

General Certificate of Secondary Education
November 2007



ENGLISH (SPECIFICATION B)
Paper 1
Higher Tier

3701/1H
H

Monday 5 November 2007 9.00 am to 10.40 am

For this paper you must have:

- a 12-page answer book
- Section A of the pre-release booklet (enclosed).

Time allowed: 1 hour 40 minutes

Instructions

- Use blue or black ink or ball-point pen.
- Write the information required on the front of your answer book. The *Examining Body* for this paper is AQA. The *Paper Reference* is 3701/1H.
- Answer **all** questions.
- Write your answers in the answer book provided.
- Do all rough work in your answer book. Cross through any work you do not want to be marked.
- You must refer to Section A of the pre-release booklet provided.
- You must **not** use a dictionary.

Information

- The maximum mark for this paper is 54.
- The marks for questions are shown in brackets.
- You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers. All questions should be answered in continuous prose.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your Reading in Section A.
- You will be assessed on the quality of your Writing in Section B.

Advice

- You are advised to spend about one hour on Section A and about 40 minutes on Section B.

SECTION A: READING**MEDIA AND NON-FICTION TEXTS**

Answer **both** questions in this section.

You are advised to spend about one hour on this section. This includes 10 minutes reminding yourself of the content of the pre-release booklet.

You will be assessed on the quality of your Reading.

1 Media Texts

Remind yourself of the media extracts on pages 4, 5, and 11 of your pre-release booklet. Write about the news media techniques used in these extracts by responding to the following prompts.

- What are some of the facts and opinions that Elizabeth Day has employed to support her views, in the article *Are we having fun yet?* on pages 4 and 5?
- Analyse some of the language techniques used by Tom Hodgkinson in his article *All together now* on page 11.
- Comment on and compare the pictures which accompany Elizabeth Day's article, *Are we having fun yet?* on pages 4 and 5. (13 marks)

2 Non-fiction Text

Read the non-fiction text, *Monsoon* on the page opposite.

Write about the text:

- describing some of the things that happened to the writer and her friend during their journey
- explaining some of the feelings expressed by the writer in the text
- analysing some of the words and phrases used to make the extract interesting and engaging. (14 marks)

MONSOON

The writer, Anne Mustoe, is cycling with a friend along the coast of southern India. In this extract they explore the Coromandel Coast before continuing their journey from Pondicherry to Chidambaram.

The torrential rain continued to hammer on our windows all night. In other parts of India, the really heavy rains fall between June and August. In this part of India, however, November is the peak month for rain but as the daytime temperature rarely falls below 30°C, we were not really worried about getting wet. We waited for a break in the clouds and were able to set out at 8 o'clock in the morning.

On our ride down the Coromandel Coast, we planned to keep as near as possible to the seashore but we found that our road to the beach was axle-deep in flood water and we had to weave our way through the crowds of Saturday morning shoppers to find an alternative route to the sea. Then we had to make another detour, this time from the flooded promenade, through a district of thatched fishermen's shacks, where an amazing number of new-born black goats were tethered. When we eventually reached the coastal highway, we found it clear of water and perfectly surfaced. Cycling became a delight. The honking horns of the outskirts soon gave way to peaceful casuarina* groves on our right and sand dunes on our left. Bird-life was abundant, particularly on the salt flats where herons fished and vigilant kingfishers perched on telegraph poles. There were coffee stalls in the villages and coconut sellers, who slashed off the tops of the nuts with machetes and handed them over with a straw stuck in the hole. When the coconut milk was drained, they chopped the shell in two to offer us the surprisingly soft, moist flesh. These fresh coconuts were ideal food and drink for cyclists. When the heavens opened, we sheltered under a tree with the locals. In one village, a girl in a hurry up-ended a giant saucepan to shelter under as she rushed along the street.

The rain held off for our tour, but it came down in torrents again in the evening. Accustomed as we were to cold English rain, it took us a few days to realise that we could stay out for hours in the tropical stuff and not come to any harm. In fact, we began to appreciate the rain for the luxuriance it brought with it. In our hotel garden, the red hibiscus* was just beginning to bloom and there were bright red, yellow and orange cannas*, purple bougainvillea* and some rich creamy yellow flowers with glistening dark-green leaves. In the streets, women in transparent ankle-length macs over their brilliant saris were carrying great armfuls of lotus blossoms. The whole of Pondicherry was ablaze with colour.

