

Voices in Speech and Writing: An Anthology

**The Pearson Edexcel AS and A level
English Language and Literature**

Voices Anthology can be used to prepare for Component 1 of your assessment

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See page 39 for acknowledgements.

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Introduction

For the English team at Pearson, an integrated approach to the subject of English Language and Literature is critical to providing learners with the expertise to become active, skilful interpreters of the kinds of text that they interact with on a daily basis. The texts in this anthology have been selected to give you experience in deconstructing, analysing and interpreting a range of non-literary and digital forms, broadening your understanding by drawing upon integrated skills from both linguistic and literary approaches.

The Pearson Edexcel Level 3 Advanced GCE and Advanced Subsidiary GCE in English Language and Literature celebrate diversity. This collection comprises interesting and exciting non-literary texts to offer you the opportunity to study a range of spoken, written and digital forms created by writers and speakers from a wide variety of backgrounds, times and perspectives. They range from the more typical, classic forms such as newspaper articles and interviews, to a selection of innovative and digital texts including blogs and travelogues.

The texts demonstrate the writer or speaker's ability to craft or form their work to present a distinctive voice. You are encouraged to consider how the writer or speaker skilfully uses language techniques and literary devices to create a distinctive identity or persona in their work.

The examples included will broaden your awareness of how texts are constructed and crafted in numerous ways and will help you develop the literary and linguistic analytical techniques required to perform in-depth and critical analysis; reach a better understanding of how language frequently contains covert messages; and increase your ability to examine language through a critical lens.

Not only are these invaluable skills that you will utilise if you progress to Further or Higher Education, but they will also develop your writing abilities, helping you to hone your own voice and develop your own perspectives.



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Text glossary

Article

News stories and feature articles are the staple forms of journalism. An article is a particular section or item in either a printed or broadcast text that forms an independent part of a publication or programme. News stories are immediate and focus on a subject of current interest. Their aim is to be informative and economical as they have limited space. Feature articles discuss an on-going issue and present the views of the writer. They are longer and more detailed than news stories and often include visuals. This category is broad and may include written articles drawn from newspapers, magazines, websites or other printed publications or articles taken from the broadcast media.

Autobiography/Biography

An autobiography is a written account of the life of a person, written by that person. Autobiographies are subjective by nature – seeing and filtering events through the perspective of the writer. They tend to have a confessional tone and can include reminiscences and anecdotes. The writer is usually aware of the implied audience as he/she is writing with the intention of publication. Celebrity autobiographies are often ‘ghost’ written, i.e. written by a professional writer who interviews the subject. An autobiographer tries to establish a rapport with the reader on a personal level.

A biography is an account of a person’s life written by a professional writer. The subject is usually a famous historical or present-day public figure. Although the writer is more distanced from the subject there is an element of subjectivity as the subject is presented through one person’s perspective. The biographer selects and organises the material to present the subject in a particular way. This type of non-fiction employs many of the characteristics of fiction, e.g. a strong narrative line, descriptions of locations, events and people.

Diary/Memoir

Diaries and memoirs are personal documents, usually adopting a confessional tone. Diaries are a record of events and may either be very personal to the writer and their life or reflect wider issues, such as diaries of World War I or diaries written by politicians. Diaries are chronological and an immediate record of daily events and observations whereas memoirs are written retrospectively and are often based on diary entries. It might be assumed that diaries are written for the writer only, with a narrow, intimate focus on the writer’s memories, feelings and emotions; however, many diarists do have an objective of eventual publication and some private diaries written by famous people eventually have a public audience and may be useful as historical documents.

Digital Texts

Blog

The term ‘blog’ is an abbreviation of ‘weblog’. A blog is a personal online journal in which an individual records opinions, activities and experiences on a regular basis. Some provide a personal commentary on a particular topic or issue; others function as personal online diaries. Blogs can include hyperlinks provided by the writer which may extend their purpose and often have the facility for readers to respond or comment. Although blogs are written texts they share many features with spoken language and they tend to be transitory, i.e. available for a relatively short space of time. The primary purpose is close interaction with the audience and the language features reflect this. Blogs may be planned and drafted or may be more spontaneous.

Podcast

A podcast is an audio or video programme which is formatted to be played on a portable media player. The term is derived from ‘broadcast’ and ‘pod’ in reference to the iPod. It is very much a horizontal media form: producers are consumers and consumers can become producers and engage in conversations with each other.

Interview

An interview is a conversation conducted by an interviewer such as a TV reporter, chat show host, prospective employer or police/court official in which facts or statements are elicited from another. The interview may be transcribed and reproduced or recorded/broadcast. Interviews provide opportunities to comment on the differing language structures and purposes employed by the interviewer to elicit information and by the interviewee.

Radio Drama/Screenplay

Drama is a form of fiction that is typically represented in performance. Drama scripts or screenplays may be drawn from TV, radio, stage, film or documentary. Their language is shaped by their multiple audiences (technical/performer/viewer) and the varied functions served by this language. Drama presents opportunities to explore the language used to construct texts designed for broadcast/performance with a particular focus on the voices of characters or participants and the dynamic between them.

Reportage

Reportage is a first-hand account of, or commentary on, an event. Accounts can be drawn from a variety of sources – broadcast, online, recorded or print-based. Reportage is most commonly, but not exclusively, linked with the media and journalism – for example, outside broadcasts by reporters at the scene of an event. As such they can be linked to interviews and commentaries and are often supplemented by the impressions and experiences of the reporter.

Review

Reviews offer critical, often personal, appraisal of a publication, product, service, event or performance. They may be drawn from online, broadcast or traditional print-based sources and may cover any art form, product or service. Reviews may be favourable or may adopt a more negatively critical approach. Many reviewers employ a humorous style in order to add entertainment value for the reader. Rhetorical and persuasive techniques are frequently features of review writing. Reviews assume shared knowledge of their particular subject and an interest in the genre on the part of their readers.

Speech

Public speaking is the process of delivering a speech in a structured way intended to inform, influence, motivate or entertain a listening audience. Speeches may come from a range of sources and contexts: politics, courtroom address/summing up, eulogy and motivational address. Speeches are planned and carefully crafted and rely heavily on rhetorical devices and metaphorical language, although the speaker may shift the style by introducing colloquial phrases to engage more intimately with listeners. Rhythm is crucial in a speech and is achieved by the speaker's use of lexis and structure. Speeches are intended to inspire and motivate the audience in some way therefore their main function is persuasive but they must also include features that will maintain the attention of the audience. You should be aware of the discourse structure, i.e. the shape and direction of the argument.

Travelogue

A travelogue can be defined as a text which documents the places visited by, or the experiences of, a traveller. Typical travelogues convey a strong sense of place and the detailed accounts help the reader to envisage the experiences of travel through the eyes of the traveller. This category covers a broad range of styles and genres and examples can be drawn from broadcast, multi-modal or printed sources. These include journals/diaries (online or print-based), broadcast documentaries, guide books and autobiographies.

1 Article

1.1 Charlie Brooker: 'Too much talk for one planet: why I'm reducing my word emissions'

This is an article from the *Guardian* newspaper by Charlie Brooker, the English satirist and broadcaster. He has worked in television, radio, print and online media.

Too much talk for one planet: why I'm reducing my word emissions

I've been overwhelmed by the amount of jabber in the world – it's a vast cloud of blah

Eagle-eyed readers may have spotted I haven't been writing this column for a while. Roughly two people noticed its absence, until the other day when a paragraph in *Private Eye* claimed I'd asked Alan Rusbridger, editor of the *Guardian*, to switch off the reader comments underneath my articles (not true), and that he'd refused to do so (also not true), so I'd quit (not entirely true). This led to an intense flurry of activity, by which I mean four people asked me about it.

