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AQA GCSE ENGLISH LANGUAGE: QUESTIONS BY TOPIC

Paper 2: Writers' Viewpoints and Perspectives

Questions 1–5, grouped by question number

8 exam series · 40 question instances · Mark schemes included

AQA GCSE (9-1) English Language 8700, November 2020 – June 2025

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HOW TO USE THIS BOOKLET

Every instance of a question, across every available series, is grouped together by question number.
Reading questions (1–4) are preceded by that series' source material, so each page works standalone.
Click any row below to jump to that question's section; click ANSWER on any question page for its mark scheme.

SECTION	MARKS	PAGE
Question 1 · True or NOT True Statements *Identify true statements about the sources · 8 series included*	4	3
Question 2 · Synthesis and Summary *Summarise differences and similarities between two sources · 8 series included*	8	64
Question 3 · Language Analysis *How the writer uses language in one source · 8 series included*	12	141
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Mark Schemes		400

QUESTIONS

All 40 instances of Questions 1–5, 8 series · lowest question number first

QUESTION 1

True or NOT True Statements

Identify true statements about the sources

[4 marks] · 8 series included in this section

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

Touching the Void

An extract from an autobiographical account by Joe Simpson published in 1988

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

Climbing the Meije

An extract from a letter written by explorer Gertrude Bell in 1899

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun20/E6

8700/2

Source A

Source A is an extract from *Touching the Void*, in which experienced climber Joe Simpson describes how he and fellow climber Simon Yates scaled a 21 000 foot mountain in Peru. On the way down, Joe fell and broke his leg. In this extract, Joe explains how, because of his broken leg, Simon had to lower him down the mountain using a rope.

The col was exposed and windy. Directly beneath us the glacier we had walked up five days ago curved away towards the crevasses which led to base camp, nearly 3 000 feet below us. It would take many long lowerings, but it was all downhill, and we had lost the sense of hopelessness that had invaded us at the ice cliff.

'What time is it?' Simon asked.

'Just gone four. We don't have much time, do we?'

I could see him weighing up the possibilities. I wanted to carry on down, but it was Simon's decision. I waited for him to make up his mind.

'I think we should keep going,' he said at last.

Simon let me slide faster than I had expected and, despite my cries of alarm and pain, he had kept the pace of descent going. I stopped shouting to him after fifty feet. The rising wind and continuous avalanches drowned out all communications. Instead I concentrated on keeping my leg clear of the snow. It was an impossible task. Despite lying on my good leg, the right boot snagged in the snow as the weight of my body pushed down. Each abrupt jerk caused searing pain in my knee. I sobbed and gasped, swore at the snow and the cold, and most of all at Simon. At the change-over point, I hopped on to my left leg, trying to think the pain away. It ebbed slowly, leaving a dreadful throbbing ache and a leaden tiredness.

The tugs came again far too soon, and carelessly I slumped against the rope and let myself go. The drop went on until I could bear it no longer, yet there was nothing that I could do to bring the agony to an end. Howling and screaming for Simon to stop achieved nothing; the blame had to lie somewhere, so I swore Simon's character to the devil.

The terrible sliding stopped, and I hung silently against the slope. Three faint tugs trembled the taut rope, and I hopped up on to my leg. A wave of nausea and pain swept over me. I was glad of the freezing blasts of snow biting into my face. My head cleared as I waited for the burning to subside from my knee. Several times I had felt it twist sideways when my boot snagged. There would be a flare of agony as the knee kinked back, and parts within the joint seemed to shear past each other with a sickening gristly crunch. I had barely ceased sobbing before my boot snagged again. At the end my leg shook uncontrollably. I tried to stop it shaking, but the harder I tried, the more it shook. I pressed my face into the snow, gritted my teeth, and waited. At last it eased.

Simon had already started to climb down. I looked up but failed to make out where he was. I began digging Simon's belay* seat. It was warming work and distracted attention from my knee. When I looked up again Simon could be seen descending quickly.

'At this rate we should be down by nine o'clock,' he said cheerfully.

'I hope so.' I said no more. It wouldn't help to harp on about how I felt.

'Right, let's do it again.' He had seated himself in the hole and had the ropes ready for another lowering.

'You're not hanging around, are you?'

'Nothing to wait for. Come on.'

He was still grinning, and his confidence was infectious. Who said one man can't rescue another, I thought. We had changed from climbing to rescue, and the partnership had worked just as effectively. We hadn't dwelt on the accident. There had been an element of uncertainty at first, but as soon as we had started to act positively everything had come together.

'Okay, ready when you are,' I said, lying down on my side again. 'Slow down a bit this time. You'll have my leg off otherwise.'

He didn't seem to hear me for I went down at an even faster pace than before, and the hammering torture began again with a vengeance. My optimism evaporated.

Glossary

* belay – a secure point to fix a rope

Turn over for Source B

Source B

In 1899, British explorer Gertrude Bell set out to climb one of the most dangerous mountains in the Alps, the Meije. Source B is an extract from the letter she sent home describing the climb.



Monday 28th August, 1899

I thought you would gather from my last letter that I meant to have a shot at climbing the Meije and would be glad to hear that I had descended safely. Well, I'll tell you – it's awful! I think if I had known exactly what was before me I should not have faced it, but fortunately I did not, and I look back on it with complete satisfaction — and I look forward to other things with no further apprehension. . .

I left here on Friday, having hired a local guide, Marius, and we walked up to the Refuge. I went out to watch the beautiful red sunlight fading from the snow and rocks. The Meije looked dreadfully forbidding in the dusk. When I came in I found that Marius had kindly put my rug in a corner of the floor, and what with the straw and my cloak for a pillow, I made myself very comfortable.

The night lasted from 8 till 12, but I didn't sleep at all. We got up soon after 12 and I went down to the river and washed a little. It was a perfect night, clear stars and the moon not yet over the hills. We left just as the moon shone into the valley. Marius always went ahead and carried a lantern till we got on to the snow when it was light enough with only the moon.

At 1.30 we reached the glacier and put on our ropes. It wasn't really cold, though there was an icy little breath of wind. We had about three hours up very nice rock. I had been in high spirits for it was so easy, but before long my hopes were dashed! We had about two hours and a half of awfully difficult rock. There were two places where Marius literally pulled me up like a parcel. He has the strength of a bear. And it was absolutely sheer down. The first half-hour I gave myself up for lost. It didn't seem possible that I could get up all that wall without ever making a slip. You see, I had practically never been on a rock before. However, I didn't let on to Marius and presently it began to seem quite natural to be hanging by my eyelids over an abyss. . .

We stayed on the summit until 11. It was gorgeous, quite cloudless. I went to sleep for half-an-hour. It's a very long way up but it's a longer way down – unless you take the way Marius's axe took. The cord by which it was carefully tied to his wrist broke and it disappeared forever into space.

Here comes the worst place on the whole Meije. Marius vanished, carrying a very long rope, and I waited. Presently I felt a little tug on the rope. "Mademoiselle," called Marius calmly, and obediently off I went. There were two little humps to hold on to on an overhanging rock and there was me in mid-air and Marius round the corner steadfastly holding the rope tight. . . perfectly fearful. I thought at the time how very well I was climbing and how odd it was that I should not be afraid.

The worst was over then, and the most tedious part was to come. There was no difficulty, but there was also no moment when you had not to pay the strictest attention. There was an hour of ice and rock till at last Marius and I found ourselves, with thankfulness, back on the glacier.

When I got in, I found everyone in the hotel on the doorstep waiting for me and the hotel owner let off crackers, to my great surprise.

I went to bed and knew no more till 6 this morning, when I had five cups of tea and read your letters and then went to sleep again until ten. I'm really not tired but my shoulders and neck and arms feel rather sore and stiff and my knees are awfully bruised.

END OF SOURCES

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IB/G/Jun20/8700/2

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Do not write outside the box

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 4**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A The climbers were sheltered from the wind. ⬭

B The glacier was higher up the mountain. ⬭

C They had been on the mountain for at least five days. ⬭

D Base camp was more than 3000 feet below them. ⬭

E Joe thought they would make it back to base camp quickly. ⬭

F There were no more uphill sections to climb. ⬭

G The climbers were feeling more positive now than they were before. ⬭

H On the ice cliff, the climbers had felt overwhelmed by despair. ⬭

4

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ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

Unreliable Memoirs by Clive James

An extract from an autobiography, published in 1980

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

Sweets and their Manufacture

An extract from a magazine article, published in 1868

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun21/E9

8700/2

Source A

This extract is from Clive James' autobiography, published in 1980. Here, he writes about going to the cinema as a child in Australia in the 1940s.

Every Saturday afternoon at the pictures there was a feature film, sixteen cartoons and an episode each from four different serials. The programme just went on and on and on. The Margaret Street children would join up with the Irene Street children and the combined mass would add themselves to the Sunbeam Avenue children and they would join the swarm of children from all the other areas, all moving north along Rocky Point Road towards Rockdale, where the Odeon stood.

In summer, the concrete footpaths were hot. The tarmac footpaths were even hotter: bubbles of tar formed, to be squashed flat by our leathery bare feet. Running around on gravelled playgrounds throughout the spring, by summer we had feet that could tread on a drawing pin and hardly feel it.

When you got to the cinema the first thing you did was stock up with lollies. Lollies was the Australian word for what the English call sweets and the Americans call candy. Some of the more privileged children had upwards of five shillings each to dispose of, but in fact two shillings was enough to buy you as much as you could eat. Everyone, without exception, bought at least one Hoadley's Violet Crumble Bar. It was a slab of dense, dry honeycomb coated with chocolate. So frangible was the honeycomb that it would shatter when bitten, scattering bright yellow shrapnel. It was like trying to eat a china vase. The honeycomb would go soft only after a day's exposure to direct sunlight. The chocolate surrounding it, however, would liquefy after only ten minutes in a dark cinema.

Fantails came in a weird, blue packet shaped like an isosceles triangle with one corner missing. Each individual Fantail was wrapped in a piece of paper detailing a film star's biography — hence the pun, fan tales. The Fantail itself was a chocolate-coated toffee so glutinous that it could induce lockjaw in a donkey. People had to have their mouths chipped open with a cold chisel. One packet of Fantails would last an average human being forever. A group of six small boys could go through a packet during the course of a single afternoon at the pictures, but it took hard work and involved a lot of strangled crying in the dark. Any fillings you had in your second teeth would be removed instantly, while children who still had any first teeth left didn't keep them long.

The star lolly, outstripping even the Violet Crumble Bar and the Fantail in popularity, was undoubtedly the Jaffa. A packet of Jaffas was loaded like a cluster bomb with about fifty globular lollies the size of ordinary marbles. The Jaffa had a dark chocolate core and a brittle orange candy coat: in cross-section it looked rather like the planet Earth.

It presented two alternative ways of being eaten, each with its allure. You could fondle the Jaffa on the tongue until your saliva ate its way through the casing, whereupon the taste of chocolate would invade your mouth with a sublime, majestic inevitability. Or you could bite straight through and submit the interior of your head to a stunning explosion of flavour.

Sucking and biting your way through forty or so Jaffas while Jungle Jim wrestled with the crocodiles on screen, you nearly always had a few left over after the stomach could take no more. The spare Jaffas made ideal ammunition. Flying through the dark, they would bounce off a child's skull with the noise of bullets hitting a bell.

Everyone either ate steadily or raced up and down the aisles or to and from the toilet or all three. The uproar was continuous, like Niagara Falls. Meanwhile the film was unreeling in front of us.

Source B

This extract is from a magazine article published in 1868. The writer explains how sweets were made and decorated in Victorian England.

The last thing a child asks is how the sweet it snaps up with such eagerness is made. Yet the manufacture of these delicacies — or should I say necessities? — of the nursery is a thing worth witnessing. A marvellous change has come across public opinion respecting sugar and sweets of all kinds. They used to be denounced by tender mothers as "trash and messes" and, possibly because they were so denounced, they tasted all the sweeter to the little ones. Now we would not wish to make taboo that which delights young taste buds the most. In moderation, there is nothing more wholesome than sugar. It is nourishing and warming because of the large amount of carbon contained in it.

In the past, sweets were not a speciality in England; there were no large factories for their production. All the higher-class sweets came from France and Italy but the introduction of steam into the process has made England the world leader in manufacturing sweets. Now sweets are made on the largest scale and are much cheaper. The basic style of old is also gone. The eye must now be satisfied as well as the tongue, even in the cheapest items. Think of a halfpennyworth of sweets done up in a ruby-coloured gelatine packet.

It is true that some of the more showy sweets made in the past were colourful, but it was metallic colour containing the most virulent poison. The famous scientist Doctor Hassall's analysis of this painted confectionery, published some years ago, exposed the villainous manner in which this vividly coloured confection was made attractive to children by poisonous paint. The brighter the hue, the more deadly the sweet. The brilliant green, for instance, with which the confectionery was adorned, contained copper toxins.

It is easy to understand the bad name sweets acquired when thus made up. No doubt many young children were absolutely killed by excessive eating of these artistically poisoned candies. Doctor Hassall has heroically delivered us from this source of danger to our precious children. Nothing but harmless vegetable colours are now used, which, if not so brilliant as metallic ones, are quite safe. Today, it is wrong to use metallic colour in confectionery. However, it is just possible that some of the old sweets may still be for sale, so I bid parents beware of any sweets with vivid greens and reds, for they are sure to be poisonous.

Young girls are largely employed in the sweet-making trade. They are quick and stick well to their work; but they have a sweet tooth and empty stomachs and so help themselves to the sweets pretty freely. As it is impossible to stop petty pilfering, the workers are given liberty to eat as much as they like, although the employers reduce the already pitiful pay to account for this. In the factory which I visited, the girls certainly did not look any the worse for their unlimited consumption of lollipops and their rosy faces gave a clear answer to the old charge against the harmful nature of sweets.

The sweets are made with the utmost speed by these little workwomen, sitting silently, hunched over their benches. In one part of the dimly lit factory, I came upon the little artists squinting as they coloured the small sugar articles under the strict scrutiny of their supervisor. It was all vegetable colour, of course, and quite harmless. There is no great artistic talent required in the colouring tasks that the girls undertake, and it is far too cheaply paid to be very carefully done. But, however poor they may be as works of art, the sweets are most wholesome. This, as we have said before, was far from being the case a few years ago, before Doctor Hassall turned detective officer for the good of our little ones.

END OF SOURCES

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Do not write outside the box

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 10**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A The cinema programme was every Saturday morning. ⬭

B The cinema programme was short. ⬭

C The children all came from the same street. ⬭

D The children formed a large group as they moved through the streets. ⬭

E The Odeon was in Rockdale. ⬭

F The children wore shoes. ⬭

G The children went to the cinema on foot. ⬭

H The children had really tough feet. ⬭

4

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GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century literary non-fiction

The Tent, The Bucket and Me by Emma Kennedy

An extract from an autobiography, published in 2009

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

In the Wilderness by Charles Dudley Warner

An extract from a book, published in 1878

Please turn the page over to see the sources

Source A

Source A is an extract from *The Tent, The Bucket and Me* in which Emma Kennedy describes her camping holidays in France in the 1970s.

'You know,' said my mother who, as far as I could tell, was the only person delighted to be back in France, 'we should treat this holiday as the occasion it is. There's no point in being miserable. Holidays are what you make them.'

Holidays were not what you made them. Holidays were in the hands of malevolent forces hell-bent on wreaking chaos at every turn. Holidays were assault courses of the mind and body, endurance tests designed to break spirits and shatter spleens. In my nine years on the planet I had learnt one thing: going on holiday was awful. As we sat, chugging along through the French countryside, sunflowers in the fields on either side of us, I thought, 'Yes, it IS nice to look at. But in the same way that cheese looks nice in a mousetrap.'

Eventually we arrived at the campsite where we had stayed the previous year. As is often the way when you revisit somewhere you've been before, the allure was not quite as sparkling. The table tennis hut, once such an astonishment of riches, was now a bit battered around the edges, the pool a little more dull. Even my mother was forced to concede that the place had lost its gloss. 'This isn't quite as nice as I remember it,' she said, hands on hips. 'Still, at least it's a bit cooler. What a relief!'

'Storm clouds gathering over there,' said Dad, looking up to the west. 'That'll explain the drop in temperature. Still, I'll get the tent up.'

Our pitch backed on to a line of trees that acted as a windbreaker between us and the river. I wandered off, tiptoeing through the branches to stand at the water's edge. The low evening sun was casting a pink tinge across the water and dragonflies were hovering. Picking up a round, flat stone I skimmed it across the surface of the lake and watched with satisfaction as it bounced away. Sometimes, it was the simplest things that provided the greatest pleasure and as I stood, throwing stone after stone, I felt real contentment as if I were actually enjoying myself.

I returned to our pitch, having been called to supper by my mother. Dad was staring skywards. 'Those clouds are shifting,' he said, 'we might get some rain after all.'

'I can't remember the last time I saw rain,' answered my mother, 'must be well over a month. It'll be nice. Clear the air.'

Suddenly, there was a squall of activity all over the campsite as the sky darkened and the rain began to fall in thick, steady drops. Caravan awnings were being winched in, windows slammed shut, towels were being hastily gathered and everywhere, families were retreating to the inside of their tents. Because the ground was so dry, the patter of rain on the hard earth sounded almost metallic and each raindrop sparked up a plume of dust so fine it looked like steam, making the soil look as if it were boiling. In the distance, a low rumble of thunder began rolling towards us, the starter flag for any decent storm, and the rain which had an individual and random quality became more pack-like, shifting shapes like a flock of starlings. The storm was circling the area before clattering in to do its worst. Soon, the rain was slashing down, the relentless battering against the tent canvas loud and frightening.

Despite all my father's best efforts to waterproof the tent and lay the ground sheet properly, water was starting to seep in. The ground, dry from so many weeks without moisture, couldn't cope with the sudden onslaught and the campsite was rapidly turned into a series of streaming rivers. Not wanting to get our bedding wet, we bundled our sleeping bags together, placing them on top of the camping table just outside the sleeping compartment. With nothing to sleep in, and the water ever rising, Dad placed my air bed on top of their air bed and we sat, huddled together, knees against our chests. As the storm fractured the skies, we clung together, terrified.

Despite a small but intense gnawing in my chest, there was something deliciously spine-tingling about being trapped inside the tent while hell rained itself down on me.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract from *In The Wilderness*, written in 1878 by the American writer Charles Dudley Warner. At this time, some Americans were looking for adventure by camping in the wild.

The real enjoyment of camping in the woods lies in a return to primitive conditions of living, dress and food and an escape from civilization. It is wonderful to see how easily the limits of society fall off.

When our campers come to the bank of a lovely lake where they hope to enter the primitive life, everything is beautiful and unspoilt. There is a point of land jutting into the lake, sloping down to a sandy beach, on which the waters idly lap. The forest is untouched by the axe; ranks of slender fir trees are marshalled by the shore. The discoverers of this paradise, which they have entered to destroy, note the babbling of the stream that flows close at hand; they hear the splash of the leaping fish. They listen to the sweet song of the evening birds, and the chatter of the red squirrel, who angrily challenges their right to be there.

The site for a shelter is selected. The whole group is busy with the foundation of a new home. The axes resound in the echoing spaces; great trunks fall with a crash; views are opened towards the lake and the mountains. The spot for the shelter is cleared of underbrush; forked stakes are driven into the ground, cross-pieces are laid on them, and poles sloping back to the ground. In an incredible space of time there is the skeleton of a house, which is entirely open in front. The roof and sides must be covered. For this purpose, the trunks of great spruce trees are skinned. It needs but a few of these skins to cover the roof; and they make a perfectly water-tight roof, except when it rains.

Later, whilst we eat supper, a drop or two of rain falls. The sky darkens; the wind rises; there is a kind of shiver in the woods. We scud away into the shelter, taking the remains of our supper, eating it as best we can. The rain increases. The fire sputters and fumes. All the trees are dripping, dripping, and the ground is wet. We cannot step outdoors without getting a drenching. Like sheep, we are penned in the little hut, where no one can stand upright. The rain swirls into the open front and wets the bottom of the blankets. We curl up in our sleeping rows and try to enjoy ourselves. How much better off we are than many a shelter-less wretch!

However, as we are dropping off to sleep, somebody unfortunately notes a drop of water on his face. He moves his head to a dry place. Then he feels a dampness in his back and he finds a puddle of water soaking through his blanket. By this time, somebody inquires if it is possible that the roof leaks. One man has a stream of water under him; another says it is coming into his ear. The roof appears to be a discriminating sieve. Those who are dry see no need of such a fuss. The man in the corner spreads his umbrella, and the protective measure is resented by his neighbour. In the darkness there is recrimination. The rain continues to soak down. The fire is only half alive. The bedding is damp. Some sit up, if they can find a dry spot to sit on, and smoke. A few sleep. And the night wears on.

The morning opens cheerless. The sky is still leaking and so is the shelter. The roof is patched up. Even if the storm clears, the woods are soaked. There is no chance of going out. The world is only ten feet square.

This life, without responsibility or clean clothes, may continue as long as the camper desires. Some would be happy to live in this free fashion forever, in rain or sun, but there are others who cannot exist more than three days without their worldly baggage. These campers will soon leave and the abandoned camp is a melancholy sight.

The woods have been despoiled; the stumps are ugly; the bushes are scorched; the pine-leaf-strewn earth is trodden into mud; the ground is littered with all the unsightly debris of a hand-to-hand life. The dismantled shelter is a shabby object; the charred and blackened logs, where the fire blazed, suggest the extinction of life. Man has wrought his usual wrong upon Nature.

END OF SOURCES

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IB/G/Jun22/8700/2

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Do not write outside the box

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 9**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A The writer's mother was happy to be going on holiday. ⬭

B This is the first time the writer has been to France. ⬭

C The writer thinks evil powers ruin holidays. ⬭

D The writer thinks holidays are mental and physical challenges. ⬭

E The writer is a teenager at the time of the holiday. ⬭

F The family are travelling through a city. ⬭

G The fields on either side of the road are full of wheat. ⬭

H The writer admits that holidays can look attractive but she thinks this is a trick. ⬭

4

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century non-fiction

How I beat my insomnia

An extract from an article written in 2016 by journalist Arifa Akbar

Source B: 19th Century literary non-fiction

A sleepless night

An extract from an article written in 1872 by journalist Fanny Fern

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Nov22/E3

8700/2

Source A

Source A is an extract from a newspaper article written in 2016 by journalist Arifa Akbar about her experience of insomnia, which is when a person has difficulty sleeping.

