

## Source A: 21<sup>st</sup> century nonfiction

Extract from *I Am Malala*, a memoir by Malala Yousafzai.

1 When I close my eyes, I can see my bedroom. The bed is unmade, my fluffy blanket in a  
2 heap, because I've rushed out for school, late for an exam. My school timetable is open on  
3 my desk to a page dated 9 October, 2012. And my school uniform – my white *shalwar* and  
4 blue *kamiz* – is on a peg on the wall, waiting for me.

5 I can hear the kids playing cricket in the alley behind our home. I can hear the hum of the  
6 bazaar not far away. And if I listen very closely I can hear Safina, my friend next door,  
7 tapping on the wall we share so she can tell me a secret.

8 I smell rice cooking as my mother works in the kitchen. I hear my little brothers fighting  
9 over the remote – the TV switching between *WWE Smackdown* and cartoons. Soon, I'll  
10 hear my father's deep voice as he calls out my nickname. '*Jani*,' he'll say, which is Persian  
11 for 'dear one', 'how was the school running today?' He was asking how things were at the  
12 Khushal School for Girls, which he founded and I attended, but I always took the  
13 opportunity to answer the question literally.

14 '*Aha*,' I'd joke, 'the school is walking not running!' This was my way of telling him I thought  
15 things could be better.

16 I left that beloved home in Pakistan one morning – planning to dive back under the covers  
17 as soon as school was over – and ended up a world away.

18 Some people say it is too dangerous to go back there now. That I'll never be able to  
19 return. And so, from time to time, I go there in my mind.

20 But now another family lives in that home, another girl sleeps in that bedroom – while I am  
21 thousands of miles away. I don't care much about the other things in my room but I do  
22 worry about the school trophies on my bookcase. I even dream about them sometimes.  
23 There's a runner's-up award from the first speaking contest I ever entered. And more than  
24 forty-five golden cups and medals for being first in my class for exams, debates and  
25 competitions. To someone else, they might seem mere trinkets made of plastic. To  
26 someone else, they may simply look like prizes for good grades. But to me, they are  
27 reminders of the life I loved and the girl I was – before I left home that fateful day.

28 When I open my eyes, I am in my new bedroom. It is in a sturdy brick house in a damp  
29 and chilly place called Birmingham, England. Here there is water running from every tap,  
30 hot or cold as you like. No need to carry canisters of gas from the market to heat the  
31 water. Here there are large rooms with shiny wood floors, filled with large furniture and a  
32 large, large TV.

33 There is hardly a sound in this calm, leafy suburb. No children laughing and yelling. No  
34 women downstairs chopping vegetables and gossiping with my mother. No men smoking  
35 cigarettes and debating politics. Sometimes, though, even with these thick walls between  
36 us, I can hear someone in my family crying for home. But then my father will burst through  
37 the front door, his voice booming. '*Jani!*' he'll say. 'How was school today?'

38 Now there's no play on words. He's not asking about the school he runs and that I attend.  
39 But there's a note of worry in his voice, as if he fears I won't be there to reply. Because it  
40 was not so long ago that I was nearly killed – simply because I was speaking out about my  
41 right to go to school.

## Source B: 19<sup>th</sup> century literary nonfiction

Extract from Margaret Oliphant's autobiography.

