



GCSE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

8700/2

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

SOURCE A: 21st Century non-fiction

'The Crossing'

An extract from James Cracknell and Ben Fogle's autobiographical account of crossing the Atlantic, published in 2006

SOURCE B: 19th Century literary non-fiction

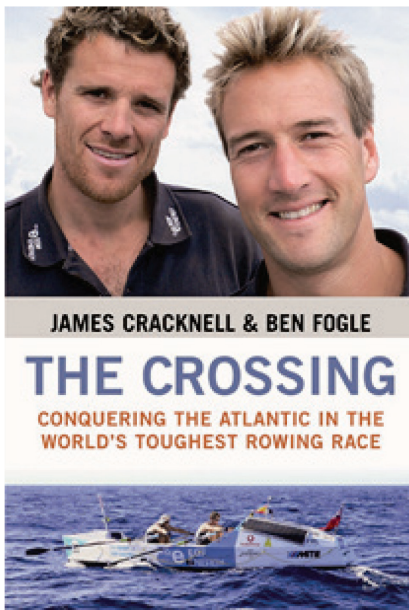
'Idle Days in Patagonia'

An extract from W H Hudson's travel writing, published in 1893

Please turn the page over to see the sources

SOURCE A

In 2005, Ben Fogle and James Cracknell set off together in a seven week race across the Atlantic Ocean in a rowing boat called 'Spirit'. In their book 'The Crossing', Ben describes what happened one night as he rowed and James slept.

**BEN:**

- 1 It was still dark. We had at least three hours of
darkness to go before daybreak and, as always, I
had the sunrise shift. The ocean had continued to
build, with an ever-increasing wind that was
5 gusting at 40 knots. The swell had grown and
conditions were becoming increasingly frenzied. I
began to feel vulnerable again. If we can just make
it to daybreak, I thought, it will be easier to read the
waves and prepare for the breakers.

10 Our boat was brand spanking new and bought
straight from the race organisers. It had coped
with the seas we had experienced thus far
incredibly well. I rowed on, worried by the
deteriorating weather, and I thought of my wife,
15 back at home. I longed to be with her and away
from this intimidating ocean. As I rowed, a barely
perceptible blue hue appeared on the skyline.
17

The swell was gathering, and the breaking waves
were becoming more frequent. 'Come on, sun,' I
20 thought, willing the day to break. Something
wasn't right.

22 I watched as a vast wave gathered behind the
boat, soaring above the cabin, a wall of white
water towering over our tiny boat. Once again I
25 dug the oars in to propel us forward, but the wave
was too big. For a moment it felt like we were
moving backwards as we were sucked into the
belly of the wave, the horizon disappearing as the
churning surf enveloped the stern of the boat. I felt
30 it lift, as a torrent of water crashed over the boat
and I felt myself falling backwards. I was aware of
the boat collapsing on top of me. I struggled to
pull my feet from the stirrups to no avail. The
world went black. I felt a weight on top of me and
35 then a rush of cold water as my body was brutally
submerged into the bottomless Atlantic Ocean. My
feet were sucked from my shoes as I clung on to
the oars for dear life, but then they too were
dragged from my clasp. My mind went blank as I
40 tumbled through the surf, spun around roughly
41 like clothes in a washing machine.

[Turn over]

I was somewhere underwater, but which way was up? Everything was midnight black. I panicked as I grabbed the water, desperate for something to clutch on to. There was nothing. No boat, just inky cold water.

I had been underwater for a seeming eternity and had started to panic. It felt as though my lungs were collapsing and I struggled to find which way to swim. I felt my hand break the surface as my body burst from the depths of the ocean. 'Paaaaaaah,' I gasped as my body screamed for air.

'James!' I cried. There was no sign of him, nor the boat. I was in the middle of the ocean without a life jacket, being tossed around in the surf like a rag doll. I spun around in the water, gripped by panic.

There was the boat, a black upturned hull. 'James!' I screamed again. Nothing. Nothing in life had prepared me for this. No amount of planning could have readied me. What the hell now? Who would ever find me out here, hundreds of miles from the nearest boat, let alone land? I had to get back on to that boat.

