

Using information from **TEXT D** and **Text E**, synthesise the feelings of the writers to the activities they describe. (10)

You must refer to both texts to support your answer.

6

Text D is taken from an internet blog written for families by Paul Birmingham.

The joy of kite-flying – who knew?



It's taken me 34 years on planet Earth to experience the thrill of flying a kite. I know, I know, what was I doing as a child? Sadly, it seems I lived an unfulfilled, kiteless childhood...

Homemade heaven

Earlier in the year my kitelessness ended when the family and I attended a local kite festival. Apart from it being an awesome spectacle with giant octopus, sharks and dragons filling the skies (a spectacle so good it kept my kids away from the flashing swords and ice cream sellers for a record-breaking half an hour!) we got to make our own kites. For just a couple of pounds and the assistance of some friendly folk on the stand, the children had their very own kites and it was time to give them a go...

Disappointingly, the kites were great and the kids loved them. Yes, I did say 'disappointingly' and the reason being that the kids required no help from me. They were happy with just themselves and their new toys and I didn't get a look in! Even my three-year-old told me, "Get off Daddy. Go away!" Charming. But seriously, what joy from a piece of plastic, a couple of sticks, tape and string. And never fear, leave the kids long enough and it's inevitable that they'll get tangled-up, giving you the perfect excuse to assist and show them how it's done!

Text E is adapted from *'The Mountains of My Life'*, which is a collection of autobiographical writing by famous mountaineer Walter Bonatti.

I was living in Italy in the years after the Second World War. They were hard times, too, for a boy with no prospects facing life in a defeated country. It was during those years that I came to know and love the mountains. And despite the fact that, in those days, I only went by the paths, I couldn't help but be fascinated by the spires and crests of the beautiful peak on which, with wonder and envy, I used to see climbing ropes at work. I would stand for hours on end watching those lucky people, then try to imitate them only a few feet from the ground on a nearby boulder.

One day my usual companion arrived with his mother's clothesline in his backpack. This was the first time I ever tied myself on to a climbing rope, but I tried to put into practice what I had been watching.

A real, genuine climb was to follow not much later, thanks to a chap called Elia who was to become a friend of mine. One day, Elia discovered me intently watching the progress of a roped pair that was climbing on the rock face above. It must have touched him because he came up to me, decked out in all his climbing gear, and, with the air of an expert, said, "How'd you like to try it?"

"I couldn't think of anything I'd like more!" I replied.

Five minutes later we were climbing. We roped up and, after giving me some instructions, Elia set off. However, after climbing no more than ten feet or so, my new friend seemed to struggle. I watched him as he tried to go on, bending first to one side, then to the other. He curled himself up, then tried again, and yet again. But he stayed right where he was.

Finally he decided to turn back.

"My soles are slipping!" he said to excuse himself, then added, "Go on! You have a try!"

I was wearing a pair of enormous army boots with square toes, and a wide leather strap.

If Elia couldn't get up wearing climbing boots, I thought, how on earth will I be able to do it without a rope holding me from above? In spite of this, I wanted to try so much that I took his place. I don't know how I did it, but I somehow managed to climb that first difficult pitch. Suddenly I felt I was at the centre of a delirious dream. When the rope ran out, Elia, now held by me from above, was able to come up and join me.