

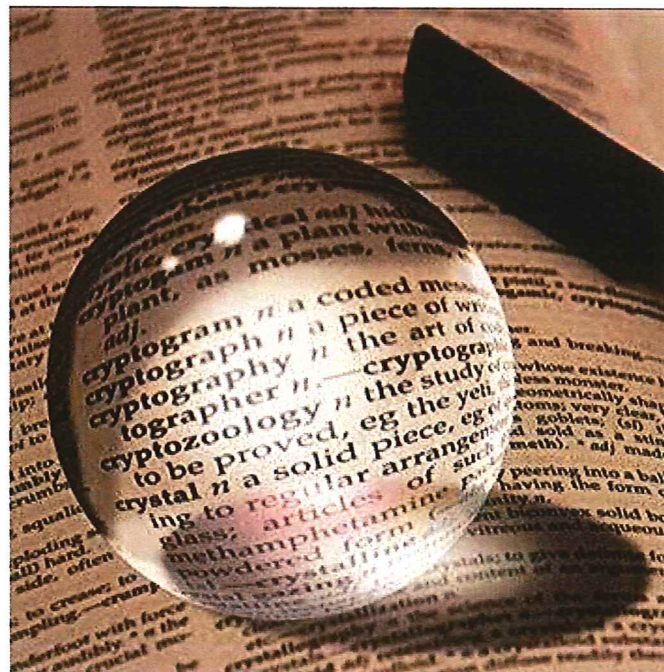
ST AMBROSE HIGH SCHOOL



ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

National 4

Reading for Understanding, Analysis and Evaluation



R.U.A.E. Skills and Methods

Reading for Understanding, Analysis and Evaluation

Understanding: Locate & Translate

- ✓ in your own words
- ✓ linking
- ✓ summarising

Analysis: Select & Comment

- ✓ **word choice** (quote & comment)
- ✓ **sentence structure**
(identify & quote & comment)
- ✓ **imagery** (just as, so this suggests)
- ✓ **tone** (lot*)

Evaluation: Select & Comment & Link

- ✓ **effective introduction**
- ✓ **effective 'image'...**
- ✓ **effective conclusion**

LOT* means Lazy Old Tone = the other techniques do its work
identify tone through word choice, sentence structure, and imagery

SHARKS

Just when you thought it was safe to go to North Queensferry ...

Stephen McGinty faces danger to swim with the sharks.

1. There is a cartoon in the diver's locker room at Deep Sea World. It shows two sharks eyeing up a couple of divers in masks, fins and aqualungs. One shark asks the other, "Will we eat them?" The other replies, "No, that thing on their backs gives me wind."
2. As I bent, buckled and squeezed myself into the drysuit, the threat of a dose of marine indigestion seemed a poor defence against the flat-eyed terrors of the deep.
3. I had been assured at the North Queensferry complex that the sharks would have no wish to eat me. I did not look like their natural prey of fish, which are small, wet and flap about. No-one noticed that at the time I felt small, was drenched in sweat and couldn't stop shaking. I didn't feel like a flounder, but given time ...
4. In the next chamber was the world's largest underwater safari: four and a half million litres of filtered sea water containing dozens of species and hundreds of fish including bass, cod, plaice, bream, mackerel, lesser spotted dogfish, conger eels, skates and sharks. The nine bigger sharks were sand tigers - the largest about nine feet long.
5. All the sand tigers have names like Stella, Bertha, Fred, Barnie and Dino. The largest is called The Preacher because most people see him and start to pray. Barnie sounded like a bundle of laughs in comparison.
6. "Mind, the big one is a bit frisky," said another diver to Stuart Bell, my scuba instructor.
7. "Frisky?" I nervously asked.
8. "Don't worry," Stuart said as he helped zip up my drysuit. To explain, a wet suit gets you wet; the water enters holes in the suit but doesn't exit, so your body-temperature heats the water, providing an insulating layer. A dry suit seals out the water allowing you to wear tracksuit bottoms and T-shirt underneath for warmth.
9. Once sealed inside our suits into a tiny tank, containing only a few crabs, where I hauled on my aqualung and weight belt. Sinking to the bottom I struggled to gain my balance against the backwards pull of the weights and aqualung. Gripping Stuart's arm, I drained the air from the suit and accustomed myself to the sensation of breathing.
10. When I was relaxed, Stuart opened the hatch leading to the main safari tank. Rock walls dropped to the sandy floor 30 feet below.
11. Though the habitat felt natural, it would be impossible to view such a variety of sea-life in Scotland's brackish waters. Brightly coloured fish of greens, blues and greys darted, twisted and turned, and a giant skate flapped over the tunnel as tourists, wide-eyed in wonder, peered up as I looked down into an utterly silent world. The only sound was the rasp of my own breath and the click of swallowing.
12. Stuart descended first and I quickly followed squinting while the pressure built in my ears. Just as on an aeroplane, you can clear them by pinching your nose and blowing. On the bottom I lost balance but was supported by Stuart as I found my feet.

