



**KEEP  
CALM  
AND  
REVISE**

**Name:**

**Teacher:**



## Banana campaign sheet

The latest information and ideas for action



Bananas are the UK's most popular fruit and the most valuable food product sold in British supermarkets. Yet banana farmers and workers around the world face extremely difficult and often dangerous working conditions. Bananas carrying the Fairtrade Mark are now available in Britain. This mark guarantees that the producers have had a better deal.

### Cheap and cheerful?

Bananas may be cheap and popular with the consumer, but they are cheap partly because of the conditions under which they are grown. Large companies control the plantations in Latin America where the cheapest bananas are produced, but the social and environmental costs of achieving high levels of productivity are huge. The over-use of agricultural chemicals damages the environment and the health of the people exposed to them. Some 20% of the male banana workers in Costa Rica have been left sterile after handling toxic chemicals, while women in packing plants suffer double the national rate of leukaemia.

As well as being forced to endure appalling working conditions, plantation workers are also paid very poor wages. Some farmers are getting very low prices for their bananas. These can be as low as \$2 for a 40lb box (3 pence per pound) – which does not even cover the cost of production. The result is that many poor farmers are losing money, and as a result are gradually losing their livelihoods.

Fairtrade bananas are packaged with the Fairtrade label and this guarantees producers are paid a fair price for their goods. Many shoppers are willing to buy Fairtrade bananas even though they cost a bit more. Over a third of the EU population said they would be prepared to pay a little more for a Fairtrade product. More than 70% of UK shoppers say they care about the conditions endured by the people who produce goods for them to consume.

Look for the Fairtrade Mark if you want to be sure the producers get a fair deal.

### Supermarket action

In order for producers to benefit from Fairtrade it is crucial that Fairtrade bananas sell well. They are available in most Sainsbury's and Co-op supermarkets and early indications are that sales have been very good. However, some of the other supermarkets are currently considering whether to stock them too. The more widely available Fairtrade bananas are, the more people are likely to buy them, and the more producers will benefit - so please let your supermarket know that their customers want to buy Fairtrade!

### What can you do to support Fairtrade?

#### If a supermarket in your area stocks Fairtrade bananas:

- Publicise Fairtrade bananas - tell friends about them.
- Buy Fairtrade bananas regularly, otherwise they will rot on supermarket shelves and will soon be dropped by the supermarket.
- Tell people to look for the Fairtrade Mark, and let them know what it stands for.

#### If your local store hasn't already got Fairtrade bananas:

- Please ask for them! Customer comment cards and suggestion books are read carefully by managers, and do influence decisions. Alternatively, ask the Customer Services Desk when they will have them, and leave your address so that they can get their head office's response to you.
- Get others to do the same. Supermarkets like to meet their customers' demands.

Thank You!

It's the difference - buy Fairtrade products

How does the campaign sheet try to persuade readers to only buy Fairtrade bananas?

You should comment on:

- What he says
- His use of language, structure and tone



## **FAMILY FUN AT CENTER PARCS**

**THERE are no stresses, just the welcome strain of working your way through a huge range of adult and child-friendly activities. A Center Parcs stay is a revelation, says actor Robert Lindsay.**

The problem with being a parent is kids! Now don't get me wrong, I love my kids, but come on -- I've got a life, they've got a life, we all have. So let's try to meet halfway. We found the perfect solution at Center Parcs. I had a short holiday that came at the same time as half-term for Sam, eight, and five-year-old Jamie, so we decided to give one a go.

The overwhelming positive for me as we arrived was the lack of cars. I hate cars, even though I drive one. At the Parc they have a big parking area concealed by bushes. Vehicles disappear for the duration of your stay, while you use bikes to get around. No traffic! What a stress-beater.

Our "executive" lodge had cool furnishings and wall-mounted plasma TV, a nice forest view and even a sauna. The kids went crazy when they saw where we were staying; there was bags of space, an open fire and even a table that converted into a pool table.

The first thing my wife Rosie and I did was go for a massage in the spa lodge, which was fantastic. We then did an exploration and located the huge main arena, housing everything from indoor swimming pool to cinema, where we picked up our bikes for the stay. The arena proved to be about a 10-minute gentle cycle away from our lodge.

