

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname

Other names

Pearson Edexcel
Level 3 GCE

Centre Number

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Monday 13 May 2019

Morning (Time: 1 hour 30 minutes)

Paper Reference **8EL0/01**

English Language and Literature

Advanced Subsidiary

Paper 1: Voices in Speech and Writing

You must have:

Source Booklet (enclosed)

Total Marks

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Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer the question in Section A and the question in Section B.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– *there may be more space than you need.*

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
– *use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.*

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

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Answer ALL questions.

SECTION A: Creation of Voice

Read Text A on pages 4-5 of the source booklet before answering Question 1 in the space below.

1 It is 2003 and you are a journalist for a broadsheet newspaper. You were present at the speech made by Colonel Tim Collins prior to British troops entering Iraq.

Write the text for a news article reporting on the content of the speech and commenting on the reactions of those who listened to it.

You may develop the details in Text A but you must draw only on the factual information. You should **not** include images or columns.

You should:

- develop the content of your article using the conventions of journalism
- craft your article appropriately to the given context
- write to engage your audience.

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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS



SECTION B: Comparing Voices

Read Text B on pages 6-7 and Text C on page 8 of the source booklet before answering Question 2 in the space below.

2 Compare how the writers in Text B and Text C shape their language to create a sense of voice.

You must consider:

- the use of linguistic and literary features
- the influence of audience and purpose
- the contexts of the texts.

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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 30 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS



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Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Monday 13 May 2019

Morning (Time: 1 hour 30 minutes)

Paper Reference **8EL0/01**

**English Language and Literature
Advanced Subsidiary**

Paper 1: Voices in Speech and Writing

Source Booklet

Do not return this source booklet with the question paper.

Turn over ►

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A Memoir of Three Continents, Two Friends, and One
Unexpected Adventure by Rachel Friedman (Unseen text)

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Text C – Travelogue: *Sea and Sardinia* by D.H. Lawrence
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8

SECTION A: Creation of Voice

Text A

This is the eve-of-battle speech made by Colonel Tim Collins to the 1st Battalion of the Royal Irish Regiment in 2003, prior to British troops entering Iraq.

"We go to liberate, not to conquer.

We will not fly our flags in their country. We are entering Iraq to free a people and the only flag which will be flown in that ancient land is their own.

Show respect for them.

There are some who are alive at this moment who will not be alive shortly.

Those who do not wish to go on that journey, we will not send.

As for the others, I expect you to rock their world.

Wipe them out if that is what they choose.

But if you are ferocious in battle remember to be magnanimous in victory.

Iraq is steeped in history.

It is the site of the Garden of Eden, of the Great Flood and the birthplace of Abraham.

Tread lightly there.

You will see things that no man could pay to see – and you will have to go a long way to find a more decent, generous and upright people than the Iraqis.

You will be embarrassed by their hospitality even though they have nothing.

Don't treat them as refugees for they are in their own country.

Their children will be poor, in years to come they will know that the light of liberation in their lives was brought by you.

If there are casualties of war then remember that when they woke up and got dressed in the morning they did not plan to die this day.

Allow them dignity in death.

Bury them properly and mark their graves.

It is my foremost intention to bring every single one of you out alive.

But there may be people among us who will not see the end of this campaign.

We will put them in their sleeping bags and send them back.

There will be no time for sorrow.

The enemy should be in no doubt that we are his nemesis and that we are bringing about his rightful destruction.

There are many regional commanders who have stains on their souls and they are stoking the fires of hell for Saddam.

He and his forces will be destroyed by this coalition for what they have done.

As they die they will know their deeds have brought them to this place. Show them no pity.

It is a big step to take another human life.

It is not to be done lightly.

I know of men who have taken life needlessly in other conflicts.

I can assure you they live with the mark of Cain upon them.

If someone surrenders to you then remember they have that right in international law and ensure that one day they go home to their family.

The ones who wish to fight, well, we aim to please.

If you harm the regiment or its history by over-enthusiasm in killing or in cowardice, know it is your family who will suffer.

You will be shunned unless your conduct is of the highest – for your deeds will follow you down through history.

We will bring shame on neither our uniform or our nation.

It is not a question of if, it's a question of when.

We know he has already devolved the decision to lower commanders, and that means he has already taken the decision himself.

If we survive the first strike we will survive the attack.

As for ourselves, let's bring everyone home and leave Iraq a better place for us having been there.

Our business now is North."

SECTION B: Comparing Voices

Text B

This is an extract from the 2011 memoir by the American writer Rachel Friedman who, when a recent college graduate, booked a short trip to Ireland and ended up on a year-long journey across three continents.

Why Ireland? Well, for starters, four hundred dollars (my parents' generous, hesitant contribution) is enough to purchase a student work visa, something available in only a handful of countries, two of them—Australia and New Zealand—instantly ruled out because they are too far to find cheap airfare. Also, the rainy Irish weather appeals to me. If I am going to be miserable, I want the skies to match my mood. Last fall I took a course on Joyce, and I've been conjuring up long, dreary days wandering like Ulysses, rainy nights in cafés punishing myself with *Finnegans Wake*. This portrait appeals to my romanticized notion of melancholy, the kind I plan to undertake in Ireland, not at all like my current depressive state of pondering my postgraduate future, which consists of numbly attending lectures, sleeping twelve hours a day, and when I'm feeling really ambitious, staring blankly at the wall. Most of all, I just want to be somewhere else. When it comes to Ireland, it's not so much a matter of *Why here?* as *Will it be far enough?*

Oh, the possibilities are *endless*. They weigh me down, tramp around my brain in their muddy boots. I was happy along my determined, orderly path. I don't want options. I don't want to explore. My future used to be a straight, sturdy line, but now it's all blurry, as if I'm under anesthesia.

