

A

AQA 

GCSE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

**Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and
perspectives**

8700/2

Insert

[Turn over]

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The two sources that follow are:

**SOURCE A: 20th Century literary
non-fiction**

‘Morning Glass’

**An extract from Mike Doyle’s
autobiography, published in 1993.**

SOURCE B: 19th Century non-fiction

‘The Hawaiian Archipelago’

**An extract from a letter written by
Isabella Bird, published in 1875.**

**Please turn the page over to see the
sources**

SOURCE A

Source A is taken from ‘Morning Glass’, the autobiography of professional surfer Mike Doyle. In this extract, he describes his introduction to the world of surfing at the beach near his home in California in the 1950s.



The picture shows five men surfing on a large wave.

1 The first time I ever saw somebody
riding a surfboard was at the
Manhattan Pier in 1953. As much
time as I'd spent at the beach, you'd
5 think I would have at least seen one
surfer before then. But there were
only a few dozen surfers in all of
California at that time and, like
surfers today, they were out at dawn
10 surfing the morning glass. By the
time the crowds arrived, they were
gone.

But this one morning I took the first
bus to the beach, walked out onto
15 the Manhattan Pier, looked down and
saw these bronzed gods, all in
incredibly good shape, happier and
18 healthier than anybody I'd ever seen.
They sat astride their boards,
20 laughing with each other; at the first
swell they swung their long boards
around, dropped to their stomachs,

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and began paddling towards shore. From my viewpoint, it was almost as
25 if I were on the board myself,
paddling for the swell, sliding into
the wave, coming to my feet, and
angling the board down that long
wall of green water. It was almost as
30 if I already knew that feeling in my
bones. From that day on, I knew that
surfing was for me.

There were several surfers out that
day. Greg Noll was just a kid then,
35 about sixteen years old, but he was
hot. On one wave he turned around
backward on his board, showing off
a bit for the people watching from
the pier. I was just dazzled.

40 Once I'd discovered there was such
a thing as surfing, I began plotting
my chance to try it. I used to stand
out in the surf and wait until one of

the surfers lost his board. The
45 boards then were eleven feet long,
twenty-four inches wide and weighed
fifty or sixty pounds. When they
washed in broadside, they would hit
me in the legs and knock me over. I
50 would jump back up, scramble the
board around, hop on, and paddle it
ten feet before the owner snatched it
back – ‘Thanks, kid’ – and paddled
away.

55 Most surfers at that time were riding
either hollow paddle-boards (a
wooden framework with a plywood
shell), or solid redwood slabs, some
of them twelve feet long. The much
60 lighter and much better balsa wood
boards were just starting to appear.

One day in 1954, when I was thirteen,
I was down at Manhattan Pier
watching a guy ride a huge

[Turn over]

65 old-fashioned paddle-board – what
we used to call a kook box. It was
hollow, made of mahogany, about
fourteen feet long, maybe sixty-five
pounds and had no fin. It was the
70 kind of paddle-board lifeguards used
for rescues; they worked fine for that
purpose, but for surfing they were
unbelievably awkward. When the
guy came out of the water, dragging
75 the board behind him, I asked if I
could borrow it for a while. He
looked at me like ‘Get lost, kid.’ But
when he sat down on the beach, I
pestered him until he finally
80 shrugged and nodded toward the
board.

I’d watched enough surfing by then
to have a pretty clear idea of the
technique involved. I dragged the
85 board into the water and flopped on
top of it. After a while I managed to

paddle the thing out beyond the shore break and got it turned around. To my surprise, after a few awkward
90 tries, I managed to get that big, clumsy thing going left on a three foot wave. I came to my feet, right foot forward, just like riding a scooter. I had no way of turning the
95 board but for a few brief seconds, I was gliding over the water.

As the wave started to break behind me, I looked back, then completely panicked. I hadn't thought that far
100 ahead yet! My first impulse was to bail out, so I jumped out in front of the board, spread-eagled. I washed up on the beach, dragged myself onto the dry sand, and lay there
105 groaning.

[Turn over for Source B]

SOURCE B

In 1875, the British explorer Isabella Bird travelled to Hawaii, an island in the Pacific Ocean.

Source B is an extract from a letter she wrote to her sister back in England, describing a visit to the Hawaiian town of Hilo. At that time in Britain surfing, or ‘surf-bathing’, was a completely unknown sport.

Our host came in to say that a grand display of the national sport of surf-bathing was going on, and a large party of us went down to the beach
5 for two hours to enjoy it. It is really a most exciting pastime, and in a rough sea requires immense nerve. The surf-board is a tough plank of wood shaped like a coffin lid, about
10 two feet broad, and from six to nine

feet long, well-oiled and cared for. They are usually made of wood from the native breadfruit tree, and then blessed in a simple ritual.

15 The surf was very heavy and favourable, and legions of local people were swimming and splashing in the sea, though not more than forty had their Papa-he-
20 nalu, or 'wave sliding boards,' with them. The men, each carrying their own hand-carved boards under their arms, waded out from some rocks on which the sea was breaking, and,
25 pushing their boards before them, swam out to the first line of breakers*, and then diving down were seen no more till they re-appeared half a mile from shore.

[Turn over]

30 What they seek is a very high
breaker, on the top of which they
leap from behind, lying face
downwards on their boards. As the
wave speeds on, and the bottom
35 strikes the ground, the top breaks
into a huge comber*. The swimmers
appeared posing themselves on its
highest edge by dexterous
movements of their hands and feet,
40 keeping just at the top of the curl,
but always apparently coming down
hill with a slanting motion.

43 So they rode in majestically, always
just ahead of the breaker, carried
45 shorewards by its mighty impulse at
the rate of forty miles an hour, as the
more daring riders knelt and even
stood on their surf-boards, waving
their arms and uttering exultant
50 cries. They were always apparently
on the verge of engulfment by the

fierce breaker whose towering white crest was ever above and just behind them, but just as one expected to see
55 them dashed to pieces, they either waded quietly ashore, or sliding off their boards, dived under the surf, and were next seen far out at sea, as a number of heads bobbing about
60 like corks in smooth water, preparing
61 for fresh exploits.

The great art seems to be to mount the breaker precisely at the right time, and to keep exactly on its curl
65 just before it breaks. Two or three athletes, who stood erect on their boards as they swept exultingly shorewards, were received with ringing cheers by the crowd. Many
70 of the less expert failed to throw themselves on the crest, and slid back into smooth water, or were caught in the breakers which were

[Turn over]

75 fully ten feet high, and after being
rolled over and over, disappeared
amidst roars of laughter, and shouts
from the shore.

80 At first I held my breath in terror,
thinking they were smothered or
dashed to pieces, and then in a few
seconds I saw the dark heads of the
objects of my anxiety bobbing about
behind the breakers waiting for
another chance. The shore was
85 thronged with spectators, and the
presence of the elite of Hilo
stimulated the swimmers to
wonderful exploits. I enjoyed the
afternoon thoroughly.

90 Is it always afternoon here, I
wonder? The sea was so blue, the
sunlight so soft, the air so sweet.
There was no toil, clang, or hurry.
People were all holidaymaking, and

95 enjoying themselves, the surf-
bathers in the sea, and hundreds of
gaily-dressed men and women
galloping on the beach. It was so
serene and tropical. I envy those
100 who remain for ever on such
enchanted shores.

GLOSSARY

*** breaker/comber – terms used by surfers for a large wave that breaks into white foam**

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