
GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE
(8700)

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

- **Source A:** a newspaper article called *Are We Having Fun Yet?* by Elizabeth Day
 - **Source B:** an extract from *Greenwich Fair* by Charles Dickens.

**Please turn the page over
to see the source**

Source A - 21st Century non-fiction

Elizabeth Day has been sent to report on the 2005 Glastonbury Festival¹ for a Sunday newspaper.

Are we having fun yet?

Anton is standing knee-deep in tea-coloured water. He is covered in a slippery layer of dark-brown mud, like a gleaming otter emerging from a river-bed. The occasional empty bottle of Somerset cider wafts past his legs, carried away by the current. "I mean," he says, with a broad smile and a strange, staring look in his dilated eyes, "where else but Glastonbury would you find all this?"

He sweeps his arm in a grandiose arc, encompassing a scene of near-total devastation. In one field, a series of tents has lost its moorings in a recent thunderstorm and is floating down the hillside. The tents are being chased by a group of shivering, half-naked people who look like the survivors of a terrible natural disaster.

When I was told that The Sunday Telegraph was sending me to experience Glastonbury for the first time, my initial reaction was one of undiluted horror. Still, I thought, at least the weather was good. England was in the grip of a heat wave.

But then the rains came: six hours of uninterrupted thunderstorm in the early hours of Friday morning. When I arrived later that day, there was a polite drizzle. By yesterday, the rain had given way to an overcast sky, the colour of exhaled cigarette smoke. The mud, however, remained, and the only way to get around the 900-acre site was - like Anton - to resign oneself to getting very dirty indeed.

Everything else might have been damp, but the crowd remained impressively good-humoured throughout. "It's a very safe, family-friendly atmosphere," says Ed Thaw, a music student from London. "This is my sixth time at Glastonbury and I've never had any trouble." Indeed, on my train to Castle Cary, the carriages are crammed with well-spoken degree students sipping Pimms² and making polite chit-chat.

The acts for 2005 included Coldplay, Elvis Costello and the American rock band The Killers, who brought a touch of salubrioness to the proceedings by performing in tuxedo³ jackets and glitter.

But Glastonbury has still managed to preserve a healthy degree of wackiness. In the Lost Vagueness area, a 1950s-style diner comes complete with fancy-dress rock 'n' roll dancers and a constant stream of Elvis songs. The Chapel of Love and Loathing has a disc jockey booth disguised as a church organ. Apparently, couples can get married here. Outside, a man wearing a huge pink Afro-wig⁴ is twirling round and round in bare feet. "What happened to your shoes?" I ask.

"They got washed away with my tent," he says, cheerily.

Bizarrely, everyone seems to be having a brilliant time and there are broad grins wherever I look. In fact, it's almost nice, this Glastonbury thing.



¹Glastonbury Festival – a famous pop-music festival held in the summer in Somerset

²Pimms – a pink alcoholic drink, often drunk with ice in the summer

³tuxedo – a black or white, formal jacket, usually worn in the evening

⁴afro-wig – a curly wig with a rounded shape

Source B – 19th Century non-fiction

Greenwich Fair: Where Dickens let his hair down

Charles Dickens is writing in 1839 about a fair in London which was a popular annual event he enjoyed.

The road to Greenwich during the whole of Easter Monday is in a state of perpetual bustle and noise. Cabs, hackney-coaches¹, 'shay' carts², coal-waggon, stages, omnibuses³, donkey-chaises² - all crammed with people, roll along at their utmost speed. The dust flies in clouds, ginger-beer corks go off in volleys, the balcony of every public-house is crowded
5 with people smoking and drinking, half the private houses are turned into tea-shops, fiddles are in great request, every little fruit-shop displays its stall of gilt gingerbread and penny toys; horses won't go on, and wheels will come off. Ladies scream with fright at every fresh concussion and servants,
10 who have got a holiday for the day, make the most of their time. Everybody is anxious to get on and to be at the fair, or in the park, as soon as possible.

The chief place of resort in the daytime, after the public-houses, is the park, in which the principal amusement is to drag young ladies up the steep hill which leads to the Observatory⁴,
15 and then drag them down again at the very top of their speed, greatly to the derangement of their curls and bonnet-caps, and much to the edification of lookers-on from below. 'Kiss in the Ring⁵,' and 'Threading my Grandmother's Needle⁵,' too, are sports which receive their full share of patronage.

Five minutes' walking brings you to the fair itself; a scene calculated to awaken very different
20 feelings. The entrance is occupied on either side by the vendors of gingerbread and toys: the stalls are gaily lighted up, the most attractive goods profusely disposed, and un-bonneted young ladies induce you to purchase half a pound of the real spice nuts, of which the majority of the regular fair-goers carry a pound or two as a present supply, tied up in a cotton pocket-handkerchief. Occasionally you pass a deal⁶ table, on which are exposed pennyworths of pickled salmon (fennel⁷
25 included), in little white saucers: oysters, with shells as large as cheese-plates, and several specimens of a species of snail floating in a somewhat bilious-looking green liquid.

Imagine yourself in an extremely dense crowd, which swings you to and fro, and in and out, and every way but the right one; add to this the screams of women, the shouts of boys, the clanging of gongs, the firing of pistols, the ringing of bells, the bellowings of speaking-trumpets, the squeaking of
30 penny dittos⁸, the noise of a dozen bands, with three drums in each, all playing different tunes at the same time, the hallooing of showmen, and an occasional roar from the wild-beast shows; and you are in the very centre and heart of the fair.

This immense booth, with the large stage in front, so brightly illuminated with lamps, and pots of burning fat, is 'Richardson's,' where you have a melodrama (with three murders and a ghost), a
35 pantomime, a comic song, an overture, and some incidental music, all done in five-and-twenty minutes.

'Just a-going to begin! Pray come for'erd, come for'erd,' exclaims the man in the countryman's dress, for the seventieth time: and people force their way up the steps in crowds. The band suddenly strikes up and the leading tragic actress, and the gentleman who enacts the 'swell' in the pantomime, foot it
40 to perfection. 'All in to begin,' shouts the manager, when no more people can be induced to 'come for'erd,' and away rush the leading members of the company to do the first piece.

Turn over ►

¹hackney coaches – a horse-drawn carriage for hire

²shay carts / ²donkey chaises – a lightweight, open horse-drawn carriage

³omnibuses – a large (in this case horse-drawn) bus for public transport

⁴Observatory – Greenwich is the location of a famous astronomical observatory situated on top of a hill

⁵Kiss in the Ring / ⁵Threading my Grandmother's Needle – traditional childrens' games

⁶deal – a softwood timber such as pine

⁷fennel – an edible plant with an aniseed flavour

⁸penny dittos – (presumably) short pieces of music/songs

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