

# GCSE English Language

## **Paper 2: Writers' Viewpoints & Perspectives**



Name: \_\_\_\_\_ (2018-19)



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## **Practice Paper 2.1 / Source A: 'Sunday Morning in London'**

*The following article appeared on [allinlondon.co.uk](http://allinlondon.co.uk).*

Sundays are for relaxation, catching up with things there is little time for in the week and, quite often, recovering from the night before. Whether you're full of beans or in need of several siestas, we've got your Sunday morning covered.



Start the day by going for a walk. Hyde Park is the most obvious choice and will likely be filled with early morning joggers. Alternatively, the beautiful, very peaceful Kyoto Garden in Holland Park is a fantastic place to read a book or simply sit in the sunshine (weather permitting). Rather surprisingly, there is a small but perfectly formed green space tucked behind Charing Cross Road called the Phoenix Garden, which is both well-maintained and filled with wildlife. There is another unlikely natural habitat near King's Cross station, at Camley Street Natural Park,

which is run by the London Wildlife Trust. If you feel like spotting birds, fish or butterflies, there is plenty to look at here. If greenery doesn't appeal to you, try a walk along the Thames. Pick the Embankment area for a view of the Houses of Parliament and the Southbank Centre, or head further East for Tower Bridge and the Docklands. To really indulge in that Sunday morning feeling, stroll around the City (above) as the streets connecting the area's imposing skyscrapers are completely deserted at weekends. If that seems like too much effort for a Sunday, the river bus operates various services daily, the two longest routes being from Embankment to as far out as Woolwich Arsenal, and Putney all the way to Blackfriars.

Sunday mornings are a great time to go shopping as busy streets are empty and shops are uninhabited, meaning you might actually reach some of the rails at Topshop on Oxford Street. There are also a number of markets to be visited, some of which operate exclusively on Sundays, like Columbia Road Flower Market in the East End. For clothing, pick up a bargain at the Holloway Car Boot Sale; second hand books and bric-a-brac are also sold. Farmers' markets have become trendy of late, where the focus is on fresh food from small producers at exorbitant prices. Still, some of it is mouth-watering, such as the organic nosh offered at Marylebone Farmers' Market. If you didn't make time for brunch, the Sunday UpMarket at the Truman Brewery on Brick Lane has stalls selling food from all over the world, from Japanese fried octopus balls to Spanish gazpacho.

This is also an opportune day for a spot of pampering, whether this means going for a relaxing swim, having a massage or visiting the hairdressers. Splurge on a spa like the K West Spa, which offers a wide range of massages, facials and nail treatments, and benefits from a sauna, hydrotherapy pool and brand-spanking new trends like a 'snow room', where the body's circulation is stimulated by immersing it in below-freezing temperatures before exposing it to steam. As unpleasant as that may sound, it's very good for the skin and the immune system, although given the choice between this and a lie-down on one of their suede loungers, we know what we'd be choosing. Other very reputable spas include The Sanctuary, Aveda and Elemis.

You might, however, not wish to be induced into a state of dreamy relaxation. On a Sunday morning, gyms are at their quietest, so you're in luck if you like a solitary workout. So long as it's not pouring with rain, tennis enthusiasts can use the courts off Farringdon Road and in Southwark Park for free, and many parks have facilities such as table tennis, football, boating and even fishing. Regent's Park has its very own sports centre called The Hub as well as pitches for cricket, boules and rugby. And after all this physical activity, it'll be time for a hearty Sunday lunch and a snooze.

## Practice Paper 2.1 / Source B: 'The Streets – Morning'

*The following account was written by Charles Dickens and was first published in The Evening Chronicle, 1835.*

The appearance presented by the streets of London an hour before sunrise on a summer's morning is most striking, even to the few whose unfortunate pursuits of pleasure, or scarcely less unfortunate pursuits of business, cause them to be well-acquainted with the scene. There is an air of cold, solitary desolation about the noiseless streets – which we are accustomed to see thronged at other times by a busy, eager crowd – and over the quiet, closely-shut buildings – which throughout the day are swarming with life and bustle – that is very impressive.

The last drunken man, who shall find his way home before sunlight, has just staggered heavily along, roaring out the burden of the drinking song of the previous night; the last houseless vagrant – whom penury and police have left in the streets – has coiled up his chilly limbs in some paved corner to dream of food and warmth. An occasional policeman may alone be seen at the street corners, listlessly gazing on the deserted prospect before him. A partially opened bedroom-window here and there bespeaks the heat of the weather and the uneasy slumbers of its occupant, and the dim, scanty flicker of the rush light through the window blind denotes the chamber of watching or sickness. With these few exceptions, the streets present no signs of life.

An hour wears away; the spires of the churches and roofs of the principal buildings are faintly tinged with the light of the rising sun, and the streets by almost imperceptible degrees begin to resume their bustle and animation. Market carts roll slowly along: the sleepy wagoner impatiently urging on his tired horses or vainly endeavouring to awaken the boy, who, luxuriously stretched on the top of the fruit baskets, forgets in happy oblivion his long-cherished curiosity to behold the wonders of London.

Rough, sleepy-looking animals of strange appearance begin to take down the shutters of early public houses, and little deal tables with the ordinary preparations for a street breakfast make their appearance at the customary stations. Numbers of men and women, carrying upon their heads heavy baskets of fruit, toil down the park side of Piccadilly on their way to Covent Garden and, following each other in rapid succession, form a long, straggling line from thence to the turn of the road at Knightsbridge.

Here and there, a bricklayer's labourer – with the day's dinner tied up in a handkerchief – walks briskly to his work, and occasionally a little knot of three or four schoolboys on a stolen bathing expedition rattles merrily over the pavement, its boisterous mirth contrasting forcibly with the demeanour of the little sweep, who, having knocked and rung till his arm aches and being interdicted from endangering his lungs by calling out, sits patiently down on the doorstep until the housemaid may happen to awake.

Covent Garden Market and the avenues leading to it are thronged with carts of all sorts, sizes and descriptions – from the heavy, lumbering wagon with its four stout horses to the jingling costermonger's cart with its consumptive donkey. The pavement is already strewed with decayed cabbage leaves, broken hay bands and all the indescribable litter of a vegetable market; men are shouting, carts backing, horses neighing, boys fighting, basket-women talking, piemen expatiating on the excellence of their pastry, and donkeys braying. These and a hundred other sounds form a compound discordant enough to a Londoner's ears and remarkably disagreeable to those of country gentlemen who are sleeping at the Hummums for the first time.



