***Exploring different forms of non-fiction***

**Source A: The Life and Times of The Thunderbolt Kid, Bill Bryson**

The sleeping porch was a slightly rickety, loosely enclosed porch on the back of the house that was only notionally separate from the outside world. It contained an ancient sagging bed that my Grandfather slept in in the summer when the house was uncomfortably warm. But sometimes in the winter when the house was full of guests it was pressed into service too.

The only heat in the sleeping porch was that of any human being who happened to be out there. It couldn’t have been more than one or two degrees warmer than the world outside – and outside was perishing. So to sleep on the sleeping porch required preparation. First, you put on your long underwear, pyjamas, jeans, a sweatshirt, your grandfather’s old cardigan and bathrobe, two pairs of woollen socks on your feet and another on your hands, and a hat with earflaps tied beneath your chin. Then you climbed into bed and were immediately covered with a dozen bed blankets, three horse blankets, all the household overcoats, a canvas tarpaulin, and a piece of old carpet. I’m not sure that they didn’t lay and old wardrobe on top of that, just to hold everything down. It was like sleeping under a dead horse. For the first minute or so it was unimaginably cold, shockingly cold, but gradually your body heat seeped in and you became warm and happy in a way you would not have believed possible only a minute or two before. It was bliss.

**Source B: Charles Darwin**

My dear Granny,

I suppose Miss Katherine is at Chirk, so I will write to you. I have not, however, any particular news of any kind. I went to the Captains yesterday evening to drink tea. It did one good to hear Mrs FitzRoy talk about her baby; it was so beautiful & its little voice was such charming music. The Captain is going on very well,—that is for a man, who has the most consummate skill in looking at everything & every body in a perverted manner. He is working very hard at his book which I suppose will really be out in June. I looked over a few pages of Captain King’s Journal: I was absolutely forced against all love of truth to tell the Captain that I supposed it was very good, but in honest reality, no pudding for little school boys, ever was so heavy. It abounds with Natural History of a very trashy nature. I trust the Captain’s own volume will be better.

I have been riding very regularly for the last fortnight, & it has done me a wonderful deal of good. I have not been so thoroughly well, since eating two dinner a day at Shrewsbury, & increasing in weight in due proportion.

Two days since, when it was very warm, I rode to the Zoological Society, & by the greatest piece of good fortune it was the first time this year, that the Rhinoceros was turned out. Such a sight has seldom been seen, as to behold the rhinoceros kicking & rearing, (though neither end reached any great height) out of joy. It galloped up & down its court surprisingly quickly, like a huge cow, & it was marvellous how suddenly it could stop & turn round at the end of each gallop. The elephant was in the adjoining yard & was greatly amazed at seeing the rhinoceros so frisky: He came close to the palings & after looking very intently, set off trotting himself, with his tail sticking out at one end & his trunk at the other, squeeling & braying like half a dozen broken trumpets. I saw also the Ourang-outang in great perfection: the keeper showed her an apple, but would not give it her, whereupon she threw herself on her back, kicked & cried, precisely like a naughty child. She then looked very sulky & after two or three fits of pashion, the keeper said, “Jenny if you will stop bawling & be a good girl, I will give you the apple. She certainly understood every word of this, &, though like a child, she had great work to stop whining, she at last succeeded, & then got the apple, with which she jumped into an arm chair & began eating it, with the most contented countenance imaginable.

**Source C: Etiquette and Advice Manual – The Lady’s Dressing Room, Baroness Staffe**

On Bathing. Regular bathing should enter into the habits of all classes of society. If it is absolutely impossible to immerse oneself completely every day in a large bath, or if it is forbidden by the doctor, a sponge-bath may be considered sufficient for the needs of cleanliness and health.
    The human skin is a complicated network, whose meshes it is necessary to keep free and open, so that the body may be enabled through them to eliminate the internal impurities, from which it is bound to free itself, under pain of sickness, suffering, and possible death. The healthy action of the pores of the skin is stimulated by the bath, especially if it is followed by friction with a flesh-glove or a rough towel. One can dispense with *massage* if one objects to be manipulated by a strange hand. Both fevers and contagious maladies of many kinds are often avoided by such simple precautions as these.
    In cases of internal inflammation and congestion, and of bilious colic, there is no more certain remedy than a hot bath. It is also known to have worked surprising cures in cases of obstinate constipation. Anyone who is afraid of having caught a contagious malady should immediately have recourse to a hot bath, as it is quite possible that the infection may make its way out of the body through the pores. Of course, particular care would be needed not to take a chill on leaving the bath.
    Cleanliness of the skin has a great effect in the proper assimilation of nourishment by the body; and it has even been recognised that well-washed pigs yield superior meat to those that are allowed to indulge their propensities for wallowing in the mire. It is therefore hardly necessary to repeat that the salutary expulsion which the body accomplishes through the skin, teaches the necessity of keeping the pores open by absolute cleanliness, the smallest particle of grime or the finest dust being sufficient to block the tiny openings with which Nature has so admirably endowed the cuticle.

