***In this passage from Country Notes In Wartime (1941), Vita Sackville-West describes her view of the changing weather.***

The weather reports said that it was going to be hot again. I like the euphemism of that "again." It tempts us poor northern islanders to believe that at some moment of our summer we have been hot. Personally, I am grateful if I can feel merely warm without conscious effort. The ideal temperature, to my mind, is the temperature when one is neither hot nor cold, but unconcerned with the ambient air. Usually one finds that the complaints begin when we reach 70° F. in the shade.

On one subject, however, there is no scope for a divergence of opinion, for after fifteen rainless days an official drought is proclaimed; the countryside bursts into flames, and prayers for rain are offered in the churches, sometimes with disastrous effect. Even on this question the general impression left on the minds of the natives seems to differ, for, looking back on their summer, few of them agree on any point save one: the exceptional badness of the season. Their only disagreement is as to where the most regrettable patch of weather occurred. Thus when I had occasion the other day to inspect a number of cottage gardens for the purpose of judging a competition, in each one of them I met with the inevitable excuses and exonerations: the flowers had all failed this year owing to the (*a*) drought, (*b*) rain. There was nothing to do but to smile sympathetically and agree.

***Rod Liddle, The Times, 3 Feb 2019: ‘Climate change is real, Mr Trump. But, yep, those climate change lefties are out to get you.’***

The migrants living at the bottom of my garden are looking unhappy. Two little egrets (herons) gaze forlornly at the snow drifting in the reed beds, and shiver. They had been assured by experts that because of climate change, southern England no longer did the blizzard thing.

In 2000, a British climate scientist famously declared that winter snow would soon be a thing of the past in the UK, so quickly was our climate warming. So, the egrets now feel misled. They used to be common here, until climate change came in the form of the Little Ice Age, around 1500. After that, they were very infrequent visitors to the UK — until recently.

Despite their current misgivings about expert opinion, the egrets are back because the climate has changed again. They are not the only birds to have noticed. House martins should clear off in late September, but their departure gets later every year. I saw some sitting on a telegraph wire jabbering like morons in the first days of November last year. “Go to Africa, you idiots, or we won’t renew your visas,” I shouted.

There is a week in the year when yellowhammers go berserk, singing a song that sounds nothing like “A little bit of bread and no cheese”, as it’s supposed to. That week has moved forward by a fortnight. If you doubt climate change, look out of the window.

1. The two texts show reactions to the British climate. What similarities do they share?
2. Compare how the writers of Text 1 and Text 2 present ideas and perspectives about climate change.