Although the *Private Eye* story wasn't completely wrong – I have stopped doing this particular column for a while, for reasons I'll explain in a moment – I was all set to write to their letters page to whine in the most pompous manner imaginable, something I've always secretly wanted to do, when I figured I might as well respond here instead, for money.

Incidentally, I'm aware this is Olympic-level navel gazing, but you're a human being with free will who can stop reading any time. Here, have a full stop. And another. And another. There are exits all over this building.

Anyway, I haven't quit the newspaper, but I have, for the meantime, stopped writing weekly, partly because my overall workload was making that kind of timetable impossible, and partly because I've recently been overwhelmed by the sheer amount of jabber in the world: a vast cloud of blah I felt I was contributing to every seven days.

If a weatherman misreads the national mood and cheerfully sieg-heils on BBC Breakfast at 8.45am, there'll be 86 outraged columns, 95 despairing blogs, half a million wry tweets and a rib-tickling pass-the-parcel Photoshop meme about it circulating by lunchtime. It happens every day. Every day, a billion instantly conjured words on any contemporaneous subject you can think of. Events and noise, events and noise; everything was starting to resemble nothing but events and noise. Firing more words into the middle of all that began to strike me as futile and unnecessary. I started to view



myself as yet another factory mindlessly pumping carbon dioxide into a toxic sky.

This is perhaps not the ideal state of mind for someone writing a weekly column in a newspaper. Clearly it was time for a short break.

Reader comments form part of the overall wordstorm described above, and it's true I'm not a huge fan of them, but that's chiefly because I'm an elderly man from the age of steam who clings irrationally to the outmoded belief that articles and letters pages should be kept separate, just like church and state. I guess conceptually I still think I'm writing in a "newspaper", even though the reality of what that means has changed beyond measure since I started doing it. So now I'm sitting grumpily in a spaceship with my arms folded, wearing a stovepipe hat. Ridiculous.

These days most newspaper sites are geared towards encouraging interaction with the minuscule fraction of readers who bother to interact back, which is a pity because I'm selfishly uninterested in conducting any kind of meaningful dialogue with humankind in general. I'd say Twitter's better for back-and-forth discussion anyway, if you could be arsed with it. Yelling out the window at passersby is another option.

When it comes to comments, despite not being as funny as I never was in the first place, I get an incredibly easy ride from passing wellwishers compared with any woman who dares write anything on the internet anywhere about anything at all, the ugly bitch, boo, go home bitch go home. Getting slagged off online is par for the course, and absorbing the odd bit of constructive criticism is character-building. The positive comments are more unsettling. Who needs to see typed applause accompanying an article? It's just weird. I don't get it.

But then right now I don't "get" most forms of communication. There's just so much of it. Everybody talking at once and all over each other; everyone on the planet typing words into their computers, for ever, like I'm doing now. I fail to see the point of roughly 98% of human communication at the moment, which indicates I need to stroll around somewhere quiet for a bit.

After my break, and a rethink, I'll quietly return later in the year, to write something slightly different, slightly less regularly (probably fortnightly). In other words, I'm reducing my carbon emissions.

And whatever the new thing I'm writing turns out to be, it'll appear both online, still accompanied by the requisite string of comments, and in the newspaper, which is a foldable thing made of paper, containing words and pictures, which catches fire easily and is sometimes left on trains.

Now get out.

1.2 Ian Birrell: 'As gay people celebrate, the treatment of the disabled just gets worse'

This is an article from the *i* newspaper by Ian Birrell, the former deputy editor of the *Independent* newspaper. He is a columnist, foreign correspondent, campaigner, and co-founder of Africa Express.

As gay people celebrate, the treatment of the disabled just gets worse

With more spending cuts looming, are we content to leave one minority locked out of society as second-class citizens?

They were clearing up the confetti, nursing hangovers and disappearing on honeymoons yesterday after the first batch of gay marriages in Britain. It was a remarkable moment as the contented couples celebrated their unions with the traditional kiss. Within my lifetime, homosexuality has been first legalised, then embraced into everyday normality. ...

The ceremonies mark a milestone in the bumpy march towards tolerance and equality. We should rejoice at the speed with which people who were once jailed, mocked and used as a political football have taken their correct place at the heart of society. Politicians of all hues deserve praise for displaying courage in confronting the misanthropes who sought to stop lesbian and gay people from enjoying rights that the rest take for granted.

Problems remain with homophobic bullying in schools and bigotry abroad. But the reform shows how quickly attitudes can change. ...

We have seen a similar rapid shift in attitudes on gender and race, for all the hurdles that still exist for both women and ethnic minorities. Yet, amid all the discussion of diversity and self-congratulatory talk of tolerance, one minority remains stuck in the shadows of society. Indeed, many members would argue that their life is getting worse, with hostility growing.

These are people with disabilities, a group growing fast in our ageing society. ...

Not only are people with disabilities far less likely to be in work despite being the most loyal employees, but almost two-thirds of those who develop a disability have lost their job within two years. ...

Reported hate crime is rising, with stories of awful abuse commonplace... You can multiply all these damning statistics – the terrible stories of routine harassment – for people with learning difficulties. Just imagine the rightful outcry if this was happening to people because of their gender, sexuality or skin colour.

So why is this happening in the wake of the Paralympics, with all that optimistic talk of transforming attitudes? ...

One reason is the lack of social and workplace interaction, such a crucial motor in changing attitudes. So instead of invitations to drinks after work and weekend dinner parties, there is befuddled British embarrassment at best, coldness at worst, towards people with disabilities. As a consequence comes a failure to understand their hopes, fears and desires.

Then there is the lack of political power – one more legacy of the poverty and woeful support endured by many disabled people. Digital technology has helped but the idea of seeking a seat in Parliament is a joke for people who struggle to obtain a seat on the bus. At the last general election, more than two-thirds of polling stations had significant barriers to accessibility. ...

It is great to see Britain become more tolerant. But, with more spending cuts looming, are we content to leave one minority locked out of society as second-class citizens? Just as with gay and lesbian people, disabled people want only the same rights as everyone else. And remember that only one in six people with disabilities was born with them; one day this minority might include you, whatever your colour, gender or sexuality.

2 Autobiography/Biography

2.1 *De Profundis* by Oscar Wilde

This is an extract from *De Profundis*, written by Oscar Wilde during his imprisonment in Reading Gaol and first published in 1905.

I want to get to the point when I shall be able to say quite simply, and without affectation that the two great turning-points in my life were when my father sent me to Oxford, and when society sent me to prison. I will not say that prison is the best thing that could have happened to me: for that phrase would savour of too great bitterness towards myself. I would sooner say, or hear it said of me, that I was so typical a child of my age, that in my perversity, and for that perversity's sake, I turned the good things of my life to evil, and the evil things of my life to good.

What is said, however, by myself or by others, matters little. The important thing, the thing that lies before me, the thing that I have to do, if the brief remainder of my days is not to be maimed, marred, and incomplete, is to absorb into my nature all that has been done to me, to make it part of me, to accept it without complaint, fear, or reluctance. The supreme vice is shallowness. Whatever is realised is right.

When first I was put into prison some people advised me to try and forget who I was. It was ruinous advice. It is only by realising what I am that I have found comfort of any kind. Now I am advised by others to try on my release and to forget that I have ever been in prison at all. I know that would be equally fatal. It would mean that I would always be haunted by an intolerable sense of disgrace, and that those things that are meant for me as much as for anybody else – the beauty of the sun and moon, the pageant of the seasons, the music of daybreak and the silence of great nights, the rain falling through the leaves, or the dew creeping over the grass and making it silver – would all be tainted for me and lose their healing power, and their power of communicating joy. To regret one's own experiences is to arrest one's own development. To deny one's own experiences is to put a lie into the lips of one's own life. It is no less than a denial of the soul.

