



GCSE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

**Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and
perspectives**

8700/2

Insert

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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

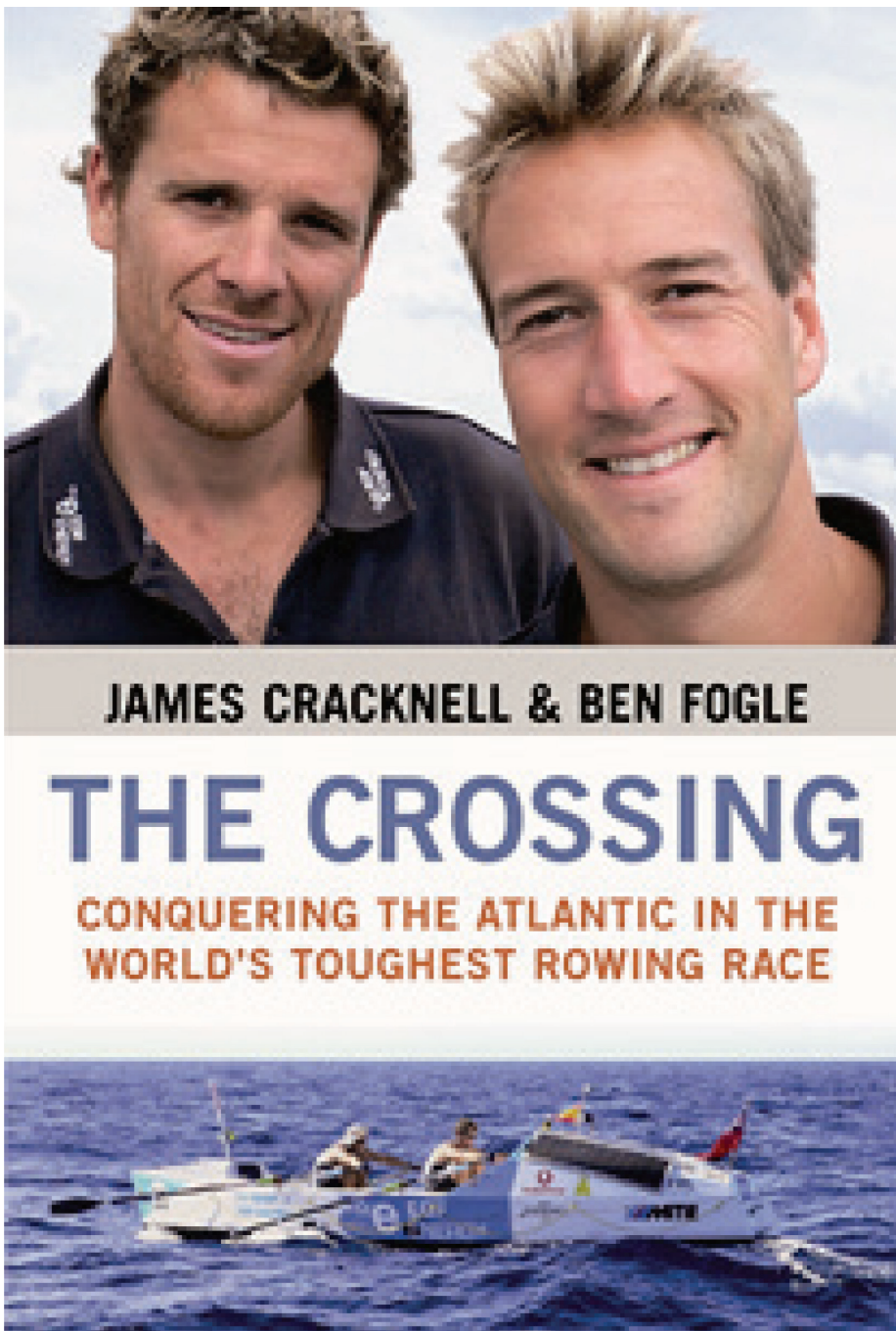
‘Idle Days in Patagonia’

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
5 had continued to build, with an
ever-increasing wind that was
gusting at 40 knots. The swell had
grown and conditions were
becoming increasingly frenzied.
10 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.**
- 15 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
20 by the deteriorating weather, and
I thought of my wife, back at home.**

[Turn over]

I longed to be with her and away from this intimidating ocean. As I rowed, a barely perceptible blue
25 hue appeared on the skyline.

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

31 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
35 again I 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,
40 the horizon disappearing as the churning surf enveloped the stern of the boat. I felt it lift, as a torrent of water crashed over the boat and

I felt myself falling backwards.
45 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 then a rush of
50 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
55 they too were dragged from my
clasp. My mind went blank as I
tumbled through the surf, spun
around roughly like clothes in a
59 washing machine.

60 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
65 was nothing. No boat, just inky
cold water.

[Turn over]

I had been underwater for a seeming eternity and had started to panic. It felt as though my lungs
70 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
75 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
80 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
85 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
90 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
95 was still no sign of James. Why
wasn't the 'Spirit' righting herself? I
fretted as I hauled myself up on to
her keel.

I could feel the boat listing. Slowly
100 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
105 shock.

