



**GCSE – NEW**

3700U20-1A



S17-3700U20-1A

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**UNIT 2**

**Reading and Writing: Description, Narration and Exposition**

TUESDAY, 6 JUNE 2017 – MORNING

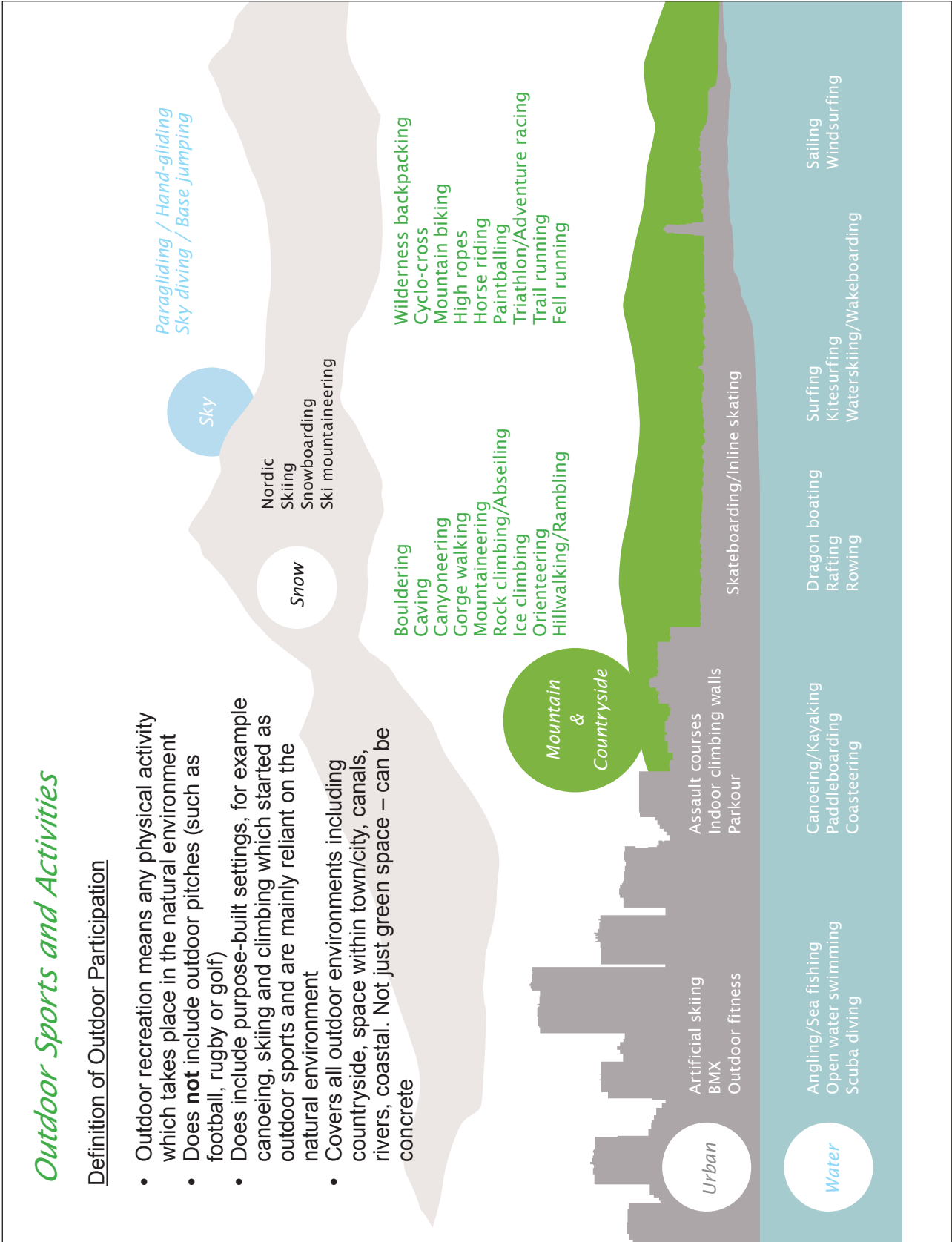
**Resource Material**

For use with Section A

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**Text A** shows information about different types of outdoor sports and activities.