2.2 *Mom & Me & Mom* by Maya Angelou

This is an extract from *Mom & Me & Mom*, an autobiography by the African-American author, poet, dancer, actress and singer, Maya Angelou.

By the time I was twenty-two, I was living in San Francisco. I had a five-year-old son, two jobs, and two rented rooms, with cooking privileges down the hall. My landlady, Mrs. Jefferson, was kind and grandmotherly. She was a ready babysitter and insisted on providing dinner for her tenants. Her ways were so tender and her personality so sweet that no one was mean enough to discourage her disastrous culinary exploits. Spaghetti at her table, which was offered at least three times a week, was a mysterious red, white, and brown concoction. We would occasionally encounter an unidentifiable piece of meat hidden among the pasta. There was no money in my budget for restaurant food, so I and my son, Guy, were always loyal, if often unhappy, diners at Chez Jefferson.

My mother had moved into another large Victorian house, on Fulton Street, which she again filled with Gothic, heavily carved furniture. The upholstery on the sofa and occasional chairs was red-wine-colored mohair. Oriental rugs were placed throughout the house. She had a live-in employee, Poppa, who cleaned the house and sometimes filled in as cook helper.

Mother picked up Guy twice a week and took him to her house, where she fed him peaches and cream and hot dogs, but I only went to Fulton Street once a month and at an agreed-upon time.

She understood and encouraged my self-reliance and I looked forward eagerly to our standing appointment. On the occasion, she would cook one of my favorite dishes. One lunch date stands out in my mind. I call it Vivian's Red Rice Day.

When I arrived at the Fulton Street house my mother was dressed beautifully. Her makeup was perfect and she wore good jewelry. After we embraced, I washed my hands and we walked through her formal, dark dining room and into the large, bright kitchen.

Much of lunch was already on the kitchen table.

Vivian Baxter was very serious about her delicious meals.

On that long-ago Red Rice Day, my mother had offered me a crispy, dry-roasted capon, no dressing or gravy, and a simple lettuce salad, no tomatoes or cucumbers. A wide-mouthed bowl covered with a platter sat next to her plate.

She fervently blessed the food with a brief prayer and put her left hand on the platter and her right on the bowl. She turned the dishes over and gently loosened the bowl from its contents and revealed a tall mound of glistening red rice (my favorite food in the entire world) decorated with finely minced parsley and green stalks of scallions.

The chicken and salad do not feature so prominently in my tastebuds' memory, but each grain of red rice is emblazoned on the surface of my tongue forever.

“Gluttonous” and “greedy” negatively describe the hearty eater offered the seduction of her favorite food.

Two large portions of rice sated my appetite, but the deliciousness of the dish made me long for a larger stomach so that I could eat two more helpings.

My mother had plans for the rest of her afternoon, so she gathered her wraps and we left the house together.

We reached the middle of the block and were enveloped in the stinging acid aroma of vinegar from the pickle factory on the corner of Fillmore and Fulton streets. I had walked ahead. My mother stopped me and said, “Baby.”

I walked back to her.

“Baby, I’ve been thinking and now I am sure. You are the greatest woman I’ve ever met.”

I looked down at the pretty little woman, with her perfect makeup and diamond earrings, and a silver fox scarf. She was admired by most people in San Francisco’s black community and even some whites liked and respected her.

She continued. “You are very kind and very intelligent and those elements are not always found together. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune, and my mother—yes, you belong in that category. Here, give me a kiss.”

She kissed me on the lips and turned and jaywalked across the street to her beige and brown Pontiac. I pulled myself together and walked down to Fillmore Street. I crossed there and waited for the number 22 streetcar.

My policy of independence would not allow me to accept money or even a ride from my mother, but I welcomed her and her wisdom. Now I thought of what she had said. I thought, “Suppose she is right? She’s very intelligent and often said she didn’t fear anyone enough to lie. Suppose I really am going to become somebody. Imagine.”

At that moment, when I could still taste the red rice, I decided the time had come to stop my dangerous habits like smoking, drinking, and cursing. Imagine. I might really become somebody. Someday.

3 Diary/Memoir

3.1 *Diary: What I Did in 2013* by Alan Bennett

This is an extract from the 2013 diary of Alan Bennett, the English playwright, screenwriter, actor and author.

3 January, Yorkshire

The year kicks off with a small trespass when we drive over from Ramsgill via Ripon and Thirsk to Rievaulx. However the abbey is closed, seemingly until the middle of February, which infuriates us both, and though at 78 and with an artificial hip it's not something I feel I should be doing, we scale the five-bar gate and break in. The place is of course empty and though it's quite muddy underfoot, an illicit delight. It's warm and windless, the stones of the abbey sodden and brown from the amount of moisture they've absorbed. Spectacular here are the toilet arrangements, the reredorter set above a narrow chasm with a stream still running along the bottom. Unique, though (or at least I haven't seen another), is the tannery complete with its various vats, a small factory in the heart of the abbey and which must have stunk as tanneries always did. I remember the tannery down Stanningley Road opposite Armley Park School in Leeds which my brother and I (en route for the Western cinema) always ran past holding our noses. The site at Rievaulx is just over the wall from the abbot's lodgings, which smelly though medieval abbeys were, must have been hard to take. Coming away we scale the gate again, happy to have outwitted authority, but since all that stands between Open and Closed is a five-bar gate it's maybe English Heritage's way of turning a blind eye.

4 February

I don't imagine that my old Oxford supervisor, the medieval historian Bruce McFarlane, would be much exercised by the discovery of the body of Richard III, though there would be some mild satisfaction in finding the king exactly where the sources said he was. McFarlane wouldn't have thought the body particularly informative as compared with the real stuff of history, some of the ex-duke of York's receiver's accounts, say, or records of Yorkist estate management.

The TV programme on Channel 4 was a lengthy and slightly spurious cliffhanger, culminating in the always conjectural reconstruction of what the famous corpse looked like. No different from the fanciful portrait, it turns out, but with enough humanity to satisfy the convictions of the Richard III Society, who were stumping up for the whole exercise. Bracketed in my mind with the 'Bacon is Shakespeare' lot, the Richard III fans seem not without a bob or two and with some of their barmier members on parade in the programme. ...

5 March

So cold this week that I do what I haven't done since I was in the army in Bodmin in 1954, get up and put my clothes on top of my pyjamas.

29 March

Richard Griffiths dies. We've been away for a couple of days so are spared the unctuous telephone calls that always come from the tabloids on such occasions, 'We're sorry to be the bearer of bad tidings' or 'We hope we're not intruding on your grief.' Outside his family the person who would have known him best as an actor at the National and who would have been most acquainted with the logistic difficulties caused by his bulk was his dresser.

No one will think to ask him, and I've never known him gossip about the actors he's dressed (myself included), but he would have an angle on Richard and how he coped with his life that is unshared by any of the obituary writers.

Richard had an unending repertoire of anecdotes and an enviable spontaneous wit besides. I was working with him at the time when Henry VIII's flagship the Mary Rose was being laboriously raised from the depths of the Solent. This was being done by means of a cradle when suddenly a cable snapped and the wreck slipped back into the water.

'Ah,' said Richard. 'A slight hiccup on the atypical journey from grave to cradle.'

3.2 Eye-witness account written by a young radio operator in the First World War

This is an extract from a memoir written by sapper B. Neyland, who served from September 1916 to December 1919 in the Royal Engineers (Signals), Wireless Section.