1 I remember nothing of Wallyford, where I was born, but opened my eyes to life, so far as I  
2 remember, in the village of Lasswade, where we lived in a little house, I think, on the road  
3 to Dalkeith. I recollect the wintry road ending to my consciousness in a slight ascent with  
4 big ash trees forming a sort of arch; underneath which I fancy was a toll-bar, the way into  
5 the world appropriately barred by that turnpike\*. But no, that was not the way into the  
6 world, for the world was Edinburgh, the coach for which, I am almost sure, went the other  
7 way through the village and over the bridge to the left hand, starting from somewhere  
8 close to Mr Todd the baker's shop, of which I have a faint and kind recollection. It was by  
9 that way that Frank came home on Saturday nights, to spend Sunday at home, walking  
10 out from Edinburgh (about six miles) to walk in again on Monday in the dark winter  
11 mornings. I recollect nothing about the summer mornings when he set out on that walk,  
12 but remember vividly like a picture the Monday mornings in winter; the fire burning  
13 cheerfully and candles on the breakfast table, all dark but with a subtle sense of morning,  
14 though it seemed a kind of dissipation\* to be up so long before the day. I can see myself,  
15 a small creature seated on a stool by the fire, toasting a cake of dough which was brought  
16 for me by the baker with the prematurely early rolls, which were for Frank. (This dough  
17 was the special feature of the morning to me, and I suppose I had it only on these  
18 occasions.) And my mother, who never seemed to sit down in the strange, little, warm,  
19 bright picture, but to hover about the table pouring out tea, supplying everything he wanted  
20 to her boy (how proud, how fond of him! – her eyes liquid and bright with love as she  
21 hovered about); and Frank, the dearest of companions so long – then long separated,  
22 almost alienated, brought back again at the end to my care. How bright he was then, how  
23 good always to me, how fond of his little sister! – impatient by moments, good always. And  
24 he was a kind of god to me – *my* Frank, as I always called him. I remember once weeping  
25 bitterly over a man singing in the street, a buttoned-up, shabby-genteel man, whom, on  
26 being questioned why I cried, I acknowledged I thought like my Frank. That was when he  
27 was absent, and my mother's anxiety reflected in a child's mind went, I suppose, the  
28 length of fancying that Frank too might have to sing in the street. (He would have come off  
29 very badly in that case, for he did not know one tune from another, much less could he  
30 sing a note!)

### \*Glossary

turnpike = a toll gate (a barrier across a road where drivers or pedestrians must pay to go further)

dissipation = waste of energy



# Source A: 21<sup>st</sup> century nonfiction

Taken from *Boating Safety and Safe Boating Blog*

## 1 **How to Survive a Sinking Ship**

2 You've obtained your **boat license** and are now ready to venture  
3 out for some sea-bound fun. But would you know what to do if you  
4 were on a sinking ship? The following article will outline the steps  
5 you should take if ever you find yourself aboard a sinking ship.  
6 Fortunately, the odds of surviving a sinking ship are very high. The  
7 most important thing to do is stay calm.

## 8 **Be prepared**

9 Anyone who's had experience as a scout will know these 2 words:  
10 "be prepared". The meaning behind this famous saying is closely tied to another famous  
11 saying "knowing is half the battle". Those two bits of advice could very well save your life  
12 on a sinking ship.

13 Before even stepping aboard, prepare an evacuation bag complete with the tools you'd  
14 need to survive on a raft or an island.

## 15 **Your survival kit should include:**

- 16 • Compass
- 17 • Flashlight
- 18 • Waterproof matches
- 19 • Knife
- 20 • Sunscreen lotion
- 21 • Fresh water
- 22 • Mirror for signalling
- 23 • Flares
- 24 • First aid kit
- 25 • Some food rations

## 26 **Learn Where Everything Is**

27 Make sure to explore the ship and become familiar with all the emergency exits and  
28 evacuation maps. Find the closest lifeboat to your cabin, and be sure to know where all  
29 the life jackets are. When it comes to ocean survival, floating is everything. You may have  
30 been able to tread water for hours back in the old swimming pool, but the ocean is much,  
31 much colder and rough. You'll already be fatigued and in a relative state of shock, and the  
32 ocean is filled with various forms of dangly leg-eaters.

## 33 **Calm Down!**

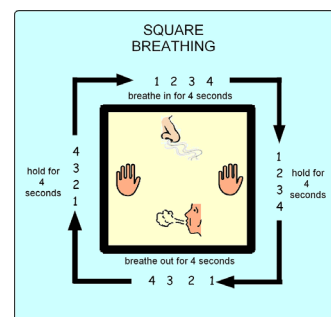
34 So there you are, relaxing by the pool when suddenly the loud horn lets out 7 short bursts  
35 followed by one long one. This is not the boat playing battleship via Morse code with  
36 another distant ship, this is in fact the signal to abandon ship.

37 Screaming and running is the quickest way to get yourself killed. You're not thinking  
38 clearly, making terrible decisions, expending valuable energy and rushing into the  
39 madness of the mob. One trip and you could get trampled. Let the frenzying folk do their  
40 thing, and practice a little something called square breathing.

## 41 **Square Breathing:**

- 42 • Inhale deeply for 4 seconds
- 43 • Hold your lungs full for 4 seconds
- 44 • Exhale for 4 seconds
- 45 • Hold your lungs empty for 4 seconds

46 **Do this 3-4 times** and your nerves will settle, your heart rate will  
47 slow, and you will find it much easier to focus on survival. This



48 simple technique is used in the military to lower the heart rates of snipers.