13. Childhood memories of underwater programmes on TV flooded in, mixing with books and magazines on sharks and the film cartoon of *Marine Boy*. Once I had gained some confidence, Stuart returned to the surface to collect underwater photographer Gavin Anderson. It was then I noticed the little four-year-old waving from the tunnel. I started to think: what if I was eaten by a nine-foot shark? Would it scar him for life? Then I put myself in his place. As a small child my only response to a diver being savaged to death by a giant shark just feet in front of me would be ... COOOOOL!!!
14. Deep Sea World was drawing them in with a blood-curdling exhibition about pirates. Just how much would the business boom if the sharks were to turn savage? It's all very well saying these sharks are environmentally friendly and only eat wee fish. That's boring; it's blood that the public want to see. I inched my head carefully, scanning for Stuart's return.
15. Panic and paranoia rose with my air bubbles as I caught a blurry glimpse of my foe curving around on the other side of the tunnel with a lazy flick of its tail. This sand tiger shark was nine feet long and - approaching about six feet in front and above me. My lungs began to pipe the *Jaws* theme up in my throat.
16. A few images from the film looped in my head before it arrived: Robert Shaw desperately kicking at the munching mouth of the great white shark, before disappearing inside; the severed leg dropping to the bottom of the boating pond, a tumbling head, and Roy Schneider up on a sinking flag pole, taking aim and screaming, "Smile, you son of a ... " BOOM!
17. And then it was before me in direct contrast to the celluloid nightmares of Hollywood. There was no evil eye staring me out, no prowling movement or even any interest. Instead it swam by like a bored fridge. Just then, water began to fill my mask obscuring the view. Once I had cleared it my foe-turned-distant-friend was disappearing into the distance. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder marking Stuart's return with photographer Gavin Anderson.
18. Gavin seemed confident and relaxed. "If we want to get a picture of you with a shark you're going to have to get quite close so I can blast it with the flash and get the shot."
19. "That won't annoy it?" I worried.
20. "What?"
21. "The shark, you won't annoy it?"
22. "It'll be fine," he said, shaking his head and administering a friendly pat.
23. Thirty feet down he fiddled with his camera while occasionally giving the OK signal -thumb and first finger in a circle while the remaining three stick up in the air. I responded, though the mouthpiece hid the manic grins I made.
24. To recap on the sunken scene, I was kneeling on the bottom with my tank to the tunnel. Stuart was stationed protectively to my left side while Gavin hung about on the right, itching to shoot. I felt like bad bait - only crowds of cod, bass and flounder flocked towards me.
25. Ten or twelve of them mobbed round my mask, occasionally touching the glass before fleeing. Then I remembered sharks eat fish and suddenly felt like jam in a swiss roll at a kids' tea party. But they wouldn't leave. Just then Gavin got excited which could mean only one thing - the return of the floating fridge.

26. Earlier, while changing, we had rehearsed how I would tilt my head backwards so that my face and the shark's would fit inside the same picture. But I couldn't do it. I didn't want to. I slightly tilted my head and noticed the soft underbelly breeze above me, close enough to touch. This was real, not an image from a movie.
27. The finest moment of a memorable dive was when we slowly rose to the surface as a giant skate flapped past on one side while a sand tiger shark browsed by below me. The chance of such an encounter in the open seas would be as slim as my chances of survival without Stuart's reassuring presence and training.
28. Breaking the surface and wrenching out the mouthpiece, I swore, and swore, and swore. Swearing is sometimes more descriptive for the indescribable as the words come charged with more impact. I had swum with sharks. Childhood fears and attractions had been relived when I touched another world. I simply wanted to return.

Adapted from an article in *The Herald*

SHARKS

Remember: Try to use your own words as far as possible in your answers.