Our stay was from a Thursday to a Sunday. In the mornings, we'd wander down to the shop to buy our food for breakfast, the only meal of the day we'd eat at the lodge. Then we'd depart for our different activities. The boys would go to archery or quad-biking, for example, while I went fishing. We'd then all get together to do something like sailing on the Parc's lake. The instructors were amazing. I don't know where they find them but they are superb. We'd either leave the boys with them, or stay and wait while they did their activities, and there was always something for the adults to do as well. You'll never have experienced such active days. On offer were such things as abselling, rollerblading, badminton and bowling. There are just so many ways to busy yourself at Center Parcs and work up an appetite for a meal.

The restaurants cater for every taste. There were ones with their own wine lists and ones with child-friendly zones, so the children could have fun while you can pretend to be an adult for a while. I love Sunday brunch, and there was a great restaurant for this, stocked with every Sunday newspaper. One night we were given a cabaret -- well, actually more of a full-blown show. Our food continued to be served as it played out. After dessert, there was a lovely nightcap for the two grown-ups, while the boys sat enthralled by the show.

It was an invigorating break, one that restored my confidence in holidaying in Britain with my children. Just a word of advice -- if you're visiting during the school holidays, make sure you book activities in advance. Will we go back? We use it all the time now -- for a weekend break, or just to have a change of scene and get away from the domestic stresses and enjoy being with the kids!

What do you think and feel about Robert Lindsay's view of Centre Parcs?

You should comment on:

- what his thoughts and feelings are
- How he explains his thoughts and feelings



## Bradford

Bradford's role in life is to make every place else in the world look better in comparison, and it does this very well. Nowhere on my trip around Britain would I see a more depressing city. Nowhere would I pass more vacant shops, their windows covered with tattered posters for pop concerts, or more office buildings covered with TO LET signs. At least one shop in three in the town centre was empty, and most of the rest seemed to be barely hanging on.

Once the town had one of the greatest collections of Victorian architecture anywhere, but you would scarcely guess it now. Scores of wonderful buildings were swept away to make room for wide new roads and angular office buildings. Nearly everything in the city suffers from well-intentioned but misguided meddling by planners.

Nowadays, the local authorities are desperately trying to promote their meagre stock of old buildings. In a modest cluster of narrow streets just out of the city centre there still stand some three dozen large and striking warehouses, mostly built between 1860 and 1874, which together make up the area known as Little Germany. Of all the once thriving wool precincts in the city, only the few dark buildings of Little Germany survive in any number, and even this promising small neighbourhood seems bleak. At the time of my visit, two-thirds of the buildings were covered in scaffolding, and the other third had TO LET signs on them.

Still, Bradford is not without its charms. Lister Park is very attractive, there are some good pubs, and The Alhambra Theatre, built in 1914, has been skilfully renovated and remains the most wonderful place to see a pantomime. The National Media Museum has brought a welcome flicker of life to a corner of the city where previously you only had the world's most appalling indoor ice rink to go to. As I had an hour to kill, I walked over to the Museum and had a look through the various galleries. I watched in wonder as throngs of people parted with substantial sums of cash to see the two o'clock IMAX show. I've been to these IMAX screenings before, and frankly I can't understand the appeal. I know the screen is massive and the visual representation stunning, but the films are always so incredibly dull.

I forgot to mention curry houses in my brief list of Bradford's glories, which was a terrible oversight. Bradford may have lost a wool trade but it has gained a thousand excellent Indian restaurants, which I personally find a reasonable swap as I have a strictly limited need for bales of wool, but can take about as much Indian food as you care to shovel at me.

The oldest of the Bradford curry houses, I'm told, and certainly one of the best and cheapest, is the Kashmir, just up the road from the Alhambra. For £5 I had a small feast that was rich, delicious, and so hot that it made my fillings sizzle.

Afterwards, bloated and with a stomach bubbling away like a heated beaker in a mad-scientist movie, I stepped out into the Bradford evening and wondered what to do with myself. It was just six o'clock on a Saturday evening, but the place felt dead.

from "Notes from a Small Island" by Bill Bryson, published by Black Swan.

Reprinted by permission of the Random House Group Ltd.