49 Statistically speaking, in an emergency scenario 70% of people will panic, 15% are going  
50 to make irrational decisions, and only the remaining 15% will be thinking clearly.

51 Remaining calm already places you above 85% of the rest of the ship.

## 52 **Follow the rats!**

53 If the hull is breached and the ship begins to take on water, the lowest parts of the ship are  
54 generally filled first. This is also where much of a ship's vermin dwell. Rats have been  
55 known to be the first to abandon a sinking ship, which seems like intelligence at first until  
56 they plunge into the ocean and drown anyhow. They do however, set the right example of  
57 where to go as the ship is filling up.

58 Getting to the deck as fast as possible is extremely important. It would seem fairly obvious  
59 to avoid heading deeper and more towards the center of the ship as it sinks, but when  
60 panic sets in it's easier to lose orientation and to get lost. Similarly to a burning building  
61 situation, avoid using the elevators; it would be terrible to get stuck in one as the boat  
62 goes under. If you have time, make sure to grab your evacuation bag!

## 63 **A stable ship is a sinking ship**

64 A good thing to know if you're on the deck of your own boat, if the boat seems to be rolling  
65 less than it should, it could be filling up with water. The weight of the water is preventing  
66 your boat from rolling with the waves, time to abandon ship!

## 67 **Calling for Help**

68 If you're on a big cruise ship, you are clearly not responsible for calling for help. If you're  
69 on your own boat however, it's important to not only have a radio, but to know how to use  
70 it. Your radio should always be on and tuned to marine VHF radio channel Six-Teen (16)  
71 or Frequency 161.400 or 156.800 MHz; marine MF/SSB on 2182 kHz. The coastguard  
72 and other ocean rescue authorities are constantly monitoring these channels and will be  
73 able to dispatch help in an emergency. Most modern radios are equipped with a Digital  
74 Select Calling (DCS) button, which will send your GPS coordinates along with a Mayday  
75 beacon to the coastguard once pressed.

## 76 **Life boats**

77 Without pushing or shoving, find a lifejacket, put it on before helping anyone else, and get  
78 yourself on a lifeboat in an orderly fashion. Your own morals will dictate whether you let  
79 women and children on the boats first, just know that the longer you stay aboard, the lower  
80 your chances of survival. And if you end up in the water as opposed to aboard a life raft,  
81 your odds for survival drop by as much as 70%. The water surrounding the Titanic when it  
82 sank was 28 degrees, giving swimmers about 15-30 minutes before their hearts stopped.

83 *"The majority of the survivors of the Titanic disaster "were women, children and people  
84 with young children,"* Thomas H. Maugh II wrote for the Los Angeles Times, compared to  
85 the Lusitania, where they were primarily *"young men and women who responded  
86 immediately to their powerful survival instincts,"* according to the Associated Press."

87 Source: [Sinking Ship Escape Etiquette](#)

## 88 **Tips to follow once on the lifeboat:**

- 89 • Continue to remain calm
- 90 • Protect your skin from the sun
- 91 • Drink your fresh water sparingly
- 92 • Whenever it rains use whatever you can to capture the water. <sup>[SEP]</sup>Dehydration occurs  
93 quickly on the open seas.
- 94 • The vastness of the ocean and the apparent "hopelessness" of the situation can make  
95 people freak out, so try to keep people's brains occupied with conversation, singing, or  
96 games.

97 All you can do at this point is let the raft drift to shore, using your flares sparingly to attract  
98 the attention of other boats or aircraft.

## Source B: 19<sup>th</sup> century literary nonfiction

Extract from a booklet containing an eye-witness account of a shipwreck that occurred in Seaford in 1809.