*Text B is an article from a local newspaper.*

## Adventure Passport gives visitors access to North Wales's most thrilling attractions

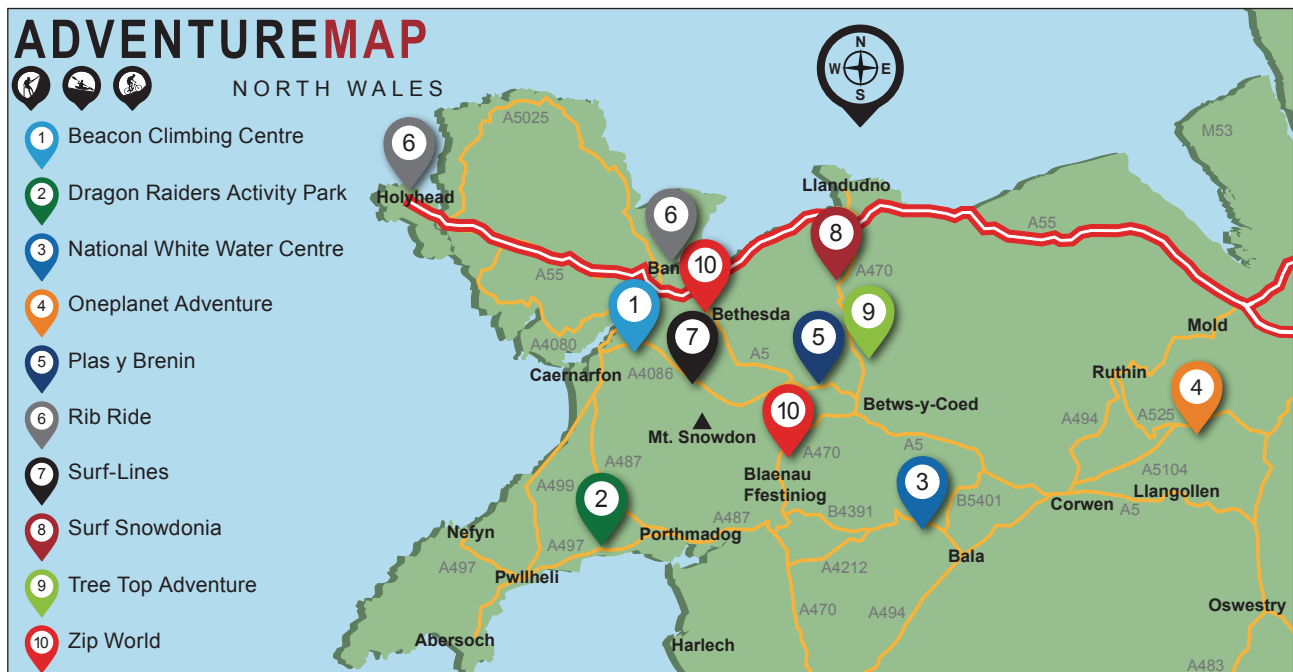
North Wales's reputation as the adventure capital of the UK has been given 'official' status by the launch of a regional 'passport' for adrenaline junkies. Thrill-seekers in North Wales can now apply for their own Adventure Passport, which allows access to some of the most thrilling attractions in the area's multi-million pound outdoor activity sector.

Visitors will get a stamp at each destination as they tour some of the spectacular recent additions among North Wales's activities, including Europe's longest zip line and the largest underground trampoline on the planet.

Those who successfully complete all eight of the challenges will get to ride the waves for free at Surf Snowdonia, a multi-million pound inland surfing attraction at the former Dolgarrog Aluminium site in the Conwy Valley.

North Wales outdoor specialist, Adventure Map, is behind the idea, which also offers mountain sports, indoor climbing and white-water rafting among its activities. Phil Scott of Adventure Map said: "In the last year, North Wales has become a haven for families that want their days to be packed with adrenaline and action. The Adventure Passport is the result of time spent working with a range of local partners to create a holiday that is based on stimulating the mind and leaving families feeling exhilarated and with memories that will last for a lifetime."

Outdoor activity tourism now supports more than 8,000 Welsh jobs, and is said by the Welsh Government to be worth £481m to the Welsh economy. The sector makes a 10% contribution to the Welsh tourism economy as a whole.



*Text C is taken from an article in a national newspaper.*

## **Children growing physically weaker as computers replace outdoor activity**

**Modern life is ‘producing a generation of weaklings’, claims research as physical strength declines in 10-year-olds.**

A shift away from outdoor activities has made children weaker compared to previous generations, research reveals.