When we checked out of our seaside hotel, we had to wade along the promenade up to our knees in water, but we knew that the highway would be raised on an embankment and in good condition for cycling, so we persevered until we reached it. That day, we were rather like the Israelites crossing the Red Sea, with water everywhere except on us. There was sea to our left, puddles on the road from the previous night's storms, black thunder clouds to both north and south, but miraculously we cycled all the way to Chidambaram without feeling a single spot of rain. Even when the road surface deteriorated to sandy, flooded potholes the passing motorists were courteous and no one drowned us in a bright red tidal wave. The soil was so red along the coast that the puddles looked more like blood than rainwater under the dark sky. The rice paddies were a brilliant emerald green and there were coconut groves as far as the eye could see, but it was a poor area, despite its fertility.

ANNE MUSTOE

casuarina – a tree

cannas, hibiscus, bougainvillea – flowering plants

Turn over for the next question

Turn over ►

SECTION B: WRITING TO ARGUE, PERSUADE, ADVISE

You are advised to spend about 40 minutes on this section.

You will be assessed on the quality of your Writing.

- 3** Events such as the Glastonbury Festival donate large sums of money to charities.

Write a letter to the organisers of the Glastonbury Festival offering them advice about which good causes you think should receive money and why. *(27 marks)*

END OF QUESTIONS

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Question 2 Source: Adapted from ANNE MUSTOE, *Two Wheels in the Dust, Kathmandu to Kandy*, Virgin Publishing 2001 Copyright © Anne Mustoe 2001, Virgin Books Ltd

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General Certificate of Secondary Education
November 2007



ENGLISH (SPECIFICATION B)
Pre-release booklet: Section A Insert

Insert

For use with Section A of the question paper

The booklet that follows is:

- Section A of the pre-release booklet: Media texts.

Insert to: 3701/1F/1H

There are no texts printed on this page

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SECTION A: MEDIA TEXTS

The Sunday Telegraph 26 June 2005



Are we having fun yet?

For one brief moment, ELIZABETH DAY forgets her sloshing wellies, grime-streaked face and the smell of sewage – and finds that it’s really almost nice, this Glastonbury thing

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 staring look in his 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. There is a constant, apocalyptic thumping coming from nearby sound systems.

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. One hundred and twelve thousand people in a field with minimal lavatorial equipment, screaming “Havin’ it laaaarge!” in my ear for three days is not my idea of a good time.

Still, I thought, at least the

weather was good. England was in the grip of a heat-wave. If nothing else, I would be able to bask on a patch of grass in the sunshine and make believe I had been sent on that much more highly coveted assignment, Wimbledon.

I would bask in the sunshine and make believe I'd been sent to Wimbledon

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 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.

Most Glastonbury aficionados had come to Somerset with a pair of wellington boots and waterproof trousers, giving the whole affair the appearance of a Young Farmers’ convention. I turn up in flip-flops but swiftly change into wellies as soon as I realise that there is a higher than average risk of contracting trench foot. Walking consists of a series of desperate fence-grabs in order to stop myself disappearing into a squelching pool of mud. At one point, as I wade through a lagoon that might or might not be populated by freshwater trout, a pair of enthusiastic young men ask me to join in a “mud wrestle”. I decline. I am obviously a stick-in-the-mud in all senses of the expression.

Bizarrely, everyone else seems to be having a brilliant time. There are broad grins wherever I look. No one could actually be enjoying this, could they?

But it appears that they could. 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 26-year-old music production student from Hackney, east London. “There’s nothing quite like listening to live music. You get a real kick out of the immediacy of it and it’s just amazing to be in a huge crowd of people who feel exactly the same way. This is my sixth time at Glastonbury and I’ve never had any trouble.”

On my train to Castle Cary, a 10-minute bus ride from the festival, the carriages are crammed with



Stick-in-the-mud: 'Bizarrely everyone else seems to be having a brilliant time,' observes Glastonbury Festival first-timer Elizabeth Day, *main picture*

well-spoken degree students sipping cans of Pimm's and making polite chit-chat. "Glastonbury used to be full of hippies and travellers," explains Tasha, a 28-year-old reservations manager from Surrey. "But now they've built a 12ft security fence round the whole thing and it's difficult for gate-crashers to get in. It all feels much nicer."