1. (a) Who would be likely to read this article? Think about:
 - ♦ Age **and/or**
 - ♦ Interests **and/or**
 - ♦ Nationality **and/or**
 - ♦ Another audience you can identify. 2
 (b) Explain how you reached this conclusion. 2

2. (a) The writer identifies different views of sharks throughout the passage. Write down what **two** of these are. 2
 (b) Support each of these views with a piece of evidence from the passage and explain why you have chosen it. 4

3. **Look at Paragraph 3.**
 “I didn’t feel like a flounder, but given time...”
 Why do you think the writer **deliberately** chose not to complete this sentence? 2

4. **Look at Paragraphs 4 and 5.**
 “In the next chamber was the world’s largest underwater safari...”
 How does the writer continue this idea throughout Paragraph 4? 2

5. **Look at Paragraphs 6 to 8.**
 Explain the difference between a wet suit and a dry suit. 2

6. **Look at Paragraph 13.**
 Why do you think the writer has chosen the word “flooded” to describe how his memories returned? 2

7. (a) **Look at Paragraphs 15 and 16.**
 Write down **two** ways in which the writer builds up an atmosphere of suspense as the shark approaches him. 2
 (b) Explain how effective you find these. 2

8. **Look at Paragraph 17.**
 By commenting on **imagery** and **word-choice**, explain how the writer conveys the “direct contrast” in atmosphere. 4

9. (a) What would you consider to be the main purpose of this article? Justify your answer with reference to the passage as a whole. 2
 (b) Explain how effective you think the writer has been in achieving his aims. Justify your answer with reference to evidence from the passage as a whole. 2

Total Mark (30)

AT THE VET

In this passage, the writer describes an amusing incident when his dog is taken to the vet. The "Mrs Harper" he refers to is his wife.

1. Mrs Harper has a theory that men are big bairns when it comes to pain, even the big bruisers among us.
2. I think this is a foul slur on Scottish manhood. I believe that wives throughout the northern half of Scotland are well aware of how uncomplainingly we men bear pain or discomfort; how unfazed we are by the prospect of a visit to the doctor's surgery or the hospital, and how reluctant we are to take to our beds, even when suffering horrendous illness.
3. Mrs Harper's theory is not limited to human males. She says she has amassed plenty of evidence that the males of any species are gey peer craitors when it comes to needles, knives or rubber gloves. What happened last Saturday afternoon, I have to concede, lent weight to her theory.
4. The two of us and the dog (male) had gone out for our usual weekend walk, timing it between bursts of rain. As we passed the vet's surgery on the way to the riverside park, Mrs Harper noticed that the surgery door was open and remembered suddenly that the big red beast was due his regular dose of kennel-cough medicine.
5. Seeing her chance, she bustled across the road. All seemed reasonably clear, so she asked if she might make an appointment. The vet proposed getting it over and done with at that moment, as he appeared to have a minor lull between one four-legged emergency and another, so she appeared back outside the surgery door and beckoned me from across the road.
6. The dog, who had spent the short time we had waited by sizing up the surgery and slowly recalling an assortment of needles, thermometers and rubber-glove smells, showed an unusual reluctance to rise from his sitting position.
7. Persuaded across the road, he arrived in the surgery and went daft. The vet must have thought he was thoroughly undisciplined, which is untrue. It's just that the assortment of smells in a vet's surgery must be the equivalent of those in a soap shop to a small boy.
8. He did as he was told and sat, but with his behind and paws quivering on the lino, and his head craning through 270 degrees.
9. The vet went off to charge the syringe with the medicine, turning his back to the dog while he did so. Those of you who are familiar with dogs will know that a kennel-cough dose is administered not through a needle, but through a blunt squirter up the animal's nostrils.
10. Our normally placid beast has an abiding horror of this. Mrs Harper says this is not because it's a particularly traumatic procedure or that any vet has been rough with him in the past. It's just that he's male and, consequently, affa feart for himsel.
11. As the vet turned round, brandishing the blunt-nosed syringe, all pretence of canine discipline vanished.

