

Source A

Strong and stony as the prison seems to passers by, it looks much stonier and stronger to the men who enter it. The multiplicity of heavy walls, of iron gates and doorways; of huge locks, of bolts, spikes and bars of every imaginable shape and size, make of the place a very nightmare dungeon. I followed the gruff under-warden, through some dark and chilly vaulted passages, now turning to the right, now to the left. We crossed a large hall, in the centre of which is a glass room for the use of prisoners when they are giving instructions to their lawyers [...].

Still following, I was led into another large recess or chamber, on one side of which was a huge boiler with a furnace glowing under it, and on another side a large stone bath. On the third wall there were a couple of round towels on a roller, with a wooden bench beneath them.

"Stop," cried the warden, "take your clothes off." I hesitated. "Take off your clothes, do you hear?" My clothes were soon laid on the bench, and a hot bath filled, and I went in. The officer had then his opportunity of taking up my garments one by one, searching their pockets and their linings, feeling them about and holding them against the light. My boots appeared to be especially suspicious. After he had put his hands into them, he thumped them violently on the stone floor; but there rolled nothing out.

Having bathed, I was led down another passage, at the end of which were two gratings of iron bars, closely woven over with wire-work, distant about two feet from each other. Unlocking both he pushed me through, and started me up two or three steps into a square court-yard, where there was a man walking to and fro very violently. After shouting "One in!" he locked the two gratings, and retreated rapidly in the direction of his dinner. Another warden with a bunch of keys came from a gloomy building that formed one side of the court. "Go up," he said to the pedestrian; who disappeared up a staircase instantly.

"Where are you from?" the jailor asked me, and "What are you here for?" Being replied to on these points, he said shortly, "Come this way." He led up the dark stone staircase to a corridor with cells on one side, having iron doors to them a foot or more in thickness. One of those cells was to be mine. Venturing as I went in to ask "Whether I might be allowed to walk in the yard when I pleased?" he answered sharply, "You'll just please to walk where and when you're told." He slammed the door, bolted it, locked, and padlocked it.

The cell was about eight feet by four, lighted by a loophole above eye-level. It contained, besides an iron bedstead with a straw mattress and two coarse rugs upon it, an uncomfortable stool and a slanting reading-desk fastened to the wall, on which were a Bible, a prayer-book, and hymn-book. Alone for the first time since my apprehension, I stretched myself upon the bed; and, with my hands over my eyes endeavoured to collect my thoughts.

I was soon aroused by the undoing of bolts and bars below, while a stentorian voice shouted from the yard, "All — down!" I heard the cell doors being opened in the corridor; and, in due turn mine was flung open, and the jailor looked in. The impression my body had left upon the rugs enraged him dreadfully. "What," he cried, almost in a scream, "you've been a lying on that 'ere bed, have you! You just let me catch you on it again till night, that's all!"

"Oh," I said soothingly, "I didn't know. Now that I do know, I will not lie down again."

"If I find you on it again I'll have you up before the governor or stop your supper. That's all. Go down."

\*stentorian — loud, powerful, booming (describing a voice)



MONDAY 11 MARCH

Many people think that prison must be a terrifying place with lots of violent women locked behind bars. It isn't. My arrival at Holloway was smooth, humane and expertly carried out, involving quick fingerprinting and the BOSS chair (Body Orifice Security Scanner), essentially a metal detector.

There was no strip search but there are rules. It was clear I had brought in far too many clothes. I was allowed to keep just 12 tops (shirts, T-shirts and jumpers) and six bottoms (trousers, tracksuit bottoms and pyjamas).

No toiletries were allowed but I was given an emergency bag with prison issue and I bought a 'welcome' bag for £2.99, which would be subtracted from the cash I brought in with me.

It contained a bottle of orange squash, biscuits, a bar of milk chocolate, deodorant, toothbrush and toothpaste, a comb and some tea bags and sugar. I had the choice of that or a smoker's bag. But I could take in my books, all 18 of them and many given to me by my children, as well as my writing pads and a couple of pens.

The welcome group and prison guards helped me and some other new inmates move our personal belongings, which had been transferred into transparent prison plastic bags, to landing A3, the reception landing, which ended up being my home for the next few days.

The lovely girl who had secured the food for me told me on the way that she had two more years to do but enjoyed doing the reception work because it kept her out of her cell until quite late in the evening.

That night was bitterly cold and I soon realised that the windows in Holloway cells do little to keep the chill out.

At first I was shown a cell with no curtains and my helpers tried to fasten an orange blanket on to the railings, without much success. Fortunately there was another single cell available with curtains, this time near the guards' office, but the TV was not working so there was another quick changeover.

Then it was obvious that one thin orange blanket on the bed was not enough. Soon the girls were at my cell door with extra blankets even though that was apparently not normally allowed; within a few

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minutes I ended up with five and had to turn down the offer of a sixth.

And then extra fruit and sandwiches that the girls must have had in their own cells started arriving, and shampoo for the shower and extra toilet roll for the loo in my cell. I couldn't believe the kindness of them all.

Many have commented about the solidarity in women's prisons – yes, there is bitching and some bullying but there is also a lot more demonstrable empathy among the women prisoners than in a men's prison.