## Practice Paper 2.1 – Questions

### Question 1

Look again at Source A. Choose four statements below which are TRUE and shade in their boxes.

- a) The writer recommends starting the day with a walk. [ ]
- b) There are various 'green spaces' to choose from in London. [ ]
- c) The writer suggests that you avoid the area known as 'the City'. [ ]
- d) The writer recommends Sunday mornings for clothes shopping. [ ]
- e) The Sunday UpMarket only sells food from Europe. [ ]
- f) Treatments at the K West Spa are bad for your immune system. [ ]
- g) The writer suggests that everything in London is expensive. [ ]
- h) Whether you wish to relax or be active, London has plenty to offer. [ ]

(4 marks)

### Question 2

You need to refer to **both** Source A and Source B for this question. Write a summary of the differences between the two 'Londons'.

(8 marks)

### Question 3

You now need to refer to Source B **only**. How does Dickens use language to describe the people of London?

(12 marks)

### Question 4

For this question you need to refer to **both** sources. Compare the attitudes of the two writers to morning life in London.

(16 marks)

### Question 5

*"Nobody with any sense would want to live in noisy, crowded, polluted city when they could live on a remote island surrounded by fresh air and natural beauty."* Write an article for a lifestyle magazine in which you explain your point of view on this statement.

24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy

(40 marks)

## Practice Paper 2.2 / Source A: 'How Harry almost lost his ears'

The following news article appeared in the Mail Online in 2011.

### **How Harry almost lost his ears conquering the pole...and he didn't tell his grandmother he was going (in case it upset her)**

Guide Inge Solheim spotted the danger signs immediately. As the group of explorers stood chatting on the ice cap during an expedition to the North Pole, the ears of one of his team suddenly turned white, a symptom of impending frostbite. Without hesitation, he skied across to warn the man to put his hood up while trekking in one of the world's most inhospitable environments, where temperatures can drop to  $-50^{\circ}\text{C}$  and winds reach speeds of 110mph. It was a relatively insignificant incident in a place where tragedy is only one misplaced step away, except for one thing: the young man whose ears had been saved by the quick-thinking guide was Prince Harry.

The fourth in line to the Throne was in the Arctic with a group of injured soldiers who were completing one of man's greatest challenges: a 12-day trek across the 'Devil's Dancefloor'. Although Harry did not join them for the full 160-mile journey, he spent ten days with them – including three days on the ice – sharing the region's very real dangers. Now a new documentary, *Harry's Arctic Heroes*, reveals the bonds the men forged in such a hostile environment. It was on the Prince's final day that he got frostnip. "I was here happily chatting," he says during the programme, "and then Inge came over and said: 'Your ears! Your ears!' Apparently they went white quite quickly."

From the sands of Afghanistan to the frozen wastes of the Arctic, the journey for all the servicemen had been a long one. Sergeant Steve Young, a 28 year-old Welsh Guardsman, was told he would never walk again after his vehicle was blown up by a 220lb roadside bomb in Helmand. Captain Guy Disney, 28, of the Light Dragoons, lost his right leg at the knee after his Spartan reconnaissance vehicle was hit by a rocket-propelled grenade. He now wears a prosthetic limb. Captain Martin Hewitt, 29, of the Parachute Regiment, was left with a paralysed arm after he was shot through the shoulder. And Private Jaco van Gass, a 26 year-old sniper with the Paras, has a prosthetic arm after he was struck by a rocket-propelled grenade.

When they gathered on Svalbard – an island deep within the Arctic Circle – to begin the trek, few would have bet on their chances of success. Last year, only two unsupported expeditions to the North Pole succeeded and those were by able-bodied teams. "Nobody should underestimate what these guys are putting themselves through," says Harry, who was trained for the challenge by experienced explorer Henry Cookson. Despite its raw beauty, the Arctic remains one of



the most dangerous places on Earth. The weather can turn in seconds, precariously thin ice covers the inky black ocean, and polar bears – as shown by the tragic death of Horatio Chapple on Svalbard earlier this month – are an ever-present threat.

It was on March 29<sup>th</sup> – a month before he was best man at his brother's wedding – that Harry arrived. "I wish my brother was here, actually," he jokes to the crew. "Willy would love this."

## **Practice Paper 2.2 / Source B: 'The Terra Nova Expedition'**

*The following extracts are from a diary kept by Captain Robert Scott during his ill-fated Terra Nova expedition to the South Pole (Antarctica) in 1912.*

Saturday, February 17<sup>th</sup>

A very terrible day. Evans looked a little better after a good sleep, and declared, as he always did, that he was quite well. He started in his place on the traces, but half an hour later worked his ski shoes adrift and had to leave the sledge. The surface was awful, the soft recently fallen snow clogging the ski and runners at every step, the sledge groaning, the sky overcast and the land hazy. We stopped after about one hour and Evans came up again, but very slowly. Half an hour later, he dropped out again on the same plea. He asked Bowers to lend him a piece of string. I cautioned him to come on as quickly as he could and he answered cheerfully as I thought. We had to push on, and the remainder of us were forced to pull very hard, sweating heavily. Abreast the Monument Rock we stopped, and seeing Evans a long way astern, I camped for lunch. There was no alarm at first and we prepared tea and our own meal, consuming the latter.

After lunch, and Evans still not appearing, we looked out to see him still afar off. By this time we were alarmed and all four started back on ski. I was first to reach the poor man and shocked at his appearance; he was on his knees with clothing disarranged, hands uncovered and frostbitten, and a wild look in his eyes. Asked what was the matter, he replied with a slow speech that he didn't know, but thought he must have fainted. We got him on his feet, but after two or three steps he sank down again. He showed every sign of complete collapse. Wilson, Bowers and I went back for the sledge whilst Oates remained with him. When we returned, he was practically unconscious, and when we got him into the tent, quite comatose. He died quietly at 12.30am. On discussing the symptoms, we think he began to get weaker just before we reached the Pole and that his downward path was accelerated first by the shock of his frostbitten fingers and later by falls during rough travelling on the glacier, further by his loss of all confidence in himself. Wilson thinks it certain he must have injured his brain by a fall.

It is a terrible thing to lose a companion in this way, but calm reflection shows that there could not have been a better ending to the terrible anxieties of the past week. Discussion of the situation at lunch yesterday shows us what a desperate pass we were in with a sick man on our hands at such a distance from home.