My mind was numb with shock, but somehow I made it back to the upturned hull, and clung on. There was still no sign of James. Why wasn't the 'Spirit' righting herself? I fretted as I hauled myself up on to her keel.

70 I could feel the boat listing. Slowly but surely the boat began to turn on top of me. I clutched on to the grab line as I collapsed back into the water, the boat springing upright. I clung on, silent and in shock.

75 'Ben!' I heard James's cry. He was alive. Thank god.

'I'm here, I'm here!' I squeaked, still clutching the grab line.

80 All around us the ocean was strewn with debris, loose equipment from the deck. After five weeks at sea we had become complacent and had long stopped lashing things down; we could only watch as all our worldly possessions drifted away into the rolling ocean.

[Turn over]

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SOURCE B

In 1893, William Hudson travelled by sea to Patagonia, a remote area in South America, to study birds. In his book 'Idle Days in Patagonia', he describes the journey to get there.



1 **The wind had blown a gale all night, and I had been hourly expecting that the tumbling storm-shaken old steamship, in which I had taken passage to Patagonia, would turn over once and for all and**
5 **settle down beneath the tremendous tumult of waters. For the groaning sound of its straining timbers, and the engine throbbing like an over-worked human heart, had made the ship seem like a living thing to me; and it was tired of the struggle,**
10 **and under the tumult was peace. But at about three o' clock in the morning the wind began to drop and, taking off coat and boots, I threw myself in to my bunk for a little sleep.**

[Turn over]

15 Ours was a very curious boat, ancient and much
damaged; long and narrow in shape, with the
passengers' cabins ranged like a row of small
wooden cottages on the deck; it was as ugly to look
at as it was unsafe to voyage in. To make matters
worse our Captain, a man over eighty years of age,
20 was lying in his cabin sick; our one Mate was
asleep, leaving only the men to navigate the
steamship on that perilous coast, and in the darkest
hour of a tempestuous night.

25 I was just dropping into a doze when a succession
of bumps, accompanied by strange grating and
grinding noises, and shuddering motions of the
ship, caused me to start up again and rush to the
cabin door. The night was still black and starless,
with wind and rain, but for acres round us the sea
30 was whiter than milk. I did not step out, as close to
me, where our only lifeboat was fastened, three of
the sailors were standing together talking in low
tones. 'We are lost,' I heard one say; and another
answer, 'Ay, lost forever!' Just then the Mate,
35 roused from sleep, came running to them. 'What
have you done?' he exclaimed sharply; then
dropping his voice, he added, 'Lower the lifeboat –
quick!'

40 I crept out and stood unseen by them in the dark.
Not a thought of the wicked act they were about to
engage in entered my mind at the time – for it was
their intention to save themselves and leave us to
our fate in that awful white surf. My only thought
was that at the last moment, I would spring with

45 them into the boat and save myself. But one other
person, more experienced than myself, and whose
courage took a better form, was also near and
listening. He was the First Engineer. Seeing the men
making for the lifeboat, he slipped out of the engine
50 room, revolver in hand, and secretly followed them;
and when the Mate gave the order to board, he
stepped forward with the weapon raised and said in
a quiet but determined voice that he would shoot
the first man who should attempt to obey it. The
55 men slunk away and disappeared in the gloom.

In a few moments more the passengers began
streaming out on to the deck in a great state of
alarm. Last of all, the old Captain, white and hollow-
eyed, appeared like a ghost among us. We had not
60 been standing there long when, by some freak
chance, the steamship got off the rocks and
plunged on through the seething, milky surf; then
very suddenly passed out of it into black and
comparatively calm water. For ten minutes she sped
65 rapidly and smoothly on, then it was said that we
were stuck fast in the sand of the shore, although
no shore was visible in the darkness.

There was no longer any wind, but through the fast-
breaking clouds ahead of us appeared the first
70 welcome signs of dawn. It was true enough that we
were stuck fast in the sand; but although this was a
safer bed for the steamship than the jagged rocks;
our position was still a perilous one and I at once
determined to land.

END OF SOURCES

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