At the age of eighteen I crossed to France early in 1917, a sapper in the Royal Engineers Wireless Section. We operators had only a vague idea of our likely duties, for the Wireless Section was only then becoming of use in the trenches.

I was sent via St. Pol to Arras, and with a fellow-operator was led into the trenches at Roclincourt. There I first experienced the bursting of a shell near me, and I laughed at the frightened manner in which our guide flung himself down when the shell fell about thirty yards away. It was not long before I took to flinging myself down on such occasions.

When our guide led me into a trench filled waist deep with muddy water, I could not believe he was serious – and I hesitated – I was wearing brand-new riding-breeches, puttees, and boots. However, I waded in, and it was seventeen days before my boots touched dry soil again.

We were left in a muddy dug-out at Roclincourt with an officer and his batman, waiting for the attack. We spent our time experimenting with a small British Field set – the Trench set – and we still had no idea of our purpose.

Then, on April 5th, we were called into Arras where a R.E. officer "put us wise". The attack was to be made within the next few days, the infantry waves were to advance under cover of a formidable barrage, and each wave was to be provided with a wireless station. The Roclincourt station was to go over with the first infantry wave.



The Roclincourt station! That was Hewitt and I and an officer! Four infantrymen were to assist us in carrying our weighty apparatus, the set, accumulators, dry cells, coils of wire, earth mats, ropes, and other details.

We returned to Roclincourt and sent many practice messages to our Directing Station at Arras. That night one of our aerial masts was shattered and we were instructed to erect another. We had no reserve mast, but, fortunately, we found a large crucifix nearby.

"That's it," said the officer. "Hewitt, climb up there and attach the aerial as high as possible."

Hewitt clambered up over the figure of Christ just as a German machine gun swept the line, the Verey lights revealing Hewitt distinctly. He soon fell into a depth of slime, frightened, but unhurt. It was our first experience of enemy machine-gun fire.

"You try," the officer pointed to me.

It is an eerie sensation to climb over an effigy of Jesus, to dig your feet into any parts of the figure offering foothold, to hold on to the outstretched arms, and breathe on to the downcast face, to fix a rope somewhere on the Cross and to hear the German machine gun tat-tatting all around.

Failing to secure the rope, I slid down and we returned to the dug-out with our officer extremely annoyed. Early the next morning we secured the aerial to the ruins of a building. On April 7th our officer laid a plan of the German sector opposite us on the table, and he detailed our instructions.

At a particular tree-stump far over in the enemy's Blue Line we were to erect a station as rapidly as possible and transmit any messages handed in by the officers engaged in the attack.

I felt intensely relieved that I was to be given an opportunity of doing something useful, and of feeling that at last I was to play a real part in the Great War. I found that Hewitt, too, experienced this sense of relief.

4 Digital Text

4.1 Blog by George Scott: 'A ride of two halves...'

This is a blog written by George Scott, the assistant editor of RoadCyclingUK.

GEAR RACING SPORTIVE HOW TO WIN FORUM BLOG DIRECTORIES SHOP



RCUK / Blogs / George

A ride of two halves...

Day two's mountain ride left most of the group with sore legs ahead of the third day of training camp so we set out for a four-hour loop on the flat coastal roads north of Mojacar.

Trouble is, we now had a headwind worthy of the Northern Classics to contend with and there was still plenty of opportunity to hurt the legs when sitting on the front of the bunch, but after an early cafe stop on the beach front, and a chance to work on tan lines in the sun, we ventured inland and continued on the planned route.

Andalucia is both beautiful and barren in equal measure – Mojacar receives just 200mm of rain per year – and yesterday's mountain peaks had by now been replaced by arid coastal plains, with little to take the mind off the strengthening wind. Give me hills and a view to work for over a death march into a block headwind.

So, with 35 miles on the clock we stopped for a comfort break and split the group into two, with the majority of riders opting to stay with the lead car and continuing on the original route back to Bedar, while our ride guide, James, and I, turned right into the hills for a lumpier loop to base.

We waved our goodbyes and immediately turned off the main road to Los Gallardos and into the orange groves to begin a steady drag to the foot of a snaking, two-mile, car-free climb, with the ridge above us by now offering protection from the wind and beautiful views back over the valley for company.

After a short descent we took a de-tour off our de-tour, with James, who had previously visited the area on a training camp of his own in December before returning at the start of March as a ride guide for Wheels in Wheels, keen to explore a back road over the ridge which took us back to Bedar.

We now had the wind on our back and clipped along comfortably at 55kph on a rolling road with a gradual downhill gradient which felt like heaven after the wind-restricted progress of the morning.

By now we were in the middle of nowhere, not entirely sure of the route and with only a farmer and his herd of goats for company, but this is what cycling is about – exploring uncharted territory with the wind and sun on your back, and the traffic-free road rising before you. After one wrong turn, and then another, we took a dirt road and descended into the valley, crossing the bone-dry river bed and picking our way up the track on the opposite side of the mountainside, before the tarmac returned.

James was now back on familiar territory and we climbed up the hillside on a series of steep ramps with a beautifully smooth, freshly laid road surface. With Bedar in sight we skipped past the turning for our villa and joined the rest of the group in the village for a cold drink after 90 minutes of some of the best riding of the camp so far.

4.2 Past Masters Podcast: 'The Truth is in Here: UFOs at The National Archives'

This is a transcript of a podcast discussing the transfer of files on UFO sightings from the Ministry of Defence to The National Archives.

From ghost rockets in Scandinavia to mysterious spheres tracked over Eritrea, the Past Masters team look at the records of Unidentified Flying Objects held at The National Archives and ask, is the truth in here?

The Ministry of Defence is now transferring files on UFOs to The National Archives covering 1978 to 2002.

Bob: Hi there, you are listening to Past Masters from the National Archives in London. I'm Bob.

Jo: And I'm Jo.

Bob: And this month we're looking at one of the strangest sets of records we have here at the Archives – the British government's very own X-Files.

Jo: Mysterious lights in the sky, unexplained radar traces. Reports from military sources and members of the public and official government policy on UFOs from the old Air Ministry, the Ministry of Defence, the Foreign Office and the Admiralty.

Bob: And why are we looking at this?

Jo: Because it's a fascinating insight into the workings of government. And it's secret files on aliens! How good is that?

Bob: I think they're "unexplained aerial phenomena", aren't they? Where's the evidence they're aliens?

Jo: Now, scepticism is very healthy but I think when you've heard some of these documents you might not be so sure.

Bob: I think that's very unlikely. What have you got?

Jo: We've got dozens of files containing carefully kept records of hundreds of sightings.

Bob: How far back do they go?

Jo: Well, the British government first begins watching the skies in the first decade of the 20th century.

Bob: Looking out for German airships before the First World War.

Jo: That's right.

Bob: Well, since they went on to bomb cities up and down Britain in 1915 that sounds very sensible. But it's nothing to do with aliens. What else have you got?

Jo: Oh. Okay. World War II. Throughout the war British and American pilots report seeing strange patterns of lights on bombing runs over Germany.

Bob: Like the lights you get on aircraft?

Jo: Well, sort of, but not –

Bob: That's another mystery solved then. I'm getting good at this.

5 Interview

5.1 BBC1 *Panorama* interview between Martin Bashir and Princess Diana

This is an extract from the television interview broadcast in 1995 between Martin Bashir, a journalist with the BBC current affairs programme *Panorama*, and Diana, Princess of Wales.

