**English Language J351/01
Practice Questions**

Answer **all** the questions in Section A

Question 1 is about Text 1, *The Death of Lord Nelson* by William Beatty M.D.

1.

1. Look again at paragraph one. Give two quotations which show the conditions on the Victory.

[2 marks]

1. Look again at paragraph two. Explain how Nelson received his mortal wound.

 [2 marks]

Question 2 is about **Text 1** *The Death of Lord Nelson* by William Beatty M.D. and **Text 2** *D-Day*: byStephen E. Ambrose

2. Both Nelson and Summers lead by example. How do they do this?

Draw on evidence from both texts to support your answer

 [6 marks]

Question 3 is about **Text 2** *D-Day*: byStephen E. Ambrose

3. Explore how the writer uses language and structure to present the lack of support given to Sgt. Summers.

 Support your ideas by referring to the text, using relevant subject terminology.

 [12 marks]

Question 4 is about **Text 1** and **Text 2**

4. ‘These texts show combat as a terrifyingly dangerous experience.’

 How far do you agree with this statement?

 In your answer you should:

* + - discuss what you learn about combat from these texts
		- explain the impact of these ideas on the reader
		- compare the ways in which combat is shown

 Support your response with quotations from **both** texts.

 [18 marks]

**Text 1**

***The Death of Lord Nelson*: by William Beatty M.D.**

Lord NELSON and Captain HARDY walked the quarter-deck in conversation for some time, while the Enemy kept up an incessant raking fire. A double-headed shot struck one of the parties of Marines drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them; when His LORDSHIP, perceiving this, ordered Captain ADAIR, to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. In a few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace-bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Lord NELSON and Captain HARDY; a splinter from the bits bruising Captain HARDY’S foot, and tearing the buckle from his shoe. They both instantly stopped; and were observed by the Officers on deck to survey each other with inquiring looks, each supposing the other to be wounded. His Lordship then smiled, and said: “This is too warm work, HARDY, to last long;” and declared that through all the battles he had been in, he had never witnessed more cool courage than was displayed by the *Victory*’s crew on this occasion.

At this period, scarcely a person in the *Victory* escaped unhurt who was exposed to the Enemy's musketry; but there were frequent huzzas and cheers heard from between the decks, in token of the surrender of different of the Enemy's ships. It was from this ship (the Redoutable) that Lord NELSON received his mortal wound. About fifteen minutes past one o'clock, the fatal ball was fired from the Enemy's mizen-top. The ball struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, and penetrated his chest. He fell with his face on the deck. Captain HARDY, advanced some steps before His LORDSHIP and expressed a hope that he was not severely wounded; to which the gallant Chief replied: "They have done for me at last, HARDY."—"I hope not," answered Captain HARDY. "Yes," replied His LORDSHIP; "my backbone is shot through."

While the men were carrying him down the ladder from the middle deck, His LORDSHIP observed that the tiller-ropes were not yet replaced; and desired one of the Midshipmen stationed there to go upon the quarter-deck and remind Captain HARDY of that circumstance, and request that new ones should be immediately rove. Having delivered this order, he took his handkerchief from his pocket and covered his face with it, that he might be conveyed to the cockpit at this crisis unnoticed by the crew.

Several wounded Officers, and about forty men, were likewise earned to the Surgeon for assistance just at this time; and some others had breathed their last during their conveyance below. When the Surgeon informed him, His LORDSHIP replied, "Ah, Mr. BEATTY! you can do nothing for me. I have but a short time to live: my back is shot through." His LORDSHIP was laid upon a bed, stripped of his clothes, and covered with a sheet. While this was effecting, he said to Doctor SCOTT, "Doctor, I told you so. Doctor, I am gone;" His LORDSHIP was requested by the Surgeon to make him acquainted with all his sensations. He replied, that "he felt a gush of blood every minute within his breast: that he had no feeling in the lower part of his body: and that his breathing was difficult, and attended with very severe pain about that part of the spine where he was confident that the ball had struck; for," said he, "I felt it break my back."

His LORDSHIP now felt an ardent thirst; and frequently called for drink, and to be fanned with paper, making use of these words: "Fan, fan," and "Drink, drink."

