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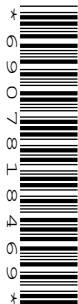
## **GCSE (9–1) English Language**

**J351/01** Communicating information and ideas

Reading Insert

**Wednesday 1 November 2017 – Morning**

**Time allowed: 2 hours**



**You must have:**

- the Question Paper

### **INSTRUCTIONS**

- The materials in this Reading Insert are for use with the questions in Section A of the Question Paper.

### **INFORMATION**

- This document consists of **8** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

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**Details of text extracts:**

**Text 1**

Text: adapted from *Trafalgar: An Eyewitness History*

Author: Anonymous (c1805)

**Text 2**

Text: adapted from *Band of Sisters*

Author: Kirsten Holmstedt (2007)

## Text 1

*The British navy defeated the French navy at Trafalgar in 1805. After the battle, a British ship rescued French survivors from the sea. A British naval officer gives his eyewitness account of one of those rescues.*

On the morning after the action I had charge of the deck when another boatload of these poor prisoners of war came alongside, all of whom, with one exception, were naked. The exception, clothed in an old jacket and trousers without shoes, stocking or shirt, at once attracted my attention and, on asking some questions on the subject, I was answered that the prisoner was a woman.

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I lost no time in introducing her to my messmates as a female requiring their compassionate attention. I made a collection of all the articles of clothing which could be procured to complete a more suitable wardrobe. These, with my ditty bag, which contained needles and thread, being placed at her disposal, she, in a short time, appeared in a very different, and much more becoming costume.

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Jeanette, which was the only name by which I ever knew her, then told me the circumstances. She said she was stationed during the action below the ship's gun to assist in handing up the gunpowder, which employment lasted till the surrender of the ship.

When the firing ceased, she endeavoured to get up to the main deck to search for her husband, but the ladders having all been removed, or shot away, she found this impracticable; and, just at this time, an alarm of fire spread through the ship so that she could get no assistance. The fire originated on the upper deck and gradually burnt downwards. Her feelings upon this occasion cannot be described but death from all quarters stared her in the face.

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She remained wandering to and fro upon the lower deck, among the mangled corpses of the dying and the slain, until the guns from the main deck actually fell through the burnt planks. Her only refuge then was the sea. Having divested herself of her clothes, she soon found herself struggling with the waves and, providentially finding a piece of cork, she was enabled to escape from the burning ship.

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A man, shortly afterwards, swam near her, and, observing her distress, brought her a piece of plank, about six feet in length, which, being placed under her arms, supported her until a boat approached to her rescue. Her sex was no sooner made known than the men, whose hearts were formed of the right stuff, quickly supplied her with the articles of clothing in which she first made my acquaintance. She was much burnt about the neck, shoulders and legs, by the molten lead, and when she reached our ship, was more dead than alive.

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The fate of her husband was unknown. Jeanette had not seen him since the commencement of battle, and he was perhaps killed, or had perished in the conflagration. Still the worst was unknown to her, and a possibility existed that he was yet alive. All her enquiries were, however, unattended with success.

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## Text 2

*Army Captain Tammy Duckworth, who lost both her legs when her helicopter was shot down by a rocket-propelled grenade, describes her experience of being a female soldier.*

I will always place the mission first. I will never quit. I will never accept defeat. I will never leave a fallen comrade. These statements are portions of the Soldier's Creed; they are referred to as the Warrior Ethos.

These words were a lifeline that helped me survive my injuries and the tedium of day after day of endless pain in the hospital. These words are gender-neutral statements that get to the heart of what it means to be a soldier today.

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When I first started my career, a generation of women soldiers had already pushed through, breaking down the barriers. Like any group of people, some were outstanding soldiers, while others simply used their gender to gain an unfair advantage.

This latter group's actions made life very difficult for the women in my generation. Their over-reliance on their gender to pave the way left a negative impression of female soldiers in their male counterparts.

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By the time I came along, these men were in leadership positions and were even less welcoming of female troops than previous generations. We had to break through one at a time by proving we were just as good all over again – this time, by being as tough and gender-neutral as possible.

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My unit had just one other female soldier. When I was injured, she travelled with me to the hospital in Germany, even though I was unconscious, just so I would have a friendly face around if I were to wake up. Sometimes it takes another woman to understand.

In my first week in hospital I was in so much pain that I found myself counting to sixty over and over again. I didn't have the strength to survive the day but I was pretty sure I could survive sixty seconds. So I counted the minutes away, one at a time.

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During this time Sergeant First Class Juanita Wilson came to me in the Intensive Care Unit. She looked down at me in my bed and said, 'I know you are hurting. It will get better. Can I stand here for you?' She then took off her artificial arm and stood next to my bed for hours, day after day, as I counted.

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She radiated a peace and serenity for me that kept me going. She was the only one who could do that for me, a fellow amputee, one Wounded Warrior reaching out to help another. Later she came to my room, decorated it and washed my hair.

The men had all had their heads shaved but my hair had not been washed in weeks. Sometimes it takes a member of the sisterhood to understand what another woman needs to feel better. She even used conditioner!

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