DIANA: I think the British people need someone in public life to give affection, to make them feel important, to support them, to give them light in their dark tunnels. I see it as a possibly unique role, and yes, I've had difficulties, as everybody has witnessed over the years, but let's now use the knowledge I've gathered to help other people in distress.

BASHIR: Do you think you can?

DIANA: I know I can, I know I can, yes.

BASHIR: Up until you came into this family, the monarchy seemed to enjoy an unquestioned position at the heart of British life. Do you feel that you're at all to blame for the fact that survival of the monarchy is now a question that people are asking?

DIANA: No, I don't feel blame. I mean, once or twice I've heard people say to me that, you know, 'Diana's out to destroy the monarchy', which has bewildered me, because why would I want to destroy something that is my children's future. I will fight for my children on any level in order for them to be happy and have peace of mind and carry out their duties. But I think what concerns me most of all about how people discuss the monarchy is they become indifferent, and I think that is a problem, and I think that should be sorted out, yes.

BASHIR: When you say indifferent, what do you mean?

DIANA: They don't care. People don't care anymore. They've been so force-fed with marital problems, whatever, whatever, whatever, that they're fed up. I'm fed up of reading about it. I'm in it, so God knows what people out there must think.

BASHIR: Do you think the monarchy needs to adapt and to change in order to survive?

DIANA: I understand that change is frightening for people, especially if there's nothing to go to. It's best to stay where you are. I understand that. But I do think that there are a few things that could change, that would alleviate this doubt, and sometimes complicated relationship between monarchy and public. I think they could walk hand in hand, as opposed to be so distant.

BASHIR: What are you doing to try and effect some kind of change?

DIANA: Well, with William and Harry, for instance, I take them round homelessness projects, I've taken William and Harry to people dying of Aids – albeit I told them it was cancer – I've taken the children to all sorts of areas where I'm not sure anyone of that age in this family has been before. And they have a knowledge – they may never use it, but the seed is there, and I hope it will grow because knowledge is power.



BASHIR: What are you hoping that that experience for your children – what impact that experience will have on your children?

DIANA: I want them to have an understanding of people's emotions, people's insecurities, people's distress, and people's hopes and dreams.

BASHIR: What kind of monarchy do you anticipate?

DIANA: I would like a monarchy that has more contact with its people – and I don't mean by riding round bicycles and things like that, but just having a more in-depth understanding. And I don't say that as a criticism to the present monarchy: I just say that as what I see and hear and feel on a daily basis in the role I have chosen for myself.

BASHIR: There's a lot of discussion at the moment about how matters between yourself and the Prince of Wales will be resolved. There's even the suggestion of a divorce between you. What are your thoughts about that?

DIANA: I don't want a divorce, but obviously we need clarity on a situation that has been of enormous discussion over the last three years in particular. So all I say to that is that I await my husband's decision of which way we are all going to go.

BASHIR: If he wished a divorce to go through, would you accept that?

DIANA: I would obviously discuss it with him, but up to date neither of us has discussed this subject, though the rest of the world seems to have.

BASHIR: Would it be your wish to divorce?

DIANA: No, it's not my wish.

BASHIR: Why? Wouldn't that resolve matters?

DIANA: Why would it resolve matters?

BASHIR: It would provide the clarity that you talk about, it would resolve matters as far as the public are concerned perhaps.

DIANA: Yes, but what about the children? Our boys – that's what matters, isn't it?

BASHIR: Do you think you will ever be Queen?

DIANA: No, I don't, no.

BASHIR: Why do you think that?

DIANA: I'd like to be a queen of people's hearts, in people's hearts, but I don't see myself being Queen of this country. I don't think many people will want me to be Queen. Actually, when I say many people I mean the establishment that I married into, because they have decided that I'm a non-starter.

5.2 Jay Leno's interview with President Obama (transcript)

This is an extract from the television interview broadcast in 2013 between Jay Leno, host of NBC's *The Tonight Show with Jay Leno*, and Barack Obama, President of the United States of America.

Q: Welcome the President of the United States — Barack Obama. (Applause.)

Welcome back, sir.

THE PRESIDENT: Thank you. It's good to be back. (Applause.)

Q: Well, we're thrilled to have you.

THE PRESIDENT: It is good to be back.

Q: And a happy birthday.

THE PRESIDENT: Thank you very much.

Q: Happy birthday to you.

THE PRESIDENT: Thank you. (Applause.)

Q: So how did you celebrate Sunday? What did you do?

THE PRESIDENT: I had a bunch of friends come over who I don't see that often from high school and college. And we played a little golf, and then we tried to play a little basketball. And it was a sad state of affairs. (Laughter.)

Q: Really?

THE PRESIDENT: A bunch of old guys. Where's the Ibuprofen and all that stuff. (Laughter.)

Q: But you're pretty competitive.

THE PRESIDENT: I am pretty competitive. But the day of my birthday — we do departure photos of people who are transitioning out of the White House. And we let them bring their families and they take a picture in the Oval Office. And this wonderful staff person came in and had a really cute, young son. He looked like Harry Potter, a six-year-old guy. (Laughter.) He came in, he had an economic report for me. He had graphs and everything. (Laughter.) And, he says, "My birthday is in August, too." I said, "Well, how old are you going to be?" He said, "Seven." He said, "How old are you?" I said, "Fifty-two." He said, "Whoa." (Laughter.) Whoa. Whoa. (Laughter.) He looked off in the distance. He was trying to project. (Laughter.)

Q: Yes, you can't even —

THE PRESIDENT: You can't go out that far.

Q: You can't grasp that number, no. (Laughter.) Now, I've seen Michelle tease you about your gray hair. You have a bit of silver in your hair. Do you tease back?

THE PRESIDENT: No. (Laughter and applause.) That's why we're celebrating our 21st anniversary. (Laughter.)

Q: As I'm married 33 years, I know exactly what you're saying. (Laughter.) I've got to ask you about this. Everyone is concerned about these embassy closings. How significant is this threat?

THE PRESIDENT: Well, it's significant enough that we're taking every precaution. We had already done a lot to bolster embassy security around the world, but especially in the Middle East and North Africa, where the threats tend to be highest. And whenever we see a threat stream that we think is specific enough that we can take some specific precautions within a certain timeframe, then we do so.

Now, it's a reminder that for all the progress we've made — getting bin Laden, putting al Qaeda between Afghanistan and Pakistan back on its heels — that this radical, violent extremism is still out there. And we've got to stay on top of it. It's also a reminder of how courageous our embassy personnel tend to be, because you can never have 100 percent security in some of these places. The countries themselves sometimes are ill-equipped to provide the kind of security that you want. Even if we reinforce it, there are still vulnerabilities.

And these diplomats, they go out there and they serve every day. Oftentimes, they have their families with them. They do an incredible job and sometimes don't get enough credit. So we're grateful to them and we've got to do everything we can to protect them. (Applause.)

6 Radio Drama/Screenplay

6.1 *The King's Speech* by David Seidler

This is an extract from the screenplay *The King's Speech* written by David Seidler, the British playwright, film and television writer.

LIONEL
Know any jokes?

BERTIE
Timing isn't my strong suit.

Silence. They stare at each other.

LIONEL
Cuppa tea?

BERTIE
No thank you.

LIONEL
I think I'll have one.

Turns on the hot plate.

BERTIE
Aren't you going to start treating me Dr Logue?

LIONEL
Only if you're interested in being treated.
Please, call me Lionel.

BERTIE
I prefer Doctor.

LIONEL
I prefer Lionel. What'll I call you?

BERTIE
Your Royal Highness, then Sir after that.

LIONEL
A bit formal for here. What about your name?

BERTIE
Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George?

LIONEL
How about Bertie?

