



GCSE

4171/02

**ENGLISH/ENGLISH LANGUAGE
HIGHER TIER
UNIT 1 (READING)**

A.M. TUESDAY, 4 June 2013

1 hour

ADDITIONAL MATERIALS

Resource Material.

An 8 page answer book.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CANDIDATES

Use black ink or black ball-point pen.

Answer **all** questions.

Write your answers in the separate answer book provided.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES

The total mark available for this unit is 40.

The number of marks in brackets will give you an indication of the time you should spend on each question or part-question.

Answer all the following questions.

The passage on the opposite page, 'Why I pray for Glastonbury hell', is a blog written by Joe Wade.

The separate Resource Material is an article, 'I still love Glastonbury. Here's why ...', by Alex Boyce.

Look at 'Why I pray for Glastonbury hell' on the opposite page.

1. Explain why Joe Wade hates Glastonbury Festival. [10]

You must use the text to support your answer.

Look at the first page of 'I still love Glastonbury. Here's why ...' in the separate Resource Material.

2. What does Alex Boyce think and feel about Glastonbury Festival in this part of the article? [10]

You must use the text to support your answer.

Look at the second page of the article from 'It's also a fantastic place for music,' and the pictures.

3. How does Alex Boyce try to convince his readers that they should visit Glastonbury Festival? [10]

To answer the next question you will need to look at both texts.

4. Compare and contrast what the two texts say about Glastonbury Festival.

Organise your answer under the following headings:

- (a) the overall cost of going to Glastonbury Festival;
(b) the experience of watching the bands and artists. [10]

You must make it clear in your answer which text you are taking your information from.

Why I pray for Glastonbury hell

What we needed this week was a nice dry spell from Monday to Friday so rain wouldn't stop play at Wimbledon and then a biblical downpour during the weekend to ensure maximum misery for all those up to their necks in mud in inadequate, cheap tents at Glastonbury Festival.

My delight in the misery of Glastonbury is partly caused by resentment of success. In 2007, for example, the festival sold 137,500 tickets at £185 in one hour and forty five minutes. It is also partly that when I attended the event it was like the Wild West with large numbers of people arriving with no provisions. 'How on earth will those poor chaps survive?' I wondered, before they tore through the site like a plague of locusts, stealing tents and their contents. I've also experienced the sort of delays you usually get at airports when trying to get out of the car park.

However, none of that completely explains why I pray for Glastonbury hell. I'm infuriated by Glastonbury, not because of the people who organise it, but by the people who go there. The reason I hate them is because they're actually having a terrible time but just can't admit it to themselves, let alone anyone else. In fact, I reckon they are all going there just so they can talk about it afterwards and get some good images of themselves acting happy for Facebook.

I mean, what is there to enjoy? All you do is wander from one place to the next all day long, thinking 'It's boring here, let's go over there. We're here now and (surprise, surprise) we can barely hear the band, let alone see them.' For that matter what are you meant to do when you're standing watching live music? A bit of swaying is sometimes possible in the crush but usually the neck-stretch, straining to see, is the only move that makes sense. Burn all those flags too. I don't care that you're from Wales or what football team you support. No-one does.

The misery is so great that getting drunk is the only way to ease the tedium of the incessant milling around in the mud. But that is not as easy as you might hope as there are massive queues for all the bars and when you finally get served you have to pay over the odds for a watery pint of beer in a flimsy plastic glass.

All of this pain and suffering is at the cost of a week's holiday from which you could have returned to work well-rested and tanned and not looking as if you've been on a city-break to a war zone.

The truth is I want Glastonbury hell so everyone will admit they hate it too.

Joe Wade



GCSE

4171/02-A

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Resource Material

I still love Glastonbury. Here's why ...

I love Glastonbury Festival. It is noisy, muddy and the sanitation is poor but it is an opportunity to spend several days wandering round England's beautiful countryside, away from parents, workmates, television, mobile phone reception or childcare responsibilities, and instead spend your time dancing, drinking and generally having a party underneath the stars, with the opportunity to see the world's biggest, most exciting bill of performing arts into the bargain. To fully enjoy Glastonbury you really have to leave your cynicism at the gate (along with a DNA swab to accompany your ticket these days, but if that keeps the tent thieves at bay, I'm not complaining).



There is still no festival like it. Set in a vast field in the Somerset countryside, the festival has grown from a hippy fair with 1500 people going to the first one in 1970, to a commercial juggernaut with over 150,000 revellers taking over the place in the 21st century. The cost of admission is still quite reasonable and I'd always thought that Glastonbury would be free of commercial advertising, with romantic little cider stalls and local farm produce being sold for dinner. As it was, I did spot one cider bus, but the rest were faceless brands that had obviously paid a lot of money to be there. A bottle of Pepsi set me back a mammoth £4 and a lot of the food was overpriced tat. £3.50 for a bacon roll, a burger for £6 and £2.50 for an ice-cream.

However commercial it has become, Glastonbury still has an atmosphere which, by Friday evening, I will be calling its 'soul' with no sense of irony. The vast majority of stalls (and acts) are still independent, there's still a sense of controlled chaos about it and, if Glastonbury did not exist, you really couldn't invent it. We'll surely never again see an enormous independent event like this grow from a family-run farmyard fête. It's a national treasure.

It's also a fantastic place for music, of absolutely every variety. Rain or shine, the opportunity to watch Leonard Cohen play on the Pyramid Stage as the sun goes down, with camp fires flickering far into the distance, as several thousand souls turn a hillside into their communal bedroom, is a prospect that makes me shiver with joy.

The bands and artists I have seen have provided experiences that will stay with me forever. Muse, Stevie Wonder, Gorillaz and Rolf Harris (yes, at over 80 he still knows how to perform) have all been just magical. There are always the big names but the really interesting stuff is away from the main stages. The band I enjoy most is never the one I came to see. This is a huge temporary city you can lose yourself in. It's the only place you can wake up, drink hot cider, get married, join a Morris dancing troupe and then watch the Chemical Brothers. Other cool things that happened included seeing myself on the big screen at the Pyramid stage with a t-shirt wrapped around my head eating a big slab of watermelon, and visiting a tent late at night to watch a crazed woman perform with an accordion. There really is something for everyone and the festival's magic formula has become a global phenomenon. Glastonbury is still the big one, the original and the best. Appearing here is a rite of passage for all bands.

When I get home, I'll watch the highlights on the telly and will resist the temptation to shout at that nice Jo Whiley, having realised it's like vandalising a doll's house – briefly satisfying but ultimately pointless and really quite nasty. That's the Glastonbury effect. You should try it some time.

Alex Boyce