12. In the middle of this confusion, with the dog's lead twining my legs and the lino being gouged to destruction as he tried to head for the door, the vet looked at me. "Could you sit down and hold him between your knees to try to steady him?" he said. "Then put your arms round him to lock him while I try to get close."
13. Not sure that my joints were up to such contortions and exertion, I made to sit down on the nearest seat, as I had been told. Just in time, Mrs Harper pointed out that the seat in question was on castors.
14. While that might not have been very dignified, look on the bright side: I could have broken the office-chair land-speed record and earned my place in history.
15. I opted for another seat—sturdy, mahogany—sitting against another wall, and I shochled across, rebelling dog in tow, plonked myself down, hauled him to sit between my knees and locked my arm under his chin.
16. He calmed momentarily while the vet slipped a nylon muzzle on him. Our dog hasn't so much as nipped anyone in his four years, but it's always best to be cautious in trauma.
17. The vet tilted the dog's head back and bore down with the syringe. To say that what followed was akin to a whirlwind of dervishes and banshees breaking loose would be gross understatement. I've seen spin-driers and pneumatic drills with less vigour.
18. Had I not been involved myself, I would not have believed that so much struggling could come from a normally placid and passive beast.
19. As for the vet, it is difficult to aim for two nostrils when they are thrashing from left to right, despite the animal's owner's best efforts to steady them.
20. However, the vet managed a quick squirt up one tunnel and half a squirt up the other, which he declared sufficient.
21. But it didn't end there.
22. Just as the vet leaned back and slipped the muzzle off the dog, the dog tilted his head back, glowered up into my face and let rip the most enormous sneeze, blowing half his kennel-cough medicine back over me. Having exacted his revenge, he stepped from the surgery as bright and lively as ever. I, meanwhile, had a thumping headache within 15 minutes.
23. While the dog leaped and bounded and gambolled happily about the riverside park, having forgotten all about his medical encounter just minutes before, my mouth had gone dry, the sky had gone dark and my throat had begun to burn.
24. Heaven knows what is the active ingredient in kennel-cough serum but, trust me, you don't want to tangle with it.
25. The headache, dryness and hazy vision persisted for the rest of that evening, despite Mrs Harper's conviction that I was malingering.
26. Happily, I felt fine after a night's sleep, and the symptoms were but a faint memory by the time I took my place at the kitchen table with my bran flakes the following morning.

27. Indeed, I'm almost back to normal. The appetite has returned. I'm sleeping well. Best of all, I can now go to kennels nationwide without fear of catching so much as a tickly throat.
28. Mrs Harper says that she has never seen me looking so healthy in all the time we have been married.
29. If only I could stop chasing rabbits.

Adapted from *Fortnights* by Norman Harper

AT THE VET

Remember: Try to use your own words as far as possible in your answers.

- | | | | | | | | | |
|------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|-------------------------------------|---|-----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|--|
| 1. | (a) Who would be likely to read this article? Think about: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ◆ Age and/or ◆ Interests and/or ◆ Nationality and/or ◆ Another audience you can identify | 1 | | | | | | |
| | (b) Explain how you reached this conclusion. | 2 | | | | | | |
| Look at Paragraphs 1-2. | | | | | | | | |
| 2. | The writer disagrees with Mrs Harper's theory that men are "big bairns" (Paragraph 1).
Find two pieces of evidence to support this. | 2 | | | | | | |
| Look at Paragraphs 3-8. | | | | | | | | |
| 3. | The writer presents a different aspect of Mrs Harper's 'theory' in these lines. <table border="0" style="width: 100%;"> <tbody> <tr> <td style="vertical-align: top;">(a)</td> <td style="vertical-align: top;">Summarise the main line of thought.</td> <td style="vertical-align: bottom; text-align: right;">1</td> </tr> <tr> <td style="vertical-align: top;">(b)</td> <td style="vertical-align: top;">Provide two pieces of supporting evidence for this line of thought.</td> <td style="vertical-align: bottom; text-align: right;">2</td> </tr> </tbody> </table> | (a) | Summarise the main line of thought. | 1 | (b) | Provide two pieces of supporting evidence for this line of thought. | 2 | |
| (a) | Summarise the main line of thought. | 1 | | | | | | |
| (b) | Provide two pieces of supporting evidence for this line of thought. | 2 | | | | | | |
| 4. | "the equivalent of those in a soap shop to a small boy" (Paragraph 7).
Explain why this is a good way of explaining the way the dog might feel about the smells in the vet's surgery. | 2 | | | | | | |
| 5. | "he arrived in the surgery and went daft" (Paragraph 7)
From your reading of Paragraphs 8-13, provide three pieces of evidence to support this point. | 3 | | | | | | |
| Look at Paragraph 17. | | | | | | | | |
| 6 | Look at the writer's description of how the dog reacted to the syringe. (Paragraph 17).
Choose two expressions in this paragraph and explain why they are effective. | 4 | | | | | | |
| Look at Paragraphs 21 – 23. | | | | | | | | |
| 7. | (a) Explain why "But it didn't end there" (line 63) provides an effective link at this stage in the passage. | 3 | | | | | | |
| | (b) Comment on the effectiveness of the structure of this sentence. | 2 | | | | | | |
| 8. | What is surprising about the writer's use of "glowered" and "exacted his revenge" in this context? | 2 | | | | | | |
| 9. | Provide two expressions which help to point out the contrast between the dog and the writer and explain how effective they are. | 4 | | | | | | |
| 10. | What do you think the writer was aiming to achieve when writing this article?
Justify your choice with reference to the passage as a whole | 2 | | | | | | |
| Total | | (30) | | | | | | |

MONEY WELL SPENT

In this extract from his autobiography, the writer, Bill Bryson, remembers and reflects upon the time he was first taken to Disneyland by his parents.