An hour and ten minutes however elapsed, from the time of His LORDSHIP's being wounded, before Captain HARDY's first subsequent interview with him. “Take care of my dear Lady HAMILTON, HARDY; take care of poor Lady HAMILTON. Kiss me, HARDY." The Captain now knelt down, and kissed his cheek; when HIS LORDSHIP said, "Now I am satisfied. GOD bless you, HARDY!" After this affecting scene Captain HARDY withdrew, and returned to the quarter-deck, having spent about eight minutes in this his last interview with his dying friend.

Lord NELSON now desired Mr. CHEVALIER, his Steward, to turn him upon his right side. "Drink, drink," "Fan, fan," and "Rub, rub:" addressing himself in the last case to Doctor SCOTT, who had been rubbing HIS LORDSHIP'S breast with his hand, from which he found some relief. These words he spoke in a very rapid manner, which rendered his articulation difficult: but he every now and then, with evident increase of pain, made a greater effort with his vocal powers, and pronounced distinctly these last words: "Thank GOD, I have done my duty;" and this great sentiment he continued to repeat as long as he was able to give it utterance.

**Text 2**

***D-Day*: byStephen E. Ambrose** *(an extract describing the heroic exploits of Sgt Harrison Summers)*

Summers set out immediately, not even taking the time to learn the names of the men he was leading, who were showing considerable reluctance to follow this unknown sergeant. Summers grabbed one man, Sgt. Leland Baker, and told him, "Go up to the top of this rise and watch in that direction and don't let anything come over that hill and get on my flank. Stay there until you're told to come back." Baker did as ordered.
    Summers then went to work, charging the first farmhouse, hoping his hodgepodge squad would follow. It did not, but he kicked in the door and sprayed the interior with his tommy gun. Four Germans fell dead, others ran out a back door to the next house. Summers, still alone, charged that house; again the Germans fled. His example inspired Pvt. William Burt to come out of the roadside ditch where the group was hiding, set up his light machine gun, and begin laying down a suppressing fire against the third barracks building.
    Once more Summers dashed forward. The Germans were ready this time; they shot at him from loopholes but, what with Burt's machine-gun fire and Summers's zigzag running, failed to hit him. Summers kicked in the door and sprayed the interior, killing six Germans and driving the remainder out of the building.
    Summers dropped to the ground, exhausted and in emotional shock. He rested for half an hour. His squad came up and replenished his ammunition supply. As he rose to go on, an unknown captain from the 101st, mis-dropped by miles, appeared at his side. "I'll go with you," said the captain. At that instant he was shot through the heart and Summers was again alone. He charged another building, killing six more Germans. The rest threw up their hands. Summers's squad was close behind; he turned the prisoners over to his men.
    One of them, Pvt. John Camien from New York City, called out to Summers: "Why are you doing it?"
    "I can't tell you," Summers replied.
     "What about the others?"
    "They don't seem to want to fight," said Summers, "and I can't make them. So I've got to finish it."
     "OK," said Camien. "I'm with you."
    Together, Summers and Camien moved from building to building, taking turns charging and giving covering fire. Burt meanwhile moved up with his machine gun. Between the three of them, they killed more Germans.
    There were two buildings to go. Summers charged the first and kicked the door open, to see the most improbable sight. Fifteen German artillerymen were seated at mess tables eating breakfast. Summers never paused; he shot them down at the tables.
    The last building was the largest. Beside it was a shed and a haystack. Burt used tracer bullets to set them ablaze. The shed was used by the Germans for ammunition storage; it quickly exploded, driving thirty Germans out into the open, where Summers, Camien, and Burt shot some of them down as the others fled.
    Another member of Summers's makeshift squad came up. He had a bazooka, which he used to set the roof of the last building on fire. The Germans on the ground floor were firing a steady fusillade from loopholes in the trails, but as the flames began to build they dashed out. Many died in the open. Thirty-one others emerged with raised hands to offer their surrender.
    Summers collapsed, exhausted by his nearly five hours of combat. He lit a cigarette. One of the men asked him, "How do you feel?"
    "Not very good." Summers answered. "It was all kind of crazy. I'm sure I'll never do anything like that again.”
    Summers got a battlefield commission and a Distinguished Service Cross. He was put in for the Medal of Honor, but the paperwork got lost. In the late 1980s, after Summers's death from cancer, Pry, Baker and others made an effort to get the medal awarded posthumously, without success. Summers is a legend with American paratroopers nonetheless, the Sergeant York of World War II. His story has too much John Wayne/Hollywood in it to be believed, except that more than ten men saw and reported his exploits.