Friday, March 16<sup>th</sup> or Saturday 17<sup>th</sup>

Lost track of dates, but think the last correct. Tragedy all along the line. At lunch the day before yesterday, poor Titus Oates said he couldn't go on; he proposed we should leave him in his sleeping-bag. That we could not do and we induced him to come on, on the afternoon march. In spite of its awful nature for him, he struggled on and we made a few miles. At night he was worse and we knew the end had come.

Should this be found, I want these facts recorded. Oates' last thoughts were of his mother, but immediately before this he took pride in thinking that his regiment would be pleased with the bold way in which he met his death. We can testify to his bravery. He has borne intense suffering for weeks without complaint and to the very last was able and willing to discuss outside subjects. He did not – and would not – give up hope till the very end. He was a brave soul. This was the end. He slept through the night before last, hoping not to wake; but he woke in the morning – yesterday. It was blowing a blizzard. He said: "I am just going outside and may be some time." He went out into the blizzard and we have not seen him since.





## Practice Paper 2.2 – Questions

### Question 1

Look again at Source A. Choose four statements below which are TRUE and shade in their boxes.

- a) The expedition took place in the South Pole. [ ]
- b) Temperatures can drop to  $-50^{\circ}\text{C}$ . [ ]
- c) Prince Harry's ears began to show symptoms of frostbite. [ ]
- d) The servicemen were all seriously injured in Iraq. [ ]
- e) The new TV documentary is called *Harry's Antarctic Heroes*. [ ]
- f) Harry didn't accompany the men for the whole journey. [ ]
- g) Polar bears are dangerous animals. [ ]
- h) Harry arrived in the Arctic two weeks before his brother's wedding. [ ]

(4 marks)

### Question 2

You need to refer to **both** Source A and Source B for this question. Write a summary of the different purposes of the two sources.

(8 marks)

### Question 3

You now need to refer to Source B **only**. How does Captain Scott use language to describe the men's experiences in Antarctica?

(12 marks)

### Question 4

For this question you need to refer to **both** sources. Compare how the two expeditions are portrayed.

(16 marks)

### Question 5

*"The average person hasn't got what it takes to be an explorer. Have you?"* A competition has been launched to find a team of ordinary people to complete an expedition to the Amazon rainforest (a huge jungle) in Brazil. Write a letter to the organisers, persuading them that you have what it takes to be on the team.

24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy

(40 marks)

**Practice Paper 2.3 / Source A: 'It isn't easy being the World's Top Cat'**

The following source is a modern-day fact sheet about tigers.

# It isn't easy being the World's Top Cat

## Growing Up Against the Odds

Danger awaits young tigers at every turn. Even under the best conditions, only 20 percent live to establish their own territories. But tigers are adapted to offset such high natural mortality: Females breed early, deliver cubs after just 103 days, and bear litters of two to four cubs.



## TIGERS and HUMANS

### Competing for Resources

The pressing need for food and fuel often pits Asia's human population against the tiger.

Where public land is degraded, people slip into reserves to graze animals, collect firewood, and kill the tiger's prey. Poachers have taken thousands of tigers to supply bones and other parts for traditional medicines.

Living near reserves takes a toll on people, too. Park animals destroy crops, tigers kill livestock--and, sometimes, people.

### What Hope for the Tiger?

Mysterious, powerful, majestic - the tiger stands tall in our imaginations.

But, in truth, tigers are disappearing in the wild. Just a century ago, an estimated 100,000 tigers inhabited the forests of Asia. Now scarcely 6,000 remain, and soon this magnificent cat may only exist in zoos.

Do tigers have a chance? Only if people living near reserves believe that a live tiger is more precious than a dead one.

### Tigers and Humans: Colliding Worlds

Civilization hems in the tiger. Whole forests have fallen across Asia in the last century, shrinking potential tiger habitat to about 170 small fragments of land in 14 countries. Some pockets contain breeding tigers. But most areas are so small and isolated that if any tigers remain, they probably won't survive.

**It isn't easy being the  
World's Top Cat**



## **Scientists:**

### **On the Trail of the Tiger**

You can't save an endangered animal like the tiger without knowing what it needs to survive.

Fortunately, in the last 25 years, four long-term, in-depth studies have revealed much about how tigers interact, what factors shape their lives, and what makes them succeed - or fail - at finding new places to live in the face of declining habitat. Such information is critical to international efforts to save the tiger.

### **Local People: Making Room for Tigers**

Many villagers living near Royal Chitwan National Park in Nepal now have a stake in the tiger's future.

In 1995, Nepal's legislature passed a law giving half the revenues from protected lands to local development. In addition, part of the park's degraded buffer zone came under local control. With an eye to tourism, villagers fenced off one area and allowed it to regenerate. Gradually, wildlife, including the tiger, recolonized.

In 1996 alone, ecotourism revenues from the project built a health unit and three schools.



## **Practice Paper 2.3 / Source B: 'Tigers'**

*The following account describes someone's experiences with tigers during the nineteenth century.*

The cubs are interesting pets if taken from their mother very young. I have reared several, but only kept one for any length of time. I have given a full description of Zalim and his ways in 'Seonee.' He was found by my camp followers with another in a nullah, and brought to me. The other cub died, but Zalim lived to grow up into a very fine tiger and was sent to England. I never allowed him to taste raw flesh. He had a little cooked meat every day and as much milk as he liked to drink, and he thrived well on this diet. When he was too large to be allowed to roam about unconfined, I had a stout buffalo-leather collar made for his neck and he was chained to a stump near the cook-room door. With grown-up people he was perfectly tame, but I noticed he got restless when children approached him and so made up my mind to part with him before he did any mischief.