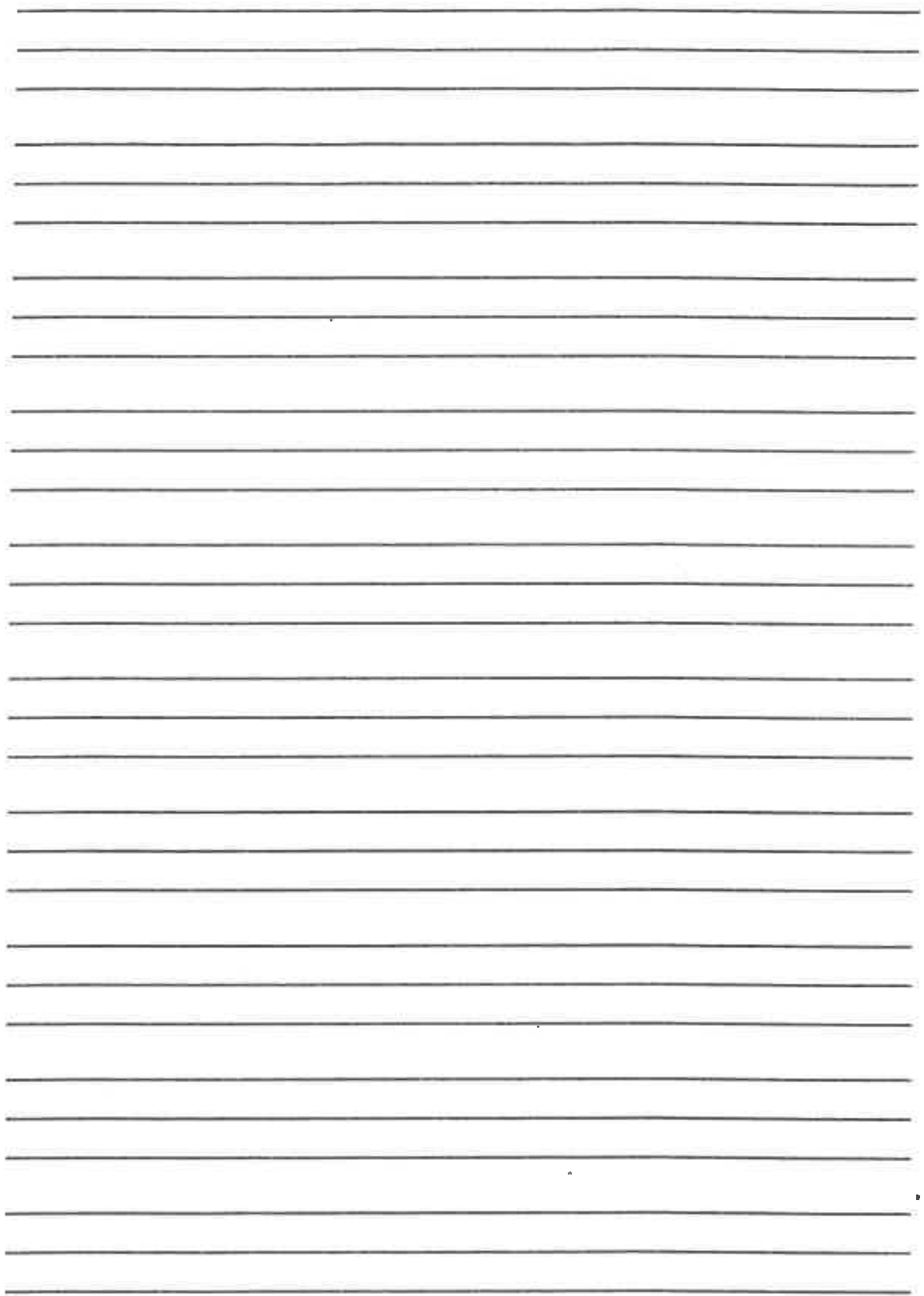
Based on the evidence Bryson presents in this text, to what extent do you agree that Bradford is a 'depressing city'?