1. My father returned home in unusually high spirits, and revealed his startling plans to take us away on a trip over Christmas to some mysterious place.
2. “You wait. You’ll like it. You’ll see,” was all he would say, to whoever asked. The whole idea of it was unspeakably exciting—we weren’t the type of people to do something so rash, so sudden, so unseasonal—but unnerving too, for exactly the same reasons. So on the afternoon of 16 December, when Greenwood, my elementary school, dispatched its happy hordes into the snowy streets to begin three glorious weeks of yuletide relaxation (and school holidays in those days, let me say, were of a proper and generous duration), the family Rambler was waiting out front, steaming extravagantly, even keenly, and ready to cut a trail across the snowy prairies. We headed west as usual, crossed the mighty Missouri River and made our way past Omaha. Then we just kept on going. We drove for what seemed like (in fact was) days across the endless, stubbly snow-blown plains. We passed one enticing diversion after another—Pony Express stations, buffalo licks, a pretty big rock—without so much as a sideways glance from my father. My mother began to look faintly worried.
3. On the third morning, we caught our first sight of the Rockies—the first time in my life I had seen something on the horizon other than a horizon. And still we kept going, up and through the ragged mountains and out the other side. We emerged in California, into warmth and sunshine, and spent a week experiencing its wonders—its mighty groves of redwoods, the lush Imperial Valley, Big Sur, Los Angeles—and the delicious, odd feel of warm sunlight on your face and bare arms in December: a winter without winter.
4. I had seldom—what am I saying? I had never—seen my father so generous and carefree. At a lunch counter in San Luis Obispo he invited me—*urged* me—to have a large hot fudge sundae, and when I said, “Dad, are you sure?” he said, “Go on, you only live once”—a sentiment that had never passed his teeth before, certainly not in a commercial setting.
5. We spent Christmas Day walking on a beach in Santa Monica, and the next day we got in the car and drove south on a snaking freeway through the hazy, warm, endless nowhere-ness of Los Angeles. At length we parked in an enormous parking lot that was almost comically empty—we were one of half a dozen cars, all from out of state—and strode a few paces to a grand entrance, where we stood with hands in pockets looking up at a fabulous display of wrought iron.
6. “Well, Billy, do you know where this is?” my father asked, unnecessarily. There wasn’t a child in the world that didn’t know these fabled gates.
7. “It’s Disneyland,” I said.
8. “It certainly is,” he agreed, and he stared appreciatively at the gates as if they were something he had privately commissioned.

9. For a minute I wondered if this was all we had come for—to admire the gates—and if in a moment we would get back in the car and drive on to somewhere else. But instead he told us to wait where we were, and strode purposefully to a ticket booth where he conducted a brief but remarkably cheerful transaction. It was the only time in my life that I saw two \$20 bills leave my father’s wallet simultaneously. As he waited at the window, he gave us a broad smile and a little wave.
10. “Am I ill or something?” I asked my mother.
11. “No, honey,” she replied.
12. “Is Dad ill?”
13. “No, honey, everybody’s fine. Your father’s just got the Christmas spirit.”
14. At no point in all my life before or since have I been more astounded, more gratified, more happy than I was for the whole of that day. We had the park practically to ourselves. We did it all—spun gaily in people-sized teacups, climbed aboard flying Dumbos, marvelled at the exciting conveniences in the Monsanto All-Plastic House of the Future in Tomorrowland, enjoyed a submarine ride and riverboat safari, took a rocket to the moon. (The seats actually trembled. “Whoa!” we all said in delighted alarm.) Disneyland in those days was a considerably less slick and manicured wonder than it would later become, but it was still the finest thing I had ever seen—possibly the finest thing that existed in America at the time. My father was positively enchanted with the place, with its tidiness and wholesomeness and imaginative picture-set charm, and kept asking why all the world couldn’t be like this. “But cheaper, of course,” he added, comfortingly returning to character and steering us deftly past a souvenir stand. The next morning we got in the car and began the thousand-mile trip across desert, mountain and prairie to Des Moines. It was a long drive, but everyone was very happy. At Omaha, we didn’t stop—didn’t even slow down—but just kept on going. And if there is a better way to conclude a vacation by not stopping in Omaha, then I don’t know it.

