



GCSE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

**Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and
perspectives**

8700/2

Insert

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The two sources that follow are:

SOURCE A: 21st Century non-fiction

**‘Diary of a Young
Naturalist’ by
Dara McAnulty**

**An extract from a diary,
published in 2020**

**SOURCE B: 19th Century literary
non-fiction**

**‘The Debt We Owe to Birds
and Beasts’ by Gordon
Stables**

**An extract from a magazine,
published in 1889**

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SOURCE A

Source A is an extract from a diary written in 2020. The writer is 16-year-old student Dara McAnulty, who is from Northern Ireland. He had just attended a meeting about environmental issues. Here, he shares his concerns about the natural world.

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The passage begins with the lines:

Sunday 3rd February

February has rushed in, following days of so much *doing*. My chemistry exam is over and I'm just back from London again, for another speech and event.

And ends with the lines:

**And maybe the rubble can be used to
build something better and more
beautiful, enabling our own wildness.
Imagine that.**

[Turn over]

SOURCE B

Source B is an extract from a magazine article called ‘The Debt We Owe to Birds and Beasts’, written in 1889 by Gordon Stables. Here, he reflects on the attitude of humans to the natural world.

As we come to the end of the nineteenth century, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that there is a vast amount of thoughtless and destructive cruelty, coupled with thoughtless extravagance in the use of Nature’s gifts and bounties. At the same time, we find a vast increase in nervous disorders in our working population, due to strain on body and mind as they struggle for wealth or even existence.

In old school books, there used to be a story of a boy who first ate the cake his mother had sent him, and

then cried because it was all gone.
We are very much in the same
position; we are eating our cake, and
our descendants in a few centuries
20 will have to cry because we have left
none for them.

At present, there is a sad lack of
what may be called national
economy. This is noticeable all
25 around us, and in some instances
the crime – for needless
extravagance is a crime – brings its
own punishment. About one-third of
our precious life-giving coals, for
30 example, is wasted in smoke; and in
consequence, during at least
one-third of the year, the great world
of London is enveloped in health-
destroying fog and gloom, which
35 might almost be called the very
shadow of death itself, so fearfully

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does it increase our annual rates of mortality. Everyone knows that there is a remedy for this state of matters, but our politicians and our government are too slow to act on this. When they eventually do so, even the dark and loathsome streets of the East End of London will catch glimpses of glorious sunshine, and light and heat will help to banish death and disease.

The same thoughtless extravagance goes on in the animal world, in the desire for ivory and wild beasts' skins and fur and feathers. Already the very noblest of our larger animals that dwell far away in forests or jungles are becoming woefully scarce; before long they will all be sacrificed at the shrine of fashionable folly for the sake of our clothes and accessories.

**Birds are trapped and shot for the
60 sake of their feathers, to decorate
hats. But the songbirds of this
country have a value which it would
be difficult to measure. Consider
65 them as they are in their native
woods, when in the sweet
springtime every tree harbours a
musician, every bush shelters a
songster; when every leaf seems to
have found a voice, while far above
70 us the fleecy clouds themselves are
ringing with the glad melody of
birds. One does not need to be a
poet, or a naturalist either, to enjoy
such a concert as this: to the weary,
75 to the tired brain-worker, to the
labourer in the towns, who has
escaped from drudgery for a day,
and come down to the cool green
country, it means life and health
80 itself. Birdsong is soothing. The**

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soul seems to borrow from the birds
a portion of their ecstatic joy, the
mind becomes calm, the nerves are
soothed by their songs, cares and
85 worries are for a time forgotten, and
thoughts carried far away to better
worlds than this.

It will surely be a poor sort of world
to live in where neither buffalo nor
90 bison roams in the wilderness of the
grasslands; when the roar of the
king of beasts awakes no more the
echoes of the African hills; when the
elephant, the seal, and the bear can
95 only be seen stuffed in museums;
when coals have gone down, and
heat and power can only be obtained
from the earth's dark depths, or from
the heaving of the ocean; when the
100 woods shall be silent in spring, and
the only notion of birdsong shall be
that handed down in stories. It will

**certainly be a poorer sort of world,
and we creatures of the present age
105 will be well out of it.**

END OF SOURCES

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