I know nothing of the habits of the tiger of the grass plains, but those of the hill tiger are very interesting – the cattle lifter especially, as he is better known to men. Each individual has his special idiosyncrasy. I wrote of this once before as follows: "Strange though it may seem to the English reader that a tiger should have any special character beyond the general one for cruelty and cunning, it is nevertheless a fact that each animal has certain peculiarities of temperament which are well known to the villagers in the neighbourhood. They will tell you that such a one is daring and rash; another is cunning and not to be taken by any artifice; that one is savage and morose; another is mild and harmless. There are few villages in the wilder parts of the Seonee and Mandla districts without an attendant tiger, which undoubtedly does great damage in the way of destroying cattle, but which avoids the human inhabitants of the place. So accustomed do the people get to their unwelcome visitor that we have known the boys of a village turn a tiger out of quarters which were reckoned too close, and pelt him with stones. On one occasion, two of the juvenile assailants were killed by the animal they had approached too near. Herdsmen in the same way get callous to the danger of meddling with so dreadful a creature and frequently rush to the rescue of their cattle when seized. On a certain occasion, one out of a herd of cattle was attacked close to our camp and rescued single-handed by its owner, who laid his heavy iron-bound staff across the tiger's back. On our rushing out to see what was the matter, we found the man coolly dressing the wounds of his cow, muttering to himself: "The robber, the robber! My last cow, and I had five of them!" He did not seem to think he had done anything wonderful and seemed rather surprised that we should suppose that he was going to let his last heifer go the way of all the others.

Tigers are also eccentric in their ways, showing differences in disposition under different circumstances. I believe that many a shikari passes at times within a few yards of a tiger without knowing it, the tendency of the animal being to crouch and hide until the strange-looking, two-legged beast has passed. The narrowest escape I ever had is an instance. I had hunted a large tiger, well known for the savageness of his disposition, on foot from ravine to ravine on the banks of the Pench, one hot day in June, and, giving him no rest, made sure of getting him about three o'clock in the afternoon. He had been seen to slip into a large nullah, bordered on one side by open country, a small water-course draining into it from the fields; here was one large beyr bush, behind which I wished to place myself, but was persuaded by an old shikari of great local reputation to move farther on. Hardly had we done so when our friend bounded from under the bush and disappeared in a thicket, where we lost him. Ten days after this, he was killed by a friend and myself, and he sustained his savage reputation by attacking the elephant without provocation – a thing a tiger seldom does. I had hunted this animal several times, and on one occasion saw him swim the Pench river at one of its broadest reaches. It was the only time I had seen a tiger swim and it was interesting to watch him powerfully breasting the stream with his head well up. Tigers swim readily, as is well known. I believe it is not uncommon to see them take to the water in the Sunderbunds, and a recent case may be remembered when two of them escaped from the King of Oude's menagerie, and one swam across the Hooghly to the Botanical Garden.



## Practice Paper 2.3 – Questions

### Question 1

Look again at Source B. Choose four statements below which are TRUE and shade in their boxes.

- a) The writer has only ever reared one tiger. [ ]
- b) The writer found the tiger himself. [ ]
- c) The name of the writer's tiger was Zalim. [ ]
- d) The writer was proud of Zalim. [ ]
- e) The tiger ate raw flesh. [ ]
- f) The tiger particularly liked children. [ ]
- g) As the tiger grew, he was chained to a stump. [ ]
- h) The writer feared that the tiger would cause trouble. [ ]

(4 marks)

### Question 2

You need to refer to **both** Source A and Source B for this question. Write a summary of the different purposes of the two sources.

(8 marks)

### Question 3

You now need to refer to Source B **only**. How does the writer use language to describe tigers and their behaviour?

(12 marks)

### Question 4

For this question you need to refer to **both** sources. Compare how the two writers convey their different attitudes to the care and protection of tigers.

(16 marks)

### Question 5

*"Animals should have rights, just like humans."* Write a speech for your college debating society in which you explain your point of view on this statement.

24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy

(40 marks)

## Practice Paper 2.4 / Source A: ‘The Ascent of Long’s Peak’

The following extract is from Isabella Bird’s *‘The Ascent of Long’s Peak’*, which was published in 1873. In the passage, Bird describes her ascent of Long’s Peak in the Rocky Mountains. This is unusual because few women climbed mountains at that time.



Slipping, faltering, gasping from the exhausting toil in the rarefied air, with throbbing hearts and panting lungs, we reached the top of the gorge and squeezed ourselves between two gigantic fragments of rock by a passage called the ‘Dog’s Lift’, when I climbed on the shoulders of one man and then was hauled up. This introduced us by an abrupt turn round the south-west angle of the Peak to a narrow shelf of considerable length, rugged,

uneven, and so overhung by the cliff in some places that it is necessary to crouch to pass at all. Above, the Peak looks nearly vertical for 400 feet; and below, the most tremendous precipice I have ever seen descends in one unbroken fall. This is usually considered the most dangerous part of the ascent, but it does not seem so to me, for such foothold as there is is secure, and one fancies that it is possible to hold on with the hands. But there, and on the final, and, to my thinking, the worst part of the climb, one slip, and a breathing, thinking, human being would lie 3,000 feet below, a shapeless, bloody heap!

From thence the view is more magnificent even than that from the Notch. Snowy ranges, one behind the other, extended to the distant horizon, folding in their wintry embrace the beauties of Middle Park. Pike’s Peak, more than one hundred miles off, lifted that vast but shapeless summit which is the landmark of southern Colorado. There were snow patches, snow slashes, snow abysses, snow forlorn and soiled looking, snow pure and dazzling, snow glistening above the purple robe of pine worn by all the mountains; while away to the east, in limitless breadth, stretched the green-grey of the endless Plains. Giants everywhere reared their splintered crests. From thence, with a single sweep, the eye takes in a distance of 300 miles—that distance to the west, north, and south being made up of mountains ten, eleven, twelve, and thirteen thousand feet in height, dominated by Long’s Peak, Gray’s Peak, and Pike’s Peak, all nearly the height of Mont Blanc! On the Plains we traced the rivers by their fringe of cottonwoods to the distant Platte, and between us and them lay glories of mountain, canyon, and lake, sleeping in depths of blue and purple most ravishing to the eye.

As we crept from the ledge round a horn of rock I beheld what made me perfectly sick and dizzy to look at – the terminal Peak itself – a smooth, cracked face or wall of pink granite, as nearly perpendicular as anything could well be up which it was possible to climb, well deserving the name of the ‘American Matterhorn’. Scaling, not climbing, is the correct term for this last ascent. It took one hour to accomplish 500 feet, pausing for breath every minute or two. The only foothold was in narrow cracks or on minute projections on the granite. To get a toe in these cracks, or here and there on a scarcely obvious projection, while crawling on hands and knees, all the while tortured with thirst and gasping and struggling for breath, this was the climb; but at last the Peak was won. A grand, well-defined mountain top it is, a nearly level acre of boulders, with precipitous sides all round, the one we came up being the only accessible one.

