into the drinking-water. I say 'drinking-water'; they have no water for any other purpose. Mr Peary had put our Florence oil-stove on the side platform and was heating water for our tea. Fortunately our teapot had a cover on it, which I made my business to keep closed.

Besides the persons mentioned there were always as many husky visitors as could possibly pack in without standing on one another. These took turns with those unable to get in, so that after one had been in a while and gazed at the circus, he would lower himself through the trap and make way for a successor among the many crouching in the passageway behind him. This was kept up throughout the night. Of course the addition of our stove, together with the visitors, brought the temperature up rapidly, and to my dismay the Eskimo ladies belonging to the house took off all of their clothing except their necklaces of sinishaw, just as unconcernedly as though no one were present.

The odour of the place was indescribable. Our stove did not work properly and gave forth a pungent smell of kerosene; the blubber in the other stoves sizzled and sometimes smoked; and the huskies—well, suffice it to say that was a decidedly unpleasant atmosphere in which I spent the night.

I soon found that if I kept my feet on the floor they would freeze, and the only way I could keep them off the floor was to draw up my knees and rest the side of one foot on the edge of the platform and place the other upon it. In this way, and leaning on my elbow, I sat from ten at night until ten in the morning, dressed just as I was on the sledge. I made the best of the situation, and pretended to Mr Peary that it was quite a lark.

Mr Peary went out to look after the dogs several times during the night, and each time reported that the wind was still blowing fiercely and the snow drifting.

In the morning the wind had subsided somewhat, and after coffee the dogs were hitched, and we resumed our journey, heading for Keati.

'Cantonment' is a word we have a more modern word for. What do you think that word is?

Camouflage	Cliff	Cloth	Camp
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What do you think an 'aperture' is?

A fold	A line of longitude	An opening	An opposite point.
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What term would we apply to words like "tooktoo", "ikkimers" and "kamiks"?

Discourse	Formal	Dialect	Etymology
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Which word do you think has its root in Latin; it's prefix meaning 'formally' and it's suffix meaning 'to vow'?

Tended	Fastened	Devoted	Gazed
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What do you consider the purpose of this piece of writing is? Find a quotation that best proves your response and explain how the selection of language creates that effect?

100 word item: Select one item described in this extract and describe it in very close detail. Think about your use of sensory description.

EVERY one has heard of a class of persons in connexion with the London journals, called "Penny-a-Liners ;" but none but those who are intimately acquainted with the arrangements of newspaper offices, know anything about them. They are altogether a singular race; they are a class, in a great measure, by themselves; they live by the press, and yet they do not, strictly speaking, belong to the press. They have no regular sum for their labours; sometimes no sum at all. Sometimes they will fag away without a moment's intermission for seven or eight hours, writing in that time as much matter as would fill from a column to a column and a half of a morning newspaper, walking, it may be, in addition, five or six miles, and yet not receive one penny, notwithstanding all their enterprise and exertion. No paper is bound to use the matter, or any part of it, which they furnish; for they were not sent by any one connected with the press, to the meetings or the coroner's inquests, of whose proceedings their reports usually consist, but went of their own accord.

To-day they have not one farthing in their pockets; to-morrow, the entire sum due to them by the daily papers may be several pounds. When their matter is inserted, or, to use their own phraseology, their copy is used, they are paid at the rate of three-halfpence for every line. The price originally was a penny a line; hence the origin of their designation. It often happens, that owing to the press of parliamentary or other matter furnished by the regular reporters of the morning journals, or to the absence of any peculiar interest in the matter they have procured, that some of them will not realise a sovereign for weeks in succession. On the other hand, they have the good fortune of occasionally meeting with "something," which not only enables them to clear off old scores, but replenishes their pockets for some time to come. A "horrible murder," such as that of Thurtell's, rejoices the hearts of the Penny-a-Liners. They call it a "windfall." To work they set directly, and everything connected with the murdered party and the murderer, is hunted out by them with an alacrity which exceeds all belief. If no romantic materials exist, they call in the aid of their inventive faculties. They consider anything bearing on the romantic or horrible as a sort of mine, which they work with most exemplary industry. The produce, as I have

already hinted, is sometimes considerable. One of them made, from first to last, nearly 70*l.* out of Thurtell's murder. In 1833, another reaped an abundant harvest. The "subject," as they sometimes call it, was an inquest on the body of a man in Shadwell, [-286-] who had been suspected to have been murdered by a policeman. One person chanced to have a monopoly of it, and the inquest lasted five days; and as each of the morning papers had from a column and a half to two columns of the proceedings daily, it brought him about 50 pounds.