Now, I am about to say something that I never thought I would: I had a good night's sleep last night. And the night before that. All week in fact, I have tipped into bed, my mind restless for one shuddering moment before I turn to lie flat on my back and repeat a well–rehearsed script, at which point my thoughts drop off into dark velvety sleep.

A full night's sleep could never have happened a few years ago. I am 44 now but, until my late 30s, I had insomnia that clung on from childhood and progressively beat me down.

It began when I was ten — I would deliberately keep myself awake to pick over the day. It would take me five or six hours to get to sleep and, even then, it would be interrupted. My immune system was shot. I lived on the edge of my nerves. I fought it with remedies from the herbal to the hard stuff, but it just seemed to get worse.

Two decades into the insomnia, at the age of 30, I was waking up — if I had fallen asleep at all — with sore eyes, itchy skin and a high-pitched sense of mental hysteria, which, at its worst, made me feel as though my life was unravelling.

I felt as if I had tried every known cure going — and there are plenty, given almost a third of us admit to being sleep deprived. I tried giving up coffee, sugar and heavy dinners. Still awake. Baking at 3am. Still awake and getting fatter. Hypnosis, which did nothing at all. In desperation I bought a therapeutic electromagnetic mattress to 'recalibrate my energy field'. It just gave me a stiff back. Sleeping pills knocked me out for a few days, then the insomnia crept back.

So when I came across a magazine article mentioning AT (Autogenic Training – a form of self-hypnosis and an apparent fix for insomnia, formulated by a German psychiatrist in the 1930s), scepticism kicked in. I took the article to my doctor anyway — what harm was there in running it past him?

That is how I found myself sitting with 11 strangers, memorising a script to focus on our bodies from limb to limb, and then our organs, like a strange, verbal body scan. I was told to repeat the exercise three times a day, for 15 minutes each time — ideally in a quiet spot, sitting back on a chair or lying down.

It looked like I was merely resting with my eyes closed, but in my head I was repeating sentences: 'My right arm is heavy and warm', 'my heartbeat is calm and regular' and 'my neck and shoulders are heavy and warm'.

The script had to be followed in a certain order, and repeated three times. There was nothing more to it than that. And so I started chanting. To myself, that is, silently, three times a day.

A few weeks into my course, I began to feel something. My insomnia hadn't disappeared but I began to feel calmer, brighter, and less wired all the time. I felt my memory get sharper. I didn't have to write constant reminders to myself or search for the right words while speaking as I'd become used to doing.

My insomnia, at my most tormented, was excruciatingly noisy. I could feel my brain rev up in the night and start to chatter, sorting out things I hadn't given it time to reflect on. Self–hypnosis began to turn down the noise.

Then it happened. Around Week Four, sleep came like a welcome black tide, knocking me out suddenly. It felt miraculous. I was overjoyed, but suspicious. This had happened before and insomnia had always returned with a vengeance.

But the insomnia hasn't come back. I still think of self–hypnosis as some form of magic, despite the science. I fear the spell will break and the insomnia will creep back one day.

And so I carry on repeating the script — and, so far, it carries on working its magic.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract taken from a magazine article written in 1872 by American journalist Fanny Fern. Here, she writes about her experience of being unable to sleep.

You know what it is to lie awake at night, I suppose, while every human creature in the house is sleeping, with perspiration standing in drops on your forehead; with twitching fingers, and kicking toes, and glaring eyes; with disgust at the distant tap, tap, tap, of feet on the sidewalk; planning your revenge tomorrow (should you survive to see it) upon the owner of that blind across the street, which has been flapping to and fro all night, and yet never dropped on somebody's head, as you hoped it might, so that you were saved from the noisy nuisance.

In vain have you tried saying the Multiplication Table; in vain have you repeated poetry by the yard, or counted to one hundred; in vain have you done any of the foolish things recommended in such cases. Two o'clock has just struck, and no sleep has followed. Well—if you can't sleep, you won't sleep, that's all. You'll just get up, and strike a light and read. You do it; but the fire is low, and cold shivers run up and down your back-bone. Three o'clock! You're hungry! Yes—that must be it. You'll go to the cupboard and get a bit of cold chicken. Good heavens! It's gone! Those lumpish, snoring wretches have devoured it before going to bed!

You walk to the window. It is some comfort that the stars have to wink all night as well as you. Good! You're glad of it. Four o'clock! Gracious! How will you feel to-morrow? Suppose you should run from the top of the stairs to the bottom, as fast and as loud as you could, and wake up the whole family. And as the vision of terrified night-gowns appears in your mind, you start grinning like a maniac; then laughing hysterically; then crying outright; and the next thing you know it is eight o'clock in the morning, and coffee and rolls are awaiting your arrival.

And as to mosquitoes. Ah! You too must have suffered. You have lain, hour after hour, listening to that never-ceasing war-song, till you were as nervous as a cat. You have turned over; you have lain on your side, lain on your back, lain on your face. You have doubled your fists up under your arm-pits, and twisted your feet into hard knots under your night-clothes, to no avail. You have then fallen back on your dignity and the pygmy-ness of your tormentors, and folded your arms resolutely over your chest, and looked fiercely up to the ceiling… And yet, at that very moment, an "owdacious" bite has sent you flying, with a smothered exclamation, into the middle of the floor, bewailing the day you were born.

Next day you get a mosquito net. What a fool not to think of it before. You drape it round your bed. It looks safe. You explore it carefully that night before getting in, that there is no treacherous hole left for the enemy. You put out the light, and oh! blissful happiness, listen to their howl of rage outside, and fall asleep. Next morning you wake with a splitting headache. Can it be the confined air of the net? Horrible! You spend that day nursing your head and your anger.

That night you refuse to gasp under a net, for all the mosquitoes that ever swarmed. You even light your gaslight defiantly, open the windows, and sneer at the black demons as they buzz in for their nocturnal raid. You sit and read—occasionally boxing your own ears—till the small hours, and then—to bed; only to dash frantically against the wall, throw your pillows at the enemy, laugh hysterically, and rise at daylight a bleary-eyed, spotted, dismal wretch!

END OF SOURCES

5

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IB/G/Nov22/8700/2

2 2 B G 8 7 0 0 / 2

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Do not write outside the box

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 6**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A The writer was confident from the start that she would beat her insomnia. ⬭

B The writer is surprised that she has a good night's sleep. ⬭

C It is the first time that the writer has slept well for weeks. ⬭

D The writer's mind is very active when she first gets into bed. ⬭

E The writer sleeps lying on her side. ⬭

F The writer has used the script before. ⬭

G The writer has black velvet sheets on her bed. ⬭

H The writer has suffered from insomnia since she was a child. ⬭

4

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

One's Company by Peter Fleming

An extract from a travel book, published in 1933

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

Records of a Girlhood by Fanny Kemble

An extract from a letter, published in 1878

Please turn the page over to see the sources

Source A

Source A is an extract from a travel book in which Peter Fleming describes his train journey on the Trans-Siberian Railway in 1933. The journey is over nine thousand kilometres and takes more than a week to complete.

And now the journey was almost over. There is no more luxurious sensation than what may be described as the 'end of term' feeling. I felt very content. After tomorrow there would be no more trips to the dining-car; no more of that black bread, in consistency and flavour suggesting rancid peat; no more of that equally earthy tea; no more of a monk's existence; no more days entirely blank of action. It was true that I did not know what I was going to do, that I had nothing very specific to look forward to. But I knew what I was going to stop doing, and that, for the moment, was enough.



I wandered along the train to my compartment, undressed and got into my bed. As I did so, I noticed for the first time that the number on my berth was thirteen. For a long time, I could not sleep but eventually I drifted off.

All of a sudden there was a frightful jarring, followed by a crash. I sat up in my berth. From the rack above me my heaviest suitcase was cannonaded down, catching me with fearful force on either knee-cap. This is the end of the world, I thought, and in addition they have broken both my legs. My little world was tilted drunkenly. The window showed me nothing except a few fields. It was six o'clock. I began to dress. I felt very much annoyed. But I climbed out of the carriage into a refreshingly spectacular world and the annoyance passed. The Trans-Siberian Express train sprawled foolishly down the embankment. The mail van and the dining-car, which had been in front, lay on their sides at the bottom. Behind them the five sleeping cars, headed by my own, were disposed in attitudes which became less and less grotesque until you got to the last, which had remained, primly, on the rails. Fifty yards down the line, the engine, which had parted company with the train, was dug in, snorting steam, on top of the embankment. It had a defiant and naughty look; it was definitely conscious of indiscretion.

It would be difficult to imagine a nicer sort of railway accident. No one was hurt. The weather was ideal. And the whole thing was done in just the right sort of theatrical manner, with lots of twisted steel and splintered woodwork and turf scarred deeply with demoniac force.

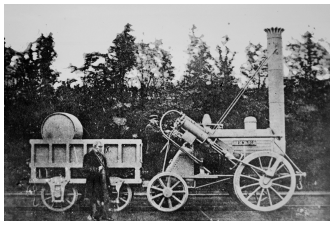
This was great fun: a comical and violent climax to an interlude in which comedy and violence had been altogether too lacking for my tastes. It was good to lie back in the long grass on a little hill and meditate upon that sprawling scrap-heap. There she lay, in the middle of the wide green plain; the fastest train, the Trans-Siberian Luxury Express. For more than a week she had bullied us. She had knocked us about when we went to clean our teeth in the little bathroom, she had jogged our elbows when we wrote, and when we read, she made the print dance tiresomely before our eyes. Her windows we might not open on account of the dust, and when closed they had proved a perpetual attraction to small, sabotaging boys with stones. She had annoyed us in a hundred little ways: by spilling tea in our laps, by running out of butter, by regulating our life. She had been our prison. We had not liked her. Now she was down and out. We left her lying there, a broken, buckled toy, a thick black worm without a head, awkwardly twisted: a thing of no use.

Source B

Source B is an extract from a letter written by Fanny Kemble to a friend about her first ride on a steam train in 1830, when she was 21. The steam engine had recently been invented by George Stephenson and he was also on this ride.

A normal sheet of writing paper is enough for love, but only a large sheet can contain my raptures about my railroad journey. And now I will give you an account of my excursion yesterday…

A party of sixteen persons was ushered into a courtyard where there stood a carriage of a peculiar construction, prepared for our reception. It was a long-bodied vehicle with seats placed across it, back-to-back; the one we were in had six of these benches and was a sort of uncovered carriage. The carriage was set in motion by only a push and rolled with us down a slope into a tunnel which forms the entrance to the railroad.



Here, we were introduced to the little train engine which was to drag us along the rails. She (for they make these curious little fire-horses all mares*) consisted of a boiler, a stove, a small platform, a bench, and behind the bench a barrel containing enough water to prevent her being thirsty on our journey. She goes upon wheels which are her feet and are moved by bright steel legs called pistons which are propelled by steam. The reins of this wonderful beast are a small steel handle, which applies or withdraws the steam from its legs or pistons, so that a child might manage it. The coals, which are its oats, were under the bench. This snorting little animal, which I felt rather inclined to pat, was then harnessed to our carriage. Mr Stephenson and I took our seats on the bench of the train engine and we set off at about ten miles an hour.

As the steam-horse was unable to go up and down hill, the railroad was kept at a certain level, and appeared sometimes to sink below the surface of the earth, and sometimes to rise above it. It was most incredible. Almost from the start the track was cut through the solid rock which formed a wall on either side of it, about sixty feet high.

You can't imagine how strange it seemed to be journeying on thus, without any visible cause of progress other than the magical machine, with its flying white breath and rhythmical, unvarying pace, between these rocky walls. Then, when I reflected that these great masses of stone had been cut asunder to allow our passage far below the surface of the earth, I felt as if no fairy tale was ever half so wonderful as what I saw. Bridges were thrown from side to side across the top of these cliffs, and the people looking down upon us from them seemed like dolls standing in the sky. You cannot conceive what that sensation of cutting the air was; the motion is as smooth as possible. I could either have read or written; and as it was, I stood up, and with my bonnet off, drank the air before me. When I closed my eyes this sensation of flying was quite delightful, and strange beyond description. Yet, strange as it was, I had a perfect sense of security and not the slightest fear, as this brave little she-dragon of ours flew on.

We had now come fifteen miles and stopped where the railroad traversed a wide and deep valley. Mr. Stephenson escorted me from the train down to the bottom of this ravine, over which, to keep the track level, he has thrown a magnificent viaduct of nine arches, the middle one of which is seventy feet high, through which we saw the whole of this beautiful little valley. It was lovely and wonderful beyond all words.

We then re-joined the rest of the passengers and the carriage set off at its utmost speed, thirty-five miles an hour, swifter than a bird flies, on our return journey.

When I add that this pretty little creature can run either backward or forward, I believe I have given you an account of all the train's abilities.

Glossary

* female horses

END OF SOURCES

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IB/G/Jun23/8700/2

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Do not write outside the box

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 7**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A The writer is at the start of his train journey. ⬭

B The writer is looking forward to leaving the train. ⬭

C The writer will be on the train for three more days. ⬭

D The train has a carriage where meals are served. ⬭

E The writer thinks the bread has been delicious. ⬭

F The writer feels that he has been cut off from society while on the train. ⬭

G The writer has had many activities to keep him busy on the train. ⬭

H The writer does not have any plans for when he leaves the train. ⬭

4

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century non-fiction

This is Going to Hurt: Secret Diaries of a Junior Doctor by Adam Kay

An extract from a diary, published in 2017

Source B: 19th Century literary non-fiction

The Wonderful Adventures of Mrs Seacole in Many Lands by Mary Seacole

An extract from a memoir, published in 1857

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun24/G4012/E4

8700/2

Source A

This extract is from a diary written by a young doctor, Adam Kay, published in 2017. Here, he writes about training to be a doctor at medical school and then his first experiences of working in a hospital as a 'house officer', the lowest rank of junior doctor.

Because medical schools are oversubscribed ten-fold, all candidates must be interviewed, with only those who perform best under a grilling being awarded a place. It's assumed all applicants are on course for straight A grades at A-level, so universities base their decisions on non-academic criteria.

Imperial College in London were satisfied that my distinctions in grade eight piano and saxophone, alongside some half-hearted theatre reviews for the school magazine, qualified me perfectly for life on the hospital wards, and so in 1998 I packed my bags and embarked upon the treacherous six-mile journey from Dulwich to South Kensington.

As you might imagine, learning every single aspect of the human body's anatomy and physiology, plus each possible way it can malfunction, is a fairly gargantuan undertaking. But the buzz of knowing I was going to become a doctor one day – such a big deal you get to literally change your name, like a superhero or an international criminal – propelled me towards my goal through those six long years.

Then there I was, a junior doctor. I could have gone on a quiz show with the specialist subject 'the human body'. Everyone at home would be yelling at their TVs that the subject I'd chosen was too vast and wide-ranging, that I should have gone for something like 'atherosclerosis' or 'bunions', but they'd have been wrong. I'd have nailed it.

It was finally time to step out onto the ward armed with all this exhaustive knowledge and turn theory into practice. My spring couldn't have been coiled any tighter. So it came as quite the blow to discover that I'd spent a quarter of my life at medical school and it hadn't remotely prepared me for the unpredictable existence of a house officer.

During the day, the job was manageable, if mind-numbing and insanely time-consuming. You turn up every morning for the 'ward round', where your whole team of doctors pootles past each of their patients. You trail behind like a hypnotized duckling, your head cocked to one side in a caring manner, noting down every pronouncement from your seniors – book an MRI scan, refer to rheumatology, arrange an ECG test. Then you spend the rest of your working day (plus generally a further unpaid four hours) completing these dozens, sometimes hundreds, of tasks – filling in forms, making phone calls. Essentially, you're a glorified personal assistant. Not really what I'd trained so hard for, but whatever.

The night shifts, on the other hand, made Hell look like Disneyland – an unrelenting nightmare that made me regret ever thinking my education was being wasted. At night, the house officer is given a little paging device affectionately called a 'bleep', and responsibility for every patient in the hospital. Your senior colleagues are seeing patients in A&E with a specific problem, like pneumonia or a broken leg, while you're up on the wards, sailing the ship alone. A ship that's enormous, and on fire, and that no one has really taught you how to sail. You're bleeped by ward after ward, nurse after nurse, with emergency after emergency – it never stops, all night long. You're a one-man, mobile, essentially untrained A&E department, getting drenched in bodily fluids, reviewing an endless stream of worryingly sick patients who, twelve hours earlier, had an entire team of doctors caring for them.

You've been trained how to examine a patient's cardiovascular system, but, even when you can recognize every sign and symptom of a heart attack, it's very different to actually managing one for the first time. You suddenly long for the sixteen-hour admin sessions. (Or, ideally, some kind of compromise job, that's neither massively beyond nor beneath your abilities.)

It's sink or swim, and you have to learn how to swim because otherwise a ton of patients sink with you. I actually found it all perversely exhilarating. Sure it was hard work, sure the hours were bordering on inhumane and sure I saw things that have scarred my retinas to this day, but I was a doctor now.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

This extract, written in 1857, is from the autobiography of Mary Seacole, a British-Jamaican nurse who travelled the world as a volunteer. Here, she has arrived to work on a wharf, an area of land next to the sea where boats are loaded and unloaded, to help look after men wounded at war.

I have never met such a busy scene as that small harbour presented. Crowded with shipping, of every size and variety, from the noble English steamer to the smallest long-shore craft, while between them and the shore passed and repassed innumerable boats. Coming from the quiet, gloomy sea into this little nook of life and bustle, the transition is very sudden and startling.

I remained there six weeks, spending my days on shore, and my nights on board ship. My chief occupation, and one with which I never allowed any business to interfere, was helping the doctors to transfer the sick and wounded from the horse-drawn ambulances into the boats that had to carry them to the hospitals. I did not forget the main object of my journey, to which I would have devoted myself exclusively had I been allowed; and very familiar did I become before long with the sick wharf. My acquaintance with it began very shortly after I had arrived.

The very first day that I approached the wharf, a party of sick and wounded soldiers had just arrived. Here was work for me, I felt sure. With so many patients, the doctors must be glad of all the hands they could get. Indeed, so strong was the old impulse within me, that I waited for no permission, but seeing a poor artilleryman stretched upon a wooden pallet, groaning heavily, I ran up to him at once, and eased his dressings. I was rewarded when the poor fellow's groans subsided into a restless uneasy mutter. God help him! He had been hit in the forehead, and I think his sight was gone. I stooped down, and raised some tea to his baked lips (here and there upon the wharf were rows of little metal cups containing this beverage). Then his hand touched mine, and rested there, and I heard him mutter indistinctly, as though the discovery of my hand had arrested his wandering senses –

"Ha! this is surely a woman's hand."

I couldn't say much, but I tried to whisper something about hope and trust in God; but all the while I think his thoughts were running on this strange discovery. Perhaps I had brought to his poor mind memories of his home, and the loving ones there, who would ask no greater favour than the privilege of helping him thus; for he continued to hold my hand in his feeble grasp, and whisper "God bless you, *woman* – whoever you are, God bless you!" – over and over again.

I do not think that the surgeons noticed me at first, although I had not neglected my personal appearance, and wore my favourite yellow dress, and blue bonnet, with the red ribbons. I noticed one coming to me, who, I think, would have laughed very merrily had it not been for the poor fellow at my feet. As it was, he came forward, and shook hands very kindly, saying, "How do you do, ma'am? Much obliged to you for looking after my poor fellow; very glad to see you here." And glad they always were, the kind-hearted doctors, to let me help them look after the sick and wounded sufferers brought to that fearful wharf.

I wonder if I can ever forget the scenes I witnessed there? Oh! They were heartrending. I declare that I saw rough-bearded men stand by and cry like the softest-hearted women at the sights of suffering they saw. I have often heard men talk and preach very learnedly and conclusively about the great wickedness and selfishness of the human heart. I wonder whether they would have modified those opinions if they had been my companions for one day of the six weeks I spent upon that wharf, and seen but one day's experience of the sympathy and brotherly love shown by the strong to the weak. The task was a trying one, and familiarity, you might think, would have worn down their keener feelings of pity and sympathy; but it was not so.

END OF SOURCES

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Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Do not write outside the box

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 13**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A Lots of people try to get into medical school. ⬭

B Universities decide who to accept based only on their A-level grades. ⬭

C Adam Kay's musical qualifications helped to get him a place at medical school. ⬭

D Adam Kay finished medical school in 1998. ⬭

E Adam Kay thought learning about the human body was a straightforward task. ⬭

F Adam Kay was excited by the thought of becoming a doctor. ⬭

G Adam Kay thought changing his name would make him a criminal. ⬭

H The time it took for Adam Kay to become a doctor went slowly. ⬭

4

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

The Tomb of Tutankhamun Volume 1 by Howard Carter

An extract from a memoir, published in 1923

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

The Englishwoman in Egypt by Sophia Lane Poole

An extract from a letter, published in 1844

Please turn the page over to see the sources

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Source A

Source A is an extract from a book written in 1923 by the British archaeologist, Howard Carter. Here, he describes his discovery of the tomb of the ancient Egyptian Pharoah, Tutankhamun.

This was to be our final season looking for tombs in The Valley of the Kings. At last, we made a discovery that far exceeded our wildest dreams. When I arrived on site, I was told that a step had been discovered, and a short amount of extra clearing revealed the entrance of a stairway cut into the rock. We all worked feverishly throughout the day to finish clearing away masses of rubbish on the stairway until it was beyond any question that, at last, we had before us the entrance to a tomb – but worries persisted in creeping in. There was always the horrible possibility that it had been completely plundered in ancient or recent times.

Just such a robbery had happened in the previous year. News had come in that a party of tomb-robbers had armed themselves and made their way to a lonely region on the other side of the mountain. The local village leaders came to me and asked me to take action. I hastily collected a few of my workmen and set out. It was midnight when we arrived, and the guide pointed out to me the end of a rope which dangled sheer down the face of a cliff. Listening, we could hear the robbers at work, so I first severed their rope, cutting off their means of escape, and then, making secure a good stout rope of my own, I lowered myself down the cliff. Climbing down a rope at midnight into a nestful of industrious tomb-robbers is a pastime which does not lack excitement. There were eight at work, and when I reached the bottom there was an awkward moment or two. I gave them the alternative of clearing out by means of my rope, or else of staying where they were without a rope at all, and eventually they saw reason and departed.