BERTIE
(flushes)

Only my family uses that.

LIONEL
Perfect. In here, it's better if we're equals.

BERTIE
If we were equal I wouldn't be here. I'd be at home with my wife and no-one would give a damn.

Bertie starts to light a cigarette from a silver case.

LIONEL
Don't do that.

Bertie gives him an astonished look.

BERTIE
I'm sorry?

LIONEL
Sucking smoke into your lungs will kill you.

BERTIE
My physicians say it relaxes the throat.

LIONEL
They're idiots.

BERTIE
They've all been knighted.

LIONEL
Makes it official then. My 'castle', my rules.

6.2 *When I Lived in Peru* by Andrew Viner

This is an extract from the radio drama *When I Lived in Peru* by the British playwright, Andrew Viner.

21. SCENE – MONOLOGUE

MARTIN: (CLOSE) I guess the differences between us could be highlighted by our respective attitudes to our careers.

22. SCENE – I.T. OFFICE

F/X: TYPING, QUIET CONVERSATIONS, TELEPHONES.

F/X: DOOR KNOCK.

MARTIN: You wanted to see me, Julian?

JULIAN: (OLDER, AVUNCULAR) Ah yes, come in, Martin. Have a seat.

F/X: DOOR CLOSING. OFFICE NOISE NOW MUTED.

MARTIN: If it's about those bugs we'll have a new version out next week.

JULIAN: No, it's not that. As you're probably aware, there's been a downturn here at FSR. Like a lot of companies, to cut costs we're outsourcing our IT department overseas – in our case to Tanzania.

MARTIN: Oh. I'm kind of settled here in London.

JULIAN: No, I'm afraid we're making you redundant.

MARTIN: Redundant?

JULIAN: You've been here for ten years now, right?

MARTIN: Since I graduated.

JULIAN: So that means your pay-off would be around thirty thousand pounds. A lot of people view this kind of situation as an opportunity – to re-assess their lives, perhaps re-train to do something they really love.

MARTIN: But I loved my job.

JULIAN: At your last appraisal you said you found it “dull and repetitive”, and that you felt “un-stretched and lacking any kind of a challenge”.

MARTIN: That's what I loved.



23. SCENE – MONOLOGUE

MARTIN: (CLOSE) So that was my career down the toilet. Whereas yours...

**24. SCENE - MARTIN'S FLAT –
F/X: CHAMPAGNE CORK POP. TWO GLASSES
POURED.**

MARTIN: Congratulations!

CLAIRE: It's just an acting promotion while they reorganise after the redundancies. London said they'd wait for me, and because of the extra projects, I'll get a raise as soon as I get here.

MARTIN: That's brilliant news. But what about the stubble and drool every morning?

CLAIRE: It's only for a few months. Till then I guess we'll just have to make the most of these weekends. (THEY KISS) Anyway, what was your work news?

MARTIN: Oh... Nothing really. Cheers.

F/X: GLASSES CHINK.

7.1 Chris Rainier: 'Tsunami Eyewitness Account by Nat Geo Photographer'

This is a first-person account, published in *The National Geographic News*, of the photographer Chris Rainier's experiences of a tsunami in Indonesia in 2005.

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Tsunami Eyewitness Account by Nat Geo Photographer

The best way to describe this—because we grew up with the images and we all know what it looked like—is that Banda Aceh looks like Hiroshima after the atomic bomb. It's totally destroyed. The buildings have been flattened for miles and entire communities—probably something like a hundred thousand people—have been swept out to sea.

It's day 15 [January 10, 2005] since the disaster, and still there are vast areas where exposed bodies can be seen lying around, decaying. Just cleaning up, picking up the bodies, remains the biggest challenge.

The medical situation is just as daunting. Hundreds of thousands of survivors are refugees, squatting in makeshift camps wherever you go. A lot of relief agencies are trying to get in here to set things up. But the logistics remain a nightmare.

Everyone is very impressed with the U.S. military relief effort and the UN's coordination of some 200 different [charity organizations] setting up here. The urgent challenge is to make sure that another hundred thousand people don't die from disease.

The horror of this place reminds me of something from a biblical disaster story or the sketches of Hieronymus Bosch [a painter of monstrous scenes of hell]. Everywhere I go I have to be careful I don't step on a corpse.

The magnitude of this thing is that this goes on for hundreds of miles in both directions. In one area some 10 square miles [25 square kilometers] of the city was completely flattened. It is feared that something like 30,000 bodies are still in there.

The government has confirmed 95,000 dead and 77,000 missing. They are likely soon to convert that 77,000 missing into confirmed dead.

Are the emergency supplies of food and medicine getting through to the people?

Food and medical aid is arriving, and it is getting to the survivors. An infrastructure is being set up here in Banda Aceh—but the needs are huge. We still see a lot of people with broken bones that have not received treatment. We see people with deep lacerations that have been covered with a dirty rag.

The U.S. military works here from dawn to dusk, and cruise ships have arrived from Singapore with relief workers and supplies. People are very, very appreciative that we are here. They appreciate America's help. People come up to me all the time to say thanks, give me a hug, or start crying in appreciation. The U.S. military is being well received.

It's going to be interesting to see how the massive amount of money raised in the U.S. and other countries will translate into help on the ground. The bottleneck is a challenge. So many people are here and so much assistance is coming in. Getting it out to all the outlying places and all the people who need it is a problem.

Picking up the bodies is a priority. Then the medical assistance needs to move beyond the most urgent triage to treating broken limbs and deep wounds. People are dying because they are unable to get this basic medical attention.

A huge number of people are displaced. The challenge is to stabilize their communities and set up new places for them to live.

7.2 Jessica Read: 'Experience: I survived an earthquake while scuba diving'

This is a first-hand account, published in *The Guardian* Weekend Magazine, of an earthquake that Jessica Read encountered while scuba diving in the Philippines in 2013.

food health family women home&garden

life and style

Experience: I survived an earthquake while scuba diving

I've been scuba diving for 15 years. I love the calmness of being submerged, the hypnotic sound of my breath and the quiet clicks of fish eating coral.

Last October, I was on a diving holiday in the Philippines with a friend. It was a sunny morning, and after breakfast we boarded the boat with seven other advanced divers. This was my 40th dive, so I knew the drill. I put on the gear and dived off the boat, slowly sinking to about 20m. I saw luminous corals, languorous turtles silhouetted in the deep blue of the ocean and hundreds of tropical fish.

After nearly 45 minutes, the sound of my breathing was drowned out by a low rumble like an engine, and I felt deep, powerful vibrations, as if a big boat with a propeller was passing overhead. I looked up but couldn't see anything. The dive instructor's eyes were wide with confusion: he didn't know what was going on either, even though he'd done thousands of dives. We swam next to each other, staying close to the side of the reef. I couldn't see my friend and the other divers. The situation felt sinister and dangerous.

Then we were enveloped by clouds of white sand that mushroomed up around us, and I thought, could it be an underwater bomb? A giant turtle raced past us and into the deep; they are normally slow movers, so this was very weird behaviour. The vibration became so intense, I could feel it in my bones, and the sound turned into a deafening roar. I could see waterfalls of sand pouring over the coral, and on the sea floor, a few metres below us, cracks began forming and the sand was sucked down. That's when I realised it was an earthquake. The noise was the sound of the Earth splintering open and grinding against itself. ...

The sound and vibrations lasted only two or three minutes, though it felt a lot longer, and when they stopped I heard the swoosh of the sand falling over the seabed. Uneasily, I followed the dive master through the plumes of sand, searching for the others. It took enormous willpower to resist the urge to swim to the surface as fast as I could, but after five minutes we saw them about 20m away and swam over. We all held hands and stopped for three minutes to avoid decompression sickness, which can be fatal. It was a huge relief to see my friend, and we all shared incredulous looks, before finally surfacing, pulling out our breathing apparatus and shouting, "What was that?"