You should comment on:

- what he says
- how he says it





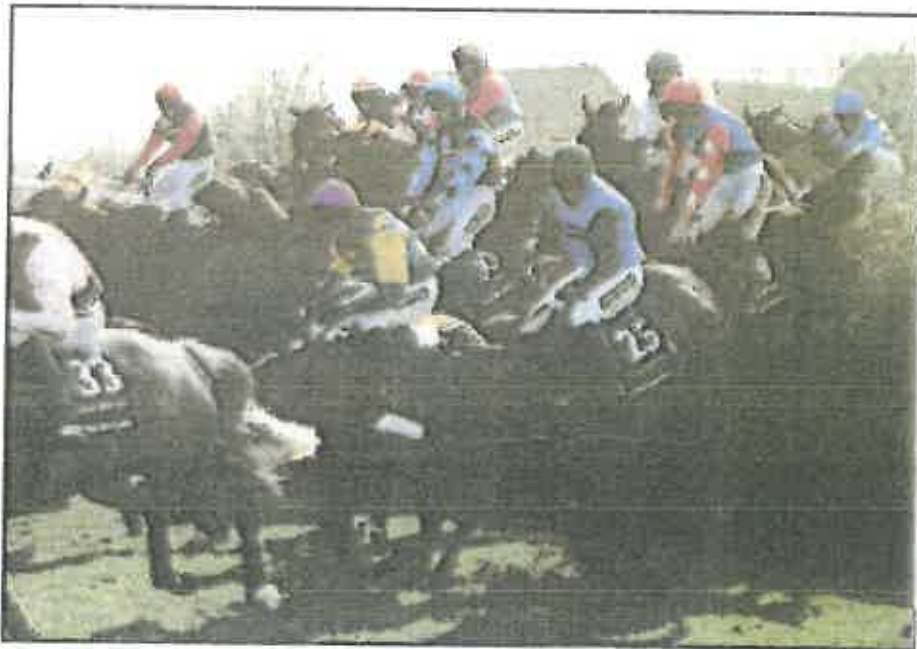


# Calls to ban National

The Grand National was last night facing growing calls for it to be banned after two horses died in this year's race, and just 19 of the 40 starters finished the race.

The gruelling four-and-a-half-mile event claimed the lives of two horses, Ormais, with a broken neck at the fourth fence, which is 5ft high, and Dooney's Gate, who died from a broken back at Becher's Brook, the notorious fence which has a 7ft drop. Both horses fell on the first lap to gasps of horror from the 70,000 crowd at Aintree.

We've heard claims over the years that the course is being made safer, safer, safer. No, it's not. The Grand National should be banned. It's a deliberately hazardous event. It is challenging to horses and riders and predictably lethal.



The tightly-packed field, long distance and crowd noise means it is extremely dangerous for horses. It's a depraved spectacle on a par with Spanish bullfighting. It is animal abuse. Horse racing is a bloody, ruthless business. Hundreds of horses are raced to death and many more suffer permanent injuries. But of all the races, the Grand National is the most dangerous. There is no such thing as a harmless flutter. Every person who bets on the race is gambling with the lives of horses. When the ground is dry – like this year – more accidents tend to happen. Falling on dry ground is like landing on concrete. This race is a national disgrace and it should have no future in a civilised society.

# after two horses die

As we approach racing's national day of shame, there is one thing you can bet on, and that is the horses will definitely suffer, if not die, during the Grand National. The annual race, which is one of the key events in the racing calendar, has seen the deaths of countless horses over the years as they compete over one of the most gruelling and demanding courses in racing history. The fences are very big and horses are exhausted when they have to jump so many obstacles, but I don't see a solution by altering the fences. It is hugely distressing, but sadly, not surprising that there were two fatalities this year. There have been seventeen deaths at the event in the past sixteen years, so surely it is time for common sense to prevail.

Whatever you do with the Grand National, you can't avoid horses being killed. The answer really has to be an outright ban.

by Andrew Tyler



How does Andrew Tyler try to convince his readers that the Grand National should be banned? [10]

- You should write about:
- What he says;
- His use of language, tone and structure.



## I love the Grand National – but this was agonising to watch

By Peter Scudamore

I knew I had a real chance of winning the 1988 Grand National. My horse, Strands of Gold, had given me a near-perfect ride on the first circuit. We were in the lead and moving easily. Then, suddenly, it all went wrong.

As I prepared to clear the notorious Becher's Brook, the most dangerous fence on the racecourse, the horse put in an extra stride. We hit the fence very hard and, in a split second, I knew I was going down. Aware that the rest of the horses would be coming over the huge fence any second, instinct took over. I rolled myself into a tight ball and lay as still as I could. The thunder of approaching hooves was almost deafening. On that occasion, I was lucky. They missed and I was able to walk away.

