



Key Stage 3

ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives
Year 7 Pack 1

Insert

The Sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century non-fiction

Living Dolls by Elizabeth Day

A newspaper article in *The Observer* published in 2010.

Source B: 19th Century literary non-fiction

London Labour and London Poor by Henry Mayhew

An article in which a child watercress seller is interviewed by Henry Mayhew.

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

Source A

Living dolls: inside the world of child beauty pageants¹



1 They parade in miniature ballgowns, wear false eyelashes and can be as young as five... We venture into the world of mini beauty pageants to meet the young princesses and their pushy parents.

Amber is seven years old and loves Miley Cyrus. She sleeps with a poster of the actress above
5 her bed and stores all her most treasured possessions in a glittery purple box emblazoned with the image of Hannah Montana. She also likes watching music videos on YouTube and making up dances to accompany the songs of JLS, her favourite boy-band. But, most of all, Amber likes to collect stones. "This is my red collection," she says, unzipping her pink rucksack and carefully lifting out a series of rust- coloured stones. She lays them in a line on the carpet and looks at
10 them proudly.

To all intents and purposes, Amber is a confident little girl with an array of enthusiasms and interests. But it is hard not to notice as she talks that her eyelids are powdered with gold eyeshadow. Her hair has been styled with two sparkly hairclips and she is wearing a pale pink dress studded with fabric flowers. Later, she will show me a certificate she was given for taking
15 part in the Mini Miss UK competition earlier this year. Because as well as being a normal seven-

year-old, Amber is also an aspiring child beauty queen.

Did she enjoy entering the beauty pageant? Amber thinks for a second and then nods her head.

18 Will she be entering any more? "Yes." She pauses, a touch uncertainly. "If Mummy told me to."

20 Five years ago, there were no mini beauty pageants in Britain. Today, more than 20 are held each year with thousands of girls (and sometimes even boys) taking part. Many of the contestants are as young as five. A typical beauty pageant will consist of several rounds, often including an "evening wear" section and a talent round, in which contestants will display a particular gift, such as singing, dancing or baton-twirling. For a successful child beauty queen the rewards can be lucrative – the winner of Junior Miss British Isles can expect to pocket £2,500 –
25 but it takes a lot of work. Sasha Bennington, 13, one of the most successful child beauty queens on the UK circuit, undergoes a gruelling beauty routine to keep up appearances and insists on a spray tan every week, a new set of acrylic nails² each month and regular bleaching of her white-blond hair.

30 To their critics, such beauty pageants are exploitative, pressurising children to adopt adult mannerisms that they do not fully understand and enforcing the message that physical appearance is all-important. Yet many in the pageant industry insist it is a harmless pastime that instils young girls with confidence and self-esteem.

Glossary:

beauty pageants¹ – a type of competition where contestants parade on a stage in front of an audience.

acrylic nails² – false, stick-on nails made of plastic.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

The Watercress Girl, from *London Labour and the London Poor*, by Henry Mayhew (1812-1887)

The writer Henry Mayhew wanted to keep a factual record of the people who lived in London during Victorian times, so he spent years interviewing and writing about the people who lived and worked on the streets.

- 1 The little watercress girl who gave me the following statement, although only eight years of age, had entirely lost all childish ways, and was, indeed, in thoughts and manner, a woman. There was something cruelly pathetic in hearing this infant, so young that her features had scarcely formed themselves, talking of the bitterest struggles of life. I did
5 not know how to talk with her. At first I treated her as a child, speaking on childish subjects; so that I might, by being familiar with her, remove all shyness, and get her to narrate her life freely. I asked her about her toys and her games with her companions; but the look of amazement that answered me soon put an end to any attempt at fun on my part. I then talked to her about the parks, and whether she ever went to them. "The
10 parks!" she replied in wonder, "where are they?" I explained to her, telling her that they were large open places with green grass and tall trees, where beautiful carriages drove about, and people walked for pleasure, and children played. Her eyes brightened up a little as I spoke; and she asked, half doubtingly, "Would they let such as me go there-- just to look?" Her little face, pale and thin with privation¹, was wrinkled where the
15 dimples ought to have been, and she would sigh frequently.

The poor child, although the weather was severe, was dressed in a thin cotton gown, with a threadbare² shawl³ wrapped round her shoulders. She wore no covering to her head, and the long rusty hair stood out in all directions. When she walked she shuffled
20 along, for fear that the large carpet slippers that served her for shoes should slip off her feet.

"I go about the streets with water-cress, crying, 'Four bunches a penny, water-cress.' I am just eight years old--that's all, and I've a big sister, and a brother and a sister younger than I am. On and off, I've been very near a twelvemonth in the streets. Before that, I had to take care of a baby for my aunt. No, it wasn't heavy--it was only two
25 months old; but I minded it for ever such a time--till it could walk. It was a very nice little baby, not a very pretty one; but, if I touched it under the chin, it would laugh. My mother learned me to needle-work and to knit when I was about five. I used to go to school, too; but I wasn't there long. I've forgot all about it now, it's such a time ago; and mother took me away because the master whacked me. I didn't like him at all. What do you think? he
30 hit me three times, ever so hard, across the face with his cane; and when mother saw the marks on my cheek, she went to confront him, but she couldn't see him--he was afraid. That's why I left school.

Glossary:

privation¹ – not enough food or water to nourish her.

threadbare² – clothing that is old and worn out.

shawl³ – an item of clothing that is worn over the shoulders.

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Source B: The Watercress Girl by Henry Mayhew from *London Labour and the London Poor* 1851

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