They say that when that first lock-up happens and you are left alone in your room, reality finally takes its toll; when they finally lie in bed most new prisoners turn their heads towards the wall and start crying.

I watched the coverage of my case on TV and fell promptly asleep.

#### THURSDAY 14 MARCH

In the morning, a female guard from a different floor told me that there had been discussion for me to move to D0, the enhanced wing on the ground floor.

I told her I was happy to stay where I was for the time being. Frankly, I had already become friendly with the girls on my landing and had no wish to move.

And I had learned quite a lot of things from them – for example, how to put a pin on the latch door and pull it shut, or almost shut, from the inside if someone had left the hatch open and the lights on in the corridor through the night. This also cut out noise. Strangely, it gave you a feeling of being in control, which was welcome.

At the same time the girls showed me what to do if an overzealous guard had locked the latch door and there was no one there to unlock it – the back of the plastic spoon worked very well as a key.

A morning spent outside my cell, given the horror stories of very long lock-ups endured by many prisoners, was a relief.

I went to see the lovely nurse, and an instant friendship developed. She filled in my personal medical history details, checked my blood pressure (which had gone down sharply after a couple of nights in Holloway) and suggested I should have a hepatitis B injection.

I at first refused as I don't much like needles but she explained it was for my protection in case an inmate were to bite me.

There are a lot of drug addicts in prison who may be carrying the virus from infected needles. After her explanation, I did not hesitate for an instant.

My children came that Thursday afternoon for an hour. It was a tightly supervised setting, but it was brilliant. We had to sit opposite each other after we kissed and I reassured them that I was OK.

There were strict rules about moving around so we had to stay in our seats except when they got me a much-needed cup of coffee. I wasn't allowed to do it myself.

It was the first I'd had since I went into Holloway, so quite a treat for a coffee addict.



There are hundreds of stalls, and every stall has its one or two lights; either it is illuminated by the intense white light of the new self-generating gas-lamp, or else it is brightened up by the red smoky flame of the old-fashioned grease lamp. One man shows off his yellow haddock with a candle stuck in a bundle of firewood; his neighbour makes a candlestick of a huge turnip, and the tallow gutters over its sides; whilst the boy shouting "Eight a penny, stunning pears!" has rolled his dip<sup>1</sup> in a thick coat of brown paper, that flares away with the candle. Some stalls are crimson with the fire shining through the holes beneath the baked chestnut stove; others have handsome octahedral<sup>2</sup> lamps, while a few have a candle shining through a sieve: these, with the sparkling ground-glass globes of the tea-dealers' shops, and the butchers' gaslights streaming and fluttering in the wind, like flags of flame, pour forth such a flood of light, that at a distance the atmosphere immediately above the spot is as lurid as if the street were on fire.

The pavement and the road are crowded with purchasers and street-sellers. The housewife in her thick shawl, with the market-basket on her arm, walks slowly on, stopping now to look at the stall of caps, and now to cheapen a bunch of greens.

Little boys, holding three or four onions in their hand, creep between the people, wriggling their way through every interstice, and asking for custom in whining tones, as if seeking charity. Then the tumult of the thousand different cries of the eager dealers, all shouting at the top of their voices, at one and the same time, is almost bewildering. [...]

Each salesman tries his utmost to sell his wares, tempting the passers-by with his bargains. The boy with his stock of herbs offers "a double handful of fine parsley for a penny"; the man with the donkey-cart filled with turnips has three lads to shout for him to their utmost, with their "Ho! ho! hi-i-i! What do you think of this here? A penny a bunch – hurrah for free trade! Here's your turnips!" Until it is seen and heard, we have no sense of the scramble that is going on throughout London for a living. The same scene takes place at the Brill – the same in Leather-lane – the same in Tottenham-court-road – the same in Whitecross-street; go to whatever corner of the metropolis you please, either on a Saturday night or a Sunday morning, and there is the same shouting and the same struggling to get the penny profit out of the poor man's Sunday's dinner.

<sup>1</sup> dip – candle made by repeated clipping in tallow or wax

<sup>2</sup> octahedral – a solid shape with eight faces



## Inside the supermarkets' dark stores

As online shopping is growing, so are the supermarkets' giant warehouses – with their robots and "goods-to-person pickstations". Will all grocery shopping one day be done this way?

Do you remember what the future of shopping used to be? In place of a trundle round the high street every few days, we were going to make weekly trips to big-box supermarkets outside town, delight in the bright produce and the enticing smells and drive home happy, our cars low on their axles. Well, there's a new future now: the "dark store", the supermarket that we never see at all.

Don't be too alarmed by the name, or too excited. Desynchronise your watches. A dark store is just a warehouse full of groceries where staff called "pickers" select the goods that have been ordered by an online customer. Sometimes they look almost creepily similar to normal supermarkets. In Hanger Lane, west London, Waitrose operates a dark store in an old John Lewis carpet warehouse. Inside, professional pickers roll baskets around the aisles much like civilians, except they are wrapped up in coats and scarves against the refrigeration system.