**Source D: Never Cry Wolf, Farley Mowat**

Reaching the entrance to the burrow I shed my heavy trousers, tunic and sweater, and taking a flashlight (whose batteries were very nearly dead) and measuring-tape from my pack, I began the difficult task of wiggling down the entrance tunnel. The flashlight was so dim it cast only an orange glow – barely sufficient to enable me to read the marks on the measuring-tape. I squirmed onward, descending at a forty-five-degree angle, for about eight feet. My mouth and eyes were soon full of sand and I was beginning to suffer from claustrophobia, for the tunnel was just big enough to admit me.

At the eight-foot mark the tunnel took a sharp upward bend and swung to the left. I pointed the torch in the new direction and pressed the switch. Four green lights in the murk ahead reflected back the dim torch beam.

In this case green was not my signal to advance. I froze where I was, while my startled brain tried to digest the information that at least two wolves were with me in the den. Despite my close familiarity with the wolf family, this was the kind of situation where irrational but deeply ingrained prejudices completely overmaster reason and experience. To be honest, I was so frightened that paralysis gripped me. I had no weapon of any sort, and in my awkward posture I could barely have gotten one hand free with which to ward off an attack. It seemed inevitable that the wolves would attack me, for even a gopher will make a fierce defence when he is cornered in his den. The wolves did not even growl. Save for the two faintly glowing pairs of eyes, they might not have been there at all.

**Source E: Unknown source**

Dear diary,

Today I’ve been helping at an underfunded local orphanage, which was built for kids who lost their families in an influenza epidemic. It’s been incredibly sad to see so many children having to live in such basic conditions. It’s not that surprising though, given the living conditions in general in this area – lots of houses don’t have any running water at all, and it’s fairly common to see large families all living together in one room. The need donations desperately, so I’ll give what I can. But really, it’s their government who should be providing for them.

**Source F: NHS - Driving towards a healthier you**

If you had a Ferrari, I can only imagine that you would take good care of it. You might only fill its tank with premium fuel. You might have it regularly serviced. You would take pride in it, polish it at the weekends and keep the upholstery clean.

If you would take this much care of a Ferrari, surely you should take this much care of your body? After all, it’s the only one you’re ever have – you can’t just trade this engine in if it breaks down. This means you should fuel yourself properly, eating regular meals that are full of vitamins and minerals needed for optimum human performance. Keep your body’s systems working effectively by exercising regularly. And finally, take pride in your body: if you’re striving to be happy and healthy, that is something to celebrate.

Regardless of shape or size, your body is priceless – and that’s more than you can say for a luxury sports car, isn’t it?

**Source G: Lisbon City Guide**

Assemble a city-break destination from a wishlist of components and you get Lisbon: a wide glittering river, limpid skies, steep cobbled streets, palaces, churches (and a castle, of course), tiles in pink, mint and indigo, and cheap, fresh, grilled sardines to eat outside a tasca (bar) in the sun. It’s a place so beautiful you can’t believe people are using it to live in. And Lisbon is decidedly lively. Every year it seems there is more to do, more to eat and more distance to cover.

WHAT TO SEE: **Tram to Belém**

It’s worth going to Belém for the tram ride and a visit to bakery [Pasteis de Belém](http://pasteisdebelem.pt/en/) (Rua de Belém 84-92) alone, but this district has many big attractions. The Jardim da Praça do Império is Europe’s biggest plaza, the [Museu dos Coches](http://www.museudoscoches.gov.pt/en/homepage/) holds one of the world’s biggest collection of royal coaches, and [Jerónimos monastery](http://www.mosteirojeronimos.gov.pt/en/) has arches and columns as intricately carved as the filigree silver in every Lisbon jewellers. In its cloisters are two museums: the Museu de Marinha, which is devoted to the golden age navigators and the Museu Nacional de Arqueologia, with Roman mosaics and bronze age metalwork. Also impressive is the private art collection of 20th-century masterpieces at the [Museu Coleção Berardo](http://en.museuberardo.pt/) inside Belém Cultural Centre. All of this should be combined with a visit to the iconic 16th-century [Torre de Belém](http://www.torrebelem.gov.pt/en/index.php?s=white&pid=168), resplendent on the wide and dazzling waterfront.

**Source H: Crisis for Classical Music**

A report released today by the RBMS (Royal British Music Society) claims that up to 50% of young people in Britain have never listened to a piece of classical music. A further 24% say that they have heard a piece of classical music, but “would not choose” to listen to the genre.

The report, which was commissioned by the Society in response to a decline in attendance at many live concerts, has provoked concern amongst the musical fraternity, with many claiming that classical music could meet an untimely end if further action is not taken. Luigi Piccolo, head of the world renowned Royston Philharmonic Orchestra, said: “Over the next fifty years or so, we’re going to become completely irrelevant. It’s time to start appealing to a wider audience.”