It was, therefore, with nervousness that I now watched the steps of the staircase we had discovered as one by one they came to light – then there was disclosed a sealed doorway! The decisive moment had arrived.

I found myself, with excitement burning like the heat of a fever, on the threshold of what might prove to be a magnificent discovery. With trembling hands, I made a tiny breach in the door, lit a candle and peered in. At first I could see nothing, but presently, as my eyes grew accustomed to the light, details of the room within emerged slowly from the mist, strange animals, statues, and gold – everywhere the glint of gold. For the moment – an eternity – I was struck dumb with amazement, then widening the hole a little further, I inserted a torch. Surely never in the whole history of excavation had such an amazing sight been seen as the light of the torch revealed to us. Let the reader imagine how it appeared from our spy-hole, casting the beam of light from our torch – the first light that had pierced the darkness of the chamber for three thousand years – as we looked down on one group of objects then another, in a vain attempt to interpret the treasure that lay before us. The effect was bewildering, overwhelming. We had never dreamed of anything like this, a roomful – a whole museumful – of objects piled one upon another in seemingly endless profusion.

I suppose most archaeologists would confess to a feeling of awe when they break into a chamber closed and sealed by pious hands so many centuries ago. For the moment, time has lost its meaning. Three thousand years have passed since human feet last trod the floor on which you stand, although you feel it might have been but yesterday. The very air you breathe, unchanged throughout the centuries, you share with those who laid the mummy to its rest. Time is annihilated and you feel like an intruder. That is the first and dominant sensation, but others follow thick and fast – the exhilaration of discovery, the fever of suspense, the thought – pure joy to the investigator – that you are about to add a page to history, the strained

expectancy – why not confess it? – of the treasure-seeker.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract from a letter written in 1844 by Sophia Lane Poole. Here she describes a visit to the pyramids of Egypt with her brother, Edward Lane, a famous British archaeologist.

My Dear Friend

So many have written of the pyramids, the great tombs of Egyptian Pharaohs. I find much that I must say respecting these stupendous monuments. The pleasure which is felt by the modern traveller in seeing the pyramids is increased by the consideration of their antiquity, and the reflection that many philosophers and heroes of ancient times have in like manner stood before them in admiration and amazement. Although, from the brightness of their colour, apparently little changed by the thousands of years that have passed since they were built, the pyramids do not appear ancient: there is an appearance of freshness about them which amazed me.

With regard to their wonderful magnitude, when I was within a few yards of the base of the Great Pyramid, I was enabled to the full to comprehend their vastness. The perpendicular height of the Great Pyramid is four hundred and fifty-six feet, according to my brother Edward's measurement. I had fully determined to attempt an ascent; but the wind was so high during the period of our visit, that I dared not do so. Edward did climb to the top; he had done so many times before.

This time, he ascended the Great Pyramid alone, but not unarmed as he knew that robbers were active in the area. While on the summit, he saw a suspicious figure, making towards the pyramid, from the west. The man began to ascend; when he arrived about halfway up, little thinking that Edward's telescope was directed towards him, he stopped, and took out a pistol from a case which was slung by his side, looked at it, and then continued the ascent. As it was evident that the fellow had no good intentions and intended robbery, Edward called to him, and asked him to descend; but he either did not hear him, or would not obey. My brother then fired a pistol, to show him that he was not without the means of defence. Upon this, the man immediately began to climb down, and, having reached the base, walked slowly away into the desert.

Although I did not climb to the summit, I did go inside the Great Pyramid. It is no trifle, I assure you, for a woman to explore its interior. My mind continued so impressed with the difficulties of this undertaking that I could not forget them, even in my dreams. The heat of the interior is oppressive and the passage by which we entered the pyramid is only four feet high and we were consequently obliged to descend in a crouching position.

The size of the Great Chamber is especially worthy of remark: the length is thirty-four feet four inches and a half. It is entirely constructed of red granite. Near the western end is the sarcophagus*. No hieroglyphics nor sculptures of any kind adorn it; its sides are perfectly plain and polished, and its form is simply that of an oblong chest, in every way rectangular. Its lid has been carried away, as well as its original contents; and we find in it nothing but dust and small fragments of stone. This enormous pyramid seems to have been raised merely to contain one single mummy, not a particle of which now remains in the place in which it was deposited with so much precaution. Historians assert that the building of the Great Pyramid occupied about twenty years, and three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed in its construction.

I did not think to have written to you so much on the pyramids; but having entered upon the subject, I have found it difficult to stop. So wonderful in themselves are the principal pyramids, and so impressive by reason of their remote antiquity, that all other existing works of man must, I think, in comparison with them, sink into insignificance.

END OF SOURCES

Glossary

*sarcophagus – a stone coffin

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7

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2 4 B G 8 7 0 0 / 2

IB/M/Nov24/8700/2

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Do not write outside the box

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 7**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A The team planned to leave the Valley of the Kings. ⬭

B The discovery they made was disappointing. ⬭

C Howard Carter was the first to arrive on site. ⬭

D A wooden stairway was discovered. ⬭

E The team became ill as they worked. ⬭

F There was a huge amount of rubble to clear away. ⬭

G There was no doubt that the stairway was the entrance to a tomb. ⬭

H Howard Carter was concerned that the tomb might have been robbed. ⬭

4

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century literary non-fiction

The Accidental Countryside by wildlife writer, Stephen Moss

An extract from a book, published in 2020

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

The Life of the Fields by Richard Jefferies

An extract from a book, published in 1884

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun25/G4010/V5

8700/2

Source A

Source A is an extract from *The Accidental Countryside*, by wildlife writer, Stephen Moss, published in 2020. Here, he writes about the peregrine falcon, a bird of prey.

The peregrine falcon sits far above the ground like an emperor gazing down upon his kingdom. He is, without question, the top predator in this neck of the woods. Or perhaps I should say, in this corner of the city. For on a fine spring day, this particular peregrine is perched on the roof of Tate Modern, the contemporary art gallery in the very heart of London. He sits perfectly upright, occasionally turning his head from side to side as his piercing black eyes, fringed with custard-yellow, search for any movement below. Down there, the humans go about their business unaware of the drama about to unfold above their heads. A moment later, and a movement in the far distance – three or four hundred metres away – catches the peregrine's eye. A flock of pigeons, and one bird at the back seems to be struggling to keep up with its companions. With a flick of his wings the falcon is gone.

He powers through the air, the breeze passing over his feathers with hardly a ruffle. He rises higher and higher until almost out of view. Then he stops, turns and folds his wings before plummeting. Like a guided missile, he homes in on the straggler, eyes fixed on the target, diving at almost 180 miles an hour, yet still the pigeon is unaware of its fate. At the last possible moment, the peregrine changes his body shape once again. Pulling back on his wings, he brakes momentarily, at the same time extending his feet towards his victim and, just before impact, extrudes talons sharp as switchblades. With an explosive crack like a rodeo whip, he grabs the pigeon. Upwards into the sea-blue sky he swoops, his plunder hanging beneath him: more food to carry back to his hungry chicks waiting in their nest, high on the topmost ledge of a skyscraper.

You wouldn't, perhaps, expect to find the fastest living creature on the planet in the centre of one of the world's busiest cities. The peregrine falcon's decline had begun during the Second World War, when shooting them was officially permitted to stop them killing pigeons carrying vital messages. After the war, things went from bad to worse because of the indiscriminate use of pesticides. The UK peregrine population plunged to fewer than 400 pairs. These retreated to prime sites in the north and west: rocky crags in the uplands, and high cliffs along remote coasts. The peregrine was very much a bird of wild places, not the urban jungle.

How things have changed. Today there are more than thirty breeding pairs of peregrines in London alone. Passers-by rarely look up, so seldom notice them; but they are there. On and around Tate Modern, the Houses of Parliament, Battersea Power Station and many other famous London landmarks, you can see peregrines: roosting, nesting and occasionally hunting for their favourite food, often guarded by volunteers with telescopes happy to point out this incredible bird. It's a great way to introduce city-dwellers to the wonders of the wild.

Peregrines have moved into our cities in such numbers for a simple reason: we have created the perfect conditions for them. Peregrines need high cliffs or crags, where they can build their nests and survey their territory; we have erected tall buildings that serve just as well. They need food; our cities provide it in a whole suite of different birds of different sizes, a buffet of birds laid out beneath them. And they need to be safe. They can find this safety in cities because our relationship with these birds has changed beyond recognition. Instead of persecuting them, we provide protection, with teams of dedicated watchers scrutinising their nests twenty-four hours a day.

What an extraordinary journey the peregrine has taken: from a symbol of all things wild and remote, to a resident of our largest and busiest city, and many others up and down the UK. Its story symbolises the resilience, adaptability and ability of wild creatures to take advantage of new and unexpected circumstances. As we enter the most critical period for Britain's wildlife in our long history, they will need those qualities in abundance.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract from *The Life of the Fields* by Richard Jefferies, published in 1884. Here, Jefferies writes about life in the countryside and a brook, which is a small stream.

The brook has forgotten me, but I have not forgotten the brook. Many faces have been mirrored since in the flowing water, many feet have waded in the sandy shallow. I wonder if any one else can see it in a picture before the eyes as I can, bright, and vivid as trees suddenly shown at night by a great flash of lightning. All the leaves and branches and the birds at roost are visible during the flash. It is barely a second; it seems much longer. Memory, like the lightning, reveals the pictures in the mind. Every curve, and shore, and shallow is as familiar now as when I followed the winding stream so often.

The life of the meadows seemed to crowd down towards the brook in summer, to reach out and stretch towards the life-giving water. There, the buttercups were taller and closer together, nails of gold driven so thickly that the true surface was not visible. Countless small roots drew up the richness of earth like miners in the darkness, throwing their petals of yellow ore above them.

Hidden in those bushes and tall grasses, high in the trees and low on the ground, there were the nests of happy birds. In the hawthorns blackbirds and thrushes built, and the fledglings* fluttered out into the flowery grass. Down among the stalks of the flowering plants, where the grasses were knotted together, the nettle-creeper concealed her treasured eggs. Up in the ash trees and willows, here and there, wood-pigeons built. If there was a hollow in the oak a pair of starlings chose it, for there was no advantageous nook that was not seized on. Like the flowers and grass, the birds were drawn towards the brook. They built by it; they came to it to drink; in the evening a lark trilled in a hawthorn bush.

Morning and evening, the country girls came down to fetch water; their path was worn through the mowing-grass, and there was a flat stone set into the bank as a step to stand on. Always the little children came with them; they too loved the brook like the grass and birds. They wanted to see the fishes dart away and hide in the green reeds, and float again and pass away out of sight. Where there was pasture, cattle came to drink, and horses, restless horses, stood for hours by the edge under the shade of the ash trees. With what joy the spaniel plunged in, straight from the bank out among the reeds – you could mark his course by seeing their tips bend as he brushed them swimming. All life loved the brook.

Far down away from roads and villages, there was a small orchard on the very bank of the stream, and just before the grass grew too high to walk through, I looked in to speak to its owner. He was busy with his spade at a strip of garden, and grumbled that the hares would not let it alone, with all that stretch of grass to feed on. Nor would the rooks; and the moorhens ran over it, and the water-rats burrowed; the wood-pigeons took the peas, and there was no rest from them all. While he talked and talked, I thought how little the apple tree in blossom before us cared who saw its glory. The branches were in bloom everywhere, at the top as well as at the side; at the top where no one could see them but the swallows. They did not grow for human admiration; that was not their purpose; that is our affair only – we bring the thought to the tree.

Glossary

*fledglings – baby birds

END OF SOURCES

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IB/G/Jun25/8700/2

Section A: Reading

Answer **all** questions in this section.
You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Do not write outside the box

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 10**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A The peregrine falcon looks like the ruler of his lands. ⬭

B It is uncertain whether the peregrine falcon is the best predator in its area. ⬭

C All peregrine falcons live in the woods. ⬭

D Tate Modern is on the edge of London. ⬭

E The people on the ground do not realise that the peregrine falcon is there. ⬭

F The pigeons are more than 500 metres away from the peregrine falcon. ⬭

G One of the pigeons is vulnerable to attack. ⬭

H The peregrine falcon rises quickly and easily from its perch. ⬭

4

QUESTION 2

Synthesis and Summary

Summarise differences and similarities between two sources

[8 marks] · 8 series included in this section

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

Touching the Void

An extract from an autobiographical account by Joe Simpson published in 1988

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

Climbing the Meije

An extract from a letter written by explorer Gertrude Bell in 1899

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun20/E6

8700/2

Source A

Source A is an extract from *Touching the Void*, in which experienced climber Joe Simpson describes how he and fellow climber Simon Yates scaled a 21 000 foot mountain in Peru. On the way down, Joe fell and broke his leg. In this extract, Joe explains how, because of his broken leg, Simon had to lower him down the mountain using a rope.

The col was exposed and windy. Directly beneath us the glacier we had walked up five days ago curved away towards the crevasses which led to base camp, nearly 3 000 feet below us. It would take many long lowerings, but it was all downhill, and we had lost the sense of hopelessness that had invaded us at the ice cliff.

'What time is it?' Simon asked.

'Just gone four. We don't have much time, do we?'

I could see him weighing up the possibilities. I wanted to carry on down, but it was Simon's decision. I waited for him to make up his mind.

'I think we should keep going,' he said at last.

Simon let me slide faster than I had expected and, despite my cries of alarm and pain, he had kept the pace of descent going. I stopped shouting to him after fifty feet. The rising wind and continuous avalanches drowned out all communications. Instead I concentrated on keeping my leg clear of the snow. It was an impossible task. Despite lying on my good leg, the right boot snagged in the snow as the weight of my body pushed down. Each abrupt jerk caused searing pain in my knee. I sobbed and gasped, swore at the snow and the cold, and most of all at Simon. At the change-over point, I hopped on to my left leg, trying to think the pain away. It ebbed slowly, leaving a dreadful throbbing ache and a leaden tiredness.

The tugs came again far too soon, and carelessly I slumped against the rope and let myself go. The drop went on until I could bear it no longer, yet there was nothing that I could do to bring the agony to an end. Howling and screaming for Simon to stop achieved nothing; the blame had to lie somewhere, so I swore Simon's character to the devil.

The terrible sliding stopped, and I hung silently against the slope. Three faint tugs trembled the taut rope, and I hopped up on to my leg. A wave of nausea and pain swept over me. I was glad of the freezing blasts of snow biting into my face. My head cleared as I waited for the burning to subside from my knee. Several times I had felt it twist sideways when my boot snagged. There would be a flare of agony as the knee kinked back, and parts within the joint seemed to shear past each other with a sickening gristly crunch. I had barely ceased sobbing before my boot snagged again. At the end my leg shook uncontrollably. I tried to stop it shaking, but the harder I tried, the more it shook. I pressed my face into the snow, gritted my teeth, and waited. At last it eased.

Simon had already started to climb down. I looked up but failed to make out where he was. I began digging Simon's belay* seat. It was warming work and distracted attention from my knee. When I looked up again Simon could be seen descending quickly.

'At this rate we should be down by nine o'clock,' he said cheerfully.

'I hope so.' I said no more. It wouldn't help to harp on about how I felt.

'Right, let's do it again.' He had seated himself in the hole and had the ropes ready for another lowering.

'You're not hanging around, are you?'

'Nothing to wait for. Come on.'

He was still grinning, and his confidence was infectious. Who said one man can't rescue another, I thought. We had changed from climbing to rescue, and the partnership had worked just as effectively. We hadn't dwelt on the accident. There had been an element of uncertainty at first, but as soon as we had started to act positively everything had come together.

'Okay, ready when you are,' I said, lying down on my side again. 'Slow down a bit this time. You'll have my leg off otherwise.'

He didn't seem to hear me for I went down at an even faster pace than before, and the hammering torture began again with a vengeance. My optimism evaporated.

Glossary

* belay – a secure point to fix a rope

Turn over for Source B

Source B

In 1899, British explorer Gertrude Bell set out to climb one of the most dangerous mountains in the Alps, the Meije. Source B is an extract from the letter she sent home describing the climb.



Monday 28th August, 1899

I thought you would gather from my last letter that I meant to have a shot at climbing the Meije and would be glad to hear that I had descended safely. Well, I'll tell you – it's awful! I think if I had known exactly what was before me I should not have faced it, but fortunately I did not, and I look back on it with complete satisfaction — and I look forward to other things with no further apprehension. . .

I left here on Friday, having hired a local guide, Marius, and we walked up to the Refuge. I went out to watch the beautiful red sunlight fading from the snow and rocks. The Meije looked dreadfully forbidding in the dusk. When I came in I found that Marius had kindly put my rug in a corner of the floor, and what with the straw and my cloak for a pillow, I made myself very comfortable.

The night lasted from 8 till 12, but I didn't sleep at all. We got up soon after 12 and I went down to the river and washed a little. It was a perfect night, clear stars and the moon not yet over the hills. We left just as the moon shone into the valley. Marius always went ahead and carried a lantern till we got on to the snow when it was light enough with only the moon.

At 1.30 we reached the glacier and put on our ropes. It wasn't really cold, though there was an icy little breath of wind. We had about three hours up very nice rock. I had been in high spirits for it was so easy, but before long my hopes were dashed! We had about two hours and a half of awfully difficult rock. There were two places where Marius literally pulled me up like a parcel. He has the strength of a bear. And it was absolutely sheer down. The first half-hour I gave myself up for lost. It didn't seem possible that I could get up all that wall without ever making a slip. You see, I had practically never been on a rock before. However, I didn't let on to Marius and presently it began to seem quite natural to be hanging by my eyelids over an abyss. . .

We stayed on the summit until 11. It was gorgeous, quite cloudless. I went to sleep for half-an-hour. It's a very long way up but it's a longer way down – unless you take the way Marius's axe took. The cord by which it was carefully tied to his wrist broke and it disappeared forever into space.

Here comes the worst place on the whole Meije. Marius vanished, carrying a very long rope, and I waited. Presently I felt a little tug on the rope. "Mademoiselle," called Marius calmly, and obediently off I went. There were two little humps to hold on to on an overhanging rock and there was me in mid-air and Marius round the corner steadfastly holding the rope tight. . . perfectly fearful. I thought at the time how very well I was climbing and how odd it was that I should not be afraid.

The worst was over then, and the most tedious part was to come. There was no difficulty, but there was also no moment when you had not to pay the strictest attention. There was an hour of ice and rock till at last Marius and I found ourselves, with thankfulness, back on the glacier.

When I got in, I found everyone in the hotel on the doorstep waiting for me and the hotel owner let off crackers, to my great surprise.

I went to bed and knew no more till 6 this morning, when I had five cups of tea and read your letters and then went to sleep again until ten. I'm really not tired but my shoulders and neck and arms feel rather sore and stiff and my knees are awfully bruised.

END OF SOURCES

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IB/G/Jun20/8700/2

Do not write outside the box

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

Both writers are accompanied by another person on their adventure: Simon in Source A, and Marius in Source B.

Use details from both sources to write a summary of what you understand about the differences between the two companions, Simon and Marius.

[8 marks]

Do not write outside the box

8

Extra space

Do not write outside the box

Turn over for the next question

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

Unreliable Memoirs by Clive James

An extract from an autobiography, published in 1980

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

Sweets and their Manufacture

An extract from a magazine article, published in 1868

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun21/E9

8700/2

Source A

This extract is from Clive James' autobiography, published in 1980. Here, he writes about going to the cinema as a child in Australia in the 1940s.

Every Saturday afternoon at the pictures there was a feature film, sixteen cartoons and an episode each from four different serials. The programme just went on and on and on. The Margaret Street children would join up with the Irene Street children and the combined mass would add themselves to the Sunbeam Avenue children and they would join the swarm of children from all the other areas, all moving north along Rocky Point Road towards Rockdale, where the Odeon stood.

In summer, the concrete footpaths were hot. The tarmac footpaths were even hotter: bubbles of tar formed, to be squashed flat by our leathery bare feet. Running around on gravelled playgrounds throughout the spring, by summer we had feet that could tread on a drawing pin and hardly feel it.

When you got to the cinema the first thing you did was stock up with lollies. Lollies was the Australian word for what the English call sweets and the Americans call candy. Some of the more privileged children had upwards of five shillings each to dispose of, but in fact two shillings was enough to buy you as much as you could eat. Everyone, without exception, bought at least one Hoadley's Violet Crumble Bar. It was a slab of dense, dry honeycomb coated with chocolate. So frangible was the honeycomb that it would shatter when bitten, scattering bright yellow shrapnel. It was like trying to eat a china vase. The honeycomb would go soft only after a day's exposure to direct sunlight. The chocolate surrounding it, however, would liquefy after only ten minutes in a dark cinema.

Fantails came in a weird, blue packet shaped like an isosceles triangle with one corner missing. Each individual Fantail was wrapped in a piece of paper detailing a film star's biography — hence the pun, fan tales. The Fantail itself was a chocolate-coated toffee so glutinous that it could induce lockjaw in a donkey. People had to have their mouths chipped open with a cold chisel. One packet of Fantails would last an average human being forever. A group of six small boys could go through a packet during the course of a single afternoon at the pictures, but it took hard work and involved a lot of strangled crying in the dark. Any fillings you had in your second teeth would be removed instantly, while children who still had any first teeth left didn't keep them long.

The star lolly, outstripping even the Violet Crumble Bar and the Fantail in popularity, was undoubtedly the Jaffa. A packet of Jaffas was loaded like a cluster bomb with about fifty globular lollies the size of ordinary marbles. The Jaffa had a dark chocolate core and a brittle orange candy coat: in cross-section it looked rather like the planet Earth.

It presented two alternative ways of being eaten, each with its allure. You could fondle the Jaffa on the tongue until your saliva ate its way through the casing, whereupon the taste of chocolate would invade your mouth with a sublime, majestic inevitability. Or you could bite straight through and submit the interior of your head to a stunning explosion of flavour.

Sucking and biting your way through forty or so Jaffas while Jungle Jim wrestled with the crocodiles on screen, you nearly always had a few left over after the stomach could take no more. The spare Jaffas made ideal ammunition. Flying through the dark, they would bounce off a child's skull with the noise of bullets hitting a bell.