From Bill Bryson, *The Life and Times of the Thunderbolt Kid* (slightly adapted)

MONEY WELL SPENT

Remember: Try to use your own words as far as possible in your answers.

1. (a) Who would be likely to read this article? Think about
 - ◆ Age **and/or**
 - ◆ Interests **and/or**
 - ◆ Nationality **and/or**
 - ◆ Another audience you can identify 1
 (b) Explain how you reached this conclusion. 2

2. In the opening paragraph, we read that the writer's father returned in "unusually high spirits".
 Explain **in your own words** what this tells us about the father's character. 2

- Look at Paragraphs 1-2.**
3. (a) The writer tells us that the trip was "unspeakably exciting" (Paragraph 2).
In your own words give **two** reasons why the family found the prospect of the trip "exciting". 2
 (b) As well as exciting, how else did the family find the prospect of the trip?
 Answer **in your own words**. 1
 (c) The style of writing in Paragraph 2 is chatty. Pick out an example of **word choice** and **sentence structure** which demonstrates this. 2

4. (a) The writer has pleasant memories of Christmas from his childhood.
 Explain clearly how any **two** examples of the writer's **word choice** in Paragraph 2 help emphasise this. 4
 (b) Explain **in your own words** how the writer's Christmas holidays were different from school holidays nowadays. 2

5. (a) The writer mentions the family Rambler (a make of car). What is surprising about the way he refers to it? 1
 (b) Suggest a reason why the writer might have referred to the car in this way. 1

- "We emerged ... a winter without winter" (Paragraph 3)**
6. (a) Explain why the writer has used the dashes in this sentence. 2
 (b) What is surprising about this expression? 1
 (c) With reference to the rest of the sentence, explain clearly what the writer means by "a winter without winter". 2

7. The writer suggests in Paragraph 4 that his father's behaviour was different from the norm. Explain this change, using your own words as far as possible. 2

- Look at Paragraph 9.**
8. Explain why it is appropriate for the writer to use the expression "remarkably cheerful" when referring to the "transaction" his father conducts. 2

9. (a) Which of the following best describes the article's purpose? Choose **one** only:
- to inform
 - to entertain
 - to reflect on a personal experience
 - to tell a story
- (b) With reference to **two** examples from anywhere in the passage, justify your choice.

1

2

Total Mark (30)

THREE MEN AND A DOG

You don't need to lug a tent on a long-distance walk in the Lakes. Kevin Rushby and his two sons discover barn camping on a rite of passage hike with their young hound.

1. It's so easy when they're puppies. You stroll down the street and they come home exhausted. People stop and have conversations.
2. "Aren't you gorgeous?" (That can be disappointing, of course: it's the dog who is being addressed, not you). Then they get bigger. They want proper walks. They want sticks thrown. We got a mongrel terrier pup from a rescue centre. And when Wilf reached full size, I started looking to take him for a decent walk in deep countryside—a rite of passage for a young hound, somewhere beyond the realm of the dreaded poo bin. There were two teenage sons too, Con and Niall, and they seemed surprisingly enthusiastic—there's one tip for getting your kids to walk: buy or borrow a dog.
3. The Lake District seemed a good choice—plenty of wonderful walking there—but with snow on the way I didn't fancy camping. Instead, I booked us into a couple of barns. There's a whole slew of them across the Lakes, offering varying degrees of comfort from downright basic to . . . well, let's call it cosily austere. Nevertheless, they did seem to offer a cushier alternative to tents.
4. Our hotel in Keswick was willing to take a dog for a night in one of their dog-friendly rooms, so we planned on a comfortable start followed by three days of walking in a great horseshoe around the southern extremities of Borrowdale.
5. I have this fond vision of dogs in hotels and pubs. It's an affable labrador-type creature laid out under the table, snoozing. At the hotel, Wilf isn't like that. He runs riot. He loves hotels. He loves the way people drop crisps in the bar. He sneaks into a neighbour's room and sniffs their luggage for food. Curiously, they laugh indulgently and say things like, "You're a lovable chap, aren't you?" A dog's life doesn't seem so bad, really. Wilf soon settles down on his dedicated luxury bed and sleeps like a baby. I spend the night half-awake, stirring at every doggy snort, worrying that he'll get up and cock his leg on the four-poster. Mercifully that doesn't happen.
6. At first light, we set out. Winter walking means every hour of daylight is precious. We soon leave Keswick behind and climb steadily on to the ridge of High Seat. The weather forecast is for snow showers, but all we get is mist and cloud and occasional tantalising glimpses of Derwent Water below. On Bleaberry Fell, Wilf disappears for 10 minutes and I fear he will return with one of the black grouse that are chuckling at us from afar (not a sheep, we took the precaution of stock-training him before the trip, and anyway he would look silly as he's only knee-height to a ewe). He eventually reappears, grouseless, bounding across clumps of heather as if he's on springs.