On another occasion, I was less fortunate, suffering a crashing fall at a fence before Becher's that broke my nose and left me nursing bruises for days. Take it from me, those fences are very big and very challenging and demand the utmost from both horse and rider.

Each time I lined up at the start the tension was always electric. Every jockey knows they could be badly hurt, but in your stomach there's a strange feeling that is part excitement, part anticipation, and part fear.

The early part of the race is a danger point, when the adrenaline is kicking in, the nerves are jangling and the horses are like coiled springs. The first fence always trips a few up, the intensity and emotion of the day proving too much either for the horse or the rider, and sometimes both. The open ditch of the third shakes up one or two horses as they discover, too late, that these famous fences – more than 5ft tall and wider than almost any others – are not for them. Already the field will be strung out and there will be loose horses getting in the way, horses charged with excitement and out of control that could crash into you and bring you down. And then there is that ever-present fear of stumbling over a horse that's fallen in front of you.

But that doesn't make horse racing callous or cruel. The Grand National has always been a dangerous and potentially deadly race and jockeys accept that. The risks to their horses and themselves is part of the job.

I love the Grand National – it's the toughest horse race in the world, demanding the very most from both horse and rider – and I'll defend it to my last breath. But even I can see that this year's race was agonising to watch for many, and not the greatest advertisement for the sport. Two horses were killed on live television and the winning horse seemed close to collapse as it passed the winning post.

Opponents of the race will have a field day, but it's important that supporters of the race react sensibly and calmly. The conditions at this year's race were unusual. It was hot, the ground was hard and the race was fast. Higher speed inevitably increases the danger to both horse and rider.

If the racing authorities decide that a race as challenging as the Grand National should not be contested on such fast ground again, I would not be against that. But we must resist calls for the fences to be made smaller. When my father won the race in 1958, the fences were far bigger than they are now. They have been progressively reduced in size, supposedly to reduce the number of horses being killed, but horses are still occasionally killed because the smaller fences can now be jumped at higher speeds.

I think we have to accept what professional jockeys live with every day – that jumping any fence on a galloping horse is a risky business. We also have to acknowledge that it is this element of risk to both horse and rider that makes the Grand National such a compelling spectator sport. Make it too safe and it simply won't be the Grand National.

© Mail online

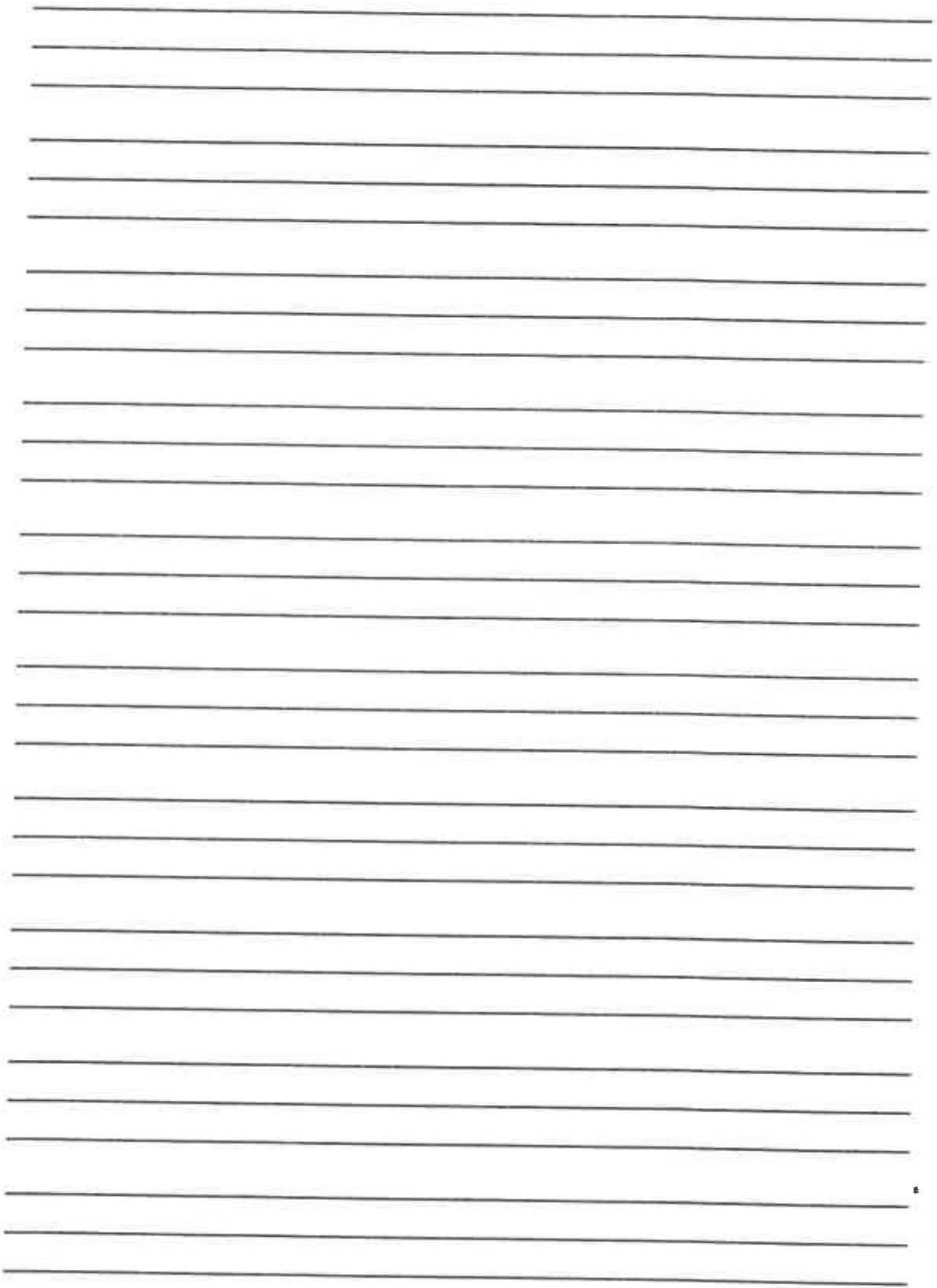
A6. Both of these texts are about the Grand National.

