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Pearson Edexcel
Level 3 GCE

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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English Language and Literature
Advanced
Paper 2: Varieties in Language and Literature

Friday 8 June 2018 – Afternoon

Time: 2 hours 30 minutes

Paper Reference

9EL0/02

You must have:

Prescribed texts (clean copies)
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 **one** question in Section A on your chosen theme and **one** question in Section B on your chosen texts.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided – *there may be more space than you need.*
- In your answers to Section B, you must **not** use texts that you have studied for coursework.

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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SECTION A: Unseen Prose Non-fiction Texts

Answer ONE question on your chosen theme. Write your answer in the space provided.

EITHER

Society and the Individual

Read Text A on pages 4–5 of the source booklet.

- 1** Critically evaluate how Joe Moran communicates his views on society's attitudes to shyness.

In your answer you must comment on linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(20)

OR

Love and Loss

Read Text B on page 6 of the source booklet.

- 2** Critically evaluate how C. S. Lewis reflects upon his grief following the loss of his wife.

In your answer you must comment on linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(20)

OR

Encounters

Read Text C on page 7 of the source booklet.

- 3** Critically evaluate how Viv Albertine recreates the experience of her first encounter with the music of The Beatles.

In your answer you must comment on linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

(20)

OR

Crossing Boundaries

Read Text D on pages 8–9 of the source booklet.

- 4** Critically evaluate how Elena Lappin reflects upon her experiences of speaking and writing in a variety of languages.

In your answer you must comment on linguistic and literary features and relevant contextual factors.

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SECTION B: Prose Fiction and other Genres

Answer ONE question on your chosen theme.

EITHER

Society and the Individual

Answer this question with reference to the TWO texts that you have studied from the list below. Begin your answer on page 15.

Anchor texts

The Great Gatsby, F Scott Fitzgerald

Great Expectations, Charles Dickens

Other texts

The Bone People, Keri Hulme

Othello, William Shakespeare

A Raisin in the Sun, Lorraine Hansberry

The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale, Geoffrey Chaucer

The Whitsun Weddings, Philip Larkin

- 5** Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your **two** studied texts to present individuals who observe or experience significant change.

In your answer you must consider the use of linguistic and literary features, connections across texts and relevant contextual factors.

(30)

OR



Love and Loss

Answer this question with reference to the TWO texts that you have studied from the list below. Begin your answer on page 15.

Anchor texts

A Single Man, Christopher Isherwood
Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Thomas Hardy

Other texts

Enduring Love, Ian McEwan
Much Ado About Nothing, William Shakespeare
Betrayal, Harold Pinter
Metaphysical Poetry, editor Colin Burrow
Sylvia Plath Selected Poems, Sylvia Plath

- 6 Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your **two** studied texts to present how feelings of love and loss are shaped by the past.

In your answer you must consider the use of linguistic and literary features, connections across texts and relevant contextual factors.

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Encounters

Answer this question with reference to the TWO texts that you have studied from the list below. Begin your answer on page 15.

Anchor texts

A Room with a View, E M Forster

Wuthering Heights, Emily Brontë

Other texts

The Bloody Chamber, Angela Carter

Hamlet, William Shakespeare

Rock 'N' Roll, Tom Stoppard

The Waste Land and Other Poems, T S Eliot

The New Penguin Book of Romantic Poetry, editor J Wordsworth

- 7 Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your **two** studied texts to present encounters which are difficult to interpret.

In your answer you must consider the use of linguistic and literary features, connections across texts and relevant contextual factors.

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Crossing Boundaries

Answer this question with reference to the TWO texts that you have studied from the list below. Begin your answer on page 15.

Anchor texts

Wide Sargasso Sea, Jean Rhys

Dracula, Bram Stoker

Other texts

The Lowland, Jhumpa Lahiri

Twelfth Night, William Shakespeare

Oleanna, David Mamet

Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and Other Poems, Christina Rossetti

North, Seamus Heaney

- 8 Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your **two** studied texts to present the opportunities and dangers that arise when a boundary is crossed.

In your answer you must consider the use of linguistic and literary features, connections across texts and relevant contextual factors.

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



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Do not return this Source Booklet with the question paper.