From the summit were seen in unrivalled combination all the views which had rejoiced our eyes during the ascent. It was something at last to stand upon the storm-rent crown of this lonely sentinel of the Rocky Range, on one of the mightiest of the vertebrae of the backbone of the North American continent, and to see the waters start for both oceans.



## **Practice Paper 2.4 / Source B: 'Explore Everything'**

The following extract is from Bradley Garrett's 'Explore Everything', which was published in 2013 and is all about urban exploration. In this passage, Garrett provides a definition of 'urban exploration' and then describes climbing The Shard, Europe's tallest building, at night.

Urban Exploration, or Urbex, is a term used to describe the exploration of man-made structures that are not usually accessible to the public, such as tall buildings, underground tunnels and abandoned ruins. While it often involves trespassing (and so the risk of arrest and punishment), urban explorers share an unwritten ethical code: that their activities must not cause physical damage or disturb other people.

It was a crisp, still night outside London Bridge station and our breath curled in the air. Marc Explo and I were standing on a temporary wooden walkway looking through a viewing window into the ground-level construction yard of the largest skyscraper in Europe. 'Gary' walked up behind us and, putting an arm around each of our shoulders, also peered through. 'One sucker looking after the tallest building in London, huh?' he said, and we chuckled. We waited for the guard to finish his current round and go into his hut.

It took a few minutes of lingering before the walkway was clear of people, then we grabbed on to the scaffolding piping and swung off the bridge. Hanging tightly to the cold pipes, we pulled ourselves to the top of the walkway and laid down out of view, waiting for a reaction if anyone had seen or heard us. It didn't seem anyone had.

Staying low, we descended the other side of the scaffolding, right behind the security hut, where we could see the guard watching TV, ignoring the CCTV cameras that relayed images to him from the rest of the site. Quickly we scampered across the yard and found the central staircase, again pausing to see if there would be any reaction on site, like phones ringing, doors opening or people running. All was silent.

We took the stairs two at a time. All three of us were in pretty good shape and could do twenty-five or thirty floors like that, but by the thirty-first floor, I was sweating. Knowing that the sweat would sting when we emerged onto the roof into the cold night air, I tried to pace myself and breathe. By floor fifty, my calves were burning and I needed to stop every so often to let them pulse a bit and untighten. When at floor seventy the cement stairs turned into metal ones, indicating that we were near the top, I was ecstatic. One final burst of enthusiasm took us from metal stairs to wooden ladders. We threw open one last hatch and found ourselves on top of the Shard, seventy-six stories high.

As I climbed up onto the counterweight of the crane on top of the building, my whole body tensed. It was a combination of the icy wind and the sheer weight of the moment that shocked me. I got down low, slowly pulled myself to the end of the counterweight and peered over the edge, down to the River Thames where the permanently docked HMS Belfast battleship looked like a bathtub toy. A ripple of adrenaline rolled up my spine, causing a full-body shiver. My hands gripped the edge of the counterweight tighter, knuckles whitening. We were so high that I couldn't see anything moving at street level – no buses, no cars, just rows of lights and train lines that looked like converging river systems or a giant circuit board. It was the first time in my life I looked at London and heard only the wind.



We found the cab of the crane open and sat down inside it. 'Gary', pointing to a glowing green button on the control panel, said, "Watch this! I'm going to build the Shard!" and pretended to press the button. We only lasted about half an hour on top before our muscles began to seize up from the exertion and chill. We were actually yearning for the stair climb down, which is always much easier than coming up.

At ground level, we casually walked across the yard and hit the crash bar on the fire door, home free.

Later, standing next to the Thames, staring up at the monolith and the small red light blinking on top of the crane, it seemed unimaginable that I'd had my hands on that light just hours earlier. Ever after, whenever I see the Shard from anywhere in the city, I can't help but smile as I'm reminded of the inescapable allure of urban exploration – the ability to make the impossible possible.

## Practice Paper 2.4 – Questions

### Question 1

Look again at Source A. Choose four statements below which are TRUE and shade in their boxes.

- a) Isabella was climbing the mountain alone. [ ]
- b) Isabella imagined someone falling to the ground. [ ]
- c) Isabella was in southern Texas. [ ]
- d) Isabella describes the mountains as ‘giants’. [ ]
- e) Isabella felt sick and dizzy when she looked down at the bottom of the mountain. [ ]
- f) ‘Scaling’ was the correct term for the final part of the ascent. [ ]
- g) Isabella was impressed by the views from the mountain. [ ]
- h) Isabella failed to reach the very top of the mountain. [ ]

(4 marks)

### Question 2

You need to refer to **both** Source A and Source B for this question. Write a summary of the things that make these two ascents unique.

(8 marks)

### Question 3

You now need to refer to Source B **only**. How does the writer use language to describe his feelings about ascending the Shard?

(12 marks)

### Question 4

For this question you need to refer to **both** sources. Compare how the two writers convey different *attitudes* to climbing.

(16 marks)

### Question 5

‘People should be discouraged from participating in dangerous sports.’ Write an article for a broadsheet newspaper in which you explain your point of view on this statement.

24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy

(40 marks)



## **Practice Paper 2.5 / Source A: ‘Confessions of a State Executioner’**

*The following extract is from a news article that appeared in The Guardian in 2013. It was written by Jerry Givens, Virginia’s state executioner from 1982 to 1999. WARNING: you may find some of the details disturbing.*

When I first started, it was only death by electrocution. Electrocution consists of 2,400 to 3,000 volts. The condemned receives 45 seconds of a high volt shock and 45 seconds of the low cycle. It takes about two and a half minutes. Then there is a five minute grace period to let the body cool down. After this, a physician enters the room with a stethoscope to see if there is a heartbeat. Back in the mid-1990s, Virginia decided to use lethal injection instead. This consists of seven tubes that are injected into the left arm – three tubes of chemicals and four that are flush. So you administer the first chemical (sodium pentothal), then a flush, then the second chemical (pancuronium), then a flush, then the third chemical (potassium chloride) and then a final flush at the end. You have to keep the people who remove the body from being exposed to the chemicals.

If I had a choice, I would choose death by electrocution. That’s more like turning a light on and off. It’s a button you push once and then the machine runs by itself. It relieves you from being attached to it in some ways. You can’t see the current go through the body. But with chemicals, it takes a while because you’re dealing with three separate chemicals. You are on the other end with a needle in your hand. You can see the reaction of the body. You can actually see the chemicals going down the line and into the arm, and see the effects of it. You are more attached to it. I know because I have done it. Death by electrocution in some ways seems more humane.