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life and style

Back on the boat, we rushed to check the news and discovered we had witnessed a huge earthquake, measuring 7.2 on the Richter scale. It released more energy than 30 Hiroshima bombs, and we had been pretty much at the epicentre. I was high on adrenaline and felt lucky not just to have survived, but also to have experienced nature at its most stunning, and most ferocious. On the news, we were horrified to see that more than 200 people had died, with 1,000 injured. I spent the night on the boat with the rest of the group, drinking lots of very strong Philippine rum.

Nearly all those who died were on the island of Bohol, 30 minutes away. That morning, I had been due to take a boat to hospital there, because I had bad earache, but at the last minute I decided to dive. Had I gone, I would have arrived as the earthquake hit.

8 Review

8.1 Flemmich Webb on *Boxer Handsome* by Anna Whitwham

This is a review of Anna Whitwham's novel *Boxer Handsome* by the freelance editor, presenter and journalist, Flemmich Webb.

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Book review: 'Boxer Handsome' by Anna Whitwham

FLEMMICH WEBB Friday 10 January 2014

Boxer Handsome is Anna Whitwham's first novel and was inspired by her grandfather, John Poppy, a young featherweight boxer at the Crown & Manor Boys Club in Hoxton. This familial connection gives this exciting debut an authenticity, which allied to a confident writing style, suggests Whitwham has a promising future ahead of her.

The story opens with Bobby fighting childhood friend Connor over a girl. Both amateur boxers in the same boxing club in East London, they are due to fight each other in the ring in a divisional competition in a week's time, but this flurry of fists takes place by the canal, bare-knuckled and brutal. Bobby wins but can't resist a victorious act of brutality that drives subsequent events.

Whitwham acknowledges the value of boxing in society – giving wayward kids a focus, trainers acting as father figures to young men – through Derek, who runs the Clapton Bow Boys Club and keeps an eye out for Bobby and his other charges.

But she doesn't shy away from its brutal side and the thin line that separates regulated fighting in the ring from unfettered violence outside it. Casualties of this world lay strewn throughout the world Whitwham creates. Joe, Bobby's father, was once a decent boxer himself, but is now a sad alcoholic, a broken shell of a man with none of the respect that his fists once commanded. Bobby's mother, a victim of domestic abuse at the hands of Joe, sees history repeating itself as her son follows in his dad's footsteps, a slave to the code of honour that this macho world demands. There's something of Shakespeare's emotionally stunted warrior, Coriolanus, in Bobby. When he meets a local girl, Chloe, he suddenly glimpses an alternative to the world he has inhabited since birth. The tragedy is that he lacks the emotional skills to seize this chance.

Whitwham's writing is as sharp as a one-two combination, short punchy sentences that capture effectively the brooding atmosphere of the East End, the threat of violence at every turn and the savagery of fighting. "Then [he] cracked the bridge of his nose wide open. Skin split. Blood spat. Connor stumbled about headless."

But the book is tender, too, a change of pace that deepens the emotional resonance of the characters. Bobby is uncharacteristically unsure of himself when he first takes Chloe on a date: "She had a grip on him, a spell that held him in awkward moments he couldn't get out of." This is a promising debut, and it will be interesting to see how Whitwham handles subject matter in subsequent novels that is more distant from her own experience.

8.2 Martin Hoyle on television drama *The Bridge*

This is a review published in the *FT Weekend* magazine of the television drama *The Bridge* by the TV, radio and film critic, Martin Hoyle.

Pick of the Weekend: The Bridge

By Martin Hoyle

Saturday is complete again: Scandinavian noir is back. After the civilised machinations of Danish politics in *Borgen*, we plunge into the dark world of terrorism, mass killing and poisonous grudges underlying humane, orderly Nordic society.

The second season of *The Bridge* (BBC 4 9pm) resumes thirteen months after the story of the first ended, with an opening less gruesome but just as eerie when an apparently unmanned coaster crashes into the Øresund Bridge. The five drugged youngsters found chained on board trigger more joint Danish–Swedish police cooperation. Hoorah for the chalk and cheese combination of frowsy, easy-going Martin (Kim Bodnia) and the unsmiling, briskly robotic Aspergerish Saga (Sofia Helin).

Things have changed, of course. Martin is still recovering from the murder of his son by last season's mass killer who, though safely imprisoned, haunts him to the point of obsession.

Saga's antiseptic, angular, pre-eminently logical psyche is disturbed by her efforts at normal relationships. She has learnt to detect when people are making jokes and laughs heartily if unconvincingly, hurt when Martin gently points out that this is unnecessary. 'I acknowledge their attempts to be amusing,' she explains earnestly...

Saturday's brace of episodes is rich with subplots, vivid subsidiary characters and a reminder that even mass terrorism can be rooted in the skewed world picture of one unbalanced human. There emerges a common theme: connection, the failure to connect, the fear of abandonment and isolation, and the Nordic thriller's paradoxical juxtaposition of high principles and violent action, efficiency and murderousness. The dark is all-pervasive.

9 Speech

9.1 John F. Kennedy's Inaugural Address in Washington on January 20, 1961

This is an extract from the speech by John F. Kennedy at his inauguration, a formal ceremony to mark the beginning of his term of office as President of the United States of America.

To those new states whom we welcome to the ranks of the free, we pledge our word that one form of colonial control shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron tyranny. We shall not always expect to find them supporting our view. But we shall always hope to find them strongly supporting their own freedom – and to remember that, in the past, those who foolishly sought power by riding the back of the tiger ended up inside.

To those people in the huts and villages of half the globe struggling to break the bonds of mass misery, we pledge our best efforts to help them help themselves, for whatever period is required – not because the Communists may be doing it, not because we seek their votes, but because it is right. If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich.

To our sister republics south of our border, we offer a special pledge: to convert our good words into good deeds, in a new alliance for progress, to assist free men and free governments in casting off the chains of poverty. But this peaceful revolution of hope cannot become the prey of hostile powers. Let all our neighbours know that we shall join with them to oppose aggression or subversion anywhere in the Americas. And let every other power know that this hemisphere intends to remain the master of its own house.

To that world assembly of sovereign states, the United Nations, our last best hope in an age where the instruments of war have far outpaced the instruments of peace, we renew our pledge of support – to prevent it from becoming merely a forum for invective, to strengthen its shield of the new and the weak, and to enlarge the area in which its writ may run.

Finally, to those nations who would make themselves our adversary, we offer not a pledge but a request: that both sides begin anew the quest for peace, before the dark powers of destruction unleashed by science engulf all humanity in planned or accidental self-destruction.

We dare not tempt them with weakness. For only when our arms are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed.

But neither can two great and powerful groups of nations take comfort from our present course – both sides overburdened by the cost of modern weapons, both rightly alarmed by the steady spread of the deadly atom, yet both racing to alter that uncertain balance of terror that stays the hand of mankind's final war.

So let us begin anew – remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear, but let us never fear to negotiate.

Let both sides explore what problems unite us instead of belaboring those problems which divide us.

Let both sides, for the first time, formulate serious and precise proposals for the inspection and control of arms, and bring the absolute power to destroy other nations under the absolute control of all nations.

Let both sides seek to invoke the wonders of science instead of its terrors. Together let us explore the stars, conquer the deserts, eradicate disease, tap the ocean depths, and encourage the arts and commerce.

