



General Certificate of Secondary Education
Higher Tier
January 2012

English/English Language

ENG1H

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Unit 1 Understanding and producing non-fiction texts

Insert

The three sources that follow are:

- **Source 1:** an online newspaper article called *Britain's big problem with water* by Geoffrey Lean
- **Source 2:** an article called *Four amputations, 13 hours – one extraordinary swim* by John Lichfield
- **Source 3:** *Ferry across the lake* an extract from a non-fiction book by Christopher Ondaatje.

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

Source 1

The Telegraph.co.uk

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Britain's big problem with water

by Geoffrey Lean

Think of countries which don't have enough water and your mind might fly to arid, largely desert nations in the Middle East and North Africa. But, you could also consider somewhere closer to hand: the most prosperous part of our green and pleasant land is worse off than any of them.

That seems pretty improbable. After all, ours is a notoriously soggy nation where it often seems that, as Shakespeare put it, "the rain it raineth every day". But it's true. South East England has less water per head than the places above.

Partly that's because we are two nations when it comes to the weather. The North and West normally get plenty of rain – often more than they want – but the South and East receive less than some parts of the Mediterranean. Added to which, it's the most heavily populated part of the country.

Things are only going to get worse. Another one and a half million homes have been planned for the overcrowded region over the next 15 years. And global warming is expected to sharpen the dampness divide over the next 70, increasing rainfall sharply in the wet part of the country and cutting it by as much as half in the South and East.

Recent reports have predicted permanent water-rationing in the South East by 2025. And that families may face extra charges for using it excessively.

Yet half of all the housing built in Britain since the Second World War has been plonked down on land prone to flooding. Successive governments have neglected flood defences; when the big 2007 floods came, only about half were in good condition. As the South East gets drier, the damper part of the country is likely to suffer increasing floods. Already flooding is twice as frequent as it was 100 years ago, and the Environment Agency expects it to increase tenfold over coming decades.

A government report estimated that the cost of damage could rise from an average of around £2 billion a year to more than £25 billion by 2080. It has been suggested that new houses in the Thames Gateway should be built with their living areas on the first floor. Also that hospitals and other vital buildings should be built on high ground and railways and other essential infrastructure protected from flooding.

There are a few encouraging signs. Water companies are taking some measures to conserve supplies and local councils are finally beginning to take flood risk seriously in planning decisions. But we have hardly begun.



Extreme weather: we must prepare for a future of increasing floods.
 Photo: James Boardman/Alamy

Source 2

Four amputations, 13 hours – one extraordinary swim

16 years after losing all his limbs, Philippe Croizon crosses Channel

By John Lichfield



TWO YEARS ago, Philippe Croizon could barely swim at all. Now the 42-year-old French quadruple amputee has become the first limbless person to swim the English Channel. "I did it. I'm so happy. I can't believe it. It's crazy," he said after swimming the 21 miles from Folkestone to the French coast. Mr Croizon's legs and lower arms were amputated after he suffered a calamitous electric shock while removing a television aerial from a roof in 1994 when it hit a power line. As one of a series of challenges that he set himself to "prove that I am still alive", he learnt to swim using a snorkel and prosthetic legs with built-in flippers. To complete his Channel swim, he overcame not just his own handicap and the treacherous Channel tides and currents but the last-minute withdrawal of his support boat. Another vessel finally agreed to accompany him on Saturday. Mr Croizon had expected to spend up to 24 hours in the water. An "average" Channel swimmer takes around eight hours. After reaching a cruising speed of two miles an hour, and benefiting from favourable weather conditions, he completed the crossing in 13 and a half hours.

Mr Croizon said that he was once a "sofa sportsman" but had lost over one and a half stone thanks to an intense fitness schedule of weight training, exercise and swimming. "I am doing this above all for myself, but also to set an example. I want to show people who suffer that this is do-able, that you always have to fight."

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Source 3**Ferry across the lake**

On his journey to the source of the Nile, Christopher Ondaatje crosses part of Lake Victoria

Our tents were pitched right at the water's edge. Water hyacinths floated in front of us, and across the inlet we could see Mwanza, a vibrant African city that seemed to grow even as we watched it. I sat there on an inlet of a huge and beautiful expanse of water and thought about the role this mighty lake had played in the great explorations of the past.

The next morning, at 6:00 a.m. exactly, the fish eagles screeched their mocking cry. It was a wonderful way to wake up. An ibis bird also made its hideous shriek as it flew across the bay in front of our camp on the water. A few minutes later, we were treated to a spectacular sunrise. At first, a few glimmers of golden light; then the huge, red ball rose over the hills behind Mwanza. Apart from the occasional fishing boat, the scene was undisturbed. Little egrets and kites silhouetted themselves against the rising sun. An idyllic spot. This would be a good way to start every morning. No other sounds. Just the birds and the water lapping quietly on the shores of Lake Victoria.

Our plan was to go by the local ferry to Mwanza.

We managed to get to the ferry terminal well before 9:00 a.m., but already the crowds were so thick that we were not sure we could get on. The ferry, with us on it, eventually left at 9:30 a.m. The day got hotter and hotter with each minute.

The ferry was packed with buses, petrol tanks, vans, land cruisers, jeeps, fuel tankers, cars — and people. The people pressed up against the front of the ferry, along the sides and against the rails. They favoured brilliantly coloured clothing: shirts, T-shirts, dresses of red, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, and orange. It was as hot as hell — and getting hotter. People took refuge in the shade of the buses. We would be heading eastward into the sun and into the glare.

A year or so earlier, one of these ferries went down just outside Mwanza, and people were killed. How do they gauge the weight? There seemed to be no organized method. I wondered how much this decrepit old ferry boat could carry.

The engines started with a low rumble, and the ferry moved hesitantly forward and slowly entered Lake Victoria, a floating mass of metal and people. The engines vibrated; the passengers waited patiently. I could not believe that they could get this huge, heavy weight away from the slender landing pier and out onto the lake, but somehow the craft stayed afloat. We felt a bit of breeze at last as we slowly chugged into a little bay. We travelled northward first, out among a bevy of fishing boats, turned until the bow pointed back towards the ferry terminal, then headed east to Mwanza — apparently stern first. The journey across the gulf took about an hour. When we arrived in Mwanza at about 10:30 a.m., another teeming mass of people waited at the pier.

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