



General Certificate of Secondary Education
Foundation Tier
November 2014

English/English Language

NENG1F

Unit 1 Understanding and producing non-fiction texts

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Insert

The three sources that follow are:

- **Source 1:** an online article called, 'Health and safety forces council to swap traditional Christmas tree for £14,000 "traffic cone"'
- **Source 2:** a student blog, 'Glastonbury Festival 2013: My Oxfam Stewarding Experience' by Megan Downing
- **Source 3:** 'Painting the Town Red', a piece of travel writing about a famous festival in Buñol, Spain.

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

Source 1

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Health and safety forces council to swap traditional Christmas tree for £14,000 'traffic cone'



The new Christmas tree by day ...



... and by night.

From a health and safety point of view, it is the perfect Christmas tree.

There are no sharp needles, no unwieldy branches and no chance of it falling over and hurting someone. The £14,000 structure, made of artificial turf stretched over an aluminium frame, stands 33 feet high in the centre of Poole, Dorset.

It is weighed down with two tons of sand to prevent it from toppling, has LED lights around it and plays piped Christmas carols.

Officials in Poole say the 'cone' tree is much safer and sturdier than natural versions which could be blown over.

So far however, the people of Poole aren't impressed. According to local people who have to look at it, there's no festive spirit in this Christmas tree.

They have questioned the wisdom of paying £14,000 for the plastic decoration instead of around £4,000 to buy, decorate and install a natural 30ft conifer.

Edward Stevens said: 'A Christmas tree is a tree that looks nice and sways in the wind and smells pleasant when you go past it. This just looks odd.'

Michelle James said: 'I think it looks like something that has just landed from out of space. It looks nothing like a Christmas tree. It doesn't have any decorations as there are no branches to hang them from. It is just standing in the middle of the square like a great big green traffic cone.'

The town crier David Squire said: 'I led the Father Christmas procession recently and it finished at this tree and I thought it took a little bit of sparkle out of Christmas for children.'

According to residents, Poole has had a traditional Christmas tree for around 25 years. In that time it is not thought to have caused anyone any injuries.

Source 2

Glastonbury Festival 2013: My Oxfam Stewarding Experience

by Megan Downing

at University of Southampton

09th July 2013 10:03:27

It's that time of year again when almost 150,000 flock to the green fields of Worthy Farm in Somerset for the festival powerhouse that is Glastonbury. Instead of battling it out for a ticket with half a million other people I decided I would steward for Oxfam (one of Glastonbury's chosen charities). Luckily I got a place.

Stewarding brings many perks that regular guests at Glastonbury don't often get. We get five meals across the week, tea and coffee available at all times and even the luxury of a hot shower!

Arriving on the festival site a day before the public, highlights a different side to the event and also means you miss the majority of the traffic.



On Wednesday I got a night shift. Helping people at that time was a heart-warming experience. Seeing their exhausted faces and knowing that we could lift a little weight off their shoulders was a great feeling.

With Thursday came the traditional rain. We took refuge in the Oxfam marquee with all the tea and coffee we could drink. As stewards we got our very own catering and it's fantastic! Generous portions and free with the meal vouchers provided.



My shift went well, taking people's tickets and reassuring them that they were going to have an amazing time. I ran over to the Pyramid Stage after my shift and saw an amazing headline set from Arctic Monkeys. Despite missing some of the music throughout the day, I still had a great day at Glastonbury Festival.

The perks of working for Oxfam mean you only have to work 3 shifts, so I had the whole of Saturday off to enjoy the wonders of the festival. Slightly sunburnt, I headed back to the campsite to sleep before my next shift.

The early 5am start was made more bearable as I made friends with the people on my shift. When you're all grouped together at a ridiculous hour of the morning you share a special bond. Telling stories and watching the sun come up didn't feel like work.

Packing up in the early hours of Monday morning was sad. I'll be counting down the days until Glastonbury Festival 2014.

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SOURCE 2: 'Glastonbury Festival 2013: My Oxfam Stewarding Experience' by Megan Downing. Originally published by The National Student – www.thenationalstudent.com. Photographs: 'Oxfam Festival Stewards manage Children's Parade through WoMad' © Matt Dinnery/Demotix/Corbis. 'Glastonbury Festival Day 3' © Tabatha Fireman/Redferns/Getty Images.

SOURCE 3: 'Painting the town Tomatina: Doing battle with 150,000 rotten reds in Spain's Buñol' by Chris Lawrence. Copyright © Daily Mail.
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Source 3

PAINTING THE TOWN RED



At exactly eleven o'clock a rocket exploded and everyone cheered- but where were the tomatoes?

We had travelled hundreds of miles – some thousands – to be at the most famous food fight in the world, La Tomatina, but there was no ammunition in sight. Having rammed ourselves onto the narrow streets, ready to roll in the juices of 150,000 rotten tomatoes, the delay was making people nervous. Were we meant to bring our own tomatoes?

It's now widely accepted that the fiesta began as little more than a food fight between local hooligans. It has now become an official festival – with the tomatoes delivered by dumper trucks.

And then from the end of the road, over the heads of the masses, we saw the first of five heavily-laden dumper trucks crawling towards us.

Burly Spaniards hung to the sides discharging tomatoes but progress through the wall of human bodies was slow. However, I could see red orbs starting to fly and even from fifty yards away I was hit by slushy shrapnel. The streets were about to run red.

Crowds ram shoulder-to-shoulder and chest-to-chest across the four narrow streets that make up the Tomatina circuit. Using very little politeness and a great deal of elbow strength, I squeezed through. It didn't seem feasible that a lorry could make it down the street. The road was a wall of human bodies, swaying like one living organism, but somehow the driver picked his way through.

The truck paused, dumping a tonne of rotten tomatoes on the road allowing the crowd to rush forward and scoop up the pulp.

That's when all tomato hell broke loose.

People were throwing faster than they could think – already their white shirts stained crimson. In less than a minute a tsunami of red gloop had washed up towards my knees; the road invisible, my trainers ruined.

Frenetic, frantic and a little frightening: there was no control over the crowd. At exactly noon a second rocket fired and the fighting stopped.

Tomatina may be uncomfortable and perhaps dangerous for some. It may also be a monstrous waste of food. La Tomatina might be senseless- but that is what makes it so much fun.



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