I have alluded to the way in which the Penny-a-Liners -work "mines" of this kind. The quantity of words they use is amazing. Dean Swift once remarked, that a surgeon would take half an hour to tell you that a patient had broken his leg, whereas the unfortunate man himself would acquaint you with the fact in five words— "I have broken my leg." It is the same with the Penny-a-Liners. They will spin out to the extent of half a column, what might be given with the greatest ease in a dozen lines. And it is all quite natural; the solution of the thing is to be found in the fact, that they are paid by the quantity. A few months since, one of them, in stating the fact that one of the doors of Newgate was opened to admit some persons who were on a visit to it, expressed himself as follows :—" The door was unlocked, unbarred, unbolted, and opened."

Which of these definitions of the word 'sum' matches it's use in the essay best?

To add numbers together

To count

An indefinite amount

An amount of money

Which of these definitions of the word 'fag' matches it's use in the essay best?

To become tired

To work hard

A cigarette

The last section of something.

What do you think 'exertion' means?			
Marketing	Entrepreneurship	Effort	Society

What do you think 'alacrity' means?			
Dangerously out of control	Gruelling but successful	Completely pointless	Cheerfully eager

The word 'monopoly' means to have complete control over something. This word has Greek etymology. Think about other words that start with the prefix 'mono'. What do you think 'mono' means?			
Around	One	Few	Many

What do you think 'alluded' means?			
Already suggested	Been attracted to	Already forgotten	Been tricked by

What is the writer's viewpoint on the 'Penny-a-liners'? Find a quotation that explains how he feels and explain how the language creates an effect.			

200 word challenge: 'All journalists are biased and there is no such thing as impartial news.'

In the style of an essay – like the extract above – respond to this statement. You can either agree or disagree.

DO NOT START WITH 'I AGREE WITH THIS STATEMENT BECAUSE...'

Now, I do not wish to stop without aiding in some way to allay this monster which I have raised this demon of want of beneficial exercise and its results must be combated; and how is this to be done? The sports and pastimes which even thirty years ago were sufficient for the health of the community have now become insufficient, and in consequence new means of obtaining exercise have been evolved. The three which seem the most prominent, and which have taken a real hold on the community, are — 1, Cycling; 2, Lawn tennis; 3, Gymnastics.

I. Cycling counts its devotees by tens of thousands. From the Land's End to John o'Groat's house, men are familiar with the noiseless wheels. By the bicycle and tricycle men and women can be carried rapidly out of town to country lanes and open air. The exercise is pleasant in that the motion is rapid, and that one is sent along by one's own exertion. Nothing in the way of exercise could be more calculated to do good to dwellers in towns, and it seems a merciful interposition that such an excellent means has been supplied. It allows of really beneficial exercise when it carries its rider out of an ozoneless region. If a cyclist is wise, he will, when taking a short "constitutional," travel in the direction *from* which the wind is blowing, as not only is he more able when he starts to go against the wind, than when returning home tired after a [-56-] long journey, but there will be more good got from it as he more quickly reaches fresh air, and it is possible to get ozone to windward of the town, but to leeward it is impossible unless a far journey he taken.

II. Lawn tennis. — Of modern inventions in the way of games, this is one of the best. It is suitable to young and middle-aged men and women. It has many advantages over other ball games, as it can be played at home with one's own friends; it may be engaged in for a variable length of time; it can be taken up with safety by anyone without previous training; it is less likely to give rise to serious accidents than other ball games. Lawn tennis has more adherents than has cricket; it includes men, women and children among its devotees. As pursued in towns exercise of this kind is not in the "highest" sense beneficial, as it is performed in a polluted ozoneless air. Still, as stated previously, exercise taken in even such an atmosphere as that of a London park, or a garden in a square, is better than none at all. Hence lawn tennis does not grant such a beneficial exercise as does cycling, from the fact that in but few instances does it take people out of town to play it.

III. Gymnastics have of late years been a good deal taken up by the youth of this country. That this is an unmixed good is very doubtful. The Romans had magnificent gymnasias, and in days of hand-to-hand conflict they did, and would do now, much good. But the wretched dens we know of as gymnasias are but as dog-kennels to a palace. A few fairly good gymnasias there are in this country; but the majority are in cellars under archways, filthy, from the products of gas which is an invariable accompaniment, the stuffiness from overcrowding, and the sawdust on the floor. Even in the best gymnasias in London, our youth are condemned to go in

the evening, when the overcrowding and the numerous gas flames render the atmosphere filthy. Besides, are gymnastics real exercise? Do we thereby exercise our lower extremities? No! Consequently they are not a real exercise. When we exercise our arms only to the exclusion of our lower extremities we may then know we are wrong. The rowing man cannot continue in a fit state unless he walks eight or nine miles a day. Nor is any exercise a real gain which does not cause us to use our lower limbs ; they were given to carry us about to get our food, and our hands were meant as organs whereby to feed ourselves.

