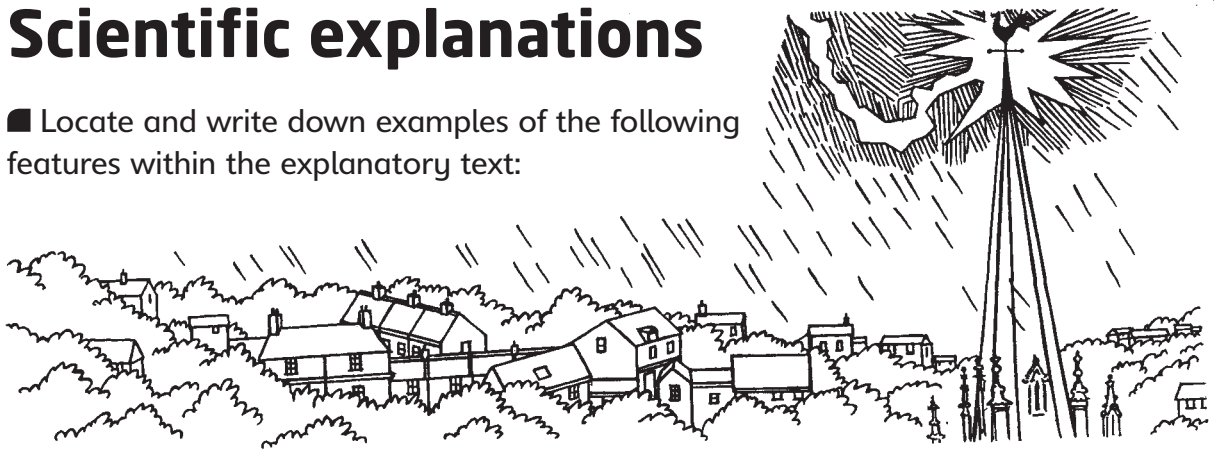




# Scientific explanations

■ Locate and write down examples of the following features within the explanatory text:



Technical or scientific vocabulary \_\_\_\_\_

---



---



---

Formal phrasing \_\_\_\_\_

---



---

Complex sentences \_\_\_\_\_

---



---

The passive voice \_\_\_\_\_

---



---

Generalisations \_\_\_\_\_

---



---

Information passed on in diagrammatical form \_\_\_\_\_

---



---



---

# THE SUN

## Solar surface

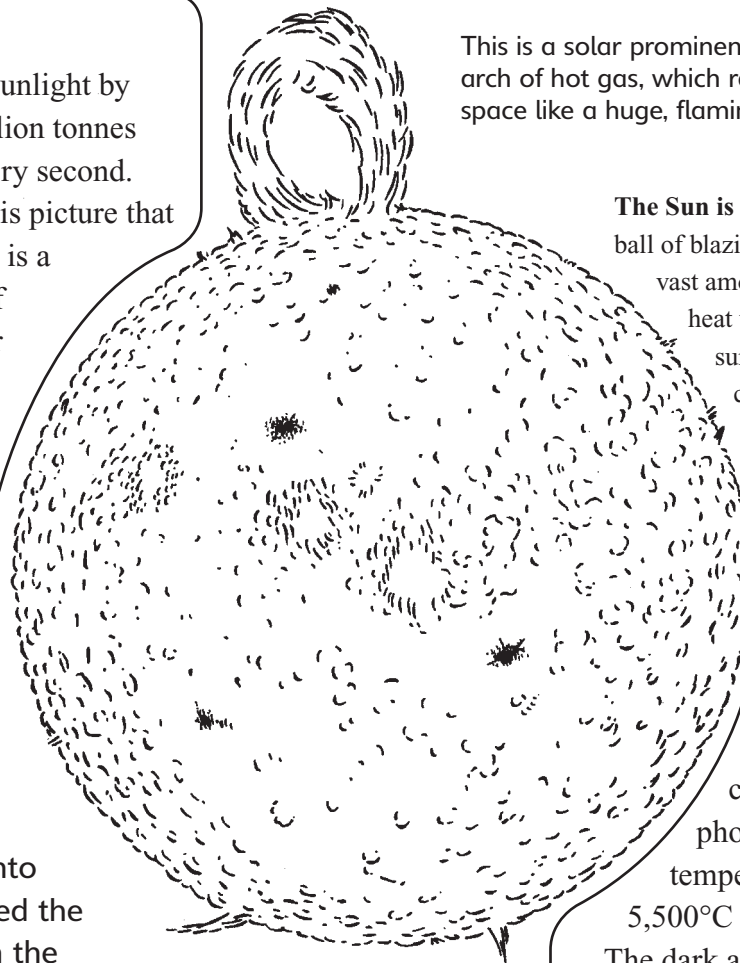
The Sun makes sunlight by burning four million tonnes (tons) of fuel every second. You can see in this picture that the Sun's surface is a churning mass of explosions. Solar flares and fiery loops of gas leap out into space.

This is a solar prominence. It is a massive arch of hot gas, which reaches out into space like a huge, flaming tongue.

**The Sun is a star.** It is a huge ball of blazing gas that makes vast amounts of light and heat which we call sunshine. It is so big it could hold a million planets the size of Earth. It looks like it's burning, but it's actually exploding like a massive bomb.

## The solar wind

As well as light and heat, the Sun also sends out a stream of invisible specks, called particles, into space. This is called the solar wind. When the particles pass by the North and South Poles of Earth they can make the air glow beautiful reds, blues, greens and purples.

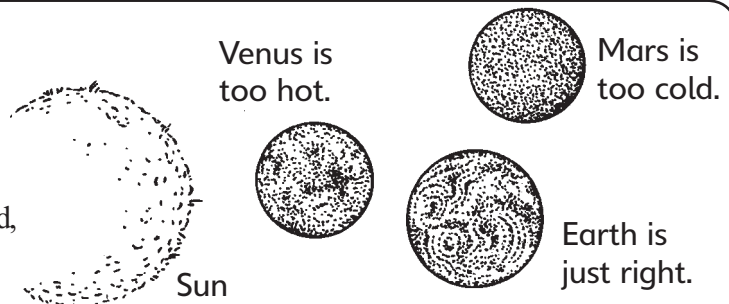


The Sun's surface is called the photosphere. The temperature there is 5,500°C (10,000°F). The dark areas are sunspots. The temperature is lower there.

Sometimes white areas appear on the surface of the Sun. These are called faculae. The temperature here is even higher than that of the rest of the Sun.

## Liquid, ice or gas?

Life exists on Earth because our planet is just the right distance from the Sun for water to be liquid, rather than ice or a gas.



## Dulce et Decorum Est

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,  
 Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,  
 Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs  
 And towards our distant rest began to trudge.  
 Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots  
 But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;  
 Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots  
 Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling,  
 Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;  
 But someone still was yelling out and stumbling,  
 And flound'ring like a man on fire or lime...  
 Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,  
 As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.  
 In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,  
 He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams you too could pace  
 Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
 And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,  
 His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;  
 If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
 Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,  
 Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud  
 Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, –  
 My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
 To children ardent for some desperate glory,  
 The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est  
 Pro patria mori.

*Wilfred Owen*