Let both sides unite to heed, in all corners of the earth, the command of Isaiah – to “undo the heavy burdens, and [to] let the oppressed go free.”

And, if a beachhead of cooperation may push back the jungle of suspicion, let both sides join in creating a new endeavor – not a new balance of power, but a new world of law – where the strong are just, and the weak secure, and the peace preserved.

All this will not be finished in the first one hundred days. Nor will it be finished in the first one thousand days; nor in the life of this administration; nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin.

9.2 Colonel Tim Collins to 1st Battalion, Royal Irish Regiment, in Iraq in 2003

This is the eve-of-battle speech made by Colonel Tim Collins to the 1st Battalion of the Royal Irish Regiment in 2003, prior to British troops entering Iraq.

“We go to liberate, not to conquer.

We will not fly our flags in their country. We are entering Iraq to free a people and the only flag which will be flown in that ancient land is their own.

Show respect for them.

There are some who are alive at this moment who will not be alive shortly.

Those who do not wish to go on that journey, we will not send.

As for the others, I expect you to rock their world.

Wipe them out if that is what they choose.

But if you are ferocious in battle remember to be magnanimous in victory.

Iraq is steeped in history.

It is the site of the Garden of Eden, of the Great Flood and the birthplace of Abraham.

Tread lightly there.

You will see things that no man could pay to see – and you will have to go a long way to find a more decent, generous and upright people than the Iraqis.

You will be embarrassed by their hospitality even though they have nothing.

Don't treat them as refugees for they are in their own country.

Their children will be poor, in years to come they will know that the light of liberation in their lives was brought by you.

If there are casualties of war then remember that when they woke up and got dressed in the morning they did not plan to die this day.

Allow them dignity in death.

Bury them properly and mark their graves.

It is my foremost intention to bring every single one of you out alive.

But there may be people among us who will not see the end of this campaign.

We will put them in their sleeping bags and send them back.

There will be no time for sorrow.

The enemy should be in no doubt that we are his nemesis and that we are bringing about his rightful destruction.

There are many regional commanders who have stains on their souls and they are stoking the fires of hell for Saddam.

He and his forces will be destroyed by this coalition for what they have done.

As they die they will know their deeds have brought them to this place. Show them no pity.

It is a big step to take another human life.

It is not to be done lightly.

I know of men who have taken life needlessly in other conflicts.

I can assure you they live with the mark of Cain upon them.

If someone surrenders to you then remember they have that right in international law and ensure that one day they go home to their family.

The ones who wish to fight, well, we aim to please.

If you harm the regiment or its history by over-enthusiasm in killing or in cowardice, know it is your family who will suffer.

You will be shunned unless your conduct is of the highest – for your deeds will follow you down through history.

We will bring shame on neither our uniform or our nation.

It is not a question of if, it's a question of when.

We know he has already devolved the decision to lower commanders, and that means he has already taken the decision himself.

If we survive the first strike we will survive the attack.

As for ourselves, let's bring everyone home and leave Iraq a better place for us having been there.

Our business now is North."

10 Travelogue

10.1 *Sea and Sardinia* by D.H. Lawrence

This is an extract from *Sea and Sardinia* by the English writer D.H. Lawrence, who travelled from his home in Sicily to Sardinia in 1921.

I slept not so badly through the stifled, rolling night—in fact later on slept soundly. And the day was growing bright when I peered through the porthole, the sea was much smoother. It was a brilliant clear morning. I made haste and washed myself cursorily in the saucer that dribbled into a pail in a corner: there was not space even for one chair, this saucer was by my bunk-head. And I went on deck.

Ah the lovely morning! Away behind us the sun was just coming above the sea's horizon, and the sky all golden, all a joyous, fire-heated gold, and the sea was glassy bright, the wind gone still, the waves sunk into long, low undulations, the foam of the wake was pale ice-blue in the yellow air. Sweet, sweet wide morning on the sea, with the sun coming, swimming up, and a tall sailing bark, with her flat fore-ladder of sails delicately across the light, and a far-far steamer on the electric vivid morning horizon.

The lovely dawn: the lovely pure, wide morning in the mid-sea, so golden-aired and delighted, with the sea like sequins shaking, and the sky far, far, far above, unfathomably clear. How glad to be on a ship! What a golden hour for the heart of man! Ah if one could sail for ever, on a small quiet, lonely ship, from land to land and isle to isle, and saunter through the spaces of this lovely world, always through the spaces of this lovely world. Sweet it would be sometimes to come to the opaque earth, to block oneself against the stiff land, to annul the vibration of one's flight against the inertia of our terra firma! but life itself would be in the flight, the tremble of space. Ah the trembling of never-ended space, as one moves in flight! Space, and the frail vibration of space, the glad lonely wringing of the heart. Not to be clogged to the land any more. Not to be any more like a donkey with a log on its leg, fastened to weary earth that has no answer now. But to be off.

To find three masculine, world-lost souls, and world-lost saunter, and saunter on along with them, across the dithering space, as long as life lasts! Why come to anchor? There is nothing to anchor for. Land has no answer to the soul any more. It has gone inert. Give me a little ship, kind gods, and three world-lost comrades. Hear me! And let me wander aimless across this vivid outer world, the world empty of man, where space flies happily.

10.2 *Riding the Iron Rooster: By Train Through China* by Paul Theroux

This is an extract from the travelogue by the American travel writer and novelist, Paul Theroux, who took eight trains across Europe, Eastern Europe, the USSR and Mongolia on his way to reaching the Chinese border.

We came to Paris and were met by a bus and brought to a hotel. This was in the fourteenth *arrondissement* near the end of the Metro line, in a district that was indistinguishable from the outskirts of Chicago, or South Boston. It was mainly post-war blocks of flats that had once been light stucco and were now grey. There were too many of them, and they were too close together, and people said: 'Is this Paris? Is this France? Where's the Eiffel Tower?' The centre of Paris is a masterpiece of preservation, but the suburbs such as this one are simple and awful. The brutal pavements and high windows of Saint-Jacques seemed designed to encourage suicide.

Then I was told ('funnily enough') that Samuel Beckett lived in one of those blocks of flats and indeed had been in it for years. That was where he wrote his stories and plays about the sheer pointlessness and utter misery of human existence. I thought: *No wonder!* I was told that he often came over to our hotel, the Hotel Saint-Jacques, to have a morning coffee. The hotel was a newish, spick and span place that resembled the lonely hotels that are found just outside American airports, where people stay because there is nowhere else. Beckett came here for pleasure? I walked the streets, I lurked in the coffee shop, I prayed for him to appear; but, nothing. It was a lesson, though. When people read 'Samuel Beckett lives in exile in Paris', they did not know that it meant a poky little flat on the fifth floor of number thirty-two – a tall grey building in which residents waited for Godot by watching television. And it was seventeen stops on the Metro from the centre of Paris, the Left Bank, the museums.

... It was a wet black morning in Paris, the street-sweepers and milkmen doing their solitary rounds by the light of street-lamps, and just as dawn broke over the eaves and chimney pots we plodded out of the Gare de l'Est. I thought we had left the suburbs behind in the rue Saint-Jacques, but there were more, and they were deeper and grimmer. The people in the group, with their faces at the windows of the train, were shocked and disillusioned. It wasn't gay Paree, it wasn't even Cleveland. The Americans looked very closely. We were unused to this. We put up suburbs too quickly and cheaply for them to wear well. We expected them to decline and collapse and be replaced; they weren't built to last, and they look temporary because they are temporary. But French suburbs – villas, terraced houses and blocks of flats – are solid and fairly ugly and their most horrific aspect is that they look as though they will last for ever. It had been the same in outer London: how could houses so old look so awful?

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