Hence, of the three modern innovations evolved, out of the necessity for some such, to counteract the effects of town life, cycling is the best; lawn tennis is excellent, and when performed out of town is purely beneficial; but gymnastics as practised in our gymnasia are a mistake, and likely to lead to physical ruin instead of muscular stamina. How good for our national welfare would it be, did the future “physical” state of those coming after us concern us equally with the more selfish interest in our own “spiritual” welfare. There would be preserved to the world more healthy doctrines, more true Christianity. In the words of Parkes I will finish: “Were the laws of health and of physiology better understood how great would be the effect! Let us hope that matters of such great moment may not always be considered of less importance than the language of extinct nations, or the unimportant facts of a dead history.”

What do you think ‘interposition’ means?			
Act of God	Opinion	Discussion	Intervention

‘Constitutional’ is a word we don’t use anymore. What do you think it’s meaning is?			
Bicycle	Exercise	Plan	Period of writing

What do you think ‘leeward’ means?			
Downwind	Upwind	A calm day	A windy day

400 word challenge: In this speech the writer was explaining how he thought different sporting activities could help combat the dangers of a lack of exercise for general health.

Introduce a speech for the same purpose but for a modern audience. You can update some of the writer's viewpoints or come up with your own ideas.

This is a sensational article. I am sorry. In these articles I try to keep to the facts. But occasionally facts are sensational. A discovery has just been made which may revolutionize human life as completely as the steam engine, and much more quickly. The odds are against its doing so, but not more than ten to one, if so much. So it is worth writing about it.

In the Daily Worker of March 30th, 1939, I described the recent work on splitting the nuclei of uranium atoms. A certain number of them explode when neutrons collide with them. Neutrons are among the so-called elementary particles — that is to say, particles which have not yet been broken up, such as electrons, protons, and perhaps a few others. This does not mean that they will never be broke up.

Ordinary atoms hold together when they collide at a speed of about a mile a second, as they do in air. When the temperature is raised and the speed of collisions goes up to ten miles or so a second, they cannot hold together, but electrons — that is to say, elementary particles with a negative charge — are torn off them. That is why a flame conducts electricity.

But at moderate speeds — say, a few thousand miles per second — collisions only break up the atoms temporarily. They soon pick up their lost electrons. When the speed rises to tens or hundreds of thousands of miles per second, the nuclei, or cores of the atoms, are sometimes broken up.

When a current is passed through the heavy variety of hydrogen at a voltage of half a million or so, the atomic nuclei become formidable projectiles, and if they hit a light metal called lithium they break up its atomic nuclei and let neutrons loose. Neutrons can penetrate the nuclei of many atoms even when moving slowly and cause still further changes.

Generally they only chip a piece off. But when they attack uranium, an element which is unstable anyway, and produces radium, though very slowly, when left to itself, the uranium nuclei split up. The new fact, first discovered by Joliot and his colleagues in Paris, is that when the uranium nucleus splits, it produces neutrons also. In the experiments so far made, very small pieces of uranium were used.

So most of the neutrons, which can penetrate even metals for some distance, get out. But if the neutrons are liberated in the middle of a sufficiently large lump of uranium, they will cause further nuclei to break up, and the process will spread. The principle involved is quite simple. A single stick burns with difficulty, because most of the heat gets away. But a large pile of sticks will blaze, even if most of them are damp.

Nobody knows how large a lump of uranium is needed before it begins to set itself alight, so to say. But experiments are already under way in two British and one German laboratory to my knowledge, and doubtless in others in America, the Soviet Union and elsewhere.

In the current number [May 13th, 1939] of Nature Joliot and Halban, a French and a German physicist working together in Paris, published an S.O.S. letter suggesting means for slowing the process down, so as to avoid disaster.

If the experiment succeeds several things may happen. The change may take place slowly, the metal gradually warming up. It may occur fairly quickly, in which case there will be a mild explosion, and the lump

will fly apart into vapour before one atom in a million has been affected. Or there may be a really big explosion. For if about one four-hundredth of the mass of the exploding uranium is converted into energy, as seems to be probable, an ounce would produce enough heat to boil about 1,000 tons of water. So 1 oz. of uranium, if it exploded suddenly, would be equivalent to over 100,000 tons of high explosive.