- 99 One of the two men that were preserved of this vessel, had his nose cut asunder by the  
100 sudden fall of some timber upon him before he quit the ship, but his wound, though  
101 painful, turned out neither malignant nor dangerous.
- 102 All of the distressed crews that could, by the most resolute efforts, be saved from the  
103 various vessels, were saved before ten o'clock in the morning, one only excepted, the  
104 preservation of whom is deserving of particular mention, and the following are the  
105 circumstances of it:-
- 106 The piteous spectacle of the wrecks was within a very short distance of Blatchington; and  
107 the Commanding Officer of the military there stationed, Captain Brown, and the greater  
108 part of the subordinates of the 81st infantry, as well as the Officers generally of that  
109 regiment, took very active and humane parts on the luckless situation.
- 110 It so occurred, that Mr. Derenzy, a Lieutenant in the 81st, after various successful efforts  
111 in rescuing his fellow-men from the brine of death, discovered a poor mariner in the last  
112 agonies of exhaustion, sometimes beneath and sometimes above the surface of the  
113 billows\*, feebly buffeting the waves, with the dying hope of being yet enabled of reaching  
114 the shore.
- 115 The soul of the truly courageous but tender-hearted veteran, was sensibly touched by the  
116 distressing picture of human woe that was now again exhibited before him, and he  
117 carefully watched every movement of the sufferer under the gratifying persuasion that the  
118 moment would arrive when he, by plunging in the water, should be able to afford him  
119 effectual relief.
- 120 The drowning man, however, appeared to have expended the last effort he could  
121 command soon after Mr. Derenzy had discovered him, and, at length, as resignant to the  
122 will of the all-good and all-powerful spirit of the universe, his eyes were raised on high, and  
123 the next moment he sunk as in the icy embrace of death.
- 124 The feelings of Mr. Derenzy were now wrought up to the highest pitch of agony -"I'll save  
125 the poor fellow," he exclaimed, "or perish in the attempt," and instantly plunged into the  
126 foaming surges, and was for some time lost to observation.
- 127 This brave and noble character, however, was at length, grasping firmly part of the  
128 habiliments\* of the object he had sought with one hand, while, with the other, he  
129 attempted to make good his return to the land. At this critical moment, a heavy fragment of  
130 the wreck struck Mr. Derenzy on the temple; the blow was forcible, and deprived him of his  
131 senses; he could no longer strive to stem the current and regain the land; but still held the  
132 poor sailor in his grasp, until lost, as it were, in the torpor\* of death, both sank together.

### \*Glossary

billows = large sea waves

habiliments = clothing

torpor = a state of physical or mental inactivity; tiredness

## Source A: 21<sup>st</sup> century nonfiction

A newspaper article called *Could you do your child's homework?*

# Could you do your child's homework?

The Observer, Sunday 15 December 2013



Children appear increasingly weighed down by homework. But how tough can it be? Jay Rayner attempts his son Eddie's maths assignment.

A typical father son scenario

I am staring at a finely printed sheet of paper and trying not to let the bad feelings seep in. This sheet is all my childhood Sunday-night feelings of dread come at once. It is humiliation and "could do better" and "pay attention now".

5 I only have myself to blame. A few months ago over dinner Eddie announced that, in English, they were experimenting with food writing. "I have to come up with metaphors. Give me a metaphor about this pizza," he said. "I don't think I should do your homework for you," I said. He raised his eyebrows. "You can't think of one, can you?" This is what happens if you feed and educate your children. They grow up, become clever and remorselessly take the mickey out of you.

10 He was right. I didn't. On the spot I couldn't think of a single food metaphor worth dragging out and slapping on the table. And so the memories of homework came flooding back: of long nights of carefully planned idleness ruined by the imposition of essays and work sheets, of tasks flunked, of a chilly emptiness at the thought of the way my efforts would be received by teachers. The fact is that I was not especially academic. On the  
15 results sheet, my grades lined up like a line of Pac-Men<sup>1</sup> doing a conga<sup>2</sup>.

And so, having failed the English homework test, I decide to show a little solidarity. I will have a go at his maths homework just to get a sense of what it's like to be 14-year-old Eddie. Which is why I'm now staring at the sheet of paper. Ah yes, algebra, the merry dance of  $x$  and  $y$ . Simplify. Wrench things out of brackets. Calculate values. This, I used  
20 to be able to do. Or at least I think I used to be able to do this.

Hmmm. Right. Yes. I mean... I stare at the page again, wondering whether I might be able to will a nosebleed to obscure the equations. There are three marks out of a total of 25 available here. Not getting it right would be an early setback.

25 The next one looks more straightforward.  $a^4 \times a^3$ . I'm pretty sure I remember this. Just add the powers together. Which would mean...

There is an "expand and simplify" question, which refuses to grow or be simple. In his special mocking voice, Eddie tells me just to draw a sad face. I do as I'm told. Better than a blank. Eddie returns to his room and I press on. Some of them I can manage. I appear to know how to multiply out  $3(5-2x)$ . But with the next one I am firmly back in the  
30 weeds. I am so baffled that, shamelessly, I Google a maths website.