Elsewhere, they look like nothing you've ever seen. At Tesco's sixth and newest dark store in Erith, south-east London, they operate what is basically a giant robot butler, although they call it a "goods-to-person pickstation" and a "dotoom centre" (the supermarkets themselves aren't keen on the term "dark store"). Instead of laying out the groceries in aisles, at Erith they store most of them more efficiently in towers of blue crates. The robot extracts whatever is needed and brings it to the picker, who stands still (until it's time to visit the freezer).

"It's a little bit like I imagine going into a Willy Wonka factory," says Jennifer Creevy, deputy editor of Retail Week. "It looks really whizzy and there's crates moving around. It's really impressive." Organising things this way saves space and time, and creates a safer workplace, according to Dematic, the company that built Tesco's robots. "With its ergonomic\* design, you get 100% golden

zone single-level picking," they say. And who are we to argue?

No one knows how much of our grocery shopping will eventually be done online, but everyone agrees it will be a lot more than now. In 2013, the proportion was about 5.5%. This year it should be around 6%. Within five years the value of the market is expected to double in size. Much of the current online demand is met by simply sending pickers around conventional supermarkets, although as demand rises that becomes less efficient, in part because the physically present customers keep getting in the way. Tesco, Asda, Sainsbury's and Waitrose all have plans to open new dark stores over the coming year or two. "It just makes sense," Creevy says. "Online is just showing huge, huge growth. Online and convenience stores."

So in future, when people are doing all their boring and heavy shopping through dark stores, and all their interesting and urgent shopping through convenience stores and local shops, what is going to become of the big boxes? Tesco has already turned one in Watford into something more like a shopping mall, with a cafe, a clothes shop, a restaurant and even a community centre. It's hard to imagine that strategy always working, however, since shopping malls already exist. And that may be no bad thing. Perhaps in 20 years you'll be out in the countryside and you'll be able to say to your bored grandchildren: "I remember when all this was car parks."

\*ergonomic – efficient (describing a way of working)



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## Cheryl Cole take note – my whirlwind marriage has lasted 27 years

The singer's wedding after a three-month courtship is not to be sniffed at. Unlike my moth-eaten wedding dress, my marriage is still going strong

Julie Oakley | theguardian.com, Tuesday 15 July 2014

The news that Cheryl Cole has married her husband after a three-month relationship came a couple of days after I came across the dress I was wearing when I met my husband, Robin, 27 years ago. I was 29, and I'd wangled the chance of crewing on a yacht on the Round the Island Race. If we'd had bucket lists in 1987, this would have been on mine.

However, on the ferry to the Isle of Wight a Tannoy called me to the purser's office to receive a ship-to-ship message that technical problems meant my sailing boat wasn't going to arrive in Cowes or even be in the race. I was never going to catch the last train back to London so I daringly decided I'd try my chances at crewing on another yacht. Nervously, I walked into the sailing club, where a very drunk young man immediately approached me and introduced himself. Finding out my situation he loudly proclaimed my sailing ability to the nearest group of sailors and cajoled them into letting me join their crew. Then, as I needed somewhere to stay for the night, this quirky, embarrassing man helped me find a bed and breakfast, kissed me goodnight, and that I thought was that.

But three months later, in Luton register office, I was wiping smudged mascara from my eyes as I promised to spend the rest of my life with him. In the intervening time I'd discovered that Robin was kind, generous, physically affectionate, completely without guile, and that I fancied him like mad. Asking me to marry him, and as soon as possible, was the most romantic experience I've had. Can anything be less passionate than being engaged for years followed by spending a year or more planning a wedding? I'd had a few relationships, one or two quite serious, and so had Robin. My most recent relationship, living with a boyfriend, had given me a bullet list of what I didn't want from a man. Every problem, every flaw in the relationship had been a reason not to commit.

My best friend and bridesmaid said to me the night before: "Julie, you don't have to go through with this." It was understandable. I was making a commitment to a man who to most outsiders seemed to have absolutely nothing in common with me. But I knew he'd ticked the few boxes that were non-negotiable for me. Everything else would be an exciting adventure. Marrying someone you've known for a short period of time is exhilarating. The first few years of the relationship, you're in love and in lust, and every day you're finding out about each other. You don't even know whether your husband likes eating peas. You've made a

lifetime commitment, so you simply find ways of dealing with problems as they arise. And they did arise. That marital promise to each other right from the start has meant that we've regarded each problem as a challenge to overcome rather than a reason to give up.

When I told my 22-year-old son I was writing this article about why short courtships can lead to long marriages, he said: "You've got to pretend to be blissfully happy." Blissfully happy is a lot to ask for after a hilly ride of 27 years. But creating a family together, and living and loving together, and experiencing passion together is something worth having. Despite its age, the dress in the attic is looking remarkably good apart from a few holes where some animal has nibbled it. I can't fit into it any more and it's very much of its era, so it's going in the bin. However that's not a metaphor for our marriage. If it was, I'd be repairing the holes, letting out the seams, removing the shoulder pads and wearing it. And Robin would be telling me I looked pretty good in it.





## Source B

During the 1870s, Francis Kilvert was training to be a vicar in Wales.  
In this extract from his diary, he describes a life-changing event.

*Friday, 8 September*

Perhaps this may be a memorable day in my life.

To-day I fell in love with Daisy Thomas.