What do you think the word 'liberated' means?			
Recorded	Reordered	Freed	Destroyed

What does the word 'torn' suggest in the article?

That it makes a loud noise

That it is a waste

That it uses a lot of effort.

That it goes in the opposite direction suddenly

This is an informational piece of writing. Pick one quotation that shows the fact that the writer was trying to inform and explain how language has been used to create that effect.

However there are some sections that are slightly more informal. Pick a quotation where the author has been less formal and explain how the language used creates a specific effect.

It was afternoon when the boatmen set me down in safety at the landing-place of Scutari, and I walked up the slight ascent, to the great dull-looking hospital. Thinking of the many noble fellows who had been borne, or had painfully crept along this path, only to die within that dreary building, I felt rather dull; and directly I entered the hospital, and came upon the long wards of sufferers, lying there so quiet and still, a rush of tear came to my eyes, and blotted out the sight for a few minutes. But I soon felt at home, and looked about me with great interest. The men were, many of them, very quiet. Some of the convalescent formed themselves into little groups around one who read a newspaper; others had books in their hands, or by their side, where they had fallen when slumber overtook the readers, while hospital orderlies moved to and fro, and now and then the female nurses, in their quiet uniform, passed noiselessly on some mission of kindness.

I was fortunate enough to find an old acquaintance, who accompanied me through the wards, and rendered it unnecessary for me to trouble the busy nurses. This was an old 97th man—a Sergeant T—, whom I had known in Kingston, and who was slowly recovering from an attack of dysentery, and making himself of use here until the doctors should let him go back and have another 'shy at the Rooshians.' He is very glad to meet me, and tells me his history very socially, and takes me to the bedsides of some comrades, who had also known me at Up-Park Camp. My poor fellows! how their eyes glisten when they light upon an old friend's face in these Turkish barracks—put to so sad a use, three thousand miles from home. Here is one of them—'hurt in the trenches,' says the Sergeant, with shaven bandaged head, and bright, restless, Irish eyes, who hallooos out, 'Mother Seacole! Mother Seacole!' in such an excited tone of voice; and when he has shaken hands a score of times, falls back upon his pillow very wearily. But I sit by his side, and try to cheer him with talk about the future, when he shall grow well, and see home, and hear them all thank him for what he has been helping to do, so that he grows all right in a few minutes; but, hearing that I am on the way to the front, gets excited again; for, you see, illness and weakness make these strong men as children, not least in the patient unmurmuring resignation with which they suffer. I think my Irish friend had an indistinct idea of a 'muddle' somewhere, which had kept him for weeks on salt meat and biscuit, until it gave him the 'scurvy,' for he is very anxious that I should take over plenty of vegetables, of every sort. 'And, oh! mother!'—and it is strange to hear his almost plaintive tone as he

urges this— 'take them plenty of eggs, mother; we never saw eggs over there.'

At some slight risk of giving offence, I cannot resist the temptation of lending a helping hand here and there—replacing a slipped bandage, or easing a stiff one. But I do not think any one was offended; and one doctor, who had with some surprise and, at first, alarm on his face, watched me replace a bandage, which was giving pain, said, very kindly, when I had finished, 'Thank you, ma'am.'

One thought never left my mind as I walked through the fearful miles of suffering in that great hospital. If it is so here, what must it not be at the scene of war—on the spot where the poor fellows are stricken down by pestilence or Russian bullets, and days and nights of agony must be passed before a woman's hand can dress their wounds. And I felt happy in the conviction that I must be useful three or four days nearer to their pressing wants than this.

What do you think the 'borne' means in the context used in the extract?			
Carried	Endured	Created	Solved
What do you think the 'convalescent' means?			
People meeting together	Fitting in well with people's needs	People recovering from an illness.	Being too hot.

What can you suggest 'dysentery' and 'scurvy' are?			
Types of disease	Types of insect	Places	Types of plant

What connotations does the word 'pestilence' have?			
Makes it sound long-lasting	Makes it sound annoying	Makes it sound cruel	Makes it sound deadly.

This extract is written by Mary Seacole, a nurse who travelled from Jamaica to the Crimea to help the wounded soldiers there. Pick three quotations that suggest what kind of person Seacole is and then explain what you can infer from the quotations.

Quotation	Inference

300 word challenge: 'Nurses are one of the most important people in society but are also one of the lowest paid. Something needs to be done.'

Write the opening to a speech to your local MP with your reaction to this statement.