



General Certificate of Secondary Education
Higher Tier
January 2013

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 article called *Images bring life of lost Amazon tribe into sharp relief*
- **Source 2:** an article called *Slimezilla! Monster jellyfish armada threatens divers and nuclear plants*
- **Source 3:** an extract from a book by Bill Bryson.

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

Source 1

THE  TIMES

US & Americas

News | Opinion | Business | Money | Sports | Life | Arts | Puzzles | Papers |

Tuesday, February 1 | London | Max 7c  |  | 

Images bring life of lost Amazon tribe into sharp relief

Dom Phillips

The life of an isolated tribe in the Amazon jungle has been documented by a crew flying overhead in a helicopter.

The pictures show in vivid detail gardens for maize, sweet potato, pumpkins, bananas and peanuts. Cotton is also grown: the men in the photos have cotton waistbands and some have headdresses.

The Brazilian Indian affairs department has evidence of 29 un-contacted tribes (peoples who have no contact with the outside world) in the Amazon but believes that there could be up to 70. One theory is that tribes like this moved nearer to the head of the Amazon river 100 years ago to escape a rubber production boom that enslaved many Indians.



The tribe of 3,000 to 4,000 near Brazil's border with Peru are hunter-gatherers. The men, their bodies decorated with red dye, are armed with bows and arrows.

"They're not people who live by the river. They don't have intimacy with water. They're people from deep in the forest and they have agriculture," said José Meirelles, who was in the helicopter when the images were taken last June. "The helicopter was more than a kilometre away. It's not permitted to fly above. It's aggressive and we try to do the minimum amount of damage," he said.

Survival International, the group dedicated to tribal peoples, released the images yesterday for its Un-contacted Tribes campaign. The tribe was first spotted in 2008 but had never been seen in such clarity.

"The detail is really clear. In the photos you can see they are remarkably healthy. You can see their gardens, their baskets full of manioc, a tropical plant from which they get flour," said Fiona Watson, research director and Brazil campaigner of Survival International. "A lot of the un-contacted people are basically survivors who have managed to escape being colonised. They know they will only survive if they remain isolated from the outside world.

"It is almost certain that they will have their own language. We believe they may be part of the larger Indian group."

The images show a machete and a metal cooking pot that the tribe may have got from other Indians who, in turn, have had contact with loggers or raided logging camps.

Contact with the outside world is invariably disastrous for an isolated tribe. Illnesses such as the common cold can kill up to 50 per cent of its population.

Since 1987 the Brazilian Government has had a policy of no contact with such tribes. But the tribe's isolation is increasingly threatened.

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Source 2

Slimezilla! Monster jellyfish armada threatens divers and nuclear plants

Richard Lloyd Parry in Tokyo



They poison fish, sting humans and even attack nuclear power stations. They are 6ft wide, up to 200 kg in weight, pink, slimy and repellent. They sound like rubber monsters from a *Godzilla* film but they inflict real misery on Asian fishermen.

They are Nomura's jellyfish, an authentic horror of the deep about to launch their latest assault on a helpless Japan. An armada of the behemoths is gathering in the Yellow Sea off China.

"The arrival is inevitable," Professor Shinichi Ue, a jellyfish authority said. "A huge jellyfish typhoon will hit the country."

It was in 2005 that fishermen chasing anchovies, salmon and yellowtail began finding huge numbers of the jellyfish in their nets. When the jellyfish grow larger than a metre in diameter, half a dozen can destroy a fishing net. The fish caught alongside them were poisoned and be-slimed and rendered un-saleable.

Even some of the many nuclear power plants along the Japan Sea coast found that the jellyfish got sucked into the pumps taking in sea-water to cool their reactors.

No one is sure about the reasons for the slimy plague. One theory is that global warming is heating up the sea-water and encouraging breeding.

Enterprising Japanese are making the most of the situation. Fishermen have devised ways of keeping the jellyfish out of their nets with sharp wires.

Most bizarrely, a company called Tango Jersey Dairy sells vanilla and jellyfish ice-cream. It is described as "slightly chewy".

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SOURCE 2: *Slimezilla! Monster jellyfish armada threatens divers and nuclear plants.* © The Times 07 2009.

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SOURCE 3: Bear Encounter from *A Walk in the Woods* by Bill Bryson, published by Black Swan. Reprinted by permission of The Random House Group Ltd.

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Source 3**Bear Encounter**

Bill Bryson and his friend Stephen Katz are camping in the woods of North America.

There was a sound of undergrowth being disturbed - a click of breaking branches, a weighty pushing through low foliage - and then a kind of large, vaguely irritable snuffling noise.

Bear!

I sat bolt upright. Instantly every neuron in my brain was awake and dashing around frantically, like ants when you disturb their nest. I reached instinctively for my knife, then realized I had left it in my pack, just outside the tent. Nocturnal defence had ceased to be a concern after many successive nights of tranquil woodland repose.

There was another noise, quite near.

‘Stephen, you awake?’ I whispered.

‘Yup,’ he replied in a weary but normal voice.

‘What was that?’

‘How the hell should I know?’

‘It sounded big.’

‘Everything sounds big in the woods.’

This was true. Once a skunk had come plodding through our camp and it had sounded like a stegosaurus. There was another heavy rustle and then the sound of lapping at the spring. It was having a drink, whatever it was.

I shuffled on my knees to the foot of the tent, cautiously unzipped the mesh and peered out, but it was pitch black. As quietly as I could, I brought in my backpack and, with the light of a small torch, searched through it for my knife. When I found it and opened the blade I was appalled at how wimpy it looked. It was a perfectly respectable appliance for, say, buttering pancakes, but patently inadequate for defending oneself against 400 pounds of ravenous fur.

Carefully, very carefully, I climbed from the tent and put on the torch, which cast a distressingly feeble beam. Something about 15 or 20 feet away looked up at me. I couldn’t see anything at all of its shape or size - only two shining eyes. It went silent, whatever it was, and stared back at me.

‘Stephen,’ I whispered at his tent, ‘did you pack a knife?’

‘No.’

‘Have you got anything sharp at all?’

He thought for a moment. ‘Nail clippers.’

I made a despairing face. ‘Anything a little more vicious than that? Because, you see, there is definitely something out here.’

‘It’s probably just a skunk.’

‘Then it’s one big skunk. Its eyes are three feet off the ground.’

‘A deer then.’

I nervously threw a stick at the animal, and it didn’t move, whatever it was. A deer would have bolted. This thing just blinked once and kept staring.

I reported this to Katz.

‘Probably a buck. They’re not so timid. Try shouting at it.’

I cautiously shouted at it: ‘Hey! You there! Scat!’ The creature blinked again, singularly unmoved. ‘You shout,’ I said.

‘Oh, you brute, go away, do!’ Katz shouted in merciless imitation. ‘Please withdraw at once, you horrid creature.’

‘Oh thank you,’ I said and lugged my tent right over to his. I didn’t know what this would achieve exactly, but it brought me a tiny measure of comfort to be nearer to him.

‘What are you doing?’

‘I’m moving my tent.’

‘Oh, good plan. That’ll really confuse it.’

I peered and peered, but I couldn’t see anything but those two wide-set eyes staring from the near distance like eyes in a cartoon. I couldn’t decide whether I wanted to be outside and dead or inside and waiting to be dead. I was barefoot and in my underwear and shivering. What I really wanted - really, really wanted - was for the animal to withdraw.

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