It certainly feels different. When Michael Eavis, a dairy farmer from Pilton, Somerset, first had the idea of hosting a "Pop, Folk & Blues" festival in 1970,

tickets cost £1 and included free milk from the farm. Now tickets sell for £125, with proceeds going to an array of charities including WaterAid and the Make Poverty History campaign. The free milk has been substituted by paying bars, falafel stalls and creperies.

These days one doesn't even have to slum it under canvas any more. Kate Moss is doing it the super-model way this year and has hired a luxury 34ft Winnebago, at a rumoured cost of more than £1,000. It comes with a dishwasher, queen-sized bed and – luxury of luxuries – a flushing

PETER PAYNE, JAMES MCCAULERY/REX FEATURES, STEVE GILLETT/LIVE, FILMMAGIC



toilet.

By contrast, I have to pitch my mud-encrusted tent within two metres of a row of stinking portable loos and spend the night worrying that I am going to be flooded with raw sewage.

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 - a wonky, corrugated-iron structure sprouting out of a nearby mudflat - has a disc jockey booth disguised as a church organ. Apparently, couples can get married here, although why anyone would want to remains a

mystery.

For those in search of a little less intensity, the atmosphere in the alcohol-free Green Fields area is one of an Ambridge village fête. "Would you like a cake?" asks one stallholder. I buy a slice. It's delicious. For a moment, I forget about my sloshing wellingtons, my grime-streaked face and the constant smell of overflowing portable loos that follows me around wherever I go. It's almost nice, this Glastonbury thing. Just for a moment, I can see the point of it.

Turn over ►

Glastonbury

Organisers celebrate as the festival draws more women and young people

Festival hails the return of teenage kicks



Patrick Barkham

"They are young and they are howling at the moon," whispered a festival organiser. Something other than colossal claps of thunder was in the air at Glastonbury last night. Old hands described an excitability they hadn't seen for years: the teenagers were taking over.

It has become a cliché of recent years that the spirit of the festival has been smothered by the heavy bourgeois hand of twenty something professionals and thirtysomething parents, who have turned a sub-cultural spectacle into a stuffy fixture of the summer season alongside Henley and Wimbledon.

But forget luxury teepees and corporate tie-ins,

Glastonbury this year is all about a new generation of first-timers who hang out in packs dancing by the iconic stone circle until dawn.

"There are a lot of students here this year," said Emily Eavis, festival organiser and daughter of festival founder Michael Eavis. "That's good, isn't it? We estimate that 60% of the people here are first-time festival goers."

Glastonbury has privately fretted in the past about its ageing audience, a perception encouraged by booking rock statesmen such as Paul McCartney, who headlined last year, but Ms Eavis said they had done nothing to explicitly encourage a younger crowd this time around.

It is thought that a predominantly internet-based

booking system has probably inadvertently helped a younger web-savvy crowd get their hands on an elusive pass into the festival. The resurgence of interest in British guitar music has also helped.

According to Ms Eavis there has been demographic movement in both directions, with more parents and even grandparents, and more teenagers, all of whom squeeze out the standard twentysomething festival crowd.

It is a trend that teenagers at the festival approve of.

"I really like it that you can have people coming with their grandchildren," said Winnie Herbstein. The 15-year-old from London, already clocking up her third Glastonbury, chose to camp with friends in the

family field because it was stewarded and offered extra security.

As well as a sense of safety – reinforced by plummeting Glastonbury crime figures – it is the unique space these crowded fields offer teenagers which seems to be the key to luring them back.

"You can be away from your parents and you're in a place where everyone is so laid back you can do what you want," said Ms Herbstein.

"The crowd is definitely younger this year and there seem to be about seven girls to every bloke," said Bob St Barbe, the infrastructure manager.

With its theatres, cafes, charities, circuses and female urinals, Glastonbury has always been less blokey than your standard beer-and-boys-with-guitars rock festivals, but this year it is probably more in tune with female tastes than ever.

The difference this year is that an increasing number of shows and events are being booked and organised by women. Midnight's Carnival, a new area, is the first field at Glastonbury to be curated solely by women, including Arabella Churchill, the grand-daughter of Winston and a founding member of the modern day Glastonbury.

As ever, however, the sheer diversity of the crowds and performances at Glastonbury '05 defied easy generalisations.

The Times 27 June 2005

Sunny end to a 'damn good show'



Possessions were swept away

By Sam Coates

AFTER the floods and the mud came the suncream. Festival-goers were left searching for protection yesterday as sunshine bathed the final day.