It’s not something that I enjoyed. I never enjoyed any of it. When I accepted the job, there was nobody on death row in Virginia. A person had to be foolish to commit that kind of crime, knowing they could be put to death. It’s like volunteer suicide. I never thought that 100-some people would end up on death row. I had no idea that I would actually execute 62 people. I didn’t know that when I signed up.

Even when I was on the job, I was always asking, ‘What can I do to prevent these guys before they get there?’ I used to bring kids down from schools. I would allow the kids to sit in the chair and I would explain that I wanted to see them get an education and remove themselves from violence or they would end up here. I know it helped. I used to get letters. They would write back saying ‘thank you’ for steering them in the right direction. I also never understood why we would spend money on the death penalty instead of spending money on preventing these people from ending up in the system in the first place.

When I found out there were some innocent people on death row almost hours before I had to take their lives, I knew we had to change. That would be on me for the rest of my life.

I honestly believe God stepped in and said enough is enough. I was called to appear before a grand jury. I remember the day because I was supposed to carry out an execution soon, on March 16<sup>th</sup> 1999. The police were after a friend of mine. To cut a long story short, the grand jury said I was involved in money laundering and perjury for buying cars for my friend who obtained the money illegally. I told them I thought he had straightened out. But I did 57 months in a federal institution. I knew then that the system wasn’t right. I don’t believe I had a fair trial, so I realised maybe some of the people I executed weren’t given a fair trial either.



## Practice Paper 2.5 / Source B: 'A Very Public Execution'

*The following letter was written by Charles Dickens to the editor of The Times newspaper in November 1849. In the piece, he describes his disgust at the crowd that gathered for a public hanging.*

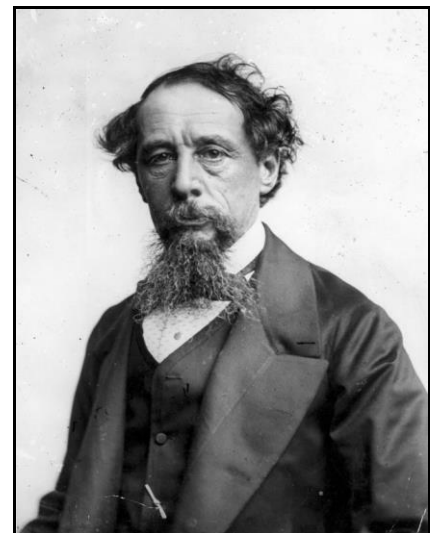
Sir – I was a witness of the execution at Horsemonger Lane this morning. I went there with the intention of observing the crowd gathered to behold it and I had excellent opportunities of doing so at intervals all through the night and continuously from day-break until after the spectacle was over...I believe that a sight so inconceivably awful as the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd collected at that execution this morning could be imagined by no man and could be presented in no heathen land under the sun.

The horrors of the gibbet and of the crime which brought the wretched murderers to it faded in my mind before the atrocious bearing, looks and language of the assembled spectators. When I came upon the scene at midnight, the shrillness of the cries and howls that were raised from time to time, denoting that they came from a concourse of boys and girls already assembled in the best places, made my blood run cold. As the night went on, screeching and laughing and yelling were added to these.

When the day dawned, thieves, low prostitutes, ruffians and vagabonds of every kind flocked onto the ground with every variety of offensive and foul behaviour. Fightings, faintings, whistlings, imitations of Punch, brutal jokes and tumultuous demonstrations of indecent delight when swooning women were dragged out of the crowd by the police, with their dresses disordered, gave a new zest to the general entertainment.

When the sun rose brightly – as it did – it gilded thousands upon thousands of upturned faces, so inexpressibly odious in their brutal mirth or callousness that a man had cause to feel ashamed of the shape he wore and to shrink from himself, as fashioned in the image of the Devil.

When the two miserable creatures who attracted all this ghastly sight about them were turned quivering into the air, there was no more emotion, no more pity, no more thought that two immortal souls had gone to judgement, no more restraint in any of the previous obscenities, than if the name of Christ had never been heard in this world and there were no belief among men but that they perished like the beasts.



## Practice Paper 2.5 – Questions

### Question 1

Look again at Source A. Choose four statements below which are TRUE and shade in their boxes.

- i) Jerry enjoyed his job. [ ]
- j) When Jerry started, there were many people on death row. [ ]
- k) Jerry didn't expect to carry out sixty-two executions. [ ]
- l) Jerry educated children about the death penalty. [ ]
- m) Jerry believed that everyone on death row was guilty. [ ]
- n) Jerry too found himself in trouble with the law. [ ]
- o) Jerry was convicted of grievous bodily harm. [ ]
- p) Jerry began to feel that the legal system was flawed. [ ]

(4 marks)

### Question 2

You need to refer to **both** Source A and Source B for this question. Write a summary of the differences between the types of punishment described.

(8 marks)

### Question 3

You now need to refer to Source B **only**. How does Dickens use language to describe the spectators of the hanging?

(12 marks)

### Question 4

For this question you need to refer to **both** sources. Compare the attitudes of the two writers to the death penalty.

(16 marks)

### Question 5

*'No matter what a person has done, they don't deserve the death penalty.'* Write an article for a broadsheet newspaper in which you explain your point of view on this statement.

24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy

(40 marks)

## Practice Paper 2.6 / Source A: 'Setting up SouperStar'

*The following newspaper article was written by Lisa Goodwin when she was a young entrepreneur (a person who starts up a business) in the 1990s.*

### Setting up SouperStar – From Soup Pan to Soup Stand

When I first told my parents that I wanted to sell soup, I must have been about eight years-old. Like most sensible parents, they thought I was joking. That weekend, I'd been at my aunt's house helping her harvest vegetables from her garden. It had been a bumper year and we'd been staggering back and forth, shifting armfuls of all sorts of things into the house. With my aunt, not a single thing could go to waste, so we set about making soup. Gallons of the stuff. We were surrounded by steaming and bubbling pots and pans, and the air was thick with scents of leek and potato, carrot and coriander and spicy butternut squash. Anyway, when my parents didn't take me seriously, I went straight to the fridge to dig out one of the soups my aunt and I had made (cream of mushroom, I think) and they absolutely lapped it up. "See!" I said, smiling. So it was then that SouperStar was born.