5 I danced the first quadrille with her and made innumerable mistakes, once or twice running quite wild through the figure like a runaway horse, but she was so good humoured and long suffering.

10 It was a very happy evening. How little I knew what was in store for me when I came to Llan Thomas this afternoon.

*Sunday, 10 September*

I have been in a fever all day about Daisy, restless and miserable with uncertainty.

15 *Wednesday, 13 September*

An ever memorable day in my life. I went to the Vicarage at 10 o'clock and had a long talk with him on the lawn about my attachment to Daisy. Ways, means and prospects. I started off for Llan Thomas on foot rather nervous. As I crossed the bridge over the Dgedil I wondered with what feelings I should cross the bridge an hour later. The whole family at home came into the drawing room to see me and I was wondering how I could get Mr. Thomas away for a private talk, when he said suddenly, 'Come out into the garden.' Daisy came into the room. I thought she coloured and looked conscious. Then we went out into the garden, her father and I. I said, 'You will be very much surprised but I hope not displeased at what I am going to say to you.'

25 'What is it?' he said eagerly, 'have you got the living\* of Glasbury?'

'No, something much nearer to you than that.'

35 'What is it?'

I was silent a minute. I was frightfully nervous. 'I-am-attached-to-one-of-your-daughters,' I said. Just as I made this avowal we came suddenly

round the corner upon a gardener cutting a hedge. I feared he had heard my confession, but I was much relieved by being assured that he was deaf. 40

Mr. Thomas said I had done quite right in coming to him, though he seemed a good deal taken aback. 45

He said also a great many complimentary things about my 'honourable high-minded conduct', asked what my prospects were and shook his head over them. He could not allow an engagement under any circumstances, he said, and I must not destroy his daughter's peace of mind by speaking to her or showing in any way that I was attached to her. 'You have behaved so well that I don't know which of them it is, unless it is Mary.' 50 55

'No, it is your youngest daughter.'

'Poor little girl, she is so young.'

'She is nineteen.'

'Yes, but a mere child, and so guileless and innocent. She would be so fond of you. If I were a young man I should have done just what you have done and chosen her out of the rest. When you were here on Friday I saw she liked you. I said to my wife after you were gone, "That little Daisy likes Mr. Kilvert". Long engagements are dreadful things. I cannot allow you to be engaged but I won't say "Don't think of it". Go on coming here as usual, if you can put constraint on your feelings and not show her that you like her more than the others. It is a cruel thing for you, I know, but it would be a still more cruel thing to tell her and destroy her peace of mind.' 65 70 75

Well, I thought to myself, whatever I suffer she shall not suffer if I can help it.

I felt deeply humiliated, low in spirit and sick at heart. But it was a great deal to learn from her father that he had observed her liking for me. I believed she liked me before. Now I am sure of 80

it. But it was hard to know this and yet not to be able to tell her or show her that I loved her. I was comforted by remembering that when my father proposed for my mother he was ordered out of the house, and yet it all came right. I wonder if this will ever come right. The course of true love

never does run smooth. What has happened only makes me long for her more and cling more closely to her, and feel more determined to win her.

\*living – job as a vicar



With Halloween upon us, spirits across the land are apparently rising from the dead like ectoplasmic soufflé. Today, more Britons believe in ghosts than in God: in a recent survey of 2012 people, 68 per cent said they believed in the existence of ghosts, while 55 per cent believed in the existence of a god. (Where the Holy Spirit comes into this is uncertain.)

The findings are supported by our undwindling appetite for ghost stories, ghost tours and spiritualism, and the downright scary success of Living TV's ghost-hunting series, *Most Haunted*, which often sees viewing figures of over 3 million.

Most spiritualists agree that a ghost is a mental vibration imprinted in the environment. The UK's most famous include the headless ghost of Anne Boleyn, said to haunt the Tower of London, the spirit of Catherine Howard at Hampton Court, and the array of ghosts that once populated Borley Rectory, purportedly the most haunted house in Britain.

Dr Richard Wiseman, a psychologist from the University of Hertfordshire, is arguably the country's top ghostbuster. In 2003, following extensive research, Wiseman concluded that ghosts were not real, and that people were merely responding to environmental clues such as light, temperature, or sounds at a frequency so low that they are not detectable by the human ear but can be felt by the body. Wiseman likens our belief in ghosts to being 'a bit like American wrestling': we know it's claptrap, but we rather enjoy it anyway.

ectoplasm – a ghostly substance that comes from a medium (someone who claims to contact the dead)

Laura Barton, the Guardian (2005)

Mr W.A.S., to quote another case, at two o'clock in the afternoon was sitting in a house in Pall Mall. He saw a lady glide in backwards at the door of the room, as if she had been slid in on a slide, each part of her dress keeping its proper place without disturbance. She glided in until the whole of her could be seen, except the tip of her nose, her lips, and the tip of her chin, which were hidden by the edge of the door. She was an old acquaintance of his, whom he had not seen for twenty or twenty-five years. He observed her closely until his brother entered the house and coming into the room passed completely through the phantasm, which shortly afterwards faded away. Another person in the same room could not see it. Some years afterwards he learned that she had died the same year, six months afterwards, from a painful cancer of the face. It was curious that the phantasm never showed him the front of its face, which was always hidden by the door.