7. We eat our lunch looking down at Watendlath, perhaps the most idyllic of Lakeland settings. Then we march down to Rosthwaite in Borrowdale and search out our first barn.
8. The barn is a beautiful old stone Cumbrian longhouse set on the side of a meadow close to Stonethwaite Beck. Downstairs is a kitchen with microwave, kettle and trestle tables; upstairs is a room with foam mattresses. Sadly there are no straw bales or lambs bleating in cribs: it's all very well-swept.
9. We sleep pretty well. Next morning we bemoan the recent, and permanent, closure of the shop in Rosthwaite—breakfast and lunch will finish all our food supplies.
10. The walk up to Dale Fell takes our minds off this logistical problem: first with all the old slate-mine workings, a fascinating bit of industrial history, then with marvellous views as we hit the ridge, heading west. Far away to our right, across a pack of fells, disappearing in mist, is the Solway Firth; to our left, Morecambe Bay with its wind farms.
11. By the time we drop down into the village of Buttermere, we are tired but happy. It's been a great day's walk. Wilf must have once again done 40 miles to our 10. We are ready to sample either of the two pubs. Our hopes, however, are dashed: both are shut. Recent floods in Cumbria have caused such a dearth of customers that midweek closures have come into force. Cragg Barn is 100 yards up the lane and looks cold. There are snow clouds overhead. Inside is a kitchen—sink and table—then an upstairs sleeping room with foam mattresses wrapped in industrial black plastic. No heating. This is definitely the spartan end of the camping barn experience, and the only food we have is a can of tripe and turkey in gravy, which Wilf refuses to share.
12. There is no mobile coverage so we find a phone box and ring for a taxi. Twenty quid to get back to Keswick for fish and chips; then 20 more to return. If you choose your barn for its proximity to a pub I recommend checking opening times.
13. The final day, and it's the big one. Snow clouds are hovering over Whiteless Breast, our first fell. The views are brief and brilliant: a few seconds of long vistas across sunlight dappled sea to the Isle of Man, swiftly gone. Wilf goes up the slope at top speed and disappears into the cloud, snapping wildly at the first snow flurries of his short life; flurries that are thickening into a white out. We reach the top of Whiteless Pike. I wonder if anyone ever called Mountain Rescue because their dog got lost. At that moment he reappears, only to pursue a snowflake down a steep slope then—horror—over the edge. We all stop.
14. "Is that a cliff?" asks Con. With visibility at a few metres, it's impossible to tell. The steep grassy bank is slick with ice and snow. I take a couple of tentative steps down. It would be very easy to lose control and slide.
15. At that moment, Wilf scrabbles back over the brink, looking a bit shaken. He bounds back to us, but stays close after that.
16. Conditions are now quite testing. A rising cold wind is driving icy snow into our faces. We push on. This was definitely the rite of passage I had wanted for all my young hounds, but would I be up to it myself? Good trips always have that moment of uncertainty: should we go on? Is it safe?

17. One last challenge is rerouting due to a bridge being washed away, then we are on the path into Keswick where we meet a fellow walker and dog expert who looks Wilf up and down.

18. "Aren't you gorgeous? You're a fell terrier, aren't you?"

19. Wilf seemed to prick up his ears. He was a breed. He was meant to be. We have covered 30 miles and climbed 7,500 feet, but he had done in excess of 100 miles, and, I reckon, scaled a Mount Everest in height. He trotted into Keswick with his tail up, an acknowledged fell terrier. The rest of us were perky also, but in a less demonstrative way. The rite of passage had worked. We were fell terriers, too.



Adapted from an article in *Saturday Guardian*

THREE MEN AND A DOG

Remember: Try to use your own words as far as possible in your answers.

Look at Paragraphs 1-5.

