

**Compare the writers' attitudes / experiences / perspectives / views...**

**1-a-day practice**

When trophy hunters try to justify their bloodlust, they often talk of conservation or community benefits. In this case Aryanna's proud father was quick to tell the media that the meat from their kills will be given to a local village and 'feed 800 orphans over the next month'. Now, I don't know the village and I am no expert in this particular region, but of the rural African villages I have had the pleasure to visit through my work, I'm not convinced that the local one would have 800 orphans within their population, and if they did, nor would they likely be sat in waiting for the next rich American to come and slaughter their natural resources so they can have some free meat.

People are often confused by the "benefit" of hunting, imagining it is about money going to local people. While that can be important, particularly in remote communal areas with few other revenue options, the most important benefit from an African conservation perspective is that trophy hunting maintains vast areas of land for wildlife, which is invaluable in an ever more human-dominated world.

There is a risk that by banning trophy importation without considering the alternative land uses, the headline-grabbing but usually small threat posed by trophy hunting could be replaced by the far more silent, deadly and larger threats of land conversion, poaching and conflict.

**Compare the writers' views surrounding trophy hunting.**

**Compare the writers’ attitudes towards Generation Snowflake.**

But here’s the thing: I really don’t mind the Snowflake Generation. I actually find them kind of charming in their naïve innocence. Endearing, even. I certainly can’t find the energy inside me to write a hand-wringing column about molly-coddled little twerps whose mummies told them they were unique and special... because, well, I’m pretty sure that just this morning I said something similar to my three-year old.

Indeed, it amuses me how many of us non-millennials criticise millennials for things we were just as guilty of when we were young. Being 21 and thinking the world revolves around you is not a particularly new thing - in fact, I’m pretty sure it’s the whole point of being 21.

Sometimes it feels like millennials gather in droves to trawl through the net – hungry to drink the blood of their next victim to “shame” on twitter or through a bull-dozing think piece. It seems like rationality and context are irrelevant. Doesn’t matter what the piece was about, just pull out that juicy quote that sounds completely offensive in isolation. Country Living posts sometimes seem like “baits” to trap someone from a white, privileged background into commenting, so that they can be swiftly shamed. It’s the Generation Snowflake equation, rehearsed to perfection - if you can’t find something to be organically offended by, find something that can loosely be moulded into an offence you’d quite like to react to. It’s probably good for your brand.

**Compare writers' attitudes towards social media.**

The way I see it, Facebook perpetuates the absolute importance of physical appearance to an unhealthy extent. Think about it: when was the last time you saw a comment on a picture that praised someone for something other than a physicality? Something other than "Wow, you look gorgeous!" or "I love your shirt." Sometimes people are able to slip in a "haha, you're hilarious," when it's a funny post or "wow, so cool that you did that!" when it's a picture of you skydiving or something like that. But for the most part, people are being noticed for their physical appearance more than anything else. And that's no one's fault really; Facebook just isn't structured for comments about your friends' intelligence or passion or determination (all things that are just as worthy of note and admiration as appearance). In and of themselves, these comments aren't harmful at all. But when looks are the only thing being discussed and complimented, it suggests that one's beauty is their most important or valuable attribute -- and that is something that I fundamentally disagree with, and don't wish to support.

Indeed, social scientists who study young people have found that their digital use can be inventive and even beneficial. This is true not just in terms of their social lives, but their education too. So if you use a ton of social media, do you become unable, or unwilling, to engage in face-to-face contact? The evidence suggests not. [Research by Amanda Lenhart](#) of the Pew Research Centre, a US thinktank, found that the most avid texters are also the kids most likely to spend time with friends in person. One form of socialising doesn't replace the other. It augments it. "Kids still spend time face to face," Lenhart says. Indeed, as they get older and are given more freedom, they often ease up on social networking. Early on, the web is their "third space", but by the late teens, it's replaced in reaction to greater autonomy.

**Compare the writers' experiences of the places they visit.**

The fineness of the weather, the uncommon beauty of the horses in all the coaches, the sun shining on their well-groomed skins, the hilarity they seemed to feel, the passengers on the outside gay and happy, the contrast of the colours of the clothes worn by all the well-dressed women outside the coaches, large bonnets made of straw, or white silk or paper, which at a distance have the appearance of white silk, all gaily trimmed with very broad ribbons woven in stripes of various bright colours, running into one another like the colours in the spectrum their white gowns and scarlet shawls, made the whole exceedingly lively and delightfully animating. The people in the street were variously grouped : workmen, market people with baskets of fruits and flowers on their heads, or on their donkeys, or in their small carts, numbers of others with vegetables, newsmen and boys running about to sell their papers to the coach passengers (at least a dozen of which leave the Golden Cross or pass it about seven o'clock), gave a coup which cannot be witnessed in any other country in the whole world, and perhaps at no other place in the world than at Charing Cross.

Then there was the bad weather. It would come in one day when the fall was over. We would have to shut the windows in the night against the rain and the cold wind would strip the leaves from the trees in the Place Contrescarpe. The leaves lay sodden in the rain and the wind drove the rain against the big green autobus at the terminal and the Cafe des Amateurs was crowded and the windows misted over from the heat and the smoke inside.

It was a sad, evilly run cafe where the drunkards of the quarter crowded together and I kept away from it because of the smell of dirty bodies and the sour smell of drunkenness. The men and women who frequented the Amateurs stayed drunk all of the time, or all of the time they could afford it, mostly on wine which they bought by the half-litre or litre.

**Compare the writers' perspectives on parenting.**

I actively ensure my children are meeting the right sort of children at their after-school activity classes. Poppy and India go to an array of things: piano and violin lessons, swimming and Brownies. Of course I think these activities are beneficial. But the real benefit is the networking opportunities.

I want my girls to connect with the children of like-minded parents who also strive for their children to be high achievers.

Plus I pay for them both to have a private tutor for 30 minutes each week. He helps improve their learning and reinforces my message about mixing with the right people.

I have absolutely no doubt that, as a parent, it is your duty to be proactive. I am merciless about cutting off bad friendships, too. I make excuses not to invite particular children for playdates or sleepovers and I refuse any invitations on my children's behalf.

The girls don't really realise what I'm doing. It's very subtle even when I monitor the guests my girls invite to their parties.

We sit down together and draw up a list of four or five children. 'Why don't you invite nice so-and-so,' I say, naming a child I believe will be beneficial to them.

I am convinced that my tactics are paying off.

While any reasonable and decent parent is going to be concerned about the welfare and progress of their children, it is important that you let your kids grow up at some point. All of us as human beings are going to stumble along the way. It is often at these times that we often learn from our mistakes and rebound. In many cases, such experiences it makes us a little bit stronger and wiser. This is not to say that once a person's children turn 18, they should never lift a finger to help them ever again. That would be just as unwise and insane as well. There may very well be times when parents may have to and should intervene on their children's behalf even if they are adults. But truth be told, letting children spread their wings and start that path toward independence is one of the best lessons a parent can give a child. When I was a teenager, my mother, now deceased, told me and my siblings that "experience is the best teacher." Decades later and as a man who has entered early middle age, I can attest to the fact that she was correct.