{ phantasm -  
simply means  
ghost }



**A full and particular Account of the Sale of a Woman, named Mary Mackintosh, which took place on Wednesday Evening, the 16th of July, 1828, in the Grass Market of Edinburgh, accused by her Husband of being a notorious drunkard; with the Particulars of the bloody Battle which took place afterwards.**

ON Wednesday evening last, in the Grass-market, Mary Mackintosh was brought down about six o'clock by her husband, for the purpose of being sold. Her crime was drunkenness. She was held by a straw rope tied round her middle, and the words, 'To be sold by public auction' in front of her bosom. Several thousand spectators were assembled to witness this novel occurrence. John F-----n, pensioner, and knight of the hammer, commenced business, but the acclamations of the people were so great,

that no one could get a hearing for ten minutes, to bid for the unfortunate. The women of the neighbourhood gathered to the number of 700, and armed themselves with stones, some threw them, and others put them in their stockings and handkerchiefs, and made a general charge through the mob, knocking every one down that came in their way, until they got up to the auctioneer, when they scratched and tore his face in a dreadful manner, in consequence of the insult the fair sex had received. One resolute woman came up with a stone and knocked down Thomas M. Guisgan, husband to the woman who was exposed for sale. This woman, a true female hero, and a SWEEP'S WIFE, displayed great courage in favour of her sex, and said I will learn you to auction your wife again, you contaminated villain. Tom returned the blow, and hit her between the eyes, and made them like two October cabbages.

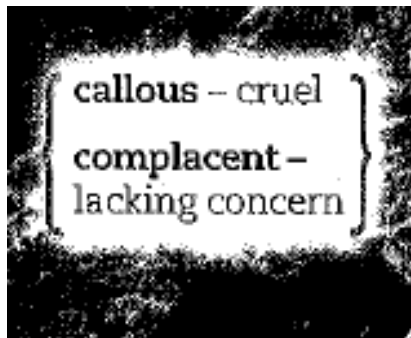
- ⊗ Have dinner ready. Plan ahead, even the night before, to have a delicious meal ready on time for his return. This is a way of letting him know that you have been thinking about him and are concerned about his needs. Most men are hungry when they come home and the prospect of a good meal (especially his favourite dish) is part of the warm welcome needed.
- ⊗ Prepare yourself. Take 15 minutes to rest so you'll be refreshed when he arrives. Touch up your make up, put a ribbon in your hair and be fresh looking. He has been with a lot of work-weary people.
- ⊗ Be a little gay and a little more interesting for him. His boring day may need a lift and one of your duties is to provide it.
- ⊗ Over the cooler months of the year you should prepare and light a fire for him to unwind by. Your husband will feel he has reached a haven of rest and order and it will give you a lift too. After all, catering for his comfort will provide you with immense personal satisfaction.
- ⊗ Prepare the children. Take a few minutes to wash the children's hands and faces (if they are small), comb their hair and, if necessary, change their clothes. They are little treasures and he would like to see them playing the part. Minimise all noise. At the time of his arrival, eliminate all noise of the washer, dryer or vacuum. Try to encourage the children to be quiet.
- ⊗ Be happy to see him.



I am making this statement as an act of wilful defiance of military authority, because I believe that the War is being deliberately prolonged by those who have the power to end it. I am a soldier, convinced that I am acting on behalf of soldiers. I believe that this War, on which I entered as a war of defence and liberation, has now become a war of aggression and conquest. I have seen and endured the sufferings of the troops, and I can no longer be a party to prolong these sufferings for ends which I believe to be evil and unjust. I am not protesting against the conduct of the war, but against the political errors and insincerities for which the fighting men are being sacrificed.

On behalf of those who are suffering now I make this protest against the deception which is being practised on them; also I believe that I may help to destroy the **callous complacence** with which the majority of those at home regard the continuance of agonies which they do not share, and which they have not sufficient imagination to realise.

Siegfried Sassoon, Act of Defiance speech (1915)



Text B was published in *The Times* after the Light Brigade – mounted troops that were the pride of the British army – were effectively wiped out by the Russian army at the Battle of Balaclava in 1854.

.....

**Text B**

I shall proceed to describe, to the best of my power, what occurred under my own eyes, and to state the facts which I have heard from men whose veracity is unimpeachable, reserving to myself the right of private judgement in making public and in supressing the details of what occurred on this memorable day...

At 11:0 our Light Cavalry Brigade rushed to the front... The Russians opened on them with guns from the **redoubts** on the right, with volleys of **musketry** and rifles.

They swept proudly past, glittering in the morning sun in all the pride and splendour of war. We could hardly believe the evidence of our senses. Surely that handful of men were not going to charge an army in position? Alas! It was but too true – their desperate **valour** knew no bounds, and far indeed was it removed from its so-called **better part** – discretion...

Through the clouds of smoke we could see their **sabers** flashing as they rode up to the guns and dashed between them, cutting down the gunners as they stood. The blaze of their steel, like an officer standing near me said, 'was like the turn of a shoal of mackerel.' ... Wounded men and dismounted troopers flying towards us told the sad tale – demigods could not have done what they had failed to do.

