

English/English Language

ENG1F



Unit 1 Understanding and producing non-fiction texts

Insert

The three sources that follow are:

- Source 1: an online article called UK's rarest spider moves house in a plastic bottle
- Source 2: an extract of biographical writing from Steve Backshall
- Source 3: a leaflet entitled Make a... hedgehog home.

Please open the insert fully to see all three sources

M/Jan13/Insert to ENG1F



UK's rarest spider moves house in a plastic bottle

Ladybird spider to be released into new areas by conservationists

Camila Ruz

The Guardian, Thursday 11 August 2011



The endangered ladybird spider, is being introduced to the RSPB's Arne Reserve in Dorset.

Photograph: Ian Hughes/RSPB

The UK's rarest spider is to be saved from extinction when conservation experts release the species into a new home in Dorset – using plastic bottles.

The ladybird spider is one of the most colourful spiders in Britain, but by the 1990s only 56 were left. There are now more than a thousand, thanks to the efforts of conservationists, and the spider is ready to be released into new areas.

The first of these planned moves begins with the release of 30 ladybird spiders into the Arne nature reserve in Dorset. They will be closely watched in their new home and, if successful, more will be released in the next few years.

The spiders will be taken to their new home in plastic water bottles, each filled with heather and moss. Then the bottles will be buried to allow the spiders to crawl out in their own time.

"Burying plastic bottles in the heathland may seem a little strange to some of our visitors, but the experts have found that this is the best way to move the spiders," said Toby Branston, the senior warden at the reserve. "This is an ideal habitat for them so we will be keeping a close eye on the new colony and carrying out regular surveys to see if they take to their new home."

Scientists had believed that the ladybird spider was extinct in the UK, but in the 1980s one small colony was found in Dorset. The species was deeply affected as its heathland habitat was disappearing, being lost to farming, forestry and housing.

It is the mature male ladybird spiders that have the bright red bodies covered in small black spots, which give the species its name. The females – with body lengths between 10 and 16 mm, almost twice that of the colourful males – and young spiders are a velvety black.

Ladybird spiders live in a hole in the ground, a tube which they line with silk and decorate with the remains of their prey, often beetles. The females rarely leave their burrows and both sexes feed off insects that become entangled in the fine strands of web at the hole's entrance.

Source 2

The source is the book cover and an extract from the book by Steve Backshall telling his life story 'Looking for Adventure'

SIBNE STAND THE JOURNEY OF A LIFETIME THE JO

LOOKING FOR ADVENTURE

We made our way up the rough driveway to Collingwood House, through the thick bushes, to a collection of ramshackle buildings surrounded by towering oak and silver birch trees. The main farmhouse was little more than a hundred years old. Bright blue paint along the rafters failed to cover up the fact that they and almost everything else were deeply rotten. The whole place seemed like a vision, and my parents were both starry-eyed the second they saw it

Mum and Dad took up the management of the place more in the way of a lifestyle than just a home. They planted an enormous vegetable patch, and embarked on the impossible task of rebuilding the dilapidated buildings. After a few months, our first rescue animal arrived, an asthmatic donkey called Barney, and after that the floodgates opened. We collected all sorts: dogs, goats, floppy-eared rabbits, two intimidating geese called Victoria and Albert, and an Exmoor pony called Walnut who deliberately headed for low-hanging branches to try and forcibly remove anyone daft enough to try and ride him.

All the animals were much more pets than they were farm animals. We used to play hide-and-seek with the goats, running off into the bracken when they weren't looking, then sitting quietly waiting. Just minutes later, a wet nose would nuzzle into your ear. It was my job to milk the goats before going to school each day, and it was a lot harder than it looked. If it was a warm day at school, I'd end up stinking of curdled milk.

Even as a child I valued my own space, and the woods were my retreat. Wondrous ancient woodlands of conifer and broadleaf, dappled sunlight, the scent of pines, the scurry of squirrels. I knew the location of every fox earth and badger sett, stalked red deer to see how close I could get, and cried when one of the stable girls set light to a clutch of grass snake eggs found in a manure heap.

For the rest of my life, no matter where I go or how much I make my current house my own, Collingwood House will always be my home.

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SOURCE 2: Adapted from: Steve Backshall *Looking for Adventure* © Swordfish, Orion Publishing Group Ltd, Orion House, London.

Image: www.blacksheep-uk.com

SOURCE 3: Make a... hedgehog home from bbc.co.uk

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Source 3



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Open out this page to see Source 2 and Source 3