A few days later Eddie receives his marks. He got 20 out of 25, or 80%, a low score for him. Me? I've got 12 out of 25, or less than 50%. Does it need saying that my biggest miscalculation was to take on Eddie over maths? He doesn't labour the point but he's irritatingly good at it. I knock on his bedroom door. He doesn't look up from his computer screen. He is too busy killing things, while talking on Skype to his friend Theo, who is also in the game trying to kill the same things.

Finally he looks up at me from the computer. Who needs teachers to humiliate you when your son can do it so effectively?

Glossary:

Pac-Man<sup>1</sup> – a popular computer game in the 1980's in which the character follows the lines of a maze to collect points as it goes.

conga<sup>2</sup> – a dance in which participants follow behind a leading person in a long line.

## Source B: 19<sup>th</sup> century literary nonfiction

This Source consists of two letters. The first letter is from a young boy called Henry writing to his father. Henry is living far away from home at a boarding school. A boarding school is a school where you go to live as well as study and was a very popular way of educating boys, especially from wealthier families, in the 1800s.

Cotherstone Academy Aug. 7. 1822

Dear Father

5 Our Master has arrived at Cotherstone, but I was sorry to learn he had no Letter for me nor anything else, which made me very unhappy. If you recollect, I promised that I would write you a sly Letter, which I assure you I have not forgot, and now an opportunity has come at last. I hope, my dear Father, you will not let Mr. Smith know anything about it for he would flog me if he knew it. I hope, my dear Father, you will write me a Letter as soon as you receive this, but pray don't mention anything about this in yours; only put a X at the bottom, or write to my good Friend Mr. Halmer, who is very kind to me and he will give it

10 to me when I go to Church. He lives opposite and I assure you, my dear Father, they are the kindest Friends I have in Yorkshire and I know he will not show it to Mr. Smith for the Letters I write you are all examined before they leave the School. I am obliged to write what Mr. Smith tells us and the letters you send me are all examined by Mr. Smith before I see them, so I hope, my dear Father, you will mention nothing of this when you write.

15 It is now two years come October since I left you at Islington, but I hope, my dear Father, you will let me come home at Xmas that we may once more meet again alive - if God permit me to live as long.

20 Our bread is nearly black; it is made of the worst Barley Meal, and our Beds are stuffed with chaff<sup>1</sup> and I assure you we are used more like Bears than Christians<sup>2</sup>. Believe me, my dear Father, I would rather be obliged to work all my life time than remain here another year.

George is quite well but very unhappy.

Your respectful son

Henry

The second letter, written two weeks later, is from the boy's father to a family friend, asking him to investigate the problem. The father has two sons at the school, Henry and George.

25

Public Office, Worship Street, 21st August 1822.

Sir,

30 Having lately received a Letter from my Son Henry, who is at Mr. Smith's School close by you, complaining of the Treatment he receives, I am induced to write to you, confidentially, to request you will do me the favour to endeavour to see both of them, privately, (at your own House) if possible and ascertain whether you think it would be advisable for me to send for them home. I will certainly be guided by what you say; Boys will sometimes complain without cause, and therefore I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in troubling you. Henry speaks very highly of your kind attention.

35 I do not approve of the System of Education, for they do not appear to have improved. When they left home, they could both spell, and in Henry's Letter I see several words wrong spelt – I also do not like the injunction laid upon them of not being allowed to write to me without the Master's seeing the contents of their Letters.

40 If you should not be able to get a private interview with them in the course of a fortnight, I shall be obliged by your writing to me to say so and I will immediately give notice to Mr. Smith that I intend to have them home at Christmas. I should prefer your seeing George if you can, and hear what he says, as I can rely more on the truth of his story, than Henry's, for I believe Henry's principal object is to get home. We have all a great desire to see him, but particularly to see George, our other son, who is a meek Boy and not so able to endure ill treatment as Henry – George is a great favourite with us all, and so he was with  
45 his late dear Mother who is now no more.

You will no doubt see my object in thus troubling you and I hope you will excuse the liberty I take, but as I know you have been very kind to the Boys. I shall esteem it an additional favour by your attention to this, and an answer at your earliest convenience.