..... 

William Howard Russell, *The Times* (1854)

## Source A

The pavement and the road are crowded with purchasers and street-sellers. The housewife in her thick shawl, with the market basket on her arm, walks slowly on, stopping now to look at the stall of caps, and now to **cheapen** a bunch of greens. Little boys, holding three or four onions in their hand, creep between the people, wriggling their way through every **interstice**, and asking for custom in whining tones, as if seeking charity. Then the tumult of the thousand different cries of the eager dealers, all shouting at the top of their voices, at one and the same time, is almost bewildering. 'So-old again,' roars one. 'Chestnuts, a penny a **score**,' bawls another. 'Buy, buy, buy, buy, buy – bu-u-uy!' cries the butcher. '**Half-quire of paper** for a penny,' bellows the street stationer.

'Twopence-a-pound grapes.' 'Who'll buy a bonnet for fourpence?' 'Pick 'em out cheap here! Three pair for a halfpenny, bootlaces.' 'Now's your time! Beautiful **whelks**, a penny a lot.'

One man stands with his red-edged mats hanging over his back and chest like a herald's coat, and the girl with her basket of walnuts lifts her brown stained fingers to her mouth, as she screams, 'Fine warnuts! Sixteen a penny, fine war-r-nuts.'

A bootmaker to 'ensure custom' has illuminated his shop-front with a line of gas, and in its full glare stands a blind beggar, his eyes turned up so as to show 'only the whites' and mumbling some begging rhymes, that are drowned in the shrill notes of the bamboo flute player next to him. The boy's sharp cry, the woman's cracked voice, the gruff, hoarse shout of the man are all mingled together. Sometimes an Irishman is heard with his 'fine eating apples'; or else the jingling music of an unseen organ breaks out, as the trio of street singers rest between verses.



I do find London exciting.

I can't dispute it. After seven years of living in the country, in the sort of place where a dead cow draws a crowd, London can seem a bit dazzling.

I can never understand why Londoners fail to see that they live in the most wonderful city in the world. It is far more beautiful and interesting than Paris, if you ask me, and more lively than anywhere but New York – and even New York can't touch it in lots of important ways. It has more history, finer parks, a livelier and more varied press, better theatres, more numerous orchestras and museums, leafier squares, safer streets, and more courteous inhabitants than any other large city in the world.

And it has more congenial small things – incidental civilities you might call them – than any other city I know: cheery red pillar boxes, drivers who actually stop for you on pedestrian crossings, lovely forgotten churches with wonderful names like St Andrew by the Wardrobe and St Giles Cripplegate, sudden pockets of quiet like Lincoln's Inn and Red Lion Square, interesting statues of obscure Victorians in togas, pubs, black cabs, double-decker buses, helpful policemen, polite notices, people who will stop to help you when you fall down or drop your shopping, benches everywhere. What other great city would trouble to put blue plaques on houses to let you know what famous person once lived there, or warn you to look left or right before stepping off the kerb? I'll tell you. None.

Bill Bryson, *Notes from a Small Island* (1996)

Whenever I am asked to speak, or otherwise assist in the promotion of the cause of Woman, my answer is always the same: that women, like men, can obtain whatever they show themselves fit for. Let them be educated, and all that is to be desired will naturally follow. Whatever a woman proves herself able to do, society will be thankful to see her do, just as if she were a man. If she is scientific, science will welcome her, as it has welcomed every woman so qualified. I believe no scientific woman complains of wrongs.

If capable of politic thought and action, women will obtain even that. I judge by my own case. The time has not come which certainly will come, when women who are practically concerned in political life will have a voice in making the laws which they have to obey; but every woman who can think and speak wisely, and bring up her children soundly, in regard to the rights and duties of society, is advancing the time when the interests of women will be represented, as well as those of men. I have no vote at elections, though I am a tax-paying housekeeper and responsible citizen; and I regard the disability as an absurdity, seeing that I have for many years influenced public affairs more than many men. But I do not see that I could do much good by personal complaints .... I think the better way is for us all to learn and then to see what we can achieve, and thus to win for ourselves the consideration which alone can secure us rational treatment.