The sunshine meant thousands of people delayed their exit, prompting huge queues out of the car parks for those homeward-bound.

Michael Eavis, the organiser, declared the 35th festival "pretty damn good, really", even though the average rainfall for June fell in seven hours on Friday morning. About two thousand people left on Friday or Saturday, and 292 had their tents submerged, forcing a number to wade through shoulder-high water to look for their possessions.

The fire brigade had to pump three million litres of water off the site on Friday and remained on standby until Saturday night.

Tom Baker, a 28-year-old

music producer, described how on Friday morning he woke with a start to find he could no longer feel the ground beneath his tent. He was initially relieved that he was still dry after torrential rain had pounded on the tent for hours. Then he made a nasty discovery.

"Suddenly we became conscious that we were floating — it was like we were sleeping on a waterbed," he said. "You pushed one bit down and the other side rose. At that time in the morning, it was all a bit hazy." Mr Baker opened the zip at the front of the tent to find out what was going on.

"Water and mud just started gushing in. It turned out we were in the middle of a newly created river. The tent was filled with mud, poles were bent and we lost all the pegs and the mats we were sleeping on. Within seconds, loads of our possessions were ruined." They

grabbed what they could and stuffed it into plastic bags, but they were not quick enough. "We lost underwear, T-shirts, crisps and other provisions. Nothing expensive, though. They all just went missing in the mud."

They decided to stay with friends who were sleeping on the side of a hill, leaving the remains of their £30 tent, which they had bought a week ago.

"I think everyone was a bit disheartened initially but it brought everyone who was wet and muddy together. There was plenty of Glastonbury spirit, with everyone helping one another, which helped," he said.

©The Times, 27 June 2005

Turn over ►

Mudlarks of



Festival goers make the most of it after the heavens opened and turned Glastonbury into a mud bath. Centre: Brandon Flowers of the American group the Killers performs on the first day.

They came, they slipped, they enjoyed

Rod Liddle

GOD — who really hates the Glastonbury festival — struck in the small hours, when everybody was asleep. At 4am on Friday a jagged bolt of lightning tore a hole in the very heart of the festival — the beer tent — and another ripped into

the giant pyramid stage. Then came the deluge.

When people woke up they found themselves floating, in some

cases several hundred yards from where they'd pitched their tents. And floating on something awful: a viscous slurry of country mud and cattle excrement. A tepid lava of filth. Later the toilets burst, adding a new and pungent aroma.

In the bleary, dismal, saturated dawn, rumours

abounded that the whole thing was to be cancelled. Over at the Avalon stage revellers were forced into an altogether more direct and physical communion with Mother Earth than they had either expected or desired. The roof of the stage gave way under the weight of gallons of rainwater. Boy, did those hippies get wet.

Liquid mud engulfed every nanometre of the 900-acre site. There were people valiantly doing the doggy paddle, dragging their rucksacks behind them. There was a couple

in a kayak, paddling to breakfast with slightly smug I-told-you-so expressions. Everybody else grimly waded, searching for somewhere a little dryer. Such as Devon.

What had been an immense, sultry and beatific gathering now resembled a sort of middle-class transit camp — filthy, wet and miserable but with organic smoothies and wholemeal doughnuts on sale every couple of hundred yards.

But, remarkably, everybody remained polite and

Glastonbury



good-natured. Not an angry word was uttered. As I stood calf deep in ordure, chomping my fairtrade, make-poverty-history, oriental-flavoured botuloburger with organic ketchup, I watched a dreadlocked trustafarian pedal his bicycle along the narrow duckboards, with his baby daughter in tow in a sort of rickshaw thing behind.

Everybody had to jump off the comparative safety of the boards into the cloying filth on either side: but nobody seemed to mind. Instead, they smiled and waved at the little girl

and she, all sweet blonde hair and henna tattoos, waved back.

Then there was the music. Glastonbury is no longer a celebration of British counter-culture. Even the most ossified High Court judge would have been able to hum along to some of the songs emanating from the pyramid stage during the day: these amiable tunes form the background to our daily lives.

Once people went to rock festivals because the music they yearned for was not understood — indeed, treated with open hostility — by the wider world.

Now Glastonbury has become a national coming together, rather like a royal wedding or funeral, and the music is but an agreeable but hardly compulsive sideshow.

Sure, there were people with strangely dyed hair and stupid hats and tattoos — but what looked like the majority were dressed in sensible Barbour coats and green wellies. There were times, in the mud, that the whole thing resembled a giant point-to-point meeting.