Compare the following:

- What the texts say about why the Grand National is dangerous;
- How they make their views about the dangers clear to the reader. [10]

You must use the text to support your comments and make it clear which text you are referring to.





**Source A - 21st Century non-fiction**

Elizabeth Day has been sent to report on the 2005 Glastonbury Festival<sup>1</sup> for a Sunday newspaper.

**Are we having fun yet?**

Anton is standing knee-deep in tea-coloured water. He is covered in a slippery layer of dark-brown mud, like a gleaming otter emerging from a river-bed. The occasional empty bottle of Somerset cider wafts past his legs, carried away by the current. "I mean," he says, with a broad smile and a strange, staring look in his dilated eyes, "where else but Glastonbury would you find all this?"

He sweeps his arm in a grandiose arc, encompassing a scene of near-total devastation. In one field, a series of tents has lost its moorings in a recent thunderstorm and is floating down the hillside. The tents are being chased by a group of shivering, half-naked people who look like the survivors of a terrible natural disaster.

When I was told that The Sunday Telegraph was sending me to experience Glastonbury for the first time, my initial reaction was one of undiluted horror. Still, I thought, at least the weather was good. England was in the grip of a heat wave.

But then the rains came: six hours of uninterrupted thunderstorm in the early hours of Friday morning. When I arrived later that day, there was a polite drizzle. By yesterday, the rain had given way to an overcast sky, the colour of exhaled cigarette smoke. The mud, however, remained, and the only way to get around the 900-acre site was - like Anton - to resign oneself to getting very dirty indeed.

Everything else might have been damp, but the crowd remained impressively good-humoured throughout. "It's a very safe, family-friendly atmosphere," says Ed Thaw, a music student from London. "This is my sixth time at Glastonbury and I've never had any trouble." Indeed, on my train to Castle Cary, the carriages are crammed with well-spoken degree students sipping Pimms<sup>2</sup> and making polite chit-chat.

The acts for 2005 included Coldplay, Elvis Costello and the American rock band The Killers, who brought a touch of salubrity to the proceedings by performing in tuxedo<sup>3</sup> jackets and glitter.

But Glastonbury has still managed to preserve a healthy degree of wackiness. In the Lost Vagueness area, a 1950s-style diner comes complete with fancy-dress rock 'n' roll dancers and a constant stream of Elvis songs. The Chapel of Love and Loathing has a disc jockey booth disguised as a church organ. Apparently, couples can get married here. Outside, a man wearing a huge pink Afro-wig<sup>4</sup> is twirling round and round in bare feet. "What happened to your shoes?" I ask.