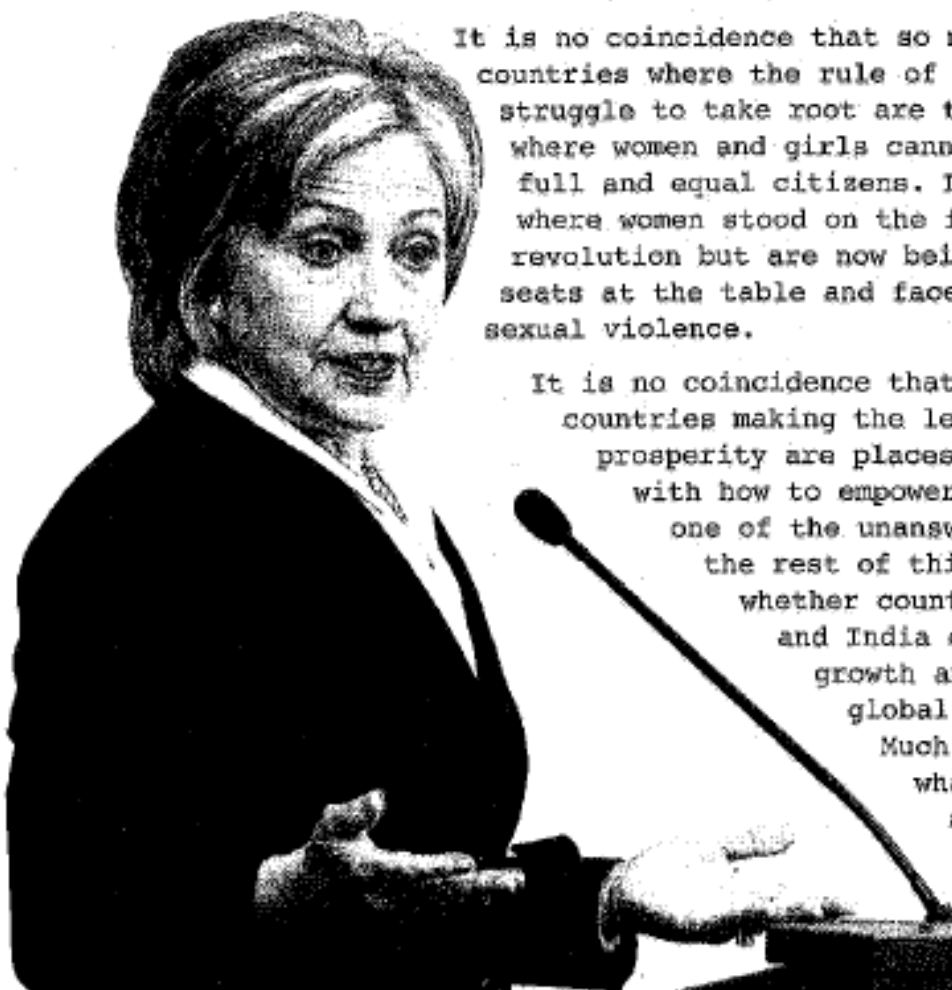
But fighting to give women and girls a fighting chance isn't a nice thing to do. It isn't some luxury that we get to when we have time on our hands to spend. This is a core imperative for every human being in every society. If we do not continue the campaign for women's rights and opportunities, the world we want to live in, the country we all love and cherish, will not be what it should be.

It is no coincidence that so many of the countries that threaten regional and global peace are the very places where women and girls are deprived of dignity and opportunity. Think of the young women from northern Mali to Afghanistan whose schools have been destroyed. Or of the girls across Africa, the Middle East and South Asia who have been condemned to child marriage. Or of the refugees of the conflicts from eastern Congo to Syria who endure rape and deprivation as a weapon of war.

It is no coincidence that so many of the countries where the rule of law and democracy struggle to take root are the same places where women and girls cannot participate as full and equal citizens. Like in Egypt, where women stood on the front lines of the revolution but are now being denied their seats at the table and face a rising tide of sexual violence.

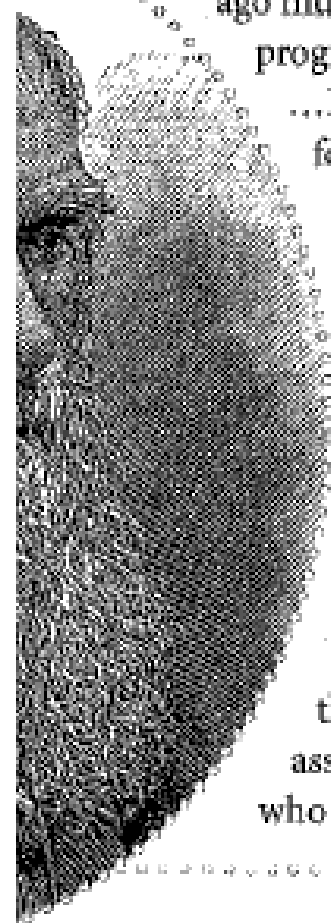
It is no coincidence that so many of the countries making the leap from poverty to prosperity are places now grappling with how to empower women. I think one of the unanswered questions of the rest of this century is whether countries like China and India can sustain their growth and emerge as true global economic powers.

Much of that depends on what happens to women and girls.



Hillary Clinton (2013)





I have all my life been a strong advocate for humanity to animals, and have done what I could in my writings to enforce this duty. ... On the other hand, I know that **physiology** cannot possibly progress except by means of experiments on living animals, and I feel the deepest conviction that he who retards the progress of physiology commits a crime against mankind.

Anyone who remembers, as I can, the state of this science half a century ago must admit that it has made immense progress, and it is now progressing at an ever-increasing rate.

...No one, unless he is grossly ignorant of what science has done for mankind, can entertain any doubt of the incalculable benefits which will hereafter be derived from physiology, not only by man, but by the lower animals. Look, for instance, at **Pasteur's** results in modifying the germs of the most malignant diseases, from which, as it so happens, animals will in the first place receive more relief than man. Let it be remembered how many lives and what a fearful amount of suffering have been saved by the knowledge gained of parasitic worms through the experiments of **Virchow** and others on living animals. In the future every one will be astonished at the ingratitude shown, at least in England, to these benefactors of mankind. As for myself, permit me to assure you that I honour, and shall always honour, every one who advances the noble science of physiology.

