

Section A: 40 MARKS

Answer **all** of the following questions

*The **separate Resource Material for use with Section A** is an online newspaper article, 'A balloon ride with Bill Deedes was 'the most terrifying trip of my life'' written by David Hempleman-Adams in 2007.*

*The extract opposite is an extract from a book, 'The Great World of London', written by Henry Mayhew in 1857.*

**Read the newspaper article 'A balloon ride with Bill Deedes was 'the most terrifying trip of my life'' in the separate Resource Material.**

- A1. (a) How old was Bill Deedes when Hempleman-Adams took him up in a hot-air balloon?  
(b) What was Bill Deedes wearing for the hot-air balloon ride? [1]  
(c) List one other 'scary thing' that Hempleman-Adams has done in his life other than the balloon ride? [1]

- A2. How does David Hempleman-Adams show that the balloon ride with Bill Deedes was "the most terrifying trip" of his life?

You should comment on:

- what he says
- his use of language, tone and structure [10]

**To answer the following questions you will need to read the extract opposite by Henry Mayhew.**

- A3. (a) What part of the day was it when Henry Mayhew took off in the hot air balloon? [1]  
(b) List two buildings Mayhew saw during his flight. [2]

**To answer the following questions you will need to use both texts.**

- A5. Using information from both texts, explain how the weather conditions can affect your experience in a hot air balloon. [4]

- A6. Both of these texts are about flying in a hot air balloon.

Compare:

- (a) how the writers feel about their experience
- (b) how the writers get across their experience to the reader. [10]

*You must refer to the text to support your comments and make it clear which text you are referring to.*

*Hot-air ballooning was very popular during the middle of the nineteenth century, especially in London. In this extract from his book, 'The Great World of London', Henry Mayhew describes his experience of flying in a hot-air balloon over the city.*

It was late in the evening (a fine autumn one; clear skies and a light westerly that would guide us across London) when the gun was fired that was the signal for the great gas-bag to be loosened from the ropes that held it down to the soil; and immediately the buoyant machine bounded, like a big ball, into the air. Or, rather let us say, the earth seemed to sink suddenly down and the people, who had been grouped about the basket, appeared to fall from a level from the eye; and instantaneously, there was seen a multitude of flat, upturned faces in the gardens below.

The moment after this, the balloon vaulted over the trees, and we saw the roadway outside the gardens stuck all over with mobs of tiny people, while the hubbub of the voices below, and the cries of "Ah bal-loon!" from the boys, rose to the ear like the sound of a distant school let loose to play.

Then, as we floated gently along below the still cloudless skies, and above the fields in a line with the Thames towards Richmond, and looked over the edge of the basket in which we were standing, the sight was the most exquisite visual delight ever experienced. The houses directly underneath us looked like tiny wooden things out of a child's box of toys, and the streets were ruts in the ground; and we could hear the hum of voices rising from every spot we passed over, faint as the buzzing of bees.

Indeed, it was the most wonderful sight to behold that vast mass of churches and hospitals, banks and prisons, palaces and workhouses, parks and squares, and courts and alleys, which make up London – all blended into one immense black spot. To look down upon the whole as the birds of the air look upon it, and see it dwindled into a mere rubbish heap. To feel yourself floating through the endless realms of space, drinking in the pure air of the skies, as you go sailing along among the stars, free as "the lark at heaven's gate".

Such is the scene we behold, and such are the thoughts that stir the brain whilst looking over London from the car of a balloon.

# A balloon ride with Bill Deedes was 'the most terrifying trip of my life'

Thrill seekers: Bill Deedes and David Hempleman-Adams high over the Somerset countryside.

By David Hempleman-Adams

12:03AM BST 23 Aug 2007

**David Hempleman-Adams has made dangerous journeys all over the world, but a gentle balloon flight with the late Bill Deedes turned out to be just as memorable.**

Many people have asked me over the years to name the scariest thing I have ever done. Well, it wasn't climbing Everest, trekking to the North and South Poles, or even freezing in a balloon over the Atlantic. It was taking a frail Bill Deedes, aged 90, up in a hot-air balloon.

I had met Bill many times when, in 2002, he asked to interview me about a balloon trip across the Atlantic that I was planning. I suggested we meet for lunch to discuss it but he said: "No need for lunch, I just want to fly in the balloon to feel the adventure. Young man, I'll be with you at 6pm on Thursday for the flight."

I took a big gulp. Naturally I wasn't going to turn down Bill Deedes, but this was a tall order. Ballooning depends entirely on the weather - I could not promise a trouble-free flight. I explained this to Bill, who said: "Don't worry, it will be OK." I knew I'd met my match.

When he arrived at the launch in Bath wearing a tweed suit, I could see immediately that he was the most dapper passenger I had ever flown. He was also the oldest. I was nervous.

As I had feared, the weather wasn't conducive for transporting anyone with strong gusts and the threat of rain. While the ground crew struggled in the wind to inflate the balloon, Bill appeared excited, if a little apprehensive.

When I lifted him into the basket I realised there was nothing of him. At that point I questioned the risk I was taking - I probably should have abandoned the flight but didn't want to disappoint him.

Fortified by prayers, I decided to continue. He wanted to go up in a balloon more than anyone I had ever taken. I prayed: "Please don't let me kill him. Please give me a stand-up landing."

At take-off my back was wet with sweat as I did my best to ensure a smooth launch. Bill, the consummate professional, got out his notepad and pencil as we flew over the countryside. I was frantically navigating the balloon, dodging in and out of the way of the photographer.

Bill asked: "Now, David, what will be the dangers of crossing the Atlantic?" I said: "Bill, can we talk when we are on the ground?" It wasn't the best time to do an interview. He replied: "Yes, of course. And what height will you be flying at?" Leave it out, Bill! He had a ready chuckle and a grin like the Cheshire Cat.

We were zipping across the tree tops at 25 knots. I warned him that our landing might be difficult but he didn't seem worried. I prayed to the wind gods. Luckily, we managed a stand-up landing and he survived to tell the tale.

Within minutes of landing, somebody thrust a glass of champagne into his hand. I said: "They've got Scotch if you prefer, Bill."

"Now you're talking," he replied.

With each gulp the colour returned to his face - it was like watching a Tom and Jerry cartoon. As for me, my knees didn't stop shaking until I'd had a few drinks.

Taking him up in the balloon may have been a risk, but it was an honour and privilege. And I'll never forget the delight on his face when we landed. A smile, a chuckle - I salute you, old soldier.