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CONTENTS

Section A: Unseen Prose Non-fiction Texts

	Page
Text A – Society and the Individual	4-5
Text B – Love and Loss	6
Text C – Encounters	7
Text D – Crossing Boundaries	8-9

SECTION A: Unseen Prose Non-fiction Texts

Society and the Individual

Text A

This is an edited version of Joe Moran's article, published in 2016 in *The Independent*, about his own experience of, and society's views on, shyness.

Personal growth is the growth industry of our age. Its guiding principle is that personality is plastic and pliable, a skill set you can learn and change. Dale Carnegie's children populate the mind-body-spirit shelves of bookshops: *How to Talk to Anyone*, *Goodbye to Shy*, *Make Yourself Unforgettable*, *How to Light Up a Room and Make People Like You*. They trade in stories of recovering shy people who have transformed themselves from depressed solitaries into social butterflies, the psychological equivalent of those slimmers of the year who pose delightedly inside their old and now oversized pair of trousers.

In this positive-thinking mode, shyness always has to be 'busted' or 'conquered'. But if I have learned one thing from exploring the lives of shy people, it is that our personalities do not do these kinds of handbrake turns.

I have come to think of my own shyness as an unyielding reality and the best strategy, I have realised, is Zen acceptance. If I just accede to my shyness as an obdurate fact, like having sticky-out ears or crooked teeth, I can live with it. I have decided, as the software developers say, that being shy is a feature, not a bug. I now just assume that after any conversation with a stranger I will come away feeling slightly defeated. In the manner of those signs they used to have in shops warning people off asking for credit, I should probably wear a badge that says, 'Please do not expect sparkling conversation, as its failure to materialise may offend.'

No one needs to leave my meals on a tray by my door or hire a surrogate sibling to coax me out of the house. I no longer think of myself as giving off some invisible, people-repelling pheromone. I can be taken to parties and left on my own without anyone fearing I will do a tearful flit. If someone knocks on my office door, I answer it (most of the time); if the phone rings, I pick it up (usually).

In other words, I can rustle up a passable impression of a normal person because I know it is part of the deal, the levy we pay on being alive, even if it sometimes feels I have to scrape together every penny of emotional effort to pay it.

'Do you not think that shyness can be a gift to us?' a friend said to me, 'by giving us a slanted outlook, a special way of seeing the world?' I demurred then, but I am coming round to her way of thinking. Shyness is unwanted most of the time. But a gift it still is, its attendant feelings of apartness granting us hard-won insights we cannot now imagine living without.

Collectively, though, we still cannot make up our minds about shyness. Some see it as a form of rudeness or conceit, others as a sign of sensitivity and sagacity in the insincere soup of social life. I have come to feel that it has little meaning other than itself. It is so dirt-common that no especially disagreeable or virtuous human attributes can be extrapolated from it. It cohabits with egotism and self-pity as readily as with modesty and thoughtfulness. Shyness is just *there*, another piece in the intricate jigsaw of human diversity, and all that studying it has taught me is what I knew already: human behaviour is endlessly rich and odd.

Not only is shyness essentially human, it may even be the master key that unlocks our understanding of those sociable creatures, *homo sapiens*, lumbered with this strange capacity for turning in and reflecting on themselves. Shyness isn't what alienates me from the rest of herd-loving humankind; it's the common thread that links me to them.

GLOSSARY

Dale Carnegie – author of a famous self-help book, *How to Win Friends and Influence People*.

Zen – a branch of Buddhist philosophy which promotes calm acceptance of things that can't be changed.

pheromone - a chemical substance produced and released into the environment by an animal, affecting the behaviour of others of its species.

Love and Loss

Text B

This is an extract from *A Grief Observed* by C. S. Lewis, published in 1961, in which he reflects upon the loss of his wife, Helen Joy Davidman ('H. '), who died in 1960.

No one ever told me that grief felt so like fear. I am not afraid, but the sensation is like being afraid. The same fluttering in the stomach, the same restlessness, the yawning. I keep on swallowing.

At other times it feels like being mildly drunk, or concussed. There is a sort of invisible blanket between the world and me.

There are moments, most unexpectedly, when something inside me tries to assure me that I don't really mind so much, not so very much, after all. Love is not the whole of a man's life. I was happy before I ever met H. I've plenty of what are called 'resources.' People get over these things. Come, I shan't do so badly. One is ashamed to listen to this voice but it seems for a little to be making out a good case. Then comes a sudden jab of red-hot memory and all this 'commonsense' vanishes like an ant in the mouth of a furnace.