Still, that glorious, noxious, mud. In the huge press tent, reporters from

The Daily Telegraph mingled happily with the coolest of cats from NME.

The press tent, you see, was the driest, cleanest place for miles. They even coerced the most extravagantly mud-bedecked festival revellers inside so that the photographers could snap a few quick pictures without getting too muddy.

In a way, the only subversive element of Glastonbury these days is the mud itself.

© Rod Liddle/The Sunday Times, 26 June 2005

Turn over ►

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5th September 2005
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Floods at Pennard Hill

Salvation Army clothes soggy Glasto campers
Mud – and lots of it! – basically summed up the Friday at Glasto 2005, after torrential rain hit Pilton. But luckily, the Salvation Army were on hand to help out flooded Festival-goers.

Bath Citadel had loaned its mobile emergency trailer to the interdenominational church team who offered comfort, and overnight shelter, to 140 of those who had lost their tents in the deluge.

Labelled The Sanctuary in advance of the Festival, the description of the shelter proved quite appropriate!

At the request of Mendip District Council, Shepton Mallet Corps members rushed quantities of clothes from their charity shop to the Festival site to provide jeans and T-shirts to Festival-goers who had had all their possessions soaked.

Rain-soaked challenge

The Salvation Army's Regional Press Officer, Adrian Prior-Sankey, was among the team of Christian workers at the Festival and witnessed the effects of the flash-flooding at first hand.

Describing his experience, he said: "I walked through a gateway in the hedge of my own campsite to witness a scene of devastation as a seven-foot-wide river cascaded through one of the main camping fields.

"It washed everything in its path down to the valley bottom where a lake formed, submerging other tents in minutes.

"Thankfully, being daytime, no-one was drowned but there were some anxious moments whilst everyone was being accounted for.

"The Christian presence at the Festival enabled many of the worst-affected campers to find shelter and a friendly face to quickly help them sort out the chaos. The Salvation Army's swift response was much appreciated."

Adrian spoke to Jo Phillips live on BBC Somerset Sound at the height of the downpour from the heart of the rain-soaked site, and was able to commend the army of volunteers, including the church-based team, who responded to the challenge of helping those who were washed out.



Many people lost everything in the floods

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e-cards

All together now

Tom Hodgkinson relishes the prospect of carefree days in a field

Saturday April 23, 2005

Festivals are pure pleasure. For three days, or longer if we're lucky, all we have to worry about is which field or stage to wander to next. For three days, we can lie around, stare at the sky, talk, listen to music, sing, dance, eat or do whatever we like without worrying about the consequences or what people will think. Everyone knows that festivals are not really about the bands. What they are about is a suspension of everyday realities: no work, no worries, no rushing. For three days, we are no longer bourgeois wage-slaves, we are freewheeling bohemian dreamers. All the rules that govern our normal world evaporate. Festivals mean freedom.

At the festival, something strange happens to time. We no longer respect the difference between day and night; they blend into one. The great thing about Glastonbury in particular is that it's at midnight, when the bands have all stopped, that the real fun begins. That's when you wander round in the darkness, looking for campfires, looking for kicks; that's when things become other-worldly, when strange and wonderful figures appear out of the shadows. It's the time of the chance encounter, of watching the sun rise, of sitting on a standing stone.

Whereas in the so-called real world we rush and strut, there is a noticeable slowing down in our walking speed at the festival. We float and amble, we wander aimlessly, we dawdle, we stop and stare. I suppose this is because at festivals we savour the moment, we are enjoying being in the here and now.

What is amazing is how harmonious festivals are: tens of thousands of people live together in a relatively small space and there is very little trouble. To me, they are anarchy in action: self-regulated groups of people enjoying themselves in a way that they have chosen. Festivals, you will notice, are never organised by governments, always by the people.

At festivals we are all gypsies together, outlaws. The camping life contributes to the fun and the sense of freedom because when camping, you are closer to nature and you don't have the material responsibilities of being in a solid building. You can forget about mortgages and bank accounts and cars and hire purchase agreements. It's just you.

It's clear that there is a deep-seated human need for festivals. All cultures have them. In fact, we used to have a lot more of them in this country. In medieval times, the calendar was dotted with three-day festivals. Festivals represent a memory of medieval Britain, and that's what I love about them – their chaotic nature. They remind you of how life could be.

from The Guardian Unlimited archive

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