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
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
The Craig Bellamy Enigma

The famous forward is often regarded as one of football’s bad boys, but off the pitch there is a very different side to him.

Many people know that Craig Bellamy has had a series of run-ins with players, managers and fans, that he threw a chair at a coach and threatened a player with a golf club. He has been described as “another aggressive footballing idiot”, a view held by many fans when Bellamy is playing against their team.

However, not many people know that Bellamy is a regular visitor to Sierra Leone, one of the world’s most unstable countries. Two of Bellamy’s friends worked in Sierra Leone, a country that enchanted and shocked them in equal measure. They told the striker of their experiences and, curious to see for himself, he booked a flight. Bellamy spent his time there playing street football with any children he happened to bump into and fell in love with the place. He has spent time learning about the country’s history, politics and problems. As a result, he then set up a charity and has donated hundreds of thousands of pounds of his own money to help young people in this troubled country.

When he was at Liverpool, Bellamy ignored the warnings of his manager and travelled to Freetown, the dangerous capital of Sierra Leone, to start his charity. This year 1,600 boys aged between 11 and 14 play or train on a daily basis in a league supported by Bellamy’s charity. This is not about producing footballers for European clubs. It aims, instead, to ensure that children brought up in a country ravaged by war receive a proper education, become involved in their communities and are made aware of the scale and danger of HIV/AIDS. Under Bellamy’s leadership, school truancy rates have plummeted. While boys are barred from matches if they skip school, they are also not permitted on the pitch unless they have helped in community projects such as repairing wells and clearing vegetation likely to attract mosquitoes. Leagues for girls and amputees are also being established through Craig Bellamy’s generous funding and constant support.

He could have got involved with something a lot easier but he stuck with it. So far, Bellamy has invested £450,000 of his own cash and pledged a further £800,000, making it clear he is in it, as he says, “until I’m a very old man”. The steelworker’s son from a Cardiff council estate is totally committed to making a difference.

Not only has he supported football training sessions and made key decisions about the management of his charity but he has made visits to individual families with problem children.

Since his first visit he has worked tirelessly to make a difference. Bellamy is passionate and committed to anything he engages in, which explains why his career has been punctuated by so many touchline spats, not just with fiery opponents, but with fellow players and managers.

On the pitch people make assumptions about Craig and, often, they’re wrong. He’s matured a lot and he’s a top, top professional who wants to be the best and demands the best from his coaches and team-mates. He’s a winner who cares passionately. Perhaps too passionately. According to a team-mate, “There are times in a game when you have to pull him aside and have a word because he’s losing his temper, but as long as you keep communicating with him properly and explain why you’re doing things he’s a joy to work with.”

While Bellamy can be high maintenance he is also an exceptional attacking talent whose pace is complemented by high-calibre finishing ability. Unlike many other football players, he is also surprisingly selfless. Sir Bobby Robson, former manager of England and Newcastle, claims, “Craig always plays for the team rather than himself – unlike so many other players.” Bellamy’s career has been interrupted by serious injuries but he has bravely battled back and continues to play at a top level.

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Louise Taylor

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The essay on the opposite page, ‘Let’s hope our offensive, overpaid footballers have been watching the Games’, is by James Lawton.

The separate Resource Material is a newspaper article, ‘The Craig Bellamy Enigma’ by Louise Taylor.

Read the first page of the newspaper article in the Resource Material: ‘The Craig Bellamy Enigma’ by Louise Taylor.

1. According to this newspaper article, what has Craig Bellamy done to help young people in Sierra Leone? [10]

Now read the second page of the article.

2. What does Louise Taylor think and feel about Craig Bellamy in this part of the text? [10]

Now read the essay on the opposite page written by James Lawton.

3. James Lawton clearly admires the Olympic Games and the competitors. How does he show his admiration? [10]

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

4. What impressions do these two texts give of footballers?

Organise your answer under the following headings:

- the impressions given by James Lawton;
- the impressions given by Louise Taylor. [10]

You must make it clear in your answer which text you are taking your information from.
James Lawton: Let’s hope our offensive, overpaid footballers have been watching the Games

As the football season kicks off, it provokes in many a weary resignation, if not a degree of loathing for the troublesome players.

When they snuff out the Olympic flame tomorrow night, a brief but solemn prayer will surely be appropriate. Ideally, it will express the hope that all the joy and excitement that have touched so many people here and across the world these past two weeks will not disappear along with the flame.

The Games have been a sharp contrast to one of our favourite seasonal sports; football. Tomorrow will see the opening of a new football season with a match between the two richest clubs in the land, champions Manchester City and Chelsea. While the Olympics may have been a breath of sporting fresh air, few need reminding of what the money-drenched national game has come to represent.

On cycle tracks, the rowing lake and in the swimming pool we have seen the most thrilling competition and so many moments of unforgettable grace. Britain’s Olympians dominated many events and brought home a mountain of medals. These Olympians are truly inspirational. They make tremendous personal sacrifices; training relentlessly in all conditions for an event that only takes place once every four years. By shocking comparison, with footballers we expect greed and cheating coupled with destructive attitudes in an unending flow. During matches we witness their racism and foul-mouthed exchanges. Off the pitch there are Twitter rows and an overwhelming sense that if football has a dominant motivation, it is the pursuit of wealth. Yes, there are football stars like the incredibly charitable Didier Drogba and Craig Bellamy but there are far more tales of trouble and lawlessness, fighting on the pitch, drunken nightclub brawls and bad language. Did we hear of the Olympians fighting after their events? Did we see them being arrested for bad behaviour? Certainly not.

The Olympians brought fierce competition and brilliant individual and team performances but they were irresistible in the way they so powerfully reminded us of what sport can be when it is played in the right spirit. By contrast, often mediocre footballers live in luxury in multi-million pound homes with extravagant lifestyles, and do not set a good example to their many young followers. There are continual stories of affairs and wrongdoings. Many footballers’ monthly wages could support several Olympians for an entire year.

There was an extraordinary buzz during the Olympics, but there is now a question: will we feel like this when the football season starts? The greatest glory of these Olympics is that they have so strongly reasserted the power of sport to touch the lives of so many. Football, of course, exerts similar influence week by week. But its failure to ignite the kind of flame that has burned so brightly during the Olympics has never before been so harshly illuminated.

James Lawton

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