On the rebound one passes into tears and pathos. Maudlin tears. I almost prefer the moments of agony. These are at least clean and honest. But the bath of self-pity, the wallow, the loathsome sticky-sweet pleasure of indulging it—that disgusts me. And even while I'm doing it I know it leads me to misrepresent H. herself. Give that mood its head and in a few minutes I shall have substituted for the real woman a mere doll to be blubbered over. Thank God the memory of her is still too strong (will it always be too strong?) to let me get away with it.

For H. wasn't like that at all. Her mind was lithe and quick and muscular as a leopard. Passion, tenderness, and pain were all equally unable to disarm it. It scented the first whiff of cant or slush; then sprang, and knocked you over before you knew what was happening. How many bubbles of mine she pricked! I soon learned not to talk rot to her unless I did it for the sheer pleasure—and there's another red-hot jab—of being exposed and laughed at. I was never less silly than as H.'s lover.

And no one ever told me about the laziness of grief. Except at my job—where the machine seems to run on much as usual—I loathe the slightest effort. Not only writing but even reading a letter is too much. Even shaving. What does it matter now whether my cheek is rough or smooth? They say an unhappy man wants distractions—something to take him out of himself. Only as a dog-tired man wants an extra blanket on a cold night; he'd rather lie there shivering than get up and find one. It's easy to see why the lonely become untidy; finally, dirty and disgusting.

Meanwhile, where is God? This is one of the most disquieting symptoms. When you are happy, so happy that you have no sense of needing Him, so happy that you are tempted to feel His claims upon you as an interruption, if you remember yourself and turn to Him with gratitude and praise, you will be—or so it feels—welcomed with open arms. But go to Him when your need is desperate, when all other help is vain, and what do you find? A door slammed in your face, and a sound of bolting and double bolting on the inside. After that, silence. You may as well turn away. The longer you wait, the more emphatic the silence will become. There are no lights in the windows. It might be an empty house. Was it ever inhabited? It seemed so once. And that seeming was as strong as this. What can this mean? Why is He so present a commander in our time of prosperity and so very absent a help in time of trouble?

Encounters

Text C

In this chapter from her book *Clothes, Clothes, Clothes, Music, Music, Music, Boys, Boys, Boys*, published in 2014, musician and writer Viv Albertine recalls her first introduction, at the age of 10, to the music of The Beatles.

I'm at my babysitter Kristina's house, my first time in a big girl's room. There are no dolls or teddy bears anywhere. On her bed is a 'gonk', a round red cushion with a long black felt fringe, no mouth, big feet. Her bedspread is purple and she's painted her furniture purple too. In the middle of the floor is a record player, a neat little box covered in white leatherette, it looks a bit like a vanity case. Flat paper squares with circles cut out of the middle are scattered around the floor. Kristina opens the lid of the record player and takes a shiny liquorice-black disc out of one of the wrappers, puts it onto the central spindle and carefully lowers a plastic arm onto the grooves. There's a scratching sound. I have no idea what's going to happen next.

Boys' voices leap out of the little speaker – 'Can't buy me love!' No warning. No introduction. Straight into the room. It's the Beatles.

I don't move a muscle whilst the song plays. I don't want to miss one second of it. I listen with every fibre of my being. The voices are so alive. I love that they don't finish the word love – they give up on it halfway through and turn it into a grunt. The song careens along, only stopping once for a scream. I know what that scream means: *Wake up! We've arrived! We're changing the world!* I feel as if I've jammed my finger into an electricity socket, every part of me is fizzing.

When the song finishes, Kristina turns the record over – *What's she doing?* – and plays the B-side, 'You Can't Do That'.

This song pierces my heart, and I don't think it will ever heal. John Lennon's voice is so close, so real, it's like he's in the room. He has a normal boy's voice, no high-falutin' warbling or smoothed-out creamy harmonies like the stuff Mum and Dad listen to on the radio. He uses everyday language to tell me, his girlfriend, to stop messing around. I can feel his pain, I can hear it in his raspy voice; he can't hide it. He seesaws between bravado and vulnerability, trying to act cool but occasionally losing control. And it's all my fault. It makes me feel so powerful, affecting a boy this way – it's intoxicating. I ache to tell him, *I'm so sorry I hurt you, John, I'll never do it again.* I play the song over and over again for an hour until Kristina can't stand it any more and takes me home.