Everyone either ate steadily or raced up and down the aisles or to and from the toilet or all three. The uproar was continuous, like Niagara Falls. Meanwhile the film was unreeling in front of us.

Source B

This extract is from a magazine article published in 1868. The writer explains how sweets were made and decorated in Victorian England.

The last thing a child asks is how the sweet it snaps up with such eagerness is made. Yet the manufacture of these delicacies — or should I say necessities? — of the nursery is a thing worth witnessing. A marvellous change has come across public opinion respecting sugar and sweets of all kinds. They used to be denounced by tender mothers as "trash and messes" and, possibly because they were so denounced, they tasted all the sweeter to the little ones. Now we would not wish to make taboo that which delights young taste buds the most. In moderation, there is nothing more wholesome than sugar. It is nourishing and warming because of the large amount of carbon contained in it.

In the past, sweets were not a speciality in England; there were no large factories for their production. All the higher-class sweets came from France and Italy but the introduction of steam into the process has made England the world leader in manufacturing sweets. Now sweets are made on the largest scale and are much cheaper. The basic style of old is also gone. The eye must now be satisfied as well as the tongue, even in the cheapest items. Think of a halfpennyworth of sweets done up in a ruby-coloured gelatine packet.

It is true that some of the more showy sweets made in the past were colourful, but it was metallic colour containing the most virulent poison. The famous scientist Doctor Hassall's analysis of this painted confectionery, published some years ago, exposed the villainous manner in which this vividly coloured confection was made attractive to children by poisonous paint. The brighter the hue, the more deadly the sweet. The brilliant green, for instance, with which the confectionery was adorned, contained copper toxins.

It is easy to understand the bad name sweets acquired when thus made up. No doubt many young children were absolutely killed by excessive eating of these artistically poisoned candies. Doctor Hassall has heroically delivered us from this source of danger to our precious children. Nothing but harmless vegetable colours are now used, which, if not so brilliant as metallic ones, are quite safe. Today, it is wrong to use metallic colour in confectionery. However, it is just possible that some of the old sweets may still be for sale, so I bid parents beware of any sweets with vivid greens and reds, for they are sure to be poisonous.

Young girls are largely employed in the sweet-making trade. They are quick and stick well to their work; but they have a sweet tooth and empty stomachs and so help themselves to the sweets pretty freely. As it is impossible to stop petty pilfering, the workers are given liberty to eat as much as they like, although the employers reduce the already pitiful pay to account for this. In the factory which I visited, the girls certainly did not look any the worse for their unlimited consumption of lollipops and their rosy faces gave a clear answer to the old charge against the harmful nature of sweets.

The sweets are made with the utmost speed by these little workwomen, sitting silently, hunched over their benches. In one part of the dimly lit factory, I came upon the little artists squinting as they coloured the small sugar articles under the strict scrutiny of their supervisor. It was all vegetable colour, of course, and quite harmless. There is no great artistic talent required in the colouring tasks that the girls undertake, and it is far too cheaply paid to be very carefully done. But, however poor they may be as works of art, the sweets are most wholesome. This, as we have said before, was far from being the case a few years ago, before Doctor Hassall turned detective officer for the good of our little ones.

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IB/G/Jun21/8700/2

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The children at the cinema in **Source A** and the children at the factory in **Source B** have different experiences of childhood.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the different experiences of the children.

[8 marks]

Do not write outside the box

Do not write outside the box

8

Extra space

Do not write outside the box

Turn over for the next question

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century literary non-fiction

The Tent, The Bucket and Me by Emma Kennedy

An extract from an autobiography, published in 2009

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

In the Wilderness by Charles Dudley Warner

An extract from a book, published in 1878

Please turn the page over to see the sources

Source A

Source A is an extract from *The Tent, The Bucket and Me* in which Emma Kennedy describes her camping holidays in France in the 1970s.

'You know,' said my mother who, as far as I could tell, was the only person delighted to be back in France, 'we should treat this holiday as the occasion it is. There's no point in being miserable. Holidays are what you make them.'

Holidays were not what you made them. Holidays were in the hands of malevolent forces hell-bent on wreaking chaos at every turn. Holidays were assault courses of the mind and body, endurance tests designed to break spirits and shatter spleens. In my nine years on the planet I had learnt one thing: going on holiday was awful. As we sat, chugging along through the French countryside, sunflowers in the fields on either side of us, I thought, 'Yes, it IS nice to look at. But in the same way that cheese looks nice in a mousetrap.'

Eventually we arrived at the campsite where we had stayed the previous year. As is often the way when you revisit somewhere you've been before, the allure was not quite as sparkling. The table tennis hut, once such an astonishment of riches, was now a bit battered around the edges, the pool a little more dull. Even my mother was forced to concede that the place had lost its gloss. 'This isn't quite as nice as I remember it,' she said, hands on hips. 'Still, at least it's a bit cooler. What a relief!'

'Storm clouds gathering over there,' said Dad, looking up to the west. 'That'll explain the drop in temperature. Still, I'll get the tent up.'

Our pitch backed on to a line of trees that acted as a windbreaker between us and the river. I wandered off, tiptoeing through the branches to stand at the water's edge. The low evening sun was casting a pink tinge across the water and dragonflies were hovering. Picking up a round, flat stone I skimmed it across the surface of the lake and watched with satisfaction as it bounced away. Sometimes, it was the simplest things that provided the greatest pleasure and as I stood, throwing stone after stone, I felt real contentment as if I were actually enjoying myself.

I returned to our pitch, having been called to supper by my mother. Dad was staring skywards. 'Those clouds are shifting,' he said, 'we might get some rain after all.'

'I can't remember the last time I saw rain,' answered my mother, 'must be well over a month. It'll be nice. Clear the air.'

Suddenly, there was a squall of activity all over the campsite as the sky darkened and the rain began to fall in thick, steady drops. Caravan awnings were being winched in, windows slammed shut, towels were being hastily gathered and everywhere, families were retreating to the inside of their tents. Because the ground was so dry, the patter of rain on the hard earth sounded almost metallic and each raindrop sparked up a plume of dust so fine it looked like steam, making the soil look as if it were boiling. In the distance, a low rumble of thunder began rolling towards us, the starter flag for any decent storm, and the rain which had an individual and random quality became more pack-like, shifting shapes like a flock of starlings. The storm was circling the area before clattering in to do its worst. Soon, the rain was slashing down, the relentless battering against the tent canvas loud and frightening.

Despite all my father's best efforts to waterproof the tent and lay the ground sheet properly, water was starting to seep in. The ground, dry from so many weeks without moisture, couldn't cope with the sudden onslaught and the campsite was rapidly turned into a series of streaming rivers. Not wanting to get our bedding wet, we bundled our sleeping bags together, placing them on top of the camping table just outside the sleeping compartment. With nothing to sleep in, and the water ever rising, Dad placed my air bed on top of their air bed and we sat, huddled together, knees against our chests. As the storm fractured the skies, we clung together, terrified.

Despite a small but intense gnawing in my chest, there was something deliciously spine-tingling about being trapped inside the tent while hell rained itself down on me.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract from *In The Wilderness*, written in 1878 by the American writer Charles Dudley Warner. At this time, some Americans were looking for adventure by camping in the wild.

The real enjoyment of camping in the woods lies in a return to primitive conditions of living, dress and food and an escape from civilization. It is wonderful to see how easily the limits of society fall off.

When our campers come to the bank of a lovely lake where they hope to enter the primitive life, everything is beautiful and unspoilt. There is a point of land jutting into the lake, sloping down to a sandy beach, on which the waters idly lap. The forest is untouched by the axe; ranks of slender fir trees are marshalled by the shore. The discoverers of this paradise, which they have entered to destroy, note the babbling of the stream that flows close at hand; they hear the splash of the leaping fish. They listen to the sweet song of the evening birds, and the chatter of the red squirrel, who angrily challenges their right to be there.

The site for a shelter is selected. The whole group is busy with the foundation of a new home. The axes resound in the echoing spaces; great trunks fall with a crash; views are opened towards the lake and the mountains. The spot for the shelter is cleared of underbrush; forked stakes are driven into the ground, cross-pieces are laid on them, and poles sloping back to the ground. In an incredible space of time there is the skeleton of a house, which is entirely open in front. The roof and sides must be covered. For this purpose, the trunks of great spruce trees are skinned. It needs but a few of these skins to cover the roof; and they make a perfectly water-tight roof, except when it rains.

Later, whilst we eat supper, a drop or two of rain falls. The sky darkens; the wind rises; there is a kind of shiver in the woods. We scud away into the shelter, taking the remains of our supper, eating it as best we can. The rain increases. The fire sputters and fumes. All the trees are dripping, dripping, and the ground is wet. We cannot step outdoors without getting a drenching. Like sheep, we are penned in the little hut, where no one can stand upright. The rain swirls into the open front and wets the bottom of the blankets. We curl up in our sleeping rows and try to enjoy ourselves. How much better off we are than many a shelter-less wretch!

However, as we are dropping off to sleep, somebody unfortunately notes a drop of water on his face. He moves his head to a dry place. Then he feels a dampness in his back and he finds a puddle of water soaking through his blanket. By this time, somebody inquires if it is possible that the roof leaks. One man has a stream of water under him; another says it is coming into his ear. The roof appears to be a discriminating sieve. Those who are dry see no need of such a fuss. The man in the corner spreads his umbrella, and the protective measure is resented by his neighbour. In the darkness there is recrimination. The rain continues to soak down. The fire is only half alive. The bedding is damp. Some sit up, if they can find a dry spot to sit on, and smoke. A few sleep. And the night wears on.

The morning opens cheerless. The sky is still leaking and so is the shelter. The roof is patched up. Even if the storm clears, the woods are soaked. There is no chance of going out. The world is only ten feet square.

This life, without responsibility or clean clothes, may continue as long as the camper desires. Some would be happy to live in this free fashion forever, in rain or sun, but there are others who cannot exist more than three days without their worldly baggage. These campers will soon leave and the abandoned camp is a melancholy sight.

The woods have been despoiled; the stumps are ugly; the bushes are scorched; the pine-leaf-strewn earth is trodden into mud; the ground is littered with all the unsightly debris of a hand-to-hand life. The dismantled shelter is a shabby object; the charred and blackened logs, where the fire blazed, suggest the extinction of life. Man has wrought his usual wrong upon Nature.

END OF SOURCES

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IB/G/Jun22/8700/2

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The writers in **Source A** and **Source B** stay in very different camping sites.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the differences between the two camping sites.

[8 marks]

Do not write outside the box

Do not write outside the box

8

Extra space

Do not write outside the box

Turn over for the next question

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century non-fiction

How I beat my insomnia

An extract from an article written in 2016 by journalist Arifa Akbar

Source B: 19th Century literary non-fiction

A sleepless night

An extract from an article written in 1872 by journalist Fanny Fern

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Nov22/E3

8700/2

Source A

Source A is an extract from a newspaper article written in 2016 by journalist Arifa Akbar about her experience of insomnia, which is when a person has difficulty sleeping.

Now, I am about to say something that I never thought I would: I had a good night's sleep last night. And the night before that. All week in fact, I have tipped into bed, my mind restless for one shuddering moment before I turn to lie flat on my back and repeat a well–rehearsed script, at which point my thoughts drop off into dark velvety sleep.

A full night's sleep could never have happened a few years ago. I am 44 now but, until my late 30s, I had insomnia that clung on from childhood and progressively beat me down.

It began when I was ten — I would deliberately keep myself awake to pick over the day. It would take me five or six hours to get to sleep and, even then, it would be interrupted. My immune system was shot. I lived on the edge of my nerves. I fought it with remedies from the herbal to the hard stuff, but it just seemed to get worse.

Two decades into the insomnia, at the age of 30, I was waking up — if I had fallen asleep at all — with sore eyes, itchy skin and a high-pitched sense of mental hysteria, which, at its worst, made me feel as though my life was unravelling.

I felt as if I had tried every known cure going — and there are plenty, given almost a third of us admit to being sleep deprived. I tried giving up coffee, sugar and heavy dinners. Still awake. Baking at 3am. Still awake and getting fatter. Hypnosis, which did nothing at all. In desperation I bought a therapeutic electromagnetic mattress to 'recalibrate my energy field'. It just gave me a stiff back. Sleeping pills knocked me out for a few days, then the insomnia crept back.

So when I came across a magazine article mentioning AT (Autogenic Training – a form of self-hypnosis and an apparent fix for insomnia, formulated by a German psychiatrist in the 1930s), scepticism kicked in. I took the article to my doctor anyway — what harm was there in running it past him?

That is how I found myself sitting with 11 strangers, memorising a script to focus on our bodies from limb to limb, and then our organs, like a strange, verbal body scan. I was told to repeat the exercise three times a day, for 15 minutes each time — ideally in a quiet spot, sitting back on a chair or lying down.

It looked like I was merely resting with my eyes closed, but in my head I was repeating sentences: 'My right arm is heavy and warm', 'my heartbeat is calm and regular' and 'my neck and shoulders are heavy and warm'.

The script had to be followed in a certain order, and repeated three times. There was nothing more to it than that. And so I started chanting. To myself, that is, silently, three times a day.

A few weeks into my course, I began to feel something. My insomnia hadn't disappeared but I began to feel calmer, brighter, and less wired all the time. I felt my memory get sharper. I didn't have to write constant reminders to myself or search for the right words while speaking as I'd become used to doing.

My insomnia, at my most tormented, was excruciatingly noisy. I could feel my brain rev up in the night and start to chatter, sorting out things I hadn't given it time to reflect on. Self–hypnosis began to turn down the noise.

Then it happened. Around Week Four, sleep came like a welcome black tide, knocking me out suddenly. It felt miraculous. I was overjoyed, but suspicious. This had happened before and insomnia had always returned with a vengeance.

But the insomnia hasn't come back. I still think of self–hypnosis as some form of magic, despite the science. I fear the spell will break and the insomnia will creep back one day.

And so I carry on repeating the script — and, so far, it carries on working its magic.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract taken from a magazine article written in 1872 by American journalist Fanny Fern. Here, she writes about her experience of being unable to sleep.

You know what it is to lie awake at night, I suppose, while every human creature in the house is sleeping, with perspiration standing in drops on your forehead; with twitching fingers, and kicking toes, and glaring eyes; with disgust at the distant tap, tap, tap, of feet on the sidewalk; planning your revenge tomorrow (should you survive to see it) upon the owner of that blind across the street, which has been flapping to and fro all night, and yet never dropped on somebody's head, as you hoped it might, so that you were saved from the noisy nuisance.

In vain have you tried saying the Multiplication Table; in vain have you repeated poetry by the yard, or counted to one hundred; in vain have you done any of the foolish things recommended in such cases. Two o'clock has just struck, and no sleep has followed. Well—if you can't sleep, you won't sleep, that's all. You'll just get up, and strike a light and read. You do it; but the fire is low, and cold shivers run up and down your back-bone. Three o'clock! You're hungry! Yes—that must be it. You'll go to the cupboard and get a bit of cold chicken. Good heavens! It's gone! Those lumpish, snoring wretches have devoured it before going to bed!

You walk to the window. It is some comfort that the stars have to wink all night as well as you. Good! You're glad of it. Four o'clock! Gracious! How will you feel to-morrow? Suppose you should run from the top of the stairs to the bottom, as fast and as loud as you could, and wake up the whole family. And as the vision of terrified night-gowns appears in your mind, you start grinning like a maniac; then laughing hysterically; then crying outright; and the next thing you know it is eight o'clock in the morning, and coffee and rolls are awaiting your arrival.

And as to mosquitoes. Ah! You too must have suffered. You have lain, hour after hour, listening to that never-ceasing war-song, till you were as nervous as a cat. You have turned over; you have lain on your side, lain on your back, lain on your face. You have doubled your fists up under your arm-pits, and twisted your feet into hard knots under your night-clothes, to no avail. You have then fallen back on your dignity and the pygmy-ness of your tormentors, and folded your arms resolutely over your chest, and looked fiercely up to the ceiling… And yet, at that very moment, an "owdacious" bite has sent you flying, with a smothered exclamation, into the middle of the floor, bewailing the day you were born.

Next day you get a mosquito net. What a fool not to think of it before. You drape it round your bed. It looks safe. You explore it carefully that night before getting in, that there is no treacherous hole left for the enemy. You put out the light, and oh! blissful happiness, listen to their howl of rage outside, and fall asleep. Next morning you wake with a splitting headache. Can it be the confined air of the net? Horrible! You spend that day nursing your head and your anger.

That night you refuse to gasp under a net, for all the mosquitoes that ever swarmed. You even light your gaslight defiantly, open the windows, and sneer at the black demons as they buzz in for their nocturnal raid. You sit and read—occasionally boxing your own ears—till the small hours, and then—to bed; only to dash frantically against the wall, throw your pillows at the enemy, laugh hysterically, and rise at daylight a bleary-eyed, spotted, dismal wretch!

END OF SOURCES

5

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8

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IB/G/Nov22/8700/2

2 2 B G 8 7 0 0 / 2

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

In both sources, the writers try various ways to get to sleep, most of which fail.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the different ways the writers try, but **fail**, to get to sleep.

[8 marks]

Do not write outside the box

Do not write outside the box

8

Extra space

Do not write outside the box

Turn over for the next question

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

One's Company by Peter Fleming

An extract from a travel book, published in 1933

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

Records of a Girlhood by Fanny Kemble

An extract from a letter, published in 1878

Please turn the page over to see the sources

Source A

Source A is an extract from a travel book in which Peter Fleming describes his train journey on the Trans-Siberian Railway in 1933. The journey is over nine thousand kilometres and takes more than a week to complete.

And now the journey was almost over. There is no more luxurious sensation than what may be described as the 'end of term' feeling. I felt very content. After tomorrow there would be no more trips to the dining-car; no more of that black bread, in consistency and flavour suggesting rancid peat; no more of that equally earthy tea; no more of a monk's existence; no more days entirely blank of action. It was true that I did not know what I was going to do, that I had nothing very specific to look forward to. But I knew what I was going to stop doing, and that, for the moment, was enough.



I wandered along the train to my compartment, undressed and got into my bed. As I did so, I noticed for the first time that the number on my berth was thirteen. For a long time, I could not sleep but eventually I drifted off.

All of a sudden there was a frightful jarring, followed by a crash. I sat up in my berth. From the rack above me my heaviest suitcase was cannonaded down, catching me with fearful force on either knee-cap. This is the end of the world, I thought, and in addition they have broken both my legs. My little world was tilted drunkenly. The window showed me nothing except a few fields. It was six o'clock. I began to dress. I felt very much annoyed. But I climbed out of the carriage into a refreshingly spectacular world and the annoyance passed. The Trans-Siberian Express train sprawled foolishly down the embankment. The mail van and the dining-car, which had been in front, lay on their sides at the bottom. Behind them the five sleeping cars, headed by my own, were disposed in attitudes which became less and less grotesque until you got to the last, which had remained, primly, on the rails. Fifty yards down the line, the engine, which had parted company with the train, was dug in, snorting steam, on top of the embankment. It had a defiant and naughty look; it was definitely conscious of indiscretion.

It would be difficult to imagine a nicer sort of railway accident. No one was hurt. The weather was ideal. And the whole thing was done in just the right sort of theatrical manner, with lots of twisted steel and splintered woodwork and turf scarred deeply with demoniac force.

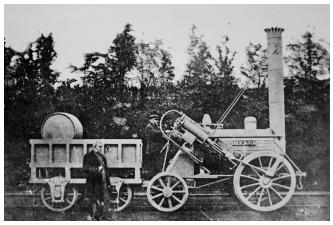
This was great fun: a comical and violent climax to an interlude in which comedy and violence had been altogether too lacking for my tastes. It was good to lie back in the long grass on a little hill and meditate upon that sprawling scrap-heap. There she lay, in the middle of the wide green plain; the fastest train, the Trans-Siberian Luxury Express. For more than a week she had bullied us. She had knocked us about when we went to clean our teeth in the little bathroom, she had jogged our elbows when we wrote, and when we read, she made the print dance tiresomely before our eyes. Her windows we might not open on account of the dust, and when closed they had proved a perpetual attraction to small, sabotaging boys with stones. She had annoyed us in a hundred little ways: by spilling tea in our laps, by running out of butter, by regulating our life. She had been our prison. We had not liked her. Now she was down and out. We left her lying there, a broken, buckled toy, a thick black worm without a head, awkwardly twisted: a thing of no use.

Source B

Source B is an extract from a letter written by Fanny Kemble to a friend about her first ride on a steam train in 1830, when she was 21. The steam engine had recently been invented by George Stephenson and he was also on this ride.

A normal sheet of writing paper is enough for love, but only a large sheet can contain my raptures about my railroad journey. And now I will give you an account of my excursion yesterday…

A party of sixteen persons was ushered into a courtyard where there stood a carriage of a peculiar construction, prepared for our reception. It was a long-bodied vehicle with seats placed across it, back-to-back; the one we were in had six of these benches and was a sort of uncovered carriage. The carriage was set in motion by only a push and rolled with us down a slope into a tunnel which forms the entrance to the railroad.



Here, we were introduced to the little train engine which was to drag us along the rails. She (for they make these curious little fire-horses all mares*) consisted of a boiler, a stove, a small platform, a bench, and behind the bench a barrel containing enough water to prevent her being thirsty on our journey. She goes upon wheels which are her feet and are moved by bright steel legs called pistons which are propelled by steam. The reins of this wonderful beast are a small steel handle, which applies or withdraws the steam from its legs or pistons, so that a child might manage it. The coals, which are its oats, were under the bench. This snorting little animal, which I felt rather inclined to pat, was then harnessed to our carriage. Mr Stephenson and I took our seats on the bench of the train engine and we set off at about ten miles an hour.

As the steam-horse was unable to go up and down hill, the railroad was kept at a certain level, and appeared sometimes to sink below the surface of the earth, and sometimes to rise above it. It was most incredible. Almost from the start the track was cut through the solid rock which formed a wall on either side of it, about sixty feet high.