"They got washed away with my tent," he says, cheerily.

Blazingly, everyone seems to be having a brilliant time and there are broad grins wherever I look. In fact, it's almost nice, this Glastonbury thing.





## Greenwich Fair: Where Dickens let his hair down

Charles Dickens is writing in 1839 about a fair in London which was a popular annual event he enjoyed.

The road to Greenwich during the whole of Easter Monday is in a state of perpetual bustle and noise. Cabs, hackney-coaches<sup>1</sup>, 'shay' carts<sup>2</sup>, coal-waggon, stages, omnibuses<sup>3</sup>, donkey-chaises<sup>2</sup> - all crammed with people, roll along at their utmost speed. The dust flies in clouds, ginger-beer corks go off in volleys, the balcony of every public-house is crowded with people smoking and drinking, half the private houses are turned into tea-shops, fiddles are in great request, every little fruit-shop displays its stall of gilt gingerbread and penny toys; horses won't go on, and wheels will come off. Ladies scream with fright at every fresh concussion and servants, who have got a holiday for the day, make the most of their time. Everybody is anxious to get on and to be at the fair, or in the park, as soon as possible.



- The chief place of resort in the daytime, after the public-houses, is the park, in which the principal amusement is to drag young ladies up the steep hill which leads to the Observatory<sup>4</sup>, and then drag them down again at the very top of their speed, greatly to the derangement of their curls and bonnet-caps, and much to the edification of lookers-on from below. 'Kiss in the Ring<sup>5</sup>,' and 'Threading my Grandmother's Needle<sup>5</sup>,' too, are sports which receive their full share of patronage.
- Five minutes' walking brings you to the fair itself; a scene calculated to awaken very different feelings. The entrance is occupied on either side by the vendors of gingerbread and toys: the stalls are gaily lighted up, the most attractive goods profusely disposed, and un-bonneted young ladies induce you to purchase half a pound of the real spice nuts, of which the majority of the regular fair-goers carry a pound or two as a present supply, tied up in a cotton pocket-handkerchief. Occasionally you pass a deal<sup>6</sup> table, on which are exposed pennyworths of pickled salmon (fennel<sup>7</sup> included), in little white saucers: oysters, with shells as large as cheese-plates, and several specimens of a species of snail floating in a somewhat bilious-looking green liquid.
- Imagine yourself in an extremely dense crowd, which swings you to and fro, and in and out, and every way but the right one; add to this the screams of women, the shouts of boys, the clanging of gongs, the firing of pistols, the ringing of bells, the bellowings of speaking-trumpets, the squeaking of penny dittos<sup>8</sup>, the noise of a dozen bands, with three drums in each, all playing different tunes at the same time, the hallooing of showmen, and an occasional roar from the wild-beast shows; and you are in the very centre and heart of the fair.
- This immense booth, with the large stage in front, so brightly illuminated with lamps, and pots of burning fat, is 'Richardson's,' where you have a melodrama (with three murders and a ghost), a pantomime, a comic song, an overture, and some incidental music, all done in five-and-twenty minutes.
- 'Just a-going to begin! Pray come for'erd, come for'erd,' exclaims the man in the countryman's dress, for the seventieth time: and people force their way up the steps in crowds. The band suddenly strikes up and the leading tragic actress, and the gentleman who enacts the 'swell' in the pantomime, foot it to perfection. 'All in to begin,' shouts the manager, when no more people can be induced to 'come for'erd,' and away rush the leading members of the company to do the first piece.

***The separate Resource Material for use with Section A is a newspaper article reporting on the 2005 Glastonbury festival.***

***Charles Dickens wrote the extract opposite in 1839, about a fair in London which was a popular annual event he enjoyed.***

**To answer the following questions you will need to use both texts.**

**A5. Using information from both texts explain the different things that you can see and do at Glastonbury Festival and Greenwich Fair. [4]**

**A6. Both of these texts are about visiting a festival/fair.**

**Compare the views of festivals/fairs given by Dickens' text and the article. You should write about the following:**

- (a) The differing views and experiences of the writers;**
- (b) How they make these views clear to the reader. [10]**