I already know 'You Can't Do That' by heart and sing it to myself as I trail my hand along the privet hedges, pulling off the leaves and digging my thumbnail into the rubbery green flesh every time I get to the chorus, 'Ooooh, you can't do that!' I can still hear John Lennon's voice in my head. Not a scary rumble like my dad's, but familiar and approachable, a bit nasal, like mine. That's it! He's like me, except a *boy*. Through tree-lined streets, past the terraced houses, I float, catching glimpses of those other, happier, families through the illuminated squares of their little brick boxes. But today I'm not jealous, I'm not looking in windows for comfort any more. Under lamp posts and cherry trees I glide, stepping on the cracks between the paving stones and squashing pink blossom under my Clarks sandals – I no longer have time for childish things.

Crossing Boundaries

Text D

In this 2016 newspaper article, published to coincide with the release of her book, *What Language Do I Dream In?*, Elena Lappin reflects upon her experiences of speaking and writing in different languages.

I began to write almost as soon as I could read: stories in my head, mini novels in my notebooks, tales invented and told daily to my little brother. I started school magazines just so I could write in them. I published poems and satirical pieces in real magazines for children. I was quite sure that my first novel would be out in the world by the time I was 18.

But all this nascent writing of mine was in Czech. I was growing up, very happily, in Prague; my dream of becoming a writer was crushed when, after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968, my family emigrated to Germany. The death of the intoxicating freedom that was the Prague Spring is, in my mind, always synonymous with my own death as a writer. You can't write when you lose your language.

Czech wasn't even my first language. I lived in Prague from the age of three, but I had been born in Moscow, and spoke Russian with my parents. In Czechoslovakia, Russian was the language of the enemy, and outside of home I pretended not to know it. I faked a Czech accent, and made sure my parents never addressed me in Russian in front of my friends. The emotional distinction between my two first languages was clear: one was disliked and tolerated only as a necessity, the other loved and deeply cherished. I had a native connection with Czech, and yet it was my foreignness that made me appreciate it even more.

I was almost 16 when we emigrated to Hamburg. As a teenager, I slipped into German with relative ease, admiring its precision and, once I was able to read German literature, its syntactic beauty. But for me, it had no emotional appeal; it felt heavy, hard, unwieldy, without a shadow of the kind of playfulness I so enjoyed in Czech. German could never become my language; and this meant that I had to forget about being a writer.

And then, English came to my rescue. First it was only a seed of a language I had to learn – quickly – to keep up with my German high school curriculum. Then, with unassuming strength, it gradually found its way into every corner of my life, private and professional. One day, I suddenly noticed that I was writing my private diaries in English. Could I be born again, as a writer, in a new language?

Writing fiction in a language that is not your own is an intriguing process. You are always aware of being part impostor, part ventriloquist, part inner translator. Your voice originates in a hidden mix of inner voices, but only you feel their presence. You wear your writer's cloak with apparent ease, but you never forget the heavy price you paid for its protection.

I discovered that English was not an entirely accidental linguistic presence in my life. About 10 years ago, the phone rang in the middle of a noisy family meal at my home in London. A man speaking English with a heavy Russian accent and much emotion informed me, after an awkward introduction, that he was calling to tell me the true story of my birth. I was, he said, the daughter of an American living in Russia. My Brooklyn-born biological father had been brought up in Moscow when his father fled there in the 1930s from America, after a minor career in Soviet military intelligence.

The stranger turned out to be a distant relative who had been trying to find me for decades. It would take me many years to fully verify, research, understand and accept his tale. But I did immediately sense its truth. I thought: isn't it ironic that the father I never knew was a native speaker of the language I came to write in, the language that to me felt most nimble, free and alive.

GLOSSARY

Prague Spring – the name by which the events of 1968 are commonly known, when the Czech people tried to assert their independence from Russian control.

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Source information

Text A: taken from <http://www.independent.co.uk/life-style/health-and-families/features/don-t-cure-your-shyness-value-it-why-being-a-shrinking-violet-can-be-a-positive-a7207251.html>

Text B: taken from C. S. Lewis, *A Grief Observed* [1961] (Faber and Faber, 2013)

Text C: taken from Viv Albertine, *Clothes Clothes Clothes Music Music Music Boys Boys Boys* (Faber and Faber, 2014)

Text D: taken from <https://www.theguardian.com/books/2016/jul/16/elena-lappin-writing-english-foreign-language>

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