You can't imagine how strange it seemed to be journeying on thus, without any visible cause of progress other than the magical machine, with its flying white breath and rhythmical, unvarying pace, between these rocky walls. Then, when I reflected that these great masses of stone had been cut asunder to allow our passage far below the surface of the earth, I felt as if no fairy tale was ever half so wonderful as what I saw. Bridges were thrown from side to side across the top of these cliffs, and the people looking down upon us from them seemed like dolls standing in the sky. You cannot conceive what that sensation of cutting the air was; the motion is as smooth as possible. I could either have read or written; and as it was, I stood up, and with my bonnet off, drank the air before me. When I closed my eyes this sensation of flying was quite delightful, and strange beyond description. Yet, strange as it was, I had a perfect sense of security and not the slightest fear, as this brave little she-dragon of ours flew on.

We had now come fifteen miles and stopped where the railroad traversed a wide and deep valley. Mr. Stephenson escorted me from the train down to the bottom of this ravine, over which, to keep the track level, he has thrown a magnificent viaduct of nine arches, the middle one of which is seventy feet high, through which we saw the whole of this beautiful little valley. It was lovely and wonderful beyond all words.

We then re-joined the rest of the passengers and the carriage set off at its utmost speed, thirty-five miles an hour, swifter than a bird flies, on our return journey.

When I add that this pretty little creature can run either backward or forward, I believe I have given you an account of all the train's abilities.

Glossary

* female horses

END OF SOURCES

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IB/G/Jun23/8700/2

Do not write outside the box

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The writers in **Source A** and **Source B** are travelling on different types of trains.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the differences between the two trains.

[8 marks]

Do not write outside the box

8

Extra space for question 2 only (if needed)

Do not write outside the box

Turn over for the next question

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century non-fiction

This is Going to Hurt: Secret Diaries of a Junior Doctor by Adam Kay

An extract from a diary, published in 2017

Source B: 19th Century literary non-fiction

The Wonderful Adventures of Mrs Seacole in Many Lands by Mary Seacole

An extract from a memoir, published in 1857

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun24/G4012/E4

8700/2

Source A

This extract is from a diary written by a young doctor, Adam Kay, published in 2017. Here, he writes about training to be a doctor at medical school and then his first experiences of working in a hospital as a 'house officer', the lowest rank of junior doctor.

Because medical schools are oversubscribed ten-fold, all candidates must be interviewed, with only those who perform best under a grilling being awarded a place. It's assumed all applicants are on course for straight A grades at A-level, so universities base their decisions on non-academic criteria.

Imperial College in London were satisfied that my distinctions in grade eight piano and saxophone, alongside some half-hearted theatre reviews for the school magazine, qualified me perfectly for life on the hospital wards, and so in 1998 I packed my bags and embarked upon the treacherous six-mile journey from Dulwich to South Kensington.

As you might imagine, learning every single aspect of the human body's anatomy and physiology, plus each possible way it can malfunction, is a fairly gargantuan undertaking. But the buzz of knowing I was going to become a doctor one day – such a big deal you get to literally change your name, like a superhero or an international criminal – propelled me towards my goal through those six long years.

Then there I was, a junior doctor. I could have gone on a quiz show with the specialist subject 'the human body'. Everyone at home would be yelling at their TVs that the subject I'd chosen was too vast and wide-ranging, that I should have gone for something like 'atherosclerosis' or 'bunions', but they'd have been wrong. I'd have nailed it.

It was finally time to step out onto the ward armed with all this exhaustive knowledge and turn theory into practice. My spring couldn't have been coiled any tighter. So it came as quite the blow to discover that I'd spent a quarter of my life at medical school and it hadn't remotely prepared me for the unpredictable existence of a house officer.

During the day, the job was manageable, if mind-numbing and insanely time-consuming. You turn up every morning for the 'ward round', where your whole team of doctors pootles past each of their patients. You trail behind like a hypnotized duckling, your head cocked to one side in a caring manner, noting down every pronouncement from your seniors – book an MRI scan, refer to rheumatology, arrange an ECG test. Then you spend the rest of your working day (plus generally a further unpaid four hours) completing these dozens, sometimes hundreds, of tasks – filling in forms, making phone calls. Essentially, you're a glorified personal assistant. Not really what I'd trained so hard for, but whatever.

The night shifts, on the other hand, made Hell look like Disneyland – an unrelenting nightmare that made me regret ever thinking my education was being wasted. At night, the house officer is given a little paging device affectionately called a 'bleep', and responsibility for every patient in the hospital. Your senior colleagues are seeing patients in A&E with a specific problem, like pneumonia or a broken leg, while you're up on the wards, sailing the ship alone. A ship that's enormous, and on fire, and that no one has really taught you how to sail. You're bleeped by ward after ward, nurse after nurse, with emergency after emergency – it never stops, all night long. You're a one-man, mobile, essentially untrained A&E department, getting drenched in bodily fluids, reviewing an endless stream of worryingly sick patients who, twelve hours earlier, had an entire team of doctors caring for them.

You've been trained how to examine a patient's cardiovascular system, but, even when you can recognize every sign and symptom of a heart attack, it's very different to actually managing one for the first time. You suddenly long for the sixteen-hour admin sessions. (Or, ideally, some kind of compromise job, that's neither massively beyond nor beneath your abilities.)

It's sink or swim, and you have to learn how to swim because otherwise a ton of patients sink with you. I actually found it all perversely exhilarating. Sure it was hard work, sure the hours were bordering on inhumane and sure I saw things that have scarred my retinas to this day, but I was a doctor now.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

This extract, written in 1857, is from the autobiography of Mary Seacole, a British-Jamaican nurse who travelled the world as a volunteer. Here, she has arrived to work on a wharf, an area of land next to the sea where boats are loaded and unloaded, to help look after men wounded at war.

I have never met such a busy scene as that small harbour presented. Crowded with shipping, of every size and variety, from the noble English steamer to the smallest long-shore craft, while between them and the shore passed and repassed innumerable boats. Coming from the quiet, gloomy sea into this little nook of life and bustle, the transition is very sudden and startling.

I remained there six weeks, spending my days on shore, and my nights on board ship. My chief occupation, and one with which I never allowed any business to interfere, was helping the doctors to transfer the sick and wounded from the horse-drawn ambulances into the boats that had to carry them to the hospitals. I did not forget the main object of my journey, to which I would have devoted myself exclusively had I been allowed; and very familiar did I become before long with the sick wharf. My acquaintance with it began very shortly after I had arrived.

The very first day that I approached the wharf, a party of sick and wounded soldiers had just arrived. Here was work for me, I felt sure. With so many patients, the doctors must be glad of all the hands they could get. Indeed, so strong was the old impulse within me, that I waited for no permission, but seeing a poor artilleryman stretched upon a wooden pallet, groaning heavily, I ran up to him at once, and eased his dressings. I was rewarded when the poor fellow's groans subsided into a restless uneasy mutter. God help him! He had been hit in the forehead, and I think his sight was gone. I stooped down, and raised some tea to his baked lips (here and there upon the wharf were rows of little metal cups containing this beverage). Then his hand touched mine, and rested there, and I heard him mutter indistinctly, as though the discovery of my hand had arrested his wandering senses –

"Ha! this is surely a woman's hand."

I couldn't say much, but I tried to whisper something about hope and trust in God; but all the while I think his thoughts were running on this strange discovery. Perhaps I had brought to his poor mind memories of his home, and the loving ones there, who would ask no greater favour than the privilege of helping him thus; for he continued to hold my hand in his feeble grasp, and whisper "God bless you, *woman* – whoever you are, God bless you!" – over and over again.

I do not think that the surgeons noticed me at first, although I had not neglected my personal appearance, and wore my favourite yellow dress, and blue bonnet, with the red ribbons. I noticed one coming to me, who, I think, would have laughed very merrily had it not been for the poor fellow at my feet. As it was, he came forward, and shook hands very kindly, saying, "How do you do, ma'am? Much obliged to you for looking after my poor fellow; very glad to see you here." And glad they always were, the kind-hearted doctors, to let me help them look after the sick and wounded sufferers brought to that fearful wharf.

I wonder if I can ever forget the scenes I witnessed there? Oh! They were heartrending. I declare that I saw rough-bearded men stand by and cry like the softest-hearted women at the sights of suffering they saw. I have often heard men talk and preach very learnedly and conclusively about the great wickedness and selfishness of the human heart. I wonder whether they would have modified those opinions if they had been my companions for one day of the six weeks I spent upon that wharf, and seen but one day's experience of the sympathy and brotherly love shown by the strong to the weak. The task was a trying one, and familiarity, you might think, would have worn down their keener feelings of pity and sympathy; but it was not so.

END OF SOURCES

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Do not write outside the box

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The doctor in **Source A** and the nurse in **Source B** are working in different places.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the different places in which the doctor and the nurse are working.

[8 marks]

Do not write outside the box

8

Extra space for question 2 only (if needed)

Do not write outside the box

Turn over for the next question

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

The Tomb of Tutankhamun Volume 1 by Howard Carter

An extract from a memoir, published in 1923

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

The Englishwoman in Egypt by Sophia Lane Poole

An extract from a letter, published in 1844

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/M/Nov24/G4013/V4

8700/2

Source A

Source A is an extract from a book written in 1923 by the British archaeologist, Howard Carter. Here, he describes his discovery of the tomb of the ancient Egyptian Pharoah, Tutankhamun.

This was to be our final season looking for tombs in The Valley of the Kings. At last, we made a discovery that far exceeded our wildest dreams. When I arrived on site, I was told that a step had been discovered, and a short amount of extra clearing revealed the entrance of a stairway cut into the rock. We all worked feverishly throughout the day to finish clearing away masses of rubbish on the stairway until it was beyond any question that, at last, we had before us the entrance to a tomb – but worries persisted in creeping in. There was always the horrible possibility that it had been completely plundered in ancient or recent times.

Just such a robbery had happened in the previous year. News had come in that a party of tomb-robbers had armed themselves and made their way to a lonely region on the other side of the mountain. The local village leaders came to me and asked me to take action. I hastily collected a few of my workmen and set out. It was midnight when we arrived, and the guide pointed out to me the end of a rope which dangled sheer down the face of a cliff. Listening, we could hear the robbers at work, so I first severed their rope, cutting off their means of escape, and then, making secure a good stout rope of my own, I lowered myself down the cliff. Climbing down a rope at midnight into a nestful of industrious tomb-robbers is a pastime which does not lack excitement. There were eight at work, and when I reached the bottom there was an awkward moment or two. I gave them the alternative of clearing out by means of my rope, or else of staying where they were without a rope at all, and eventually they saw reason and departed.

It was, therefore, with nervousness that I now watched the steps of the staircase we had discovered as one by one they came to light – then there was disclosed a sealed doorway! The decisive moment had arrived.

I found myself, with excitement burning like the heat of a fever, on the threshold of what might prove to be a magnificent discovery. With trembling hands, I made a tiny breach in the door, lit a candle and peered in. At first I could see nothing, but presently, as my eyes grew accustomed to the light, details of the room within emerged slowly from the mist, strange animals, statues, and gold – everywhere the glint of gold. For the moment – an eternity – I was struck dumb with amazement, then widening the hole a little further, I inserted a torch. Surely never in the whole history of excavation had such an amazing sight been seen as the light of the torch revealed to us. Let the reader imagine how it appeared from our spy-hole, casting the beam of light from our torch – the first light that had pierced the darkness of the chamber for three thousand years – as we looked down on one group of objects then another, in a vain attempt to interpret the treasure that lay before us. The effect was bewildering, overwhelming. We had never dreamed of anything like this, a roomful – a whole museumful – of objects piled one upon another in seemingly endless profusion.

I suppose most archaeologists would confess to a feeling of awe when they break into a chamber closed and sealed by pious hands so many centuries ago. For the moment, time has lost its meaning. Three thousand years have passed since human feet last trod the floor on which you stand, although you feel it might have been but yesterday. The very air you breathe, unchanged throughout the centuries, you share with those who laid the mummy to its rest. Time is annihilated and you feel like an intruder. That is the first and dominant sensation, but others follow thick and fast – the exhilaration of discovery, the fever of suspense, the thought – pure joy to the investigator – that you are about to add a page to history, the strained

expectancy – why not confess it? – of the treasure-seeker.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract from a letter written in 1844 by Sophia Lane Poole. Here she describes a visit to the pyramids of Egypt with her brother, Edward Lane, a famous British archaeologist.

My Dear Friend

So many have written of the pyramids, the great tombs of Egyptian Pharaohs. I find much that I must say respecting these stupendous monuments. The pleasure which is felt by the modern traveller in seeing the pyramids is increased by the consideration of their antiquity, and the reflection that many philosophers and heroes of ancient times have in like manner stood before them in admiration and amazement. Although, from the brightness of their colour, apparently little changed by the thousands of years that have passed since they were built, the pyramids do not appear ancient: there is an appearance of freshness about them which amazed me.

With regard to their wonderful magnitude, when I was within a few yards of the base of the Great Pyramid, I was enabled to the full to comprehend their vastness. The perpendicular height of the Great Pyramid is four hundred and fifty-six feet, according to my brother Edward's measurement. I had fully determined to attempt an ascent; but the wind was so high during the period of our visit, that I dared not do so. Edward did climb to the top; he had done so many times before.

This time, he ascended the Great Pyramid alone, but not unarmed as he knew that robbers were active in the area. While on the summit, he saw a suspicious figure, making towards the pyramid, from the west. The man began to ascend; when he arrived about halfway up, little thinking that Edward's telescope was directed towards him, he stopped, and took out a pistol from a case which was slung by his side, looked at it, and then continued the ascent. As it was evident that the fellow had no good intentions and intended robbery, Edward called to him, and asked him to descend; but he either did not hear him, or would not obey. My brother then fired a pistol, to show him that he was not without the means of defence. Upon this, the man immediately began to climb down, and, having reached the base, walked slowly away into the desert.

Although I did not climb to the summit, I did go inside the Great Pyramid. It is no trifle, I assure you, for a woman to explore its interior. My mind continued so impressed with the difficulties of this undertaking that I could not forget them, even in my dreams. The heat of the interior is oppressive and the passage by which we entered the pyramid is only four feet high and we were consequently obliged to descend in a crouching position.

The size of the Great Chamber is especially worthy of remark: the length is thirty-four feet four inches and a half. It is entirely constructed of red granite. Near the western end is the sarcophagus*. No hieroglyphics nor sculptures of any kind adorn it; its sides are perfectly plain and polished, and its form is simply that of an oblong chest, in every way rectangular. Its lid has been carried away, as well as its original contents; and we find in it nothing but dust and small fragments of stone. This enormous pyramid seems to have been raised merely to contain one single mummy, not a particle of which now remains in the place in which it was deposited with so much precaution. Historians assert that the building of the Great Pyramid occupied about twenty years, and three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed in its construction.

I did not think to have written to you so much on the pyramids; but having entered upon the subject, I have found it difficult to stop. So wonderful in themselves are the principal pyramids, and so impressive by reason of their remote antiquity, that all other existing works of man must, I think, in comparison with them, sink into insignificance.

END OF SOURCES

Glossary

*sarcophagus – a stone coffin

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IB/M/Nov24/8700/2

Do not write outside the box

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The robbers in **Source A** and the robber in **Source B** are different.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the differences between the robbers in Source A and the robber in Source B.

[8 marks]

Do not write outside the box

8

Extra space for question 2 only (if needed)

Do not write outside the box

Turn over for the next question

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century literary non-fiction

The Accidental Countryside by wildlife writer, Stephen Moss

An extract from a book, published in 2020

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

The Life of the Fields by Richard Jefferies

An extract from a book, published in 1884

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun25/G4010/V5

8700/2

Source A

Source A is an extract from *The Accidental Countryside*, by wildlife writer, Stephen Moss, published in 2020. Here, he writes about the peregrine falcon, a bird of prey.

The peregrine falcon sits far above the ground like an emperor gazing down upon his kingdom. He is, without question, the top predator in this neck of the woods. Or perhaps I should say, in this corner of the city. For on a fine spring day, this particular peregrine is perched on the roof of Tate Modern, the contemporary art gallery in the very heart of London. He sits perfectly upright, occasionally turning his head from side to side as his piercing black eyes, fringed with custard-yellow, search for any movement below. Down there, the humans go about their business unaware of the drama about to unfold above their heads. A moment later, and a movement in the far distance – three or four hundred metres away – catches the peregrine's eye. A flock of pigeons, and one bird at the back seems to be struggling to keep up with its companions. With a flick of his wings the falcon is gone.

He powers through the air, the breeze passing over his feathers with hardly a ruffle. He rises higher and higher until almost out of view. Then he stops, turns and folds his wings before plummeting. Like a guided missile, he homes in on the straggler, eyes fixed on the target, diving at almost 180 miles an hour, yet still the pigeon is unaware of its fate. At the last possible moment, the peregrine changes his body shape once again. Pulling back on his wings, he brakes momentarily, at the same time extending his feet towards his victim and, just before impact, extrudes talons sharp as switchblades. With an explosive crack like a rodeo whip, he grabs the pigeon. Upwards into the sea-blue sky he swoops, his plunder hanging beneath him: more food to carry back to his hungry chicks waiting in their nest, high on the topmost ledge of a skyscraper.

You wouldn't, perhaps, expect to find the fastest living creature on the planet in the centre of one of the world's busiest cities. The peregrine falcon's decline had begun during the Second World War, when shooting them was officially permitted to stop them killing pigeons carrying vital messages. After the war, things went from bad to worse because of the indiscriminate use of pesticides. The UK peregrine population plunged to fewer than 400 pairs. These retreated to prime sites in the north and west: rocky crags in the uplands, and high cliffs along remote coasts. The peregrine was very much a bird of wild places, not the urban jungle.

How things have changed. Today there are more than thirty breeding pairs of peregrines in London alone. Passers-by rarely look up, so seldom notice them; but they are there. On and around Tate Modern, the Houses of Parliament, Battersea Power Station and many other famous London landmarks, you can see peregrines: roosting, nesting and occasionally hunting for their favourite food, often guarded by volunteers with telescopes happy to point out this incredible bird. It's a great way to introduce city-dwellers to the wonders of the wild.

Peregrines have moved into our cities in such numbers for a simple reason: we have created the perfect conditions for them. Peregrines need high cliffs or crags, where they can build their nests and survey their territory; we have erected tall buildings that serve just as well. They need food; our cities provide it in a whole suite of different birds of different sizes, a buffet of birds laid out beneath them. And they need to be safe. They can find this safety in cities because our relationship with these birds has changed beyond recognition. Instead of persecuting them, we provide protection, with teams of dedicated watchers scrutinising their nests twenty-four hours a day.

What an extraordinary journey the peregrine has taken: from a symbol of all things wild and remote, to a resident of our largest and busiest city, and many others up and down the UK. Its story symbolises the resilience, adaptability and ability of wild creatures to take advantage of new and unexpected circumstances. As we enter the most critical period for Britain's wildlife in our long history, they will need those qualities in abundance.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract from *The Life of the Fields* by Richard Jefferies, published in 1884. Here, Jefferies writes about life in the countryside and a brook, which is a small stream.

The brook has forgotten me, but I have not forgotten the brook. Many faces have been mirrored since in the flowing water, many feet have waded in the sandy shallow. I wonder if any one else can see it in a picture before the eyes as I can, bright, and vivid as trees suddenly shown at night by a great flash of lightning. All the leaves and branches and the birds at roost are visible during the flash. It is barely a second; it seems much longer. Memory, like the lightning, reveals the pictures in the mind. Every curve, and shore, and shallow is as familiar now as when I followed the winding stream so often.

The life of the meadows seemed to crowd down towards the brook in summer, to reach out and stretch towards the life-giving water. There, the buttercups were taller and closer together, nails of gold driven so thickly that the true surface was not visible. Countless small roots drew up the richness of earth like miners in the darkness, throwing their petals of yellow ore above them.

Hidden in those bushes and tall grasses, high in the trees and low on the ground, there were the nests of happy birds. In the hawthorns blackbirds and thrushes built, and the fledglings* fluttered out into the flowery grass. Down among the stalks of the flowering plants, where the grasses were knotted together, the nettle-creeper concealed her treasured eggs. Up in the ash trees and willows, here and there, wood-pigeons built. If there was a hollow in the oak a pair of starlings chose it, for there was no advantageous nook that was not seized on. Like the flowers and grass, the birds were drawn towards the brook. They built by it; they came to it to drink; in the evening a lark trilled in a hawthorn bush.

Morning and evening, the country girls came down to fetch water; their path was worn through the mowing-grass, and there was a flat stone set into the bank as a step to stand on. Always the little children came with them; they too loved the brook like the grass and birds. They wanted to see the fishes dart away and hide in the green reeds, and float again and pass away out of sight. Where there was pasture, cattle came to drink, and horses, restless horses, stood for hours by the edge under the shade of the ash trees. With what joy the spaniel plunged in, straight from the bank out among the reeds – you could mark his course by seeing their tips bend as he brushed them swimming. All life loved the brook.

Far down away from roads and villages, there was a small orchard on the very bank of the stream, and just before the grass grew too high to walk through, I looked in to speak to its owner. He was busy with his spade at a strip of garden, and grumbled that the hares would not let it alone, with all that stretch of grass to feed on. Nor would the rooks; and the moorhens ran over it, and the water-rats burrowed; the wood-pigeons took the peas, and there was no rest from them all. While he talked and talked, I thought how little the apple tree in blossom before us cared who saw its glory. The branches were in bloom everywhere, at the top as well as at the side; at the top where no one could see them but the swallows. They did not grow for human admiration; that was not their purpose; that is our affair only – we bring the thought to the tree.

Glossary

*fledglings – baby birds

END OF SOURCES

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IB/G/Jun25/8700/2

Do not write outside the box

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The birds in **Source A** and **Source B** live in different habitats.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the different places where the birds live.

[8 marks]

Do not write outside the box

8

Extra space for question 2 only (if needed)

Do not write outside the box

Turn over for the next question

QUESTION 3

Language Analysis

How the writer uses language in one source

[12 marks] · 8 series included in this section

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

Touching the Void

An extract from an autobiographical account by Joe Simpson published in 1988

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

Climbing the Meije

An extract from a letter written by explorer Gertrude Bell in 1899

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun20/E6

8700/2

Source A

Source A is an extract from *Touching the Void*, in which experienced climber Joe Simpson describes how he and fellow climber Simon Yates scaled a 21 000 foot mountain in Peru. On the way down, Joe fell and broke his leg. In this extract, Joe explains how, because of his broken leg, Simon had to lower him down the mountain using a rope.