On the plane, I diligently studied my guidebook's entry on the hostel where I'm staying, but I have no clue how to actually get there. A new surge of confident travelers envelops me, and when the wave subsides, I have been spat out on the other side, face-to-face with two angular women behind an information kiosk.

"Hi? I'm trying to get to my hostel?"

The one not texting whips open a map and expertly traces my route. "Right, you're after the Airlink bus, which is outside now. Take it to the civic offices. Walk up Fishamble Street onto Lord Edward Street. Your hostel is on the corner." She circles the spot twice with her pen, then pushes the map toward me and flashes an obligatory smile.

"Thanks," I mumble. Forward motion, I think. Just keep moving.

I will myself through a revolving door and out into Ireland, where my bus is sunning itself. Three massive steps lead up into it, though there might as well be one hundred.

"You're grand," says the driver encouragingly, but I cannot see any graceful way to get myself plus Big Red inside.

I briefly consider splurging on a taxi, but it seems like an unnecessary indulgence when the bus is right here. It's cheap—and it's waiting. Okay, I tell myself. You may very well be about to make a complete ass of yourself, but no one knows you. Come on. Get on the bus. Get. On. The. Bus. I put two feet on the first step and then turn back around to face my engorged red opponent. Twisting the suitcase sideways, I drag it awkwardly up onto the step with me. Only half of its girth makes it; for a moment we are in a perfect precarious balance of bag and girl. Just as I am about to lose the battle to the overhanging weight, two steroidal angels reach down, and my suitcase floats the rest of

the way in. We shove it into the space designated for luggage, leaving enough room for someone else's small purse or perhaps a wallet.

I did it. I'm on a bus alone in a foreign country. For a fleeting second, I feel something surprising alongside the familiar emotions of confusion, doubt, and apprehension. Later, I'll look back and recognize this rush of excitement as my first glimpse of what exactly it means to travel alone in a faraway land: I can go anywhere. I can do anything. And the all-important: I can be anyone. Soon enough I'll come to crave this feeling, seek it out and cultivate it, but right now it's an indecipherable sensation, quite possibly, I consider, indigestion.

Glossary

Joyce – James Joyce, Irish novelist, author of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*

Big Red – the writer's massive red suitcase

Text C

*This is an extract from *Sea and Sardinia* by the English writer D.H. Lawrence, who travelled from his home in Sicily to Sardinia in 1921.*

I slept not so badly through the stifled, rolling night—in fact later on slept soundly. And the day was growing bright when I peered through the porthole, the sea was much smoother. It was a brilliant clear morning. I made haste and washed myself cursorily in the saucer that dribbled into a pail in a corner: there was not space even for one chair, this saucer was by my bunk-head. And I went on deck.

Ah the lovely morning! Away behind us the sun was just coming above the sea's horizon, and the sky all golden, all a joyous, fire-heated gold, and the sea was glassy bright, the wind gone still, the waves sunk into long, low undulations, the foam of the wake was pale ice-blue in the yellow air. Sweet, sweet wide morning on the sea, with the sun coming, swimming up, and a tall sailing bark, with her flat fore-ladder of sails delicately across the light, and a far-far steamer on the electric vivid morning horizon.

The lovely dawn: the lovely pure, wide morning in the mid-sea, so golden-aired and delighted, with the sea like sequins shaking, and the sky far, far, far above, unfathomably clear. How glad to be on a ship! What a golden hour for the heart of man! Ah if one could sail for ever, on a small quiet, lonely ship, from land to land and isle to isle, and saunter through the spaces of this lovely world, always through the spaces of this lovely world. Sweet it would be sometimes to come to the opaque earth, to block oneself against the stiff land, to annul the vibration of one's flight against the inertia of our terra firma! but life itself would be in the flight, the tremble of space. Ah the trembling of never-ended space, as one moves in flight! Space, and the frail vibration of space, the glad lonely wringing of the heart. Not to be clogged to the land any more. Not to be any more like a donkey with a log on its leg, fastened to weary earth that has no answer now. But to be off.

To find three masculine, world-lost souls, and world-lost saunter, and saunter on along with them, across the dithering space, as long as life lasts! Why come to anchor? There is nothing to anchor for. Land has no answer to the soul any more. It has gone inert. Give me a little ship, kind gods, and three world-lost comrades. Hear me! And let me wander aimless across this vivid outer world, the world empty of man, where space flies happily.

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Source information

Text A: taken from *Voices in Speech and Writing: An Anthology*, Pearson Education Limited 2014

Text B: taken from *The Good Girl's Guide to Getting Lost, A Memoir of Three Continents, Two Friends, and One Unexpected Adventure* by Rachel Friedman, Bantam Books 2011

Text C: taken from *Voices in Speech and Writing: An Anthology*, Pearson Education Limited 2014

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