From day one I couldn't wait to get stuck in. My parents would dutifully help me select produce, whizz up batches of soup and drive me here, there and everywhere so that I could set up shop. I would go to school fairs, farmers' markets – anywhere that would have me. Dad was my champion haggler. He'd barter with local farmers to get crates of carrots and potatoes at rock-bottom prices. If he could get anything for free, well, that was even better! I think a lot of people were bemused by the sight of this young kid, buying produce and selling soup, and my parents put up with it because they thought that I would grow out of it at some stage. While other kids my age were glued to the TV or playing in the park, I was peeling vegetables and frying croutons.

I begged and pleaded with my parents to let me be home-schooled as I wanted to dedicate more time to the business, but they insisted I should have a 'normal' childhood and fill my head with 'necessary' stuff like formulae and equations. A few years later and I was sitting my O-levels, but instead of panicking over revision, I was, of course, dreaming up new recipes. With all my exams passed and done with, I wanted to press on and really dedicate myself to SouperStar. I think at this point my parents genuinely realised how determined I was and began to take it a lot more seriously too.



I struck upon the idea of selling soup at our local train station during the winter months. There was a constant stream of customers all in desperate need of something that would warm up their hands and fill their bellies. Before long, I was hiring extra staff in order to open up soup stands in other nearby train stations, and Mum was coming up with advertising slogans and snazzy package designs (her years of marketing experience came in handy here). As the business grew and grew, Mum and Dad couldn't keep up with all the support I needed, so it made sense for them to get even more involved. Mum reduced her hours at work and Dad quit his job entirely. Fast-forward to today and I'm the managing director of one of the most successful food companies in the area.

Of course, financially, it's worked out well for us (thanks must go to my parents for the initial investment, not to mention being old enough to buy the wine for my French onion soup!), but for me it was never the dream of becoming a millionaire that got me started or even kept me going. It was the passion for building a great business based on great food – and that remains at the heart of SouperStar today.

## Practice Paper 2.6 / Source B: 'Victorian Street Sellers'

The following extracts are from interviews, conducted in the 1840s, with children who worked as street sellers. They were published in a newspaper to highlight the difficulties faced by the poor in London.

The first interview is with a young orphan girl who sells flowers:

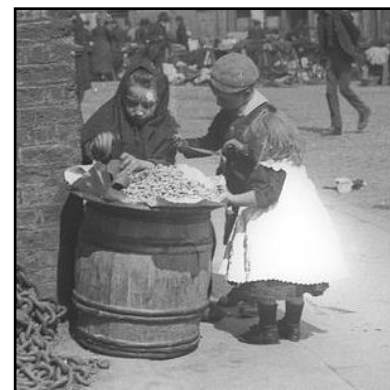


“Mother has been dead just a year this month; she took cold at the washing and it went to her chest; she was only bad a fortnight; she suffered great pain and, poor thing, she used to fret dreadful – as she lay ill – about me, for she knew she was going to leave me. She used to plan how I was to do when she was gone. She made me promise to try to get a place and keep from the streets if I could, for she seemed to dread them so much. When she was gone I was left in the world without a friend. I am quite alone. I have no relation at all; not a soul belonging to me. For three months I went about looking for a place as long as my money lasted, for mother told me to sell our furniture to keep me and get me clothes. I could have got a place, but nobody would have me without a character reference and I knew nobody to give me one. I tried very hard to get one, indeed I did; for I thought of all Mother had said to me about going into the streets. At

last, when my money was just gone, I met a young woman in the street and I asked her to tell me where I could get lodging. She told me to come with her and she would show me a respectable lodging-house for women and girls. I went, and I have been there ever since. The women in the house advised me to take to flower-selling as I could get nothing else to do. One of the young women took me to market with her and showed me how to bargain with the salesman for my flowers. At first, when I went out to sell, I felt so ashamed I could not ask anybody to buy of me; and many times went back at night with all my stock without selling one bunch. The woman at the lodging house is very good to me; when I have a bad day she will let my lodging go until I can pay her. She is very kind indeed, for she knows I am alone. What I shall do in the winter I don't know. In the cold weather last year, when I could get no flowers, I was forced to live on my clothes. I have none left now but what I have on. What I shall do I don't know. I can't bear to think on it.”

The second interview is with a young girl who sells nuts:

“It's in the winter, sir, when things are far worse with us. Father can make very little then, but I don't know what he earns exactly at any time, and though Mother has more work then, there's fire and candle to pay for. We were very badly off last winter and worse, I think, the winter before. Father sometimes came home and had made nothing, and if mother had no work in hand, we went to bed to save fire and candle, if it was ever so soon. Father would die afore he would let Mother take as much as a loaf from the parish. I was sent out to sell nuts first: “If it's only one penny you make,” Mother said, “it's a good piece of bread.” I didn't mind being sent out. I knew children that sold things in the streets. Perhaps I liked it better than staying at home without a fire and with nothing to do, and if I went out I saw other children busy. No, I wasn't a bit frightened when I first started; not a bit. Some children – but they was such little things – said: “O, Liz, I wish I was you.” I had twelve half-pennys' worth and sold them all. I don't know what it made; two pence, most likely. I didn't crack a single nut myself. I was fond of them then, but I don't care for them now. I could do better if I went into public-houses, but I'm only let go to Mr Smith's because he knows Father, and Mrs Smith and him recommends me. I have sold nuts and oranges to soldiers. I was once in a great crowd and was getting crushed, and there was a very tall soldier close by me and he lifted me, basket and all, right up to his shoulder and carried me clean out of the crowd. He had stripes on his arm. “I shouldn't like you to be in such a trade,” says he, “if you was my child.” He didn't say why he wouldn't like it. Perhaps because it was beginning to rain. Yes, we are far better off now. Father makes money. I don't go out in bad weather in the summer; in the winter, though, I must. I don't know what I shall be when I grow up. I can read a little. I've been to church five or six times in my life. I should go oftener and so would Mother, if we had clothes.”



## Practice Paper 2.6 – Questions

### Question 1

Look again at Source A. Choose four statements below which are TRUE and shade in their boxes.