The col was exposed and windy. Directly beneath us the glacier we had walked up five days ago curved away towards the crevasses which led to base camp, nearly 3 000 feet below us. It would take many long lowerings, but it was all downhill, and we had lost the sense of hopelessness that had invaded us at the ice cliff.

'What time is it?' Simon asked.

'Just gone four. We don't have much time, do we?'

I could see him weighing up the possibilities. I wanted to carry on down, but it was Simon's decision. I waited for him to make up his mind.

'I think we should keep going,' he said at last.

Simon let me slide faster than I had expected and, despite my cries of alarm and pain, he had kept the pace of descent going. I stopped shouting to him after fifty feet. The rising wind and continuous avalanches drowned out all communications. Instead I concentrated on keeping my leg clear of the snow. It was an impossible task. Despite lying on my good leg, the right boot snagged in the snow as the weight of my body pushed down. Each abrupt jerk caused searing pain in my knee. I sobbed and gasped, swore at the snow and the cold, and most of all at Simon. At the change-over point, I hopped on to my left leg, trying to think the pain away. It ebbed slowly, leaving a dreadful throbbing ache and a leaden tiredness.

The tugs came again far too soon, and carelessly I slumped against the rope and let myself go. The drop went on until I could bear it no longer, yet there was nothing that I could do to bring the agony to an end. Howling and screaming for Simon to stop achieved nothing; the blame had to lie somewhere, so I swore Simon's character to the devil.

The terrible sliding stopped, and I hung silently against the slope. Three faint tugs trembled the taut rope, and I hopped up on to my leg. A wave of nausea and pain swept over me. I was glad of the freezing blasts of snow biting into my face. My head cleared as I waited for the burning to subside from my knee. Several times I had felt it twist sideways when my boot snagged. There would be a flare of agony as the knee kinked back, and parts within the joint seemed to shear past each other with a sickening gristly crunch. I had barely ceased sobbing before my boot snagged again. At the end my leg shook uncontrollably. I tried to stop it shaking, but the harder I tried, the more it shook. I pressed my face into the snow, gritted my teeth, and waited. At last it eased.

Simon had already started to climb down. I looked up but failed to make out where he was. I began digging Simon's belay* seat. It was warming work and distracted attention from my knee. When I looked up again Simon could be seen descending quickly.

'At this rate we should be down by nine o'clock,' he said cheerfully.

'I hope so.' I said no more. It wouldn't help to harp on about how I felt.

'Right, let's do it again.' He had seated himself in the hole and had the ropes ready for another lowering.

'You're not hanging around, are you?'

'Nothing to wait for. Come on.'

He was still grinning, and his confidence was infectious. Who said one man can't rescue another, I thought. We had changed from climbing to rescue, and the partnership had worked just as effectively. We hadn't dwelt on the accident. There had been an element of uncertainty at first, but as soon as we had started to act positively everything had come together.

'Okay, ready when you are,' I said, lying down on my side again. 'Slow down a bit this time. You'll have my leg off otherwise.'

He didn't seem to hear me for I went down at an even faster pace than before, and the hammering torture began again with a vengeance. My optimism evaporated.

Glossary

* belay – a secure point to fix a rope

Turn over for Source B

Source B

In 1899, British explorer Gertrude Bell set out to climb one of the most dangerous mountains in the Alps, the Meije. Source B is an extract from the letter she sent home describing the climb.



Monday 28th August, 1899

I thought you would gather from my last letter that I meant to have a shot at climbing the Meije and would be glad to hear that I had descended safely. Well, I'll tell you – it's awful! I think if I had known exactly what was before me I should not have faced it, but fortunately I did not, and I look back on it with complete satisfaction — and I look forward to other things with no further apprehension. . .

I left here on Friday, having hired a local guide, Marius, and we walked up to the Refuge. I went out to watch the beautiful red sunlight fading from the snow and rocks. The Meije looked dreadfully forbidding in the dusk. When I came in I found that Marius had kindly put my rug in a corner of the floor, and what with the straw and my cloak for a pillow, I made myself very comfortable.

The night lasted from 8 till 12, but I didn't sleep at all. We got up soon after 12 and I went down to the river and washed a little. It was a perfect night, clear stars and the moon not yet over the hills. We left just as the moon shone into the valley. Marius always went ahead and carried a lantern till we got on to the snow when it was light enough with only the moon.

At 1.30 we reached the glacier and put on our ropes. It wasn't really cold, though there was an icy little breath of wind. We had about three hours up very nice rock. I had been in high spirits for it was so easy, but before long my hopes were dashed! We had about two hours and a half of awfully difficult rock. There were two places where Marius literally pulled me up like a parcel. He has the strength of a bear. And it was absolutely sheer down. The first half-hour I gave myself up for lost. It didn't seem possible that I could get up all that wall without ever making a slip. You see, I had practically never been on a rock before. However, I didn't let on to Marius and presently it began to seem quite natural to be hanging by my eyelids over an abyss. . .

We stayed on the summit until 11. It was gorgeous, quite cloudless. I went to sleep for half-an-hour. It's a very long way up but it's a longer way down – unless you take the way Marius's axe took. The cord by which it was carefully tied to his wrist broke and it disappeared forever into space.

Here comes the worst place on the whole Meije. Marius vanished, carrying a very long rope, and I waited. Presently I felt a little tug on the rope. "Mademoiselle," called Marius calmly, and obediently off I went. There were two little humps to hold on to on an overhanging rock and there was me in mid-air and Marius round the corner steadfastly holding the rope tight. . . perfectly fearful. I thought at the time how very well I was climbing and how odd it was that I should not be afraid.

The worst was over then, and the most tedious part was to come. There was no difficulty, but there was also no moment when you had not to pay the strictest attention. There was an hour of ice and rock till at last Marius and I found ourselves, with thankfulness, back on the glacier.

When I got in, I found everyone in the hotel on the doorstep waiting for me and the hotel owner let off crackers, to my great surprise.

I went to bed and knew no more till 6 this morning, when I had five cups of tea and read your letters and then went to sleep again until ten. I'm really not tired but my shoulders and neck and arms feel rather sore and stiff and my knees are awfully bruised.

END OF SOURCES

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IB/G/Jun20/8700/2

0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 23 to 31**.

How does the writer use language to describe how he feels?

[12 marks]

Do not write outside the box

7

Do not write outside the box

12

Turn over ►

0 7

IB/G/Jun20/8700/2

8

Extra space

Do not write outside the box

0 8

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

Unreliable Memoirs by Clive James

An extract from an autobiography, published in 1980

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

Sweets and their Manufacture

An extract from a magazine article, published in 1868

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun21/E9

8700/2

Source A

This extract is from Clive James' autobiography, published in 1980. Here, he writes about going to the cinema as a child in Australia in the 1940s.

Every Saturday afternoon at the pictures there was a feature film, sixteen cartoons and an episode each from four different serials. The programme just went on and on and on. The Margaret Street children would join up with the Irene Street children and the combined mass would add themselves to the Sunbeam Avenue children and they would join the swarm of children from all the other areas, all moving north along Rocky Point Road towards Rockdale, where the Odeon stood.

In summer, the concrete footpaths were hot. The tarmac footpaths were even hotter: bubbles of tar formed, to be squashed flat by our leathery bare feet. Running around on gravelled playgrounds throughout the spring, by summer we had feet that could tread on a drawing pin and hardly feel it.

When you got to the cinema the first thing you did was stock up with lollies. Lollies was the Australian word for what the English call sweets and the Americans call candy. Some of the more privileged children had upwards of five shillings each to dispose of, but in fact two shillings was enough to buy you as much as you could eat. Everyone, without exception, bought at least one Hoadley's Violet Crumble Bar. It was a slab of dense, dry honeycomb coated with chocolate. So frangible was the honeycomb that it would shatter when bitten, scattering bright yellow shrapnel. It was like trying to eat a china vase. The honeycomb would go soft only after a day's exposure to direct sunlight. The chocolate surrounding it, however, would liquefy after only ten minutes in a dark cinema.

Fantails came in a weird, blue packet shaped like an isosceles triangle with one corner missing. Each individual Fantail was wrapped in a piece of paper detailing a film star's biography — hence the pun, fan tales. The Fantail itself was a chocolate-coated toffee so glutinous that it could induce lockjaw in a donkey. People had to have their mouths chipped open with a cold chisel. One packet of Fantails would last an average human being forever. A group of six small boys could go through a packet during the course of a single afternoon at the pictures, but it took hard work and involved a lot of strangled crying in the dark. Any fillings you had in your second teeth would be removed instantly, while children who still had any first teeth left didn't keep them long.

The star lolly, outstripping even the Violet Crumble Bar and the Fantail in popularity, was undoubtedly the Jaffa. A packet of Jaffas was loaded like a cluster bomb with about fifty globular lollies the size of ordinary marbles. The Jaffa had a dark chocolate core and a brittle orange candy coat: in cross-section it looked rather like the planet Earth.

It presented two alternative ways of being eaten, each with its allure. You could fondle the Jaffa on the tongue until your saliva ate its way through the casing, whereupon the taste of chocolate would invade your mouth with a sublime, majestic inevitability. Or you could bite straight through and submit the interior of your head to a stunning explosion of flavour.

Sucking and biting your way through forty or so Jaffas while Jungle Jim wrestled with the crocodiles on screen, you nearly always had a few left over after the stomach could take no more. The spare Jaffas made ideal ammunition. Flying through the dark, they would bounce off a child's skull with the noise of bullets hitting a bell.

Everyone either ate steadily or raced up and down the aisles or to and from the toilet or all three. The uproar was continuous, like Niagara Falls. Meanwhile the film was unreeling in front of us.

Source B

This extract is from a magazine article published in 1868. The writer explains how sweets were made and decorated in Victorian England.

The last thing a child asks is how the sweet it snaps up with such eagerness is made. Yet the manufacture of these delicacies — or should I say necessities? — of the nursery is a thing worth witnessing. A marvellous change has come across public opinion respecting sugar and sweets of all kinds. They used to be denounced by tender mothers as "trash and messes" and, possibly because they were so denounced, they tasted all the sweeter to the little ones. Now we would not wish to make taboo that which delights young taste buds the most. In moderation, there is nothing more wholesome than sugar. It is nourishing and warming because of the large amount of carbon contained in it.

In the past, sweets were not a speciality in England; there were no large factories for their production. All the higher-class sweets came from France and Italy but the introduction of steam into the process has made England the world leader in manufacturing sweets. Now sweets are made on the largest scale and are much cheaper. The basic style of old is also gone. The eye must now be satisfied as well as the tongue, even in the cheapest items. Think of a halfpennyworth of sweets done up in a ruby-coloured gelatine packet.

It is true that some of the more showy sweets made in the past were colourful, but it was metallic colour containing the most virulent poison. The famous scientist Doctor Hassall's analysis of this painted confectionery, published some years ago, exposed the villainous manner in which this vividly coloured confection was made attractive to children by poisonous paint. The brighter the hue, the more deadly the sweet. The brilliant green, for instance, with which the confectionery was adorned, contained copper toxins.

It is easy to understand the bad name sweets acquired when thus made up. No doubt many young children were absolutely killed by excessive eating of these artistically poisoned candies. Doctor Hassall has heroically delivered us from this source of danger to our precious children. Nothing but harmless vegetable colours are now used, which, if not so brilliant as metallic ones, are quite safe. Today, it is wrong to use metallic colour in confectionery. However, it is just possible that some of the old sweets may still be for sale, so I bid parents beware of any sweets with vivid greens and reds, for they are sure to be poisonous.

Young girls are largely employed in the sweet-making trade. They are quick and stick well to their work; but they have a sweet tooth and empty stomachs and so help themselves to the sweets pretty freely. As it is impossible to stop petty pilfering, the workers are given liberty to eat as much as they like, although the employers reduce the already pitiful pay to account for this. In the factory which I visited, the girls certainly did not look any the worse for their unlimited consumption of lollipops and their rosy faces gave a clear answer to the old charge against the harmful nature of sweets.

The sweets are made with the utmost speed by these little workwomen, sitting silently, hunched over their benches. In one part of the dimly lit factory, I came upon the little artists squinting as they coloured the small sugar articles under the strict scrutiny of their supervisor. It was all vegetable colour, of course, and quite harmless. There is no great artistic talent required in the colouring tasks that the girls undertake, and it is far too cheaply paid to be very carefully done. But, however poor they may be as works of art, the sweets are most wholesome. This, as we have said before, was far from being the case a few years ago, before Doctor Hassall turned detective officer for the good of our little ones.

END OF SOURCES

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IB/G/Jun21/8700/2

0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 20 to 28**.

How does the writer use language to describe eating Fantail sweets?

[12 marks]

Do not write outside the box

7

Do not write outside the box

12

Turn over ►

0 7

IB/G/Jun21/8700/2

8

Extra space

Do not write outside the box

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century literary non-fiction

The Tent, The Bucket and Me by Emma Kennedy

An extract from an autobiography, published in 2009

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

In the Wilderness by Charles Dudley Warner

An extract from a book, published in 1878

Please turn the page over to see the sources

Source A

Source A is an extract from *The Tent, The Bucket and Me* in which Emma Kennedy describes her camping holidays in France in the 1970s.

'You know,' said my mother who, as far as I could tell, was the only person delighted to be back in France, 'we should treat this holiday as the occasion it is. There's no point in being miserable. Holidays are what you make them.'

Holidays were not what you made them. Holidays were in the hands of malevolent forces hell-bent on wreaking chaos at every turn. Holidays were assault courses of the mind and body, endurance tests designed to break spirits and shatter spleens. In my nine years on the planet I had learnt one thing: going on holiday was awful. As we sat, chugging along through the French countryside, sunflowers in the fields on either side of us, I thought, 'Yes, it IS nice to look at. But in the same way that cheese looks nice in a mousetrap.'

Eventually we arrived at the campsite where we had stayed the previous year. As is often the way when you revisit somewhere you've been before, the allure was not quite as sparkling. The table tennis hut, once such an astonishment of riches, was now a bit battered around the edges, the pool a little more dull. Even my mother was forced to concede that the place had lost its gloss. 'This isn't quite as nice as I remember it,' she said, hands on hips. 'Still, at least it's a bit cooler. What a relief!'

'Storm clouds gathering over there,' said Dad, looking up to the west. 'That'll explain the drop in temperature. Still, I'll get the tent up.'

Our pitch backed on to a line of trees that acted as a windbreaker between us and the river. I wandered off, tiptoeing through the branches to stand at the water's edge. The low evening sun was casting a pink tinge across the water and dragonflies were hovering. Picking up a round, flat stone I skimmed it across the surface of the lake and watched with satisfaction as it bounced away. Sometimes, it was the simplest things that provided the greatest pleasure and as I stood, throwing stone after stone, I felt real contentment as if I were actually enjoying myself.

I returned to our pitch, having been called to supper by my mother. Dad was staring skywards. 'Those clouds are shifting,' he said, 'we might get some rain after all.'

'I can't remember the last time I saw rain,' answered my mother, 'must be well over a month. It'll be nice. Clear the air.'

Suddenly, there was a squall of activity all over the campsite as the sky darkened and the rain began to fall in thick, steady drops. Caravan awnings were being winched in, windows slammed shut, towels were being hastily gathered and everywhere, families were retreating to the inside of their tents. Because the ground was so dry, the patter of rain on the hard earth sounded almost metallic and each raindrop sparked up a plume of dust so fine it looked like steam, making the soil look as if it were boiling. In the distance, a low rumble of thunder began rolling towards us, the starter flag for any decent storm, and the rain which had an individual and random quality became more pack-like, shifting shapes like a flock of starlings. The storm was circling the area before clattering in to do its worst. Soon, the rain was slashing down, the relentless battering against the tent canvas loud and frightening.

Despite all my father's best efforts to waterproof the tent and lay the ground sheet properly, water was starting to seep in. The ground, dry from so many weeks without moisture, couldn't cope with the sudden onslaught and the campsite was rapidly turned into a series of streaming rivers. Not wanting to get our bedding wet, we bundled our sleeping bags together, placing them on top of the camping table just outside the sleeping compartment. With nothing to sleep in, and the water ever rising, Dad placed my air bed on top of their air bed and we sat, huddled together, knees against our chests. As the storm fractured the skies, we clung together, terrified.

Despite a small but intense gnawing in my chest, there was something deliciously spine-tingling about being trapped inside the tent while hell rained itself down on me.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract from *In The Wilderness*, written in 1878 by the American writer Charles Dudley Warner. At this time, some Americans were looking for adventure by camping in the wild.

The real enjoyment of camping in the woods lies in a return to primitive conditions of living, dress and food and an escape from civilization. It is wonderful to see how easily the limits of society fall off.

When our campers come to the bank of a lovely lake where they hope to enter the primitive life, everything is beautiful and unspoilt. There is a point of land jutting into the lake, sloping down to a sandy beach, on which the waters idly lap. The forest is untouched by the axe; ranks of slender fir trees are marshalled by the shore. The discoverers of this paradise, which they have entered to destroy, note the babbling of the stream that flows close at hand; they hear the splash of the leaping fish. They listen to the sweet song of the evening birds, and the chatter of the red squirrel, who angrily challenges their right to be there.

The site for a shelter is selected. The whole group is busy with the foundation of a new home. The axes resound in the echoing spaces; great trunks fall with a crash; views are opened towards the lake and the mountains. The spot for the shelter is cleared of underbrush; forked stakes are driven into the ground, cross-pieces are laid on them, and poles sloping back to the ground. In an incredible space of time there is the skeleton of a house, which is entirely open in front. The roof and sides must be covered. For this purpose, the trunks of great spruce trees are skinned. It needs but a few of these skins to cover the roof; and they make a perfectly water-tight roof, except when it rains.

Later, whilst we eat supper, a drop or two of rain falls. The sky darkens; the wind rises; there is a kind of shiver in the woods. We scud away into the shelter, taking the remains of our supper, eating it as best we can. The rain increases. The fire sputters and fumes. All the trees are dripping, dripping, and the ground is wet. We cannot step outdoors without getting a drenching. Like sheep, we are penned in the little hut, where no one can stand upright. The rain swirls into the open front and wets the bottom of the blankets. We curl up in our sleeping rows and try to enjoy ourselves. How much better off we are than many a shelter-less wretch!

However, as we are dropping off to sleep, somebody unfortunately notes a drop of water on his face. He moves his head to a dry place. Then he feels a dampness in his back and he finds a puddle of water soaking through his blanket. By this time, somebody inquires if it is possible that the roof leaks. One man has a stream of water under him; another says it is coming into his ear. The roof appears to be a discriminating sieve. Those who are dry see no need of such a fuss. The man in the corner spreads his umbrella, and the protective measure is resented by his neighbour. In the darkness there is recrimination. The rain continues to soak down. The fire is only half alive. The bedding is damp. Some sit up, if they can find a dry spot to sit on, and smoke. A few sleep. And the night wears on.

The morning opens cheerless. The sky is still leaking and so is the shelter. The roof is patched up. Even if the storm clears, the woods are soaked. There is no chance of going out. The world is only ten feet square.

This life, without responsibility or clean clothes, may continue as long as the camper desires. Some would be happy to live in this free fashion forever, in rain or sun, but there are others who cannot exist more than three days without their worldly baggage. These campers will soon leave and the abandoned camp is a melancholy sight.

The woods have been despoiled; the stumps are ugly; the bushes are scorched; the pine-leaf-strewn earth is trodden into mud; the ground is littered with all the unsightly debris of a hand-to-hand life. The dismantled shelter is a shabby object; the charred and blackened logs, where the fire blazed, suggest the extinction of life. Man has wrought his usual wrong upon Nature.

END OF SOURCES

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IB/G/Jun22/8700/2

0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 29 to 38**.

How does the writer use language to describe the rain and the storm?

[12 marks]

Do not write outside the box

7

Do not write outside the box

12

Turn over ►

0 7

8

Extra space

Do not write outside the box

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century non-fiction

How I beat my insomnia

An extract from an article written in 2016 by journalist Arifa Akbar

Source B: 19th Century literary non-fiction

A sleepless night

An extract from an article written in 1872 by journalist Fanny Fern

Please turn the page over to see the sources

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Source A

Source A is an extract from a newspaper article written in 2016 by journalist Arifa Akbar about her experience of insomnia, which is when a person has difficulty sleeping.

Now, I am about to say something that I never thought I would: I had a good night's sleep last night. And the night before that. All week in fact, I have tipped into bed, my mind restless for one shuddering moment before I turn to lie flat on my back and repeat a well–rehearsed script, at which point my thoughts drop off into dark velvety sleep.

A full night's sleep could never have happened a few years ago. I am 44 now but, until my late 30s, I had insomnia that clung on from childhood and progressively beat me down.

It began when I was ten — I would deliberately keep myself awake to pick over the day. It would take me five or six hours to get to sleep and, even then, it would be interrupted. My immune system was shot. I lived on the edge of my nerves. I fought it with remedies from the herbal to the hard stuff, but it just seemed to get worse.

Two decades into the insomnia, at the age of 30, I was waking up — if I had fallen asleep at all — with sore eyes, itchy skin and a high-pitched sense of mental hysteria, which, at its worst, made me feel as though my life was unravelling.

I felt as if I had tried every known cure going — and there are plenty, given almost a third of us admit to being sleep deprived. I tried giving up coffee, sugar and heavy dinners. Still awake. Baking at 3am. Still awake and getting fatter. Hypnosis, which did nothing at all. In desperation I bought a therapeutic electromagnetic mattress to 'recalibrate my energy field'. It just gave me a stiff back. Sleeping pills knocked me out for a few days, then the insomnia crept back.

So when I came across a magazine article mentioning AT (Autogenic Training – a form of self-hypnosis and an apparent fix for insomnia, formulated by a German psychiatrist in the 1930s), scepticism kicked in. I took the article to my doctor anyway — what harm was there in running it past him?

That is how I found myself sitting with 11 strangers, memorising a script to focus on our bodies from limb to limb, and then our organs, like a strange, verbal body scan. I was told to repeat the exercise three times a day, for 15 minutes each time — ideally in a quiet spot, sitting back on a chair or lying down.

It looked like I was merely resting with my eyes closed, but in my head I was repeating sentences: 'My right arm is heavy and warm', 'my heartbeat is calm and regular' and 'my neck and shoulders are heavy and warm'.