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

[Turn over]

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

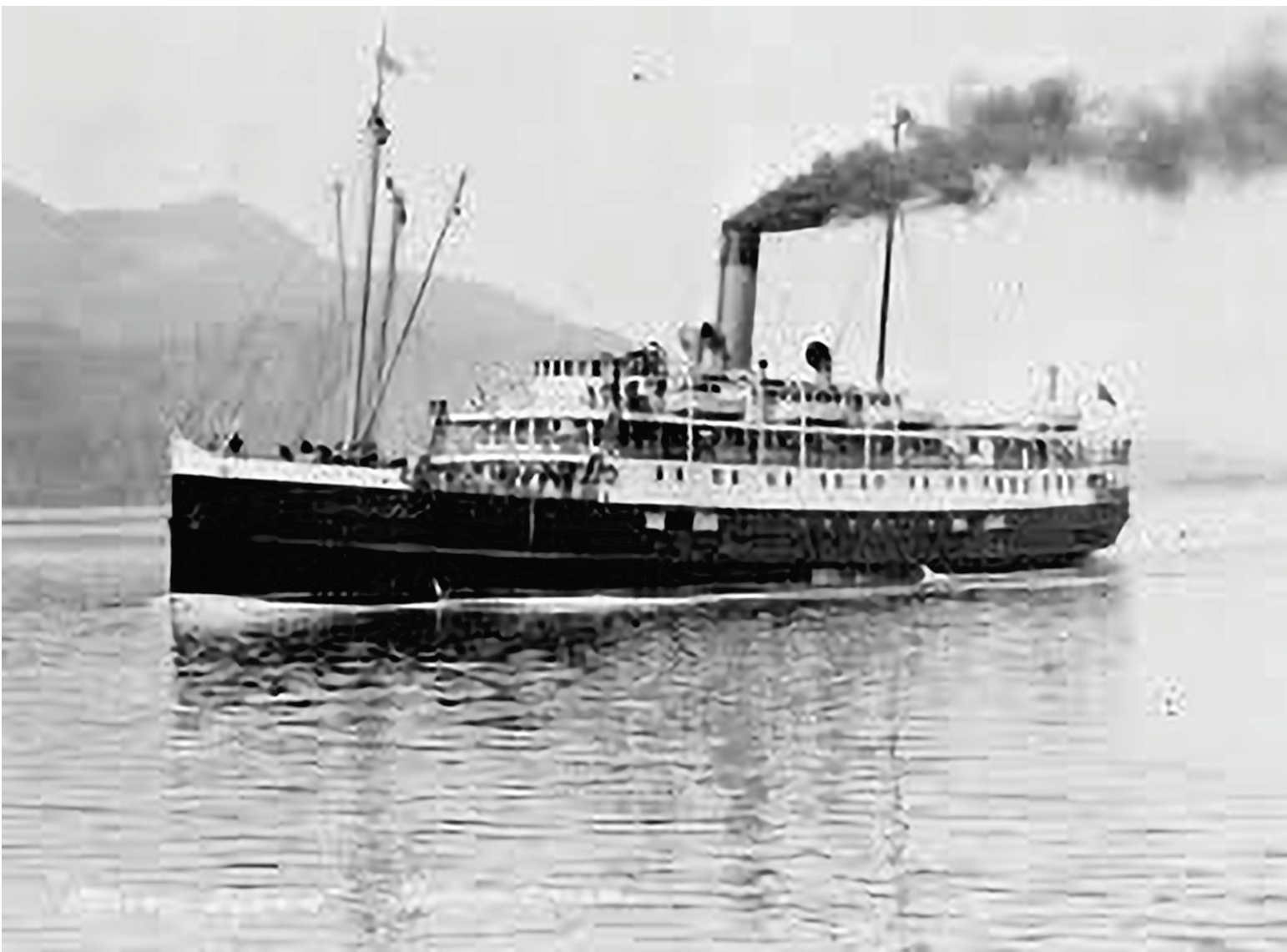
110 All around us the ocean was strewn with debris, loose equipment from the deck. After five weeks at sea we had become complacent and had long stopped lashing things down;
115 we could only watch as all our worldly possessions drifted away into the rolling ocean.

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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
5 I had taken passage to Patagonia,
would turn over once and for all
and settle down beneath the
tremendous tumult of waters. For
the groaning sound of its straining
10 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, and under the
15 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.

20 Ours was a very curious boat,
ancient and much damaged; long
and narrow in shape, with the
passengers' cabins ranged like a

[Turn over]

row of small wooden cottages on
25 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, was
lying in his cabin sick; our one
30 Mate was asleep, leaving only the
men to navigate the steamship on
that perilous coast, and in the
darkest hour of a tempestuous
night.

35 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,
40 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 was whiter than milk.
45 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
50 say; and another answer, 'Ay, lost forever!' Just then the Mate, roused from sleep, came running to them. 'What have you done?' he
exclaimed sharply; then dropping
55 his voice, he added, 'Lower the lifeboat – quick!'

I crept out and stood unseen by them in the dark. Not a thought of the wicked act they were about to
60 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
65 moment, I would spring with them into the boat and save myself. But one other person, more experienced than myself, and whose courage took a better form,

[Turn over]

70 was also near and listening. He was
the First Engineer. Seeing the men
making for the lifeboat, he slipped
out of the engine room, revolver in
hand, and secretly followed them;
75 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
80 should attempt to obey it. The men
slunk away and disappeared in the
gloom.

In a few moments more the
passengers began streaming out
85 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
been standing there long when, by
90 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
95 water. For ten minutes she sped 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.

100 There was no longer any wind, but through the fast-breaking clouds ahead of us appeared the first welcome signs of dawn. It was true enough that we were stuck fast in
105 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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