Children are becoming weaker, less muscular and unable to do physical tasks that previous generations found simple, research has revealed.

As a generation dedicated to online pursuits grows up, 10-year-olds can do fewer sit-ups and are less able to hang from wall bars in a gym. Arm strength has declined in that age group, as has their ability to grip an object firmly.

The findings have led to fresh concern about the impact on children’s health caused by the shift away from outdoor activities.



Research suggests this is probably due to changes in activity patterns among 10-year-olds, such as taking part in fewer activities like rope-climbing in PE, and tree-climbing for fun. These activities boosted children’s strength, making them able to lift and hold their own bodyweight.

Previous research has already shown that children are becoming more unfit, less active and heavier than before. But this study found that children in 2008 had the same body mass index (BMI) as those a decade earlier. Daniel Cohen of London Metropolitan University said this meant that, given their declining strength, the bodies of the recent test group are likely to contain more fat and less muscle than children of previous generations. “That’s really worrying from a health point of view. It’s good news that their BMI hasn’t risen, but worrying that pound for pound they’re weaker and probably carrying more fat.”

*Text D is taken from an internet blog written for families by Paul Birmingham.*

## The joy of kite-flying – who knew?



It's taken me 34 years on planet Earth to experience the thrill of flying a kite. I know, I know, what was I doing as a child? Sadly, it seems I lived an unfulfilled, kiteless childhood...

### Homemade heaven

Earlier in the year my kitelessness ended when the family and I attended a local kite festival. Apart from it being an awesome spectacle with giant octopus, sharks and dragons filling the skies (a spectacle so good it kept my kids away from the flashing swords and ice cream sellers for a record-breaking half an hour!) we got to make our own kites. For just a couple of pounds and the assistance of some friendly folk on the stand, the children had their very own kites and it was time to give them a go...

Disappointingly, the kites were great and the kids loved them. Yes, I did say 'disappointingly' and the reason being that the kids required no help from me. They were happy with just themselves and their new toys and I didn't get a look in! Even my three-year-old told me, "Get off Daddy. Go away!" Charming. But seriously, what joy from a piece of plastic, a couple of sticks, tape and string. And never fear, leave the kids long enough and it's inevitable that they'll get tangled-up, giving you the perfect excuse to assist and show them how it's done!

*Text E is adapted from 'The Mountains of My Life', which is a collection of autobiographical writing by famous mountaineer Walter Bonatti.*

I was living in Italy in the years after the Second World War. They were hard times, too, for a boy with no prospects facing life in a defeated country. It was during those years that I came to know and love the mountains. And despite the fact that, in those days, I only went by the paths, I couldn't help but be fascinated by the spires and crests of the beautiful peak on which, with wonder and envy, I used to see climbing ropes at work. I would stand for hours on end watching those lucky people, then try to imitate them only a few feet from the ground on a nearby boulder.

One day my usual companion arrived with his mother's clothesline in his backpack. This was the first time I ever tied myself on to a climbing rope, but I tried to put into practice what I had been watching.

A real, genuine climb was to follow not much later, thanks to a chap called Elia who was to become a friend of mine. One day, Elia discovered me intently watching the progress of a roped pair that was climbing on the rock face above. It must have touched him because he came up to me, decked out in all his climbing gear, and, with the air of an expert, said, "How'd you like to try it?"

"I couldn't think of anything I'd like more!" I replied.

Five minutes later we were climbing. We roped up and, after giving me some instructions, Elia set off. However, after climbing no more than ten feet or so, my new friend seemed to struggle. I watched him as he tried to go on, bending first to one side, then to the other. He curled himself up, then tried again, and yet again. But he stayed right where he was.

Finally he decided to turn back.

"My soles are slipping!" he said to excuse himself, then added, "Go on! You have a try!"

I was wearing a pair of enormous army boots with square toes, and a wide leather strap.

If Elia couldn't get up wearing climbing boots, I thought, how on earth will I be able to do it without a rope holding me from above? In spite of this, I wanted to try so much that I took his place. I don't know how I did it, but I somehow managed to climb that first difficult pitch. Suddenly I felt I was at the centre of a delirious dream. When the rope ran out, Elia, now held by me from above, was able to come up and join me.