The script had to be followed in a certain order, and repeated three times. There was nothing more to it than that. And so I started chanting. To myself, that is, silently, three times a day.

A few weeks into my course, I began to feel something. My insomnia hadn't disappeared but I began to feel calmer, brighter, and less wired all the time. I felt my memory get sharper. I didn't have to write constant reminders to myself or search for the right words while speaking as I'd become used to doing.

My insomnia, at my most tormented, was excruciatingly noisy. I could feel my brain rev up in the night and start to chatter, sorting out things I hadn't given it time to reflect on. Self–hypnosis began to turn down the noise.

Then it happened. Around Week Four, sleep came like a welcome black tide, knocking me out suddenly. It felt miraculous. I was overjoyed, but suspicious. This had happened before and insomnia had always returned with a vengeance.

But the insomnia hasn't come back. I still think of self–hypnosis as some form of magic, despite the science. I fear the spell will break and the insomnia will creep back one day.

And so I carry on repeating the script — and, so far, it carries on working its magic.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract taken from a magazine article written in 1872 by American journalist Fanny Fern. Here, she writes about her experience of being unable to sleep.

You know what it is to lie awake at night, I suppose, while every human creature in the house is sleeping, with perspiration standing in drops on your forehead; with twitching fingers, and kicking toes, and glaring eyes; with disgust at the distant tap, tap, tap, of feet on the sidewalk; planning your revenge tomorrow (should you survive to see it) upon the owner of that blind across the street, which has been flapping to and fro all night, and yet never dropped on somebody's head, as you hoped it might, so that you were saved from the noisy nuisance.

In vain have you tried saying the Multiplication Table; in vain have you repeated poetry by the yard, or counted to one hundred; in vain have you done any of the foolish things recommended in such cases. Two o'clock has just struck, and no sleep has followed. Well—if you can't sleep, you won't sleep, that's all. You'll just get up, and strike a light and read. You do it; but the fire is low, and cold shivers run up and down your back-bone. Three o'clock! You're hungry! Yes—that must be it. You'll go to the cupboard and get a bit of cold chicken. Good heavens! It's gone! Those lumpish, snoring wretches have devoured it before going to bed!

You walk to the window. It is some comfort that the stars have to wink all night as well as you. Good! You're glad of it. Four o'clock! Gracious! How will you feel to-morrow? Suppose you should run from the top of the stairs to the bottom, as fast and as loud as you could, and wake up the whole family. And as the vision of terrified night-gowns appears in your mind, you start grinning like a maniac; then laughing hysterically; then crying outright; and the next thing you know it is eight o'clock in the morning, and coffee and rolls are awaiting your arrival.

And as to mosquitoes. Ah! You too must have suffered. You have lain, hour after hour, listening to that never-ceasing war-song, till you were as nervous as a cat. You have turned over; you have lain on your side, lain on your back, lain on your face. You have doubled your fists up under your arm-pits, and twisted your feet into hard knots under your night-clothes, to no avail. You have then fallen back on your dignity and the pygmy-ness of your tormentors, and folded your arms resolutely over your chest, and looked fiercely up to the ceiling… And yet, at that very moment, an "owdacious" bite has sent you flying, with a smothered exclamation, into the middle of the floor, bewailing the day you were born.

Next day you get a mosquito net. What a fool not to think of it before. You drape it round your bed. It looks safe. You explore it carefully that night before getting in, that there is no treacherous hole left for the enemy. You put out the light, and oh! blissful happiness, listen to their howl of rage outside, and fall asleep. Next morning you wake with a splitting headache. Can it be the confined air of the net? Horrible! You spend that day nursing your head and your anger.

That night you refuse to gasp under a net, for all the mosquitoes that ever swarmed. You even light your gaslight defiantly, open the windows, and sneer at the black demons as they buzz in for their nocturnal raid. You sit and read—occasionally boxing your own ears—till the small hours, and then—to bed; only to dash frantically against the wall, throw your pillows at the enemy, laugh hysterically, and rise at daylight a bleary-eyed, spotted, dismal wretch!

END OF SOURCES

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2 2 B G 8 7 0 0 / 2

0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source B** from **lines 23 to 30**.

How does the writer use language to describe the mosquitoes and their impact?

[12 marks]

Do not write outside the box

7

Do not write outside the box

12

Turn over ►

0 7

IB/G/Nov22/8700/2

8

Extra space

Do not write outside the box

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

One's Company by Peter Fleming

An extract from a travel book, published in 1933

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

Records of a Girlhood by Fanny Kemble

An extract from a letter, published in 1878

Please turn the page over to see the sources

Source A

Source A is an extract from a travel book in which Peter Fleming describes his train journey on the Trans-Siberian Railway in 1933. The journey is over nine thousand kilometres and takes more than a week to complete.

And now the journey was almost over. There is no more luxurious sensation than what may be described as the 'end of term' feeling. I felt very content. After tomorrow there would be no more trips to the dining-car; no more of that black bread, in consistency and flavour suggesting rancid peat; no more of that equally earthy tea; no more of a monk's existence; no more days entirely blank of action. It was true that I did not know what I was going to do, that I had nothing very specific to look forward to. But I knew what I was going to stop doing, and that, for the moment, was enough.



I wandered along the train to my compartment, undressed and got into my bed. As I did so, I noticed for the first time that the number on my berth was thirteen. For a long time, I could not sleep but eventually I drifted off.

All of a sudden there was a frightful jarring, followed by a crash. I sat up in my berth. From the rack above me my heaviest suitcase was cannonaded down, catching me with fearful force on either knee-cap. This is the end of the world, I thought, and in addition they have broken both my legs. My little world was tilted drunkenly. The window showed me nothing except a few fields. It was six o'clock. I began to dress. I felt very much annoyed. But I climbed out of the carriage into a refreshingly spectacular world and the annoyance passed. The Trans-Siberian Express train sprawled foolishly down the embankment. The mail van and the dining-car, which had been in front, lay on their sides at the bottom. Behind them the five sleeping cars, headed by my own, were disposed in attitudes which became less and less grotesque until you got to the last, which had remained, primly, on the rails. Fifty yards down the line, the engine, which had parted company with the train, was dug in, snorting steam, on top of the embankment. It had a defiant and naughty look; it was definitely conscious of indiscretion.

It would be difficult to imagine a nicer sort of railway accident. No one was hurt. The weather was ideal. And the whole thing was done in just the right sort of theatrical manner, with lots of twisted steel and splintered woodwork and turf scarred deeply with demoniac force.

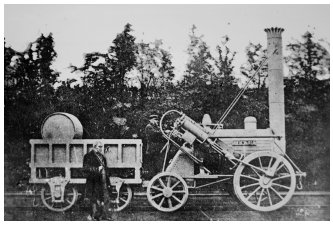
This was great fun: a comical and violent climax to an interlude in which comedy and violence had been altogether too lacking for my tastes. It was good to lie back in the long grass on a little hill and meditate upon that sprawling scrap-heap. There she lay, in the middle of the wide green plain; the fastest train, the Trans-Siberian Luxury Express. For more than a week she had bullied us. She had knocked us about when we went to clean our teeth in the little bathroom, she had jogged our elbows when we wrote, and when we read, she made the print dance tiresomely before our eyes. Her windows we might not open on account of the dust, and when closed they had proved a perpetual attraction to small, sabotaging boys with stones. She had annoyed us in a hundred little ways: by spilling tea in our laps, by running out of butter, by regulating our life. She had been our prison. We had not liked her. Now she was down and out. We left her lying there, a broken, buckled toy, a thick black worm without a head, awkwardly twisted: a thing of no use.

Source B

Source B is an extract from a letter written by Fanny Kemble to a friend about her first ride on a steam train in 1830, when she was 21. The steam engine had recently been invented by George Stephenson and he was also on this ride.

A normal sheet of writing paper is enough for love, but only a large sheet can contain my raptures about my railroad journey. And now I will give you an account of my excursion yesterday…

A party of sixteen persons was ushered into a courtyard where there stood a carriage of a peculiar construction, prepared for our reception. It was a long-bodied vehicle with seats placed across it, back-to-back; the one we were in had six of these benches and was a sort of uncovered carriage. The carriage was set in motion by only a push and rolled with us down a slope into a tunnel which forms the entrance to the railroad.



Here, we were introduced to the little train engine which was to drag us along the rails. She (for they make these curious little fire-horses all mares*) consisted of a boiler, a stove, a small platform, a bench, and behind the bench a barrel containing enough water to prevent her being thirsty on our journey. She goes upon wheels which are her feet and are moved by bright steel legs called pistons which are propelled by steam. The reins of this wonderful beast are a small steel handle, which applies or withdraws the steam from its legs or pistons, so that a child might manage it. The coals, which are its oats, were under the bench. This snorting little animal, which I felt rather inclined to pat, was then harnessed to our carriage. Mr Stephenson and I took our seats on the bench of the train engine and we set off at about ten miles an hour.

As the steam-horse was unable to go up and down hill, the railroad was kept at a certain level, and appeared sometimes to sink below the surface of the earth, and sometimes to rise above it. It was most incredible. Almost from the start the track was cut through the solid rock which formed a wall on either side of it, about sixty feet high.

You can't imagine how strange it seemed to be journeying on thus, without any visible cause of progress other than the magical machine, with its flying white breath and rhythmical, unvarying pace, between these rocky walls. Then, when I reflected that these great masses of stone had been cut asunder to allow our passage far below the surface of the earth, I felt as if no fairy tale was ever half so wonderful as what I saw. Bridges were thrown from side to side across the top of these cliffs, and the people looking down upon us from them seemed like dolls standing in the sky. You cannot conceive what that sensation of cutting the air was; the motion is as smooth as possible. I could either have read or written; and as it was, I stood up, and with my bonnet off, drank the air before me. When I closed my eyes this sensation of flying was quite delightful, and strange beyond description. Yet, strange as it was, I had a perfect sense of security and not the slightest fear, as this brave little she-dragon of ours flew on.

We had now come fifteen miles and stopped where the railroad traversed a wide and deep valley. Mr. Stephenson escorted me from the train down to the bottom of this ravine, over which, to keep the track level, he has thrown a magnificent viaduct of nine arches, the middle one of which is seventy feet high, through which we saw the whole of this beautiful little valley. It was lovely and wonderful beyond all words.

We then re-joined the rest of the passengers and the carriage set off at its utmost speed, thirty-five miles an hour, swifter than a bird flies, on our return journey.

When I add that this pretty little creature can run either backward or forward, I believe I have given you an account of all the train's abilities.

Glossary

* female horses

END OF SOURCES

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IB/G/Jun23/8700/2

0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 12 to 23**.

How does the writer use language to describe the train crash?

[12 marks]

Do not write outside the box

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Do not write outside the box

12

Turn over ►

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IB/G/Jun23/8700/2

Extra space for question 3 only (if needed)

Do not write outside the box

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century non-fiction

This is Going to Hurt: Secret Diaries of a Junior Doctor by Adam Kay

An extract from a diary, published in 2017

Source B: 19th Century literary non-fiction

The Wonderful Adventures of Mrs Seacole in Many Lands by Mary Seacole

An extract from a memoir, published in 1857

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun24/G4012/E4

8700/2

Source A

This extract is from a diary written by a young doctor, Adam Kay, published in 2017. Here, he writes about training to be a doctor at medical school and then his first experiences of working in a hospital as a 'house officer', the lowest rank of junior doctor.

Because medical schools are oversubscribed ten-fold, all candidates must be interviewed, with only those who perform best under a grilling being awarded a place. It's assumed all applicants are on course for straight A grades at A-level, so universities base their decisions on non-academic criteria.

Imperial College in London were satisfied that my distinctions in grade eight piano and saxophone, alongside some half-hearted theatre reviews for the school magazine, qualified me perfectly for life on the hospital wards, and so in 1998 I packed my bags and embarked upon the treacherous six-mile journey from Dulwich to South Kensington.

As you might imagine, learning every single aspect of the human body's anatomy and physiology, plus each possible way it can malfunction, is a fairly gargantuan undertaking. But the buzz of knowing I was going to become a doctor one day – such a big deal you get to literally change your name, like a superhero or an international criminal – propelled me towards my goal through those six long years.

Then there I was, a junior doctor. I could have gone on a quiz show with the specialist subject 'the human body'. Everyone at home would be yelling at their TVs that the subject I'd chosen was too vast and wide-ranging, that I should have gone for something like 'atherosclerosis' or 'bunions', but they'd have been wrong. I'd have nailed it.

It was finally time to step out onto the ward armed with all this exhaustive knowledge and turn theory into practice. My spring couldn't have been coiled any tighter. So it came as quite the blow to discover that I'd spent a quarter of my life at medical school and it hadn't remotely prepared me for the unpredictable existence of a house officer.

During the day, the job was manageable, if mind-numbing and insanely time-consuming. You turn up every morning for the 'ward round', where your whole team of doctors pootles past each of their patients. You trail behind like a hypnotized duckling, your head cocked to one side in a caring manner, noting down every pronouncement from your seniors – book an MRI scan, refer to rheumatology, arrange an ECG test. Then you spend the rest of your working day (plus generally a further unpaid four hours) completing these dozens, sometimes hundreds, of tasks – filling in forms, making phone calls. Essentially, you're a glorified personal assistant. Not really what I'd trained so hard for, but whatever.

The night shifts, on the other hand, made Hell look like Disneyland – an unrelenting nightmare that made me regret ever thinking my education was being wasted. At night, the house officer is given a little paging device affectionately called a 'bleep', and responsibility for every patient in the hospital. Your senior colleagues are seeing patients in A&E with a specific problem, like pneumonia or a broken leg, while you're up on the wards, sailing the ship alone. A ship that's enormous, and on fire, and that no one has really taught you how to sail. You're bleeped by ward after ward, nurse after nurse, with emergency after emergency – it never stops, all night long. You're a one-man, mobile, essentially untrained A&E department, getting drenched in bodily fluids, reviewing an endless stream of worryingly sick patients who, twelve hours earlier, had an entire team of doctors caring for them.

You've been trained how to examine a patient's cardiovascular system, but, even when you can recognize every sign and symptom of a heart attack, it's very different to actually managing one for the first time. You suddenly long for the sixteen-hour admin sessions. (Or, ideally, some kind of compromise job, that's neither massively beyond nor beneath your abilities.)

It's sink or swim, and you have to learn how to swim because otherwise a ton of patients sink with you. I actually found it all perversely exhilarating. Sure it was hard work, sure the hours were bordering on inhumane and sure I saw things that have scarred my retinas to this day, but I was a doctor now.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

This extract, written in 1857, is from the autobiography of Mary Seacole, a British-Jamaican nurse who travelled the world as a volunteer. Here, she has arrived to work on a wharf, an area of land next to the sea where boats are loaded and unloaded, to help look after men wounded at war.

I have never met such a busy scene as that small harbour presented. Crowded with shipping, of every size and variety, from the noble English steamer to the smallest long-shore craft, while between them and the shore passed and repassed innumerable boats. Coming from the quiet, gloomy sea into this little nook of life and bustle, the transition is very sudden and startling.

I remained there six weeks, spending my days on shore, and my nights on board ship. My chief occupation, and one with which I never allowed any business to interfere, was helping the doctors to transfer the sick and wounded from the horse-drawn ambulances into the boats that had to carry them to the hospitals. I did not forget the main object of my journey, to which I would have devoted myself exclusively had I been allowed; and very familiar did I become before long with the sick wharf. My acquaintance with it began very shortly after I had arrived.

The very first day that I approached the wharf, a party of sick and wounded soldiers had just arrived. Here was work for me, I felt sure. With so many patients, the doctors must be glad of all the hands they could get. Indeed, so strong was the old impulse within me, that I waited for no permission, but seeing a poor artilleryman stretched upon a wooden pallet, groaning heavily, I ran up to him at once, and eased his dressings. I was rewarded when the poor fellow's groans subsided into a restless uneasy mutter. God help him! He had been hit in the forehead, and I think his sight was gone. I stooped down, and raised some tea to his baked lips (here and there upon the wharf were rows of little metal cups containing this beverage). Then his hand touched mine, and rested there, and I heard him mutter indistinctly, as though the discovery of my hand had arrested his wandering senses –

"Ha! this is surely a woman's hand."

I couldn't say much, but I tried to whisper something about hope and trust in God; but all the while I think his thoughts were running on this strange discovery. Perhaps I had brought to his poor mind memories of his home, and the loving ones there, who would ask no greater favour than the privilege of helping him thus; for he continued to hold my hand in his feeble grasp, and whisper "God bless you, *woman* – whoever you are, God bless you!" – over and over again.

I do not think that the surgeons noticed me at first, although I had not neglected my personal appearance, and wore my favourite yellow dress, and blue bonnet, with the red ribbons. I noticed one coming to me, who, I think, would have laughed very merrily had it not been for the poor fellow at my feet. As it was, he came forward, and shook hands very kindly, saying, "How do you do, ma'am? Much obliged to you for looking after my poor fellow; very glad to see you here." And glad they always were, the kind-hearted doctors, to let me help them look after the sick and wounded sufferers brought to that fearful wharf.

I wonder if I can ever forget the scenes I witnessed there? Oh! They were heartrending. I declare that I saw rough-bearded men stand by and cry like the softest-hearted women at the sights of suffering they saw. I have often heard men talk and preach very learnedly and conclusively about the great wickedness and selfishness of the human heart. I wonder whether they would have modified those opinions if they had been my companions for one day of the six weeks I spent upon that wharf, and seen but one day's experience of the sympathy and brotherly love shown by the strong to the weak. The task was a trying one, and familiarity, you might think, would have worn down their keener feelings of pity and sympathy; but it was not so.

END OF SOURCES

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0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 30 to 39**.

How does the writer use language to describe working night shifts at the hospital?

[12 marks]

Do not write outside the box

7

Do not write outside the box

12

Turn over ►

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IB/G/Jun24/8700/2

Extra space for question 3 only (if needed)

Do not write outside the box

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

The Tomb of Tutankhamun Volume 1 by Howard Carter

An extract from a memoir, published in 1923

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

The Englishwoman in Egypt by Sophia Lane Poole

An extract from a letter, published in 1844

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/M/Nov24/G4013/V4

8700/2

Source A

Source A is an extract from a book written in 1923 by the British archaeologist, Howard Carter. Here, he describes his discovery of the tomb of the ancient Egyptian Pharoah, Tutankhamun.

This was to be our final season looking for tombs in The Valley of the Kings. At last, we made a discovery that far exceeded our wildest dreams. When I arrived on site, I was told that a step had been discovered, and a short amount of extra clearing revealed the entrance of a stairway cut into the rock. We all worked feverishly throughout the day to finish clearing away masses of rubbish on the stairway until it was beyond any question that, at last, we had before us the entrance to a tomb – but worries persisted in creeping in. There was always the horrible possibility that it had been completely plundered in ancient or recent times.

Just such a robbery had happened in the previous year. News had come in that a party of tomb-robbers had armed themselves and made their way to a lonely region on the other side of the mountain. The local village leaders came to me and asked me to take action. I hastily collected a few of my workmen and set out. It was midnight when we arrived, and the guide pointed out to me the end of a rope which dangled sheer down the face of a cliff. Listening, we could hear the robbers at work, so I first severed their rope, cutting off their means of escape, and then, making secure a good stout rope of my own, I lowered myself down the cliff. Climbing down a rope at midnight into a nestful of industrious tomb-robbers is a pastime which does not lack excitement. There were eight at work, and when I reached the bottom there was an awkward moment or two. I gave them the alternative of clearing out by means of my rope, or else of staying where they were without a rope at all, and eventually they saw reason and departed.

It was, therefore, with nervousness that I now watched the steps of the staircase we had discovered as one by one they came to light – then there was disclosed a sealed doorway! The decisive moment had arrived.

I found myself, with excitement burning like the heat of a fever, on the threshold of what might prove to be a magnificent discovery. With trembling hands, I made a tiny breach in the door, lit a candle and peered in. At first I could see nothing, but presently, as my eyes grew accustomed to the light, details of the room within emerged slowly from the mist, strange animals, statues, and gold – everywhere the glint of gold. For the moment – an eternity – I was struck dumb with amazement, then widening the hole a little further, I inserted a torch. Surely never in the whole history of excavation had such an amazing sight been seen as the light of the torch revealed to us. Let the reader imagine how it appeared from our spy-hole, casting the beam of light from our torch – the first light that had pierced the darkness of the chamber for three thousand years – as we looked down on one group of objects then another, in a vain attempt to interpret the treasure that lay before us. The effect was bewildering, overwhelming. We had never dreamed of anything like this, a roomful – a whole museumful – of objects piled one upon another in seemingly endless profusion.

I suppose most archaeologists would confess to a feeling of awe when they break into a chamber closed and sealed by pious hands so many centuries ago. For the moment, time has lost its meaning. Three thousand years have passed since human feet last trod the floor on which you stand, although you feel it might have been but yesterday. The very air you breathe, unchanged throughout the centuries, you share with those who laid the mummy to its rest. Time is annihilated and you feel like an intruder. That is the first and dominant sensation, but others follow thick and fast – the exhilaration of discovery, the fever of suspense, the thought – pure joy to the investigator – that you are about to add a page to history, the strained

expectancy – why not confess it? – of the treasure-seeker.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract from a letter written in 1844 by Sophia Lane Poole. Here she describes a visit to the pyramids of Egypt with her brother, Edward Lane, a famous British archaeologist.

My Dear Friend

So many have written of the pyramids, the great tombs of Egyptian Pharaohs. I find much that I must say respecting these stupendous monuments. The pleasure which is felt by the modern traveller in seeing the pyramids is increased by the consideration of their antiquity, and the reflection that many philosophers and heroes of ancient times have in like manner stood before them in admiration and amazement. Although, from the brightness of their colour, apparently little changed by the thousands of years that have passed since they were built, the pyramids do not appear ancient: there is an appearance of freshness about them which amazed me.

With regard to their wonderful magnitude, when I was within a few yards of the base of the Great Pyramid, I was enabled to the full to comprehend their vastness. The perpendicular height of the Great Pyramid is four hundred and fifty-six feet, according to my brother Edward's measurement. I had fully determined to attempt an ascent; but the wind was so high during the period of our visit, that I dared not do so. Edward did climb to the top; he had done so many times before.