— Louis Pasteur, 1881

- physiology** – the science dealing with the functions and activities of living organisms
- Louis Pasteur** – a French chemist who solved the mysteries of rabies, anthrax, chicken cholera, and silkworm diseases, and contributed to the development of the first vaccines
- Rudolf Virchow** – a German, known as 'the Father of Pathology', who made advancements in public health

**Why is Britain going in the wrong direction on animal testing?**

In 2013, animal testers in Great Britain used more than 4.01 million animals in experiments, a 52 per cent increase since 2000. The number of experiments was the highest in a generation – a step backwards for scientific progress in this country and a catastrophe for the millions of animals who live and die in laboratory cages.

Most of these animals lost their lives because of genetic engineering experiments, an imprecise, inefficient and unreliable ‘Frankenstein science’ in which mothers undergo invasive procedures to insert or delete certain genes in their offspring. Only 3 to 5 per cent of all animals born actually carry the genes of interest, and the rest of the babies are usually killed soon after birth. Of the ones allowed to live, the young often die prematurely or are born with unpredictable behavioural and physiological abnormalities, such as increased sensitivity to pain, malfunctioning organs, susceptibility to seizures or rampant tumour growth. There were also dramatic increases in the number of experiments conducted on monkeys and guinea pigs.

Statistics can never reveal the full extent of suffering endured by each and every one of the individuals who were poisoned, cut open, blinded, electrocuted or infected with deadly diseases in barren, windowless prisons. We don’t even know the full extent of the abuse, as experiments on animals in the UK are currently shrouded in a veil of secrecy – something that we’ve been working hard to change.

There’s no excuse for this hidden massacre. Although animals have the same capacity to feel fear and pain that humans have, our physiology is vastly different. And that is why animal experiments are not good science.



<http://blog.peta.org.uk>

**Famine isn't about food.  
It's about power**

Famines are not, essentially, failures of food supply, caused by bad weather. They are failures of power, caused by bad politics. Famines are allowed to happen by monochrome regimes that permit no dissent and that brook no argument in a plural press. India, for example, had famine after famine under the British. As soon as a multiparty democracy was established, the famines stopped.

Three million people died in the Great Bengal famine of 1943 even though the total availability of food in Bengal was considerably higher than it had been two years earlier, when no famine took place. At the time there were reports of destitute farmers walking into Calcutta and dropping dead in front of local restaurants. There was plenty of food around but rural labourers had seen a decline in their legal rights. None of the food was theirs. The same thing happened in the terrible Ethiopian famine of 1972 when food production fell by

just 6 per cent. It should have been possible to cope. Yet, for people with no means either of producing food themselves or buying food, this was a fatal failure.

This is why dropping food is not enough. The problem in the Horn of Africa today is not primarily that the supply of food has collapsed. It is that there is no effective demand for food. People are desperate to eat, and Ethiopia, a country with a GDP of £18 billion, can afford to feed them. But too many of its people are too poor and too powerless even to find the necessary basics for survival.

If the underlying problem were a lack of food, it would make sense to send food direct. But in fact it is better, as Save the Children now does, to distribute vouchers rather than food. When hungry people buy their own meat and milk they shop more frequently and buy less each time. They end up eating more and wasting less. The influx of cash then gives farmers an incentive to meet the new demand, which, in turn, puts food on their own table.

Philip Collins, *The Times* (2011)

'Oh! How shocking,' we exclaim, that those poor Irish should have lost their potatoes again! Where shall we find something to feed them with? We do not think of inquiring whether or no the dependence of a whole nation upon so precarious an article of food be a necessary or an unnecessary evil, and if unnecessary, whether it ought not to be in every way denounced and discouraged. ... Now, the best friend to the Irish would be he who could effectually persuade them that the fault lay entirely with themselves. They inhabit a country a great part of which is at least equal in fertility to our own, with more that is capable of being made so. There is no reason, except their own wilful mismanagement, why they should not grow as fine crops of wheat as are raised in the **Lothians**, and, after feeding themselves, export the surplus to our shores. Yet, after years of present suffering and fearful expectation, they idly and stupidly persist in staking their very existence upon a crop the

precarious nature of which is no more than a fair set-off against the small amount of labour required to produce it. ... Every Irishman [wants to] be a farmer, and work as much or as little as he pleases; the idea of being a labourer, and engaging in regular employment, is revolting to him. The great object of his life is to rent a miserable patch of land, to build himself a hovel, or burrow in the earth, to marry, and, if possible, to live as well as his pig. The word 'improvement' is not in his vocabulary; he is content to live as his forefathers have done. With such exalted views in his mind, the first question is, how to realise them; and to this the potato furnishes a speedy though treacherous reply. No other article of food promises so much at so small a cost. An acre of potatoes will maintain four times as many people as an acre of wheat, while the time and labour of cultivating it are comparatively trifling. Here, then, are abundant means of gratifying his love of idleness and what he calls independence.

The Times (1841)

{ Lothians - a region in the Scottish lowlands }