1. **In your own words**, explain clearly why the writer thinks caring for an older dog is more challenging than caring for a puppy. 2

2. The writer has a “fond vision” of how dogs should behave in hotels and pubs. Explain clearly, with close reference to the passage:
 - what his vision is.
 - whether Wilf behaves like his vision
 - what the other hotel guests think of Wilf6

3. In paragraph 6, the writer adds some extra information about Wilf inside the brackets.
 What **two** things does he tell us about Wilf?
 Why does he add that information? 3

- Look at Paragraphs 9-12.**
4. The family face a number of problems in these paragraphs. Identify **two** of these and explain why they are a problem. 4

5. The writer **contrasts** the past and present in paragraph 10. Explain, with reference to **word-choice**, how he does this. 4

6. The writer describes the weather conditions in these paragraphs.
 - (a) Identify and quote an example of a **technique** used to describe the view from Whiteless Breast. 1
 - (b) In paragraph 13, how does the writer use **word-choice** to show the changing weather conditions? Refer closely to **two** examples in your answer. 3
 - (c) How is the idea of changing weather conditions further developed in paragraph 16? 1

7. (a) Who might be interested in reading this article? Choose one of the following:
 - age
 - gender
 - interests
 - nationality
 - background1

 (b) Explain, with reference to the passage, how you reached this conclusion. 2

8. Which of the following do you think best describes the purpose of the passage?
 - to criticise bar camping
 - to give information about the Lake District
 - to describe the challenges faced on the trip
 Explain your choice with reference to **two** pieces of evidence from the passage. 3

Total Mark (30)

This passage is taken from the introduction to a book about how we make quick decisions about important things.

The Statue That Didn't Look Right

1. In September of 1983, an art dealer by the name of Gianfranco Becchina approached the J. Paul Getty Museum in California. He had in his possession, he said, a marble statue dating from the sixth century BC. It was what is known as a kouros – a sculpture of a male youth standing with his left leg forward and his arms at his sides. There are only about two hundred kouroi in existence, and most have been recovered badly damaged or in fragments from grave sites or archaeological digs. But this one was almost perfectly preserved. It stood close to seven feet tall. It had a kind of light-coloured glow that set it apart from other ancient works. It was an extraordinary find. Becchina's asking price was just under \$10 million.
2. The Getty moved cautiously. It took the kouros on loan and began a thorough investigation. Was the statue consistent with other known kouroi? The answer appeared to be yes. Where and when had the statue been found? No one knew precisely, but Becchina gave the Getty's legal department a sheaf of documents relating to its more recent history.
3. A geologist from the University of California named Stanley Margolis came to the museum and spent two days examining the surface of the statue with a high-resolution stereomicroscope. He then removed a core sample from just below the right knee and analysed it using an electron microscope, electron microprobe, mass spectrometry, X-ray diffraction, and X-ray fluorescence. The statue was made of dolomite marble from the ancient Cape Vathy quarry on the island of Thasos, Margolis concluded, and the surface of the statue was covered in a thin layer of calcite — which was significant, Margolis told the Getty, because dolomite can turn into calcite only over the course of hundreds, if not thousands, of years. In other words, the statue was old. It wasn't some contemporary fake. The Getty was satisfied.
4. Fourteen months after their investigation of the kouros began, they agreed to buy the statue. In the autumn of 1986, it went on display for the first time. The *New York Times* marked the occasion with a front-page story.
5. However, the kouros had a problem. It didn't look right. The first to point this out was an Italian art historian named Federico Zeri. When Zeri was taken down to the museum's restoration studio to see the kouros in December of 1983, he stared at the sculpture's fingernails. In a way he couldn't immediately articulate, they seemed wrong to him. Evelyn Harrison was next. She was one of the world's foremost experts on Greek sculpture, and she was in Los Angeles visiting the Getty. "Arthur Houghton, who was then the curator, took us down to see it," Harrison remembers. "He swished the cloth off the top of it and said, 'Well, it isn't ours yet, but it will be in a couple of weeks.' And I said, 'I'm sorry to hear that.'" What did Harrison see? She didn't know. In that very first moment, when Houghton swished off the cloth, all Harrison had was a hunch, an instinctive sense that something was amiss. A few months later, Houghton took Thomas Hoving, the former director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, to see the statue. Hoving always makes a note of the first word that goes through his head when he sees something new, and he'll never forget what that word was when he first saw the kouros. "It was 'fresh' – 'fresh,'" Hoving recalls. And "fresh" was not the right reaction to have to a two-thousand-year-old statue. Later, thinking back on that moment, Hoving realized why that thought had popped into his mind: "I had dug in Sicily, where we found bits and pieces of these things. They just