



**GCSE**

**ENGLISH LANGUAGE**

**Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives**

**8700/2**

**Insert**

**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**

**[Turn over]**

**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.**

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**[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  
5 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.

10 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 will have to cry because we have left none for them.

15 At present, there is a sad lack of what may be called national economy. This is noticeable all 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  
20 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 might almost be called the very shadow of death itself, so fearfully does it increase  
25 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  
30 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  
35 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 sake of their  
40 feathers, to decorate hats. But the songbirds of this country have a value which it would be difficult to measure. Consider them as they are in their native woods, when in the sweet springtime every tree harbours a musician, every bush shelters a songster;  
45 when every leaf seems to have found a voice, while far above 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, to the tired

[Turn over]

50 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 itself.  
Birdsong is soothing. The soul seems to borrow  
from the birds a portion of their ecstatic joy, the mind  
55 becomes calm, the nerves are soothed by their  
songs, cares and 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  
60 neither buffalo nor 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 only be seen  
stuffed in museums; when coals have gone down,  
65 and heat and power can only be obtained from the  
earth's dark depths, or from the heaving of the  
ocean; when the 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  
70 world, and we creatures of the present age will be  
well out of it.

**END OF SOURCES**

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