- a) Lisa first made soup with her parents. [ ]
- b) Lisa's parents didn't like the first sample of soup she gave them. [ ]
- c) Lisa's father helped her buy vegetables from local farmers. [ ]
- d) Lisa preferred working on her business instead of watching TV. [ ]
- e) Lisa asked her parents that she be home-schooled. [ ]
- f) Lisa started selling soup at a local leisure centre. [ ]
- g) Lisa's parents got even more involved with her business. [ ]
- h) Lisa made French onion soup without white wine. [ ]

(4 marks)

### Question 2

You need to refer to **both** Source A and Source B for this question. Write a summary of the differences between Lisa Goodwin's parents and the street sellers' parents.

(8 marks)

### Question 3

You now need to refer to Source B **only**. How does the flower seller use language to describe her experiences?

(12 marks)

### Question 4

For this question you need to refer to **both** sources. Compare how Lisa Goodwin and the nut seller convey different attitudes to work.

(16 marks)

### Question 5

*'More children should start working before the age of sixteen. They would gain valuable skills that schooling doesn't give them.'* Write an article for a broadsheet newspaper in which you explain your point of view on this statement.

24 marks for content and organisation

16 marks for technical accuracy

(40 marks)

## **Paper 2 / Practice for Question 3: 'Connecting the Dots'**

*The following extract is from a speech given by Steve Jobs, the founder of Apple, to graduating students at Stanford University, California, in 2005.*

How does Jobs use language to persuade his audience to view life in a different way? (12 marks)

Again, you can't connect the dots looking forward; you can only connect them looking backwards. So you have to trust that the dots will somehow connect in your future. You have to trust in something — your gut, destiny, life, karma, whatever. Because believing that the dots will connect down the road will give you the confidence to follow your heart, even when it leads you off the well-worn path. And that will make all the difference.

My second story is about love and loss.

I was lucky; I found what I loved to do early in life. Woz and I started Apple in my parents' garage when I was 20. We worked hard, and in 10 years Apple had grown from just the two of us in a garage into a \$2 billion company with over 4,000 employees. We had just released our finest creation — the Macintosh — a year earlier and I had just turned 30. And then I got fired. How can you get fired from a company you started? Well, as Apple grew, we hired someone who I thought was very talented to run the company with me, and for the first year or so things went well. But then our visions of the future began to diverge and eventually we had a falling out. When we did, our Board of Directors sided with him. So at 30 I was out. And very publicly out. What had been the focus of my entire adult life was gone, and it was devastating.

I really didn't know what to do for a few months. I felt that I had let the previous generation of entrepreneurs down; that I had dropped the baton as it was being passed to me. I met with David Packard and Bob Noyce and tried to apologise for screwing up so badly. I was a very public failure and I even thought about running away from the valley. But something slowly began to dawn on me: I still loved what I did. The turn of events at Apple had not changed that one bit. I had been rejected, but I was still in love. And so I decided to start over.

I didn't see it then, but it turned out that getting fired from Apple was the best thing that could have ever happened to me. The heaviness of being successful was replaced by the lightness of being a beginner again, less sure about everything. It freed me to enter one of the most creative periods of my life.

During the next five years, I started a company named NeXT, another company named Pixar, and fell in love with an amazing woman who would become my wife. Pixar went on to create the world's first computer-animated feature film, Toy Story, and is now the most successful animation studio in the world. In a remarkable turn of events, Apple bought NeXT, I returned to Apple, and the technology we developed at NeXT is at the heart of Apple's current renaissance. And Laurene and I have a wonderful family together.

I'm pretty sure none of this would have happened if I hadn't been fired from Apple. It was awful-tasting medicine, but I guess the patient needed it. Sometimes life hits you in the head with a brick. Don't lose faith. I'm convinced that the only thing that kept me going was that I loved what I did. You've got to find what you love. And that is as true for your work as it is for your lovers. Your work is going to fill a large part of your life and the only way to be truly satisfied is to do what you believe is great work. And the only way to do great work is to love what you do. If you haven't found it yet, keep looking. Don't settle. As with all matters of the heart, you'll know when you find it. And, like any great relationship, it just gets better and better as the years roll on. So keep looking until you find it. Don't settle.

My third story is about death.

When I was 17, I read a quote that went something like: “If you live each day as if it was your last, someday you’ll most certainly be right.” It made an impression on me, and since then, for the past 33 years, I have looked in the mirror every morning and asked myself: “If today were the last day of my life, would I want to do what I am about to do today?” And whenever the answer has been ‘no’ for too many days in a row, I know I need to change something.

Remembering that I’ll be dead [in just a few decades] is the most important tool I’ve ever encountered to help me make the big choices in life. Because almost everything — all external expectations, all pride, all fear of embarrassment or failure — these things just fall away in the face of death, leaving only what is truly important. Remembering that you are going to die is the best way I know to avoid the trap of thinking you have something to lose. You are already naked. There is no reason not to follow your heart.

About a year ago I was diagnosed with cancer. I had a scan at 7:30 in the morning and it clearly showed a tumour on my pancreas. I didn’t even know what a pancreas was. The doctors told me this was almost certainly a type of cancer that is incurable and that I should expect to live no longer than three to six months. My doctor advised me to go home and get my affairs in order, which is doctor’s code for prepare to die. It means to try to tell your kids everything you thought you’d have the next 10 years to tell them in just a few months. It means to make sure everything is buttoned up so that it will be as easy as possible for your family. It means to say your goodbyes.

I lived with that diagnosis all day. Later that evening I had a biopsy, where they stuck an endoscope down my throat, through my stomach and into my intestines, put a needle into my pancreas and got a few cells from the tumour. I was sedated, but my wife, who was there, told me that when they viewed the cells under a microscope, the doctors started crying because it turned out to be a very rare form of pancreatic cancer that is curable with surgery. I had the surgery and I’m fine now.

This was the closest I’ve been to facing death and I hope it’s the closest I get for a few more decades. Having lived through it, I can now say this to you with a bit more certainty than when death was a useful but purely intellectual concept: no one wants to die. Even people who want to go to heaven don’t want to die to get there. And yet death is the destination we all share. No one has ever escaped it. And that is as it should be because Death is very likely the single best invention of Life. It is Life’s change agent. It clears out the old to make way for the new. Right now the new is you, but someday not too long from now, you will gradually become the old and be cleared away. Sorry to be so dramatic, but it is quite true.

Your time is limited, so don’t waste it living someone else’s life. Don’t be trapped by dogma, which is living with the results of other people’s thinking. Don’t let the noise of others’ opinions drown out your own inner voice. And most importantly, have the courage to follow your heart and intuition. They somehow already know what you truly want to become. Everything else is secondary.