I remain Sir, very respectfully

50 Your obliged honorable servant

William Heritage



## Source A: 21<sup>st</sup> century nonfiction

Source A is taken from *Morning Glass*, the autobiography of professional surfer Mike Doyle. In this extract, he describes his introduction to the world of surfing at the beach near his home in California in the 1950s.

1 The first time I ever saw somebody riding a surfboard was at the Manhattan Pier in 1953. As much time as I'd spent at the beach, you'd think I would have at least seen one

5 surfer before then. But there were only a few dozen surfers in all of California at that time and, like surfers today, they were out at dawn surfing the morning glass. By the time the crowds arrived, they were gone.



10 But this one morning I took the first bus to the beach, walked out onto the Manhattan Pier, looked down and saw these bronzed

13 gods, all in incredibly good shape, happier and healthier than anybody I'd ever seen. They sat astride their boards, laughing with each other; at the first swell they swung their

15 long boards around, dropped to their stomachs, and began paddling towards shore. From my viewpoint, it was almost as if I were on the board myself, paddling for the swell, sliding into the wave, coming to my feet, and angling the board down that long wall of green water. It was almost as if I already knew that feeling in my bones. From that day on, I knew that surfing was for me.

20 There were several surfers out that day. Greg Noll was just a kid then, about sixteen years old, but he was hot. On one wave he turned around backward on his board, showing off a bit for the people watching from the pier. I was just dazzled.

Once I'd discovered there was such a thing as surfing, I began plotting my chance to try it. I used to stand out in the surf and wait until one of the surfers lost his board. The boards then

25 were eleven feet long, twenty-four inches wide and weighed fifty or sixty pounds. When they washed in broadside, they would hit me in the legs and knock me over. I would jump back up, scramble the board around, hop on, and paddle it ten feet before the owner snatched it back – 'Thanks, kid' – and paddled away.

30 Most surfers at that time were riding either hollow paddle-boards (a wooden framework with a plywood shell), or solid redwood slabs, some of them twelve feet long. The much lighter and much better balsa wood boards were just starting to appear.

One day in 1954, when I was thirteen, I was down at Manhattan Pier watching a guy ride a huge old-fashioned paddle-board – what we used to call a kook box. It was hollow, made of mahogany, about fourteen feet long, maybe sixty-five pounds and had no fin. It was the

35 kind of paddle-board lifeguards used for rescues; they worked fine for that purpose, but for surfing they were unbelievably awkward. When the guy came out of the water, dragging the board behind him, I asked if I could borrow it for a while. He looked at me like 'Get lost, kid.' But when he sat down on the beach, I pestered him until he finally shrugged and nodded toward the board.

40 I'd watched enough surfing by then to have a pretty clear idea of the technique involved. I  
dragged the board into the water and flopped on top of it. After a while I managed to paddle  
the thing out beyond the shore break and got it turned around. To my surprise, after a few  
awkward tries, I managed to get that big, clumsy thing going left on a three foot wave. I  
45 came to my feet, right foot forward, just like riding a scooter. I had no way of turning the  
board but for a few brief seconds, I was gliding over the water.

As the wave started to break behind me, I looked back, then completely panicked. I hadn't  
thought that far ahead yet! My first impulse was to bail out, so I jumped out in front of the  
board, spread-eagled. I washed up on the beach, dragged myself onto the dry sand, and  
lay there groaning.

## Source B: 19<sup>th</sup> century literary nonfiction

In 1875, the British explorer Isabella Bird travelled to Hawaii, an island in the Pacific Ocean. Source B is an extract from a letter she wrote to her sister back in England, describing a visit to the Hawaiian town of Hilo. At that time in Britain surfing, or 'surf-bathing', was a completely unknown sport.

1 Our host came in to say that a grand display of the national sport of surf-bathing was going on, and a large party of us went down to the beach for two hours to enjoy it. It is really a most exciting pastime, and in a rough sea requires immense nerve. The surf-board is a tough plank of wood shaped like a coffin lid, about two feet broad, and from six to nine feet long, well-oiled  
5 and cared for. They are usually made of wood from the native breadfruit tree, and then blessed in a simple ritual.

The surf was very heavy and favourable, and legions of local people were swimming and splashing in the sea, though not more than forty had their Papa-he-nalu, or 'wave sliding boards,' with them. The men, each carrying their own hand-carved boards under their arms,  
10 waded out from some rocks on which the sea was breaking, and, pushing their boards before them, swam out to the first line of breakers\*, and then diving down were seen no more till they re-appeared half a mile from shore.

