



General Certificate of Secondary Education
Higher Tier
June 2011

English/English Language

ENG1H

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Unit 1 Understanding and producing non-fiction texts

Insert

The three sources that follow are:

- **Source 1:** an online newspaper article called *Wind farms could blight one in six beauty spots* by Ben Leach
- **Source 2:** an article called *Up, up and away - the day that armchair travel really took off* by Valentine Low
- **Source 3:** *Storm at Sea* an extract from a non-fiction book by Claire Francis

**Please open the insert fully
to see all three sources**

Source 1

Telegraph.co.uk

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HOME EARTH GREEN POLITICS PLANNING

Wind farms could blight one in six beauty spots

One in six of the UK's officially-designated beauty spots could soon be blighted by wind farms.

By [Ben Leach](#)

Out of 89 sites given special protection due to the quality of their landscape, planning permission for turbines has been approved or sought at 14.

Affected areas range from Cornwall to the Lake District, the Outer Hebrides and the Shetland Islands. Campaigners claim that the projects would spoil much-loved views and have called for clearer rules on where wind farms can and cannot be built.

Environmentalists have called for a change in the planning system, and say the current arrangement has led to a "free-for-all" among wind farm developers. In Cornwall, plans to build 20 turbines, each 415ft in height – taller than Big Ben or St Paul's Cathedral – on land next to Bodmin Moor have been approved by the local council, despite opposition from Friends of the Earth, the RSPB and Natural England.



Experts have said the turbines will be visible from much of Bodmin Moor and will have a huge impact on an "iconic area of landscape".

The area is also home to a starling roost of more than one million birds and to thousands of golden plover, a protected species. Conservationists estimate that 16,000 starlings and dozens of golden plover would be killed every year by the turbines.

Arthur Boyt, the chairman of the Stop Turbines in North Cornwall campaign group, said: "This area of Cornwall is famous for the scenery and the views. It is a wild and beautiful area of countryside. The wind farm would violate what is a very tranquil, distinct and beautiful landscape, and reduce it to insignificance behind a barrage of rotating turbines."

Natural England, responsible for conserving England's landscape and wildlife, also opposes plans to build three 331ft turbines in Staffordshire, a wind farm on a cliff top on the Isle of Wight and nine 335ft turbines in Cumbria.

But Charles Anglin of the British Wind Energy Association, which represents the industry, said decisions should be made on a "case by case" basis.

He said: "The biggest threat to the UK's and the world's habitats and wildlife is catastrophic climate change. To do anything about that we have to change the way we use and produce energy and that does mean expanding the amount of renewable energy we use.

"The local impact is vitally important but it's part of the wider impact. We would be shooting ourselves in the foot if we rejected wind out of hand because of purely local considerations."

Source 2

Up, up and away—the day that armchair travel really took off

by Valentine Low



As the young stowaway says in the film *Up*: “You know, most people take a plane.” Jonathan Trappe did not take a plane. Yesterday as the sun rose over the Kent countryside he filled several dozen balloons with helium, strapped himself into a chair and headed across the English Channel.

Four hours later he landed in a cabbage field in France, the first cluster balloonist to cross the Channel and, for the French police who arrived to question him, possibly the most unexpected visitor of the year.

Mr Trappe, 36, just thinks it is fun. And much better than a hot-air balloon, “It is unique,” he said. “A hot-air balloon is beautiful but makes a huge roar. A gas balloon is the only kind of aircraft that flies in complete silence. I can hear the waves from a thousand feet.”

“Didn’t you have this dream,” he said, “just this wonderful fantasy of grabbing on to toy balloons and floating into open space?”

The Channel was, he said, an “iconic ribbon of water”, and yesterday he set off from the Kent Gliding Club to a destination unknown; although with any luck it was going to be in France rather than, say, the sea: with no immersion suit, Mr Trappe was ill equipped for a water landing.

“There are risks and we work methodically to reduce the risk so we can have a safe and fun flight,” said Mr Trappe, a trained pilot. “Because really it’s only about dreams and enjoying an adventure and that’s only enjoyable when it is safe.”

After touching down near Dunkirk he described sailing over the white cliffs of Dover as “an exceptional, quiet, peaceful and beautiful experience”.

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Source 3**Storm at Sea**

Claire Francis is sailing alone across the Atlantic when she encounters gale force winds for the second time.

If the first gale was unpleasant, this one was appalling. Not only was I feeling unprepared for another blow so soon, but I was already exhausted from changing sails throughout the night. And, needless to add, I was soaking wet. But at least I could do something about my wet clothes and, full of anticipation, I went below to search out some dry ones. It was an impossible job. Every time I put my hand into a locker it came out wet and, as I discovered more and more dripping garments, my heart sank further and further. Out of piles of wet jeans, soaking sweaters, and clammy socks I salvaged one suit of polar underwear and a jersey. These I carefully hung on the clothes line over the stove where I defied a wave to reach them. One day when all the world was dry, I would put on those wonderful clothes and feel that life was approximately a hundred times better.

The movements of the boat were severe. She would rush at a wave, leap off the top, and then crash down on to the other side, give a quick roll or flip, then rush at another. Sometimes she found nothing but air as she leapt off a crest and there would be a ghastly moment of silence before a terrible juddering crash as the bows hit water again. At times like that it was easy to imagine that the mast had just broken or the hull split in two, for it seemed impossible that any boat could take such a beating. Water was streaming over her decks and her motion was as wild as a washing machine's. Like a dirty dishcloth I was spun rinsed, and tumbled about until I should have been whiter than white. I tried wedging myself in my bunk but nearly got thrown out, so I tied myself in and lay there in a state of mental paralysis, allowing no thoughts to enter my mind. I heard a banging and crashing sound above the racket of the gale as the boat jerked and gyrated but was too tired to go and investigate. Even if I had known that the loo had broken loose I wouldn't have minded much. But then another noise came to my bleary attention and this one could not be ignored. Something was hitting against the hull and even before I looked I knew what it would be. I had tied a sail down along the deck and, sure enough, the weight of water had pulled it free so that most of it was trailing in the sea. Five minutes later I had the sail below and another boot full of water.

If life was bleak then, it was bleaker three hours later. I allowed myself to become excited at the sight of a clear sky ahead and, quite certain the wind would drop, waited expectantly. The sun came out, the clouds disappeared, and then, to my dismay, the wind blew as strongly as ever, if not stronger.

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**Open out this page to see
Source 2 and Source 3**