This time, he ascended the Great Pyramid alone, but not unarmed as he knew that robbers were active in the area. While on the summit, he saw a suspicious figure, making towards the pyramid, from the west. The man began to ascend; when he arrived about halfway up, little thinking that Edward's telescope was directed towards him, he stopped, and took out a pistol from a case which was slung by his side, looked at it, and then continued the ascent. As it was evident that the fellow had no good intentions and intended robbery, Edward called to him, and asked him to descend; but he either did not hear him, or would not obey. My brother then fired a pistol, to show him that he was not without the means of defence. Upon this, the man immediately began to climb down, and, having reached the base, walked slowly away into the desert.

Although I did not climb to the summit, I did go inside the Great Pyramid. It is no trifle, I assure you, for a woman to explore its interior. My mind continued so impressed with the difficulties of this undertaking that I could not forget them, even in my dreams. The heat of the interior is oppressive and the passage by which we entered the pyramid is only four feet high and we were consequently obliged to descend in a crouching position.

The size of the Great Chamber is especially worthy of remark: the length is thirty-four feet four inches and a half. It is entirely constructed of red granite. Near the western end is the sarcophagus*. No hieroglyphics nor sculptures of any kind adorn it; its sides are perfectly plain and polished, and its form is simply that of an oblong chest, in every way rectangular. Its lid has been carried away, as well as its original contents; and we find in it nothing but dust and small fragments of stone. This enormous pyramid seems to have been raised merely to contain one single mummy, not a particle of which now remains in the place in which it was deposited with so much precaution. Historians assert that the building of the Great Pyramid occupied about twenty years, and three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed in its construction.

I did not think to have written to you so much on the pyramids; but having entered upon the subject, I have found it difficult to stop. So wonderful in themselves are the principal pyramids, and so impressive by reason of their remote antiquity, that all other existing works of man must, I think, in comparison with them, sink into insignificance.

END OF SOURCES

Glossary

*sarcophagus – a stone coffin

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8

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0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 23 to 35**.

How does the writer use language to describe his discovery?

[12 marks]

Do not write outside the box

7

Do not write outside the box

12

Turn over ►

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IB/M/Nov24/8700/2

Extra space for question 3 only (if needed)

Do not write outside the box

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century literary non-fiction

The Accidental Countryside by wildlife writer, Stephen Moss

An extract from a book, published in 2020

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

The Life of the Fields by Richard Jefferies

An extract from a book, published in 1884

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun25/G4010/V5

8700/2

Source A

Source A is an extract from *The Accidental Countryside*, by wildlife writer, Stephen Moss, published in 2020. Here, he writes about the peregrine falcon, a bird of prey.

The peregrine falcon sits far above the ground like an emperor gazing down upon his kingdom. He is, without question, the top predator in this neck of the woods. Or perhaps I should say, in this corner of the city. For on a fine spring day, this particular peregrine is perched on the roof of Tate Modern, the contemporary art gallery in the very heart of London. He sits perfectly upright, occasionally turning his head from side to side as his piercing black eyes, fringed with custard-yellow, search for any movement below. Down there, the humans go about their business unaware of the drama about to unfold above their heads. A moment later, and a movement in the far distance – three or four hundred metres away – catches the peregrine's eye. A flock of pigeons, and one bird at the back seems to be struggling to keep up with its companions. With a flick of his wings the falcon is gone.

He powers through the air, the breeze passing over his feathers with hardly a ruffle. He rises higher and higher until almost out of view. Then he stops, turns and folds his wings before plummeting. Like a guided missile, he homes in on the straggler, eyes fixed on the target, diving at almost 180 miles an hour, yet still the pigeon is unaware of its fate. At the last possible moment, the peregrine changes his body shape once again. Pulling back on his wings, he brakes momentarily, at the same time extending his feet towards his victim and, just before impact, extrudes talons sharp as switchblades. With an explosive crack like a rodeo whip, he grabs the pigeon. Upwards into the sea-blue sky he swoops, his plunder hanging beneath him: more food to carry back to his hungry chicks waiting in their nest, high on the topmost ledge of a skyscraper.

You wouldn't, perhaps, expect to find the fastest living creature on the planet in the centre of one of the world's busiest cities. The peregrine falcon's decline had begun during the Second World War, when shooting them was officially permitted to stop them killing pigeons carrying vital messages. After the war, things went from bad to worse because of the indiscriminate use of pesticides. The UK peregrine population plunged to fewer than 400 pairs. These retreated to prime sites in the north and west: rocky crags in the uplands, and high cliffs along remote coasts. The peregrine was very much a bird of wild places, not the urban jungle.

How things have changed. Today there are more than thirty breeding pairs of peregrines in London alone. Passers-by rarely look up, so seldom notice them; but they are there. On and around Tate Modern, the Houses of Parliament, Battersea Power Station and many other famous London landmarks, you can see peregrines: roosting, nesting and occasionally hunting for their favourite food, often guarded by volunteers with telescopes happy to point out this incredible bird. It's a great way to introduce city-dwellers to the wonders of the wild.

Peregrines have moved into our cities in such numbers for a simple reason: we have created the perfect conditions for them. Peregrines need high cliffs or crags, where they can build their nests and survey their territory; we have erected tall buildings that serve just as well. They need food; our cities provide it in a whole suite of different birds of different sizes, a buffet of birds laid out beneath them. And they need to be safe. They can find this safety in cities because our relationship with these birds has changed beyond recognition. Instead of persecuting them, we provide protection, with teams of dedicated watchers scrutinising their nests twenty-four hours a day.

What an extraordinary journey the peregrine has taken: from a symbol of all things wild and remote, to a resident of our largest and busiest city, and many others up and down the UK. Its story symbolises the resilience, adaptability and ability of wild creatures to take advantage of new and unexpected circumstances. As we enter the most critical period for Britain's wildlife in our long history, they will need those qualities in abundance.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract from *The Life of the Fields* by Richard Jefferies, published in 1884. Here, Jefferies writes about life in the countryside and a brook, which is a small stream.

The brook has forgotten me, but I have not forgotten the brook. Many faces have been mirrored since in the flowing water, many feet have waded in the sandy shallow. I wonder if any one else can see it in a picture before the eyes as I can, bright, and vivid as trees suddenly shown at night by a great flash of lightning. All the leaves and branches and the birds at roost are visible during the flash. It is barely a second; it seems much longer. Memory, like the lightning, reveals the pictures in the mind. Every curve, and shore, and shallow is as familiar now as when I followed the winding stream so often.

The life of the meadows seemed to crowd down towards the brook in summer, to reach out and stretch towards the life-giving water. There, the buttercups were taller and closer together, nails of gold driven so thickly that the true surface was not visible. Countless small roots drew up the richness of earth like miners in the darkness, throwing their petals of yellow ore above them.

Hidden in those bushes and tall grasses, high in the trees and low on the ground, there were the nests of happy birds. In the hawthorns blackbirds and thrushes built, and the fledglings* fluttered out into the flowery grass. Down among the stalks of the flowering plants, where the grasses were knotted together, the nettle-creeper concealed her treasured eggs. Up in the ash trees and willows, here and there, wood-pigeons built. If there was a hollow in the oak a pair of starlings chose it, for there was no advantageous nook that was not seized on. Like the flowers and grass, the birds were drawn towards the brook. They built by it; they came to it to drink; in the evening a lark trilled in a hawthorn bush.

Morning and evening, the country girls came down to fetch water; their path was worn through the mowing-grass, and there was a flat stone set into the bank as a step to stand on. Always the little children came with them; they too loved the brook like the grass and birds. They wanted to see the fishes dart away and hide in the green reeds, and float again and pass away out of sight. Where there was pasture, cattle came to drink, and horses, restless horses, stood for hours by the edge under the shade of the ash trees. With what joy the spaniel plunged in, straight from the bank out among the reeds – you could mark his course by seeing their tips bend as he brushed them swimming. All life loved the brook.

Far down away from roads and villages, there was a small orchard on the very bank of the stream, and just before the grass grew too high to walk through, I looked in to speak to its owner. He was busy with his spade at a strip of garden, and grumbled that the hares would not let it alone, with all that stretch of grass to feed on. Nor would the rooks; and the moorhens ran over it, and the water-rats burrowed; the wood-pigeons took the peas, and there was no rest from them all. While he talked and talked, I thought how little the apple tree in blossom before us cared who saw its glory. The branches were in bloom everywhere, at the top as well as at the side; at the top where no one could see them but the swallows. They did not grow for human admiration; that was not their purpose; that is our affair only – we bring the thought to the tree.

Glossary

*fledglings – baby birds

END OF SOURCES

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0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 11 to 20**.

How does the writer use language to describe the peregrine falcon?

[12 marks]

Do not write outside the box

7

Do not write outside the box

12

Turn over ►

0 7

IB/G/Jun25/8700/2

Extra space for question 3 only (if needed)

Do not write outside the box

QUESTION 4

Comparing Perspectives

Compare writers' perspectives and methods

[16 marks] · 8 series included in this section

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

Touching the Void

An extract from an autobiographical account by Joe Simpson published in 1988

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

Climbing the Meije

An extract from a letter written by explorer Gertrude Bell in 1899

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun20/E6

8700/2

Source A

Source A is an extract from *Touching the Void*, in which experienced climber Joe Simpson describes how he and fellow climber Simon Yates scaled a 21 000 foot mountain in Peru. On the way down, Joe fell and broke his leg. In this extract, Joe explains how, because of his broken leg, Simon had to lower him down the mountain using a rope.

The col was exposed and windy. Directly beneath us the glacier we had walked up five days ago curved away towards the crevasses which led to base camp, nearly 3 000 feet below us. It would take many long lowerings, but it was all downhill, and we had lost the sense of hopelessness that had invaded us at the ice cliff.

'What time is it?' Simon asked.

'Just gone four. We don't have much time, do we?'

I could see him weighing up the possibilities. I wanted to carry on down, but it was Simon's decision. I waited for him to make up his mind.

'I think we should keep going,' he said at last.

Simon let me slide faster than I had expected and, despite my cries of alarm and pain, he had kept the pace of descent going. I stopped shouting to him after fifty feet. The rising wind and continuous avalanches drowned out all communications. Instead I concentrated on keeping my leg clear of the snow. It was an impossible task. Despite lying on my good leg, the right boot snagged in the snow as the weight of my body pushed down. Each abrupt jerk caused searing pain in my knee. I sobbed and gasped, swore at the snow and the cold, and most of all at Simon. At the change-over point, I hopped on to my left leg, trying to think the pain away. It ebbed slowly, leaving a dreadful throbbing ache and a leaden tiredness.

The tugs came again far too soon, and carelessly I slumped against the rope and let myself go. The drop went on until I could bear it no longer, yet there was nothing that I could do to bring the agony to an end. Howling and screaming for Simon to stop achieved nothing; the blame had to lie somewhere, so I swore Simon's character to the devil.

The terrible sliding stopped, and I hung silently against the slope. Three faint tugs trembled the taut rope, and I hopped up on to my leg. A wave of nausea and pain swept over me. I was glad of the freezing blasts of snow biting into my face. My head cleared as I waited for the burning to subside from my knee. Several times I had felt it twist sideways when my boot snagged. There would be a flare of agony as the knee kinked back, and parts within the joint seemed to shear past each other with a sickening gristly crunch. I had barely ceased sobbing before my boot snagged again. At the end my leg shook uncontrollably. I tried to stop it shaking, but the harder I tried, the more it shook. I pressed my face into the snow, gritted my teeth, and waited. At last it eased.

Simon had already started to climb down. I looked up but failed to make out where he was. I began digging Simon's belay* seat. It was warming work and distracted attention from my knee. When I looked up again Simon could be seen descending quickly.

'At this rate we should be down by nine o'clock,' he said cheerfully.

'I hope so.' I said no more. It wouldn't help to harp on about how I felt.

'Right, let's do it again.' He had seated himself in the hole and had the ropes ready for another lowering.

'You're not hanging around, are you?'

'Nothing to wait for. Come on.'

He was still grinning, and his confidence was infectious. Who said one man can't rescue another, I thought. We had changed from climbing to rescue, and the partnership had worked just as effectively. We hadn't dwelt on the accident. There had been an element of uncertainty at first, but as soon as we had started to act positively everything had come together.

'Okay, ready when you are,' I said, lying down on my side again. 'Slow down a bit this time. You'll have my leg off otherwise.'

He didn't seem to hear me for I went down at an even faster pace than before, and the hammering torture began again with a vengeance. My optimism evaporated.

Glossary

* belay – a secure point to fix a rope

Turn over for Source B

Source B

In 1899, British explorer Gertrude Bell set out to climb one of the most dangerous mountains in the Alps, the Meije. Source B is an extract from the letter she sent home describing the climb.



Monday 28th August, 1899

I thought you would gather from my last letter that I meant to have a shot at climbing the Meije and would be glad to hear that I had descended safely. Well, I'll tell you – it's awful! I think if I had known exactly what was before me I should not have faced it, but fortunately I did not, and I look back on it with complete satisfaction — and I look forward to other things with no further apprehension. . .

I left here on Friday, having hired a local guide, Marius, and we walked up to the Refuge. I went out to watch the beautiful red sunlight fading from the snow and rocks. The Meije looked dreadfully forbidding in the dusk. When I came in I found that Marius had kindly put my rug in a corner of the floor, and what with the straw and my cloak for a pillow, I made myself very comfortable.

The night lasted from 8 till 12, but I didn't sleep at all. We got up soon after 12 and I went down to the river and washed a little. It was a perfect night, clear stars and the moon not yet over the hills. We left just as the moon shone into the valley. Marius always went ahead and carried a lantern till we got on to the snow when it was light enough with only the moon.

At 1.30 we reached the glacier and put on our ropes. It wasn't really cold, though there was an icy little breath of wind. We had about three hours up very nice rock. I had been in high spirits for it was so easy, but before long my hopes were dashed! We had about two hours and a half of awfully difficult rock. There were two places where Marius literally pulled me up like a parcel. He has the strength of a bear. And it was absolutely sheer down. The first half-hour I gave myself up for lost. It didn't seem possible that I could get up all that wall without ever making a slip. You see, I had practically never been on a rock before. However, I didn't let on to Marius and presently it began to seem quite natural to be hanging by my eyelids over an abyss. . .

We stayed on the summit until 11. It was gorgeous, quite cloudless. I went to sleep for half-an-hour. It's a very long way up but it's a longer way down – unless you take the way Marius's axe took. The cord by which it was carefully tied to his wrist broke and it disappeared forever into space.

Here comes the worst place on the whole Meije. Marius vanished, carrying a very long rope, and I waited. Presently I felt a little tug on the rope. "Mademoiselle," called Marius calmly, and obediently off I went. There were two little humps to hold on to on an overhanging rock and there was me in mid-air and Marius round the corner steadfastly holding the rope tight. . . perfectly fearful. I thought at the time how very well I was climbing and how odd it was that I should not be afraid.

The worst was over then, and the most tedious part was to come. There was no difficulty, but there was also no moment when you had not to pay the strictest attention. There was an hour of ice and rock till at last Marius and I found ourselves, with thankfulness, back on the glacier.

When I got in, I found everyone in the hotel on the doorstep waiting for me and the hotel owner let off crackers, to my great surprise.

I went to bed and knew no more till 6 this morning, when I had five cups of tea and read your letters and then went to sleep again until ten. I'm really not tired but my shoulders and neck and arms feel rather sore and stiff and my knees are awfully bruised.

END OF SOURCES

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IB/G/Jun20/8700/2

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Do not write outside the box

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different feelings and perspectives on their adventures in the mountains.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different feelings and perspectives on their adventures
- compare the methods the writers use to convey their feelings and perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

Do not write outside the box

11

Do not write outside the box

Turn over ►

Do not write outside the box

16

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

Unreliable Memoirs by Clive James

An extract from an autobiography, published in 1980

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

Sweets and their Manufacture

An extract from a magazine article, published in 1868

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun21/E9

8700/2

Source A

This extract is from Clive James' autobiography, published in 1980. Here, he writes about going to the cinema as a child in Australia in the 1940s.

Every Saturday afternoon at the pictures there was a feature film, sixteen cartoons and an episode each from four different serials. The programme just went on and on and on. The Margaret Street children would join up with the Irene Street children and the combined mass would add themselves to the Sunbeam Avenue children and they would join the swarm of children from all the other areas, all moving north along Rocky Point Road towards Rockdale, where the Odeon stood.

In summer, the concrete footpaths were hot. The tarmac footpaths were even hotter: bubbles of tar formed, to be squashed flat by our leathery bare feet. Running around on gravelled playgrounds throughout the spring, by summer we had feet that could tread on a drawing pin and hardly feel it.

When you got to the cinema the first thing you did was stock up with lollies. Lollies was the Australian word for what the English call sweets and the Americans call candy. Some of the more privileged children had upwards of five shillings each to dispose of, but in fact two shillings was enough to buy you as much as you could eat. Everyone, without exception, bought at least one Hoadley's Violet Crumble Bar. It was a slab of dense, dry honeycomb coated with chocolate. So frangible was the honeycomb that it would shatter when bitten, scattering bright yellow shrapnel. It was like trying to eat a china vase. The honeycomb would go soft only after a day's exposure to direct sunlight. The chocolate surrounding it, however, would liquefy after only ten minutes in a dark cinema.

Fantails came in a weird, blue packet shaped like an isosceles triangle with one corner missing. Each individual Fantail was wrapped in a piece of paper detailing a film star's biography — hence the pun, fan tales. The Fantail itself was a chocolate-coated toffee so glutinous that it could induce lockjaw in a donkey. People had to have their mouths chipped open with a cold chisel. One packet of Fantails would last an average human being forever. A group of six small boys could go through a packet during the course of a single afternoon at the pictures, but it took hard work and involved a lot of strangled crying in the dark. Any fillings you had in your second teeth would be removed instantly, while children who still had any first teeth left didn't keep them long.

The star lolly, outstripping even the Violet Crumble Bar and the Fantail in popularity, was undoubtedly the Jaffa. A packet of Jaffas was loaded like a cluster bomb with about fifty globular lollies the size of ordinary marbles. The Jaffa had a dark chocolate core and a brittle orange candy coat: in cross-section it looked rather like the planet Earth.

It presented two alternative ways of being eaten, each with its allure. You could fondle the Jaffa on the tongue until your saliva ate its way through the casing, whereupon the taste of chocolate would invade your mouth with a sublime, majestic inevitability. Or you could bite straight through and submit the interior of your head to a stunning explosion of flavour.

Sucking and biting your way through forty or so Jaffas while Jungle Jim wrestled with the crocodiles on screen, you nearly always had a few left over after the stomach could take no more. The spare Jaffas made ideal ammunition. Flying through the dark, they would bounce off a child's skull with the noise of bullets hitting a bell.

Everyone either ate steadily or raced up and down the aisles or to and from the toilet or all three. The uproar was continuous, like Niagara Falls. Meanwhile the film was unreeling in front of us.

Source B

This extract is from a magazine article published in 1868. The writer explains how sweets were made and decorated in Victorian England.

The last thing a child asks is how the sweet it snaps up with such eagerness is made. Yet the manufacture of these delicacies — or should I say necessities? — of the nursery is a thing worth witnessing. A marvellous change has come across public opinion respecting sugar and sweets of all kinds. They used to be denounced by tender mothers as "trash and messes" and, possibly because they were so denounced, they tasted all the sweeter to the little ones. Now we would not wish to make taboo that which delights young taste buds the most. In moderation, there is nothing more wholesome than sugar. It is nourishing and warming because of the large amount of carbon contained in it.

In the past, sweets were not a speciality in England; there were no large factories for their production. All the higher-class sweets came from France and Italy but the introduction of steam into the process has made England the world leader in manufacturing sweets. Now sweets are made on the largest scale and are much cheaper. The basic style of old is also gone. The eye must now be satisfied as well as the tongue, even in the cheapest items. Think of a halfpennyworth of sweets done up in a ruby-coloured gelatine packet.

It is true that some of the more showy sweets made in the past were colourful, but it was metallic colour containing the most virulent poison. The famous scientist Doctor Hassall's analysis of this painted confectionery, published some years ago, exposed the villainous manner in which this vividly coloured confection was made attractive to children by poisonous paint. The brighter the hue, the more deadly the sweet. The brilliant green, for instance, with which the confectionery was adorned, contained copper toxins.

It is easy to understand the bad name sweets acquired when thus made up. No doubt many young children were absolutely killed by excessive eating of these artistically poisoned candies. Doctor Hassall has heroically delivered us from this source of danger to our precious children. Nothing but harmless vegetable colours are now used, which, if not so brilliant as metallic ones, are quite safe. Today, it is wrong to use metallic colour in confectionery. However, it is just possible that some of the old sweets may still be for sale, so I bid parents beware of any sweets with vivid greens and reds, for they are sure to be poisonous.

Young girls are largely employed in the sweet-making trade. They are quick and stick well to their work; but they have a sweet tooth and empty stomachs and so help themselves to the sweets pretty freely. As it is impossible to stop petty pilfering, the workers are given liberty to eat as much as they like, although the employers reduce the already pitiful pay to account for this. In the factory which I visited, the girls certainly did not look any the worse for their unlimited consumption of lollipops and their rosy faces gave a clear answer to the old charge against the harmful nature of sweets.

The sweets are made with the utmost speed by these little workwomen, sitting silently, hunched over their benches. In one part of the dimly lit factory, I came upon the little artists squinting as they coloured the small sugar articles under the strict scrutiny of their supervisor. It was all vegetable colour, of course, and quite harmless. There is no great artistic talent required in the colouring tasks that the girls undertake, and it is far too cheaply paid to be very carefully done. But, however poor they may be as works of art, the sweets are most wholesome. This, as we have said before, was far from being the case a few years ago, before Doctor Hassall turned detective officer for the good of our little ones.

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Do not write outside the box

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different attitudes to sweets.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different attitudes to sweets
- compare the methods the writers use to convey their attitudes
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

Do not write outside the box

11

Do not write outside the box

Turn over ►

Do not write outside the box

16

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century literary non-fiction

The Tent, The Bucket and Me by Emma Kennedy

An extract from an autobiography, published in 2009

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

In the Wilderness by Charles Dudley Warner

An extract from a book