What they seek is a very high breaker, on the top of which they leap from behind, lying face downwards on their boards. As the wave speeds on, and the bottom strikes the ground, the  
15 top breaks into a huge comber\*. The swimmers appeared posing themselves on its highest edge by dexterous movements of their hands and feet, keeping just at the top of the curl, but always apparently coming down hill with a slanting motion.

18 So they rode in majestically, always just ahead of the breaker, carried shorewards by its mighty impulse at the rate of forty miles an hour, as the more daring riders knelt and even stood on  
20 their surf-boards, waving their arms and uttering exultant cries. They were always apparently on the verge of engulfment by the fierce breaker whose towering white crest was ever above and just behind them, but just as one expected to see them dashed to pieces, they either waded quietly ashore, or sliding off their boards, dived under the surf, and were next seen far  
25 out at sea, as a number of heads bobbing about like corks in smooth water, preparing for fresh exploits.

The great art seems to be to mount the breaker precisely at the right time, and to keep exactly on its curl just before it breaks. Two or three athletes, who stood erect on their boards as they swept exultingly shorewards, were received with ringing cheers by the crowd. Many of the less  
30 expert failed to throw themselves on the crest, and slid back into smooth water, or were caught in the breakers which were fully ten feet high, and after being rolled over and over, disappeared amidst roars of laughter, and shouts from the shore.

At first I held my breath in terror, thinking they were smothered or dashed to pieces, and then in a few seconds I saw the dark heads of the objects of my anxiety bobbing about behind the  
35 breakers waiting for another chance. The shore was thronged with spectators, and the presence of the elite of Hilo stimulated the swimmers to wonderful exploits. I enjoyed the afternoon thoroughly.

Is it always afternoon here, I wonder? The sea was so blue, the sunlight so soft, the air so

40 sweet. There was no toil, clang, or hurry. People were all holidaymaking, and enjoying themselves, the surf-bathers in the sea, and hundreds of gaily-dressed men and women galloping on the beach. It was so serene and tropical. I envy those who remain for ever on such enchanted shores.

### **Glossary**

\* breaker/comber – terms used by surfers for a large wave that breaks into white foam

## Source A: 21<sup>st</sup> century nonfiction

Paul Vallely writes about his experience of visiting a British child prison and speaking to some of the staff. This was published in *The Independent* in 2010.

The car turns into the driveway of the large Edwardian house and I can't hide my look of surprise. I expected barbed wire and reinforced concrete, not architecture and period features. I am immediately greeted with the impression that I've been brought to a luxury spa, somewhere I would be willing to pay copious amounts of money to stay. However, the car ignores the front door and sweeps on to the low, new brick-built extension hidden behind the house. My expectations suddenly become realized - the windows there are of reflective glass. Outsiders can't see in. But the occupants can see out. In the control room, where staff survey two banks of CCTV, the staff press the button to close the shutter. Only when it has clanged back into place are the car doors opened. Two men get out of the back. So does the small, mousey boy who has been sitting between them.

The child is one of the 150 children in Britain today who are so violent that they have to be locked up. However, it's hard to believe looking at this boy. He stares around with a look of terror upon his face, trembling slightly at the intimidating security measures. He does his best to look composed but still looks terrified. I can't help but feel a twang of sympathy towards him when I spot him wiping a tear from his eye when he thinks nobody is looking. He is no longer in control of his own life and his piteous response will do nothing to change that.

The building is one of 10 secure children's homes throughout England, which keep children under lock and key, for the protection of the public. What I have recently realised is that this, sometimes, is also for the good of the children themselves. When done well, the imprisonment of children can provide respite from the abusive homes and dysfunctional situations which lead these children into crime to begin with. However, with rocketing suicide and assault rates, the success and practices of such institutions are coming under fire and rightly so. This one has been applauded for its low level of re-admittance after inmates have served their full sentence and I'm interested to see if it can swing my opinion further.

The boy is shepherded into a meeting room with a long, narrow table and works of art on the walls, done by previous inmates. At the head of the table is the unit manager – he appears warm and friendly but comfortably carries an air of authority. He tells me that developing the inmates' artistic skills has been a crucial part of the success at this particular prison. 'We're not here to simply lock them up, it's our duty to allow the inmates to express themselves and develop the skills that will help them find work after release. If they don't grow and develop under our watch, they'll be back here within days of release.'

Rehabilitation through art – I can't hide my surprise that this is the key to the success of the prison. However, my initial scepticism completely disappears when I speak to his colleagues – I am almost convinced that time spent here is beneficial for the inmates.

40 The manager is a social worker with two decades of experience of detaining these children, experience that his colleagues tell me has brought about a vast improvement in the prison since he took charge. The comments I hear from everyone I speak to show their admiration of him and appreciation for him: 'he encourages the perfect balance between nurture and discipline', 'he worked tirelessly to provide the kids with all of the art equipment.' I am told that, upon appointment, he immediately met with all front-line staff to make it clear to them that they have a responsibility to care for and nurture the inmates. The mantra is clear: the kids found themselves in here not because they're monstrous, but because they're vulnerable. If they're upset, reassure them; if they're angry, talk to them about how they could manage their anger better.

50 He turns his focus to the mousey boy. "We get up at 7.30," he begins. "Breakfast at 8.15. Then chores till 8.50. Then education, with lessons till 12.15, and then lunch. Then education again until 3.30, after which there is some individual or group work till 4.45. After that: homework for an hour..."

"Homework?" says the boy, incredulously. "Can't I go on the Xbox?"

55 "Homework, for one hour, then after that Structured Activities – craftwork, model-making," says the manager. "Then after that maybe some time on the Xbox, if you've earned the privilege."

## Source B: 19<sup>th</sup> century literary nonfiction

Oscar Wilde was a famous writer who was sent to prison. He wrote this letter to *The Daily Chronicle* after his release in 1897 about the treatment of children in prisons.

Dear Sir, the present treatment of children is terrible, primarily from people not understanding the psychology of a child's nature. How can a defenceless, helpless child (unknowing of the evils of the world) understand a barbaric punishment inflicted by society? Their minds are solely locked in the moment, in the present – focusing only on the cruel treatment they are subjected to, unable to understand how imprisonment could lead to a better sense of consequence, moral right and wrong and of a just character.

The imprisonment of children in this current climate is one of unparalleled savagery. The child, being taken away from its parents by people whom it has never seen before and of whom it knows nothing, finds itself in a lonely, festering unpleasant and unfamiliar cell. The prison guards are not comforting and reassuring – this I have bore witness to with my own eyes. To the child, the guards of nothing more than strange, cold faces. The children are ordered about and punished by representatives of a prison system that it cannot understand. Inevitably, these juvenile prisoners become like prey to the first and most prominent emotion produced by modern prisons - the emotion of terror.

The terror of a child in prison is quite limitless. I remember once, in Reading prison, as I was going out to exercise, seeing in the dimly-lit cell right opposite my own, a frail boy - minute in stature. Two warders were talking sternly to him. In my heart, I longed to believe that perhaps they were giving him some useful advice about his behavior but I know the likelihood of this was beyond hope. One was in the cell with him, the other was standing outside. The child's gaunt face was grey and yellowish, sickly to behold. There was in his eyes the terror of a hunted animal, vulnerable and prone to attack; upon sight of this, my heart could not help but break, overwhelmed with pity and sympathy.

The next morning I heard him at breakfast time crying and begging to be let out. His cry was for his parents. From time to time, I could hear the deep voice of the warder on duty telling him to keep quiet. It quickly emerged that he was not even convicted of whatever little offence he had been charged with. He was simply on remand. This I knew by his wearing of his own clothes, which seemed neat enough. He was, however, wearing prison socks and shoes. This showed that he was a very poor boy, whose own shoes, if he had any, were in a bad state. The children who were in prison after sentencing often were treated better – those on remand only given the very basic of essentials: old, worn clothing if their own was insufficient. They were the last to be fed – often getting the worst of the scraps. They were put in the filthiest cells, with the most inadequate of bedding – barely able to warm the children against the chill. Those here for much longer sentences weren't in receipt of much better.

Justices and magistrates, an entirely ignorant class as a rule, often remand children for a week. They call this "not sending a child to prison". It is, of course, a stupid view on their part. To a little child whether he is in prison on remand for a short period of time, or after conviction for a much longer stay, is no different. To him, the horrible thing is to be there at all. In the eyes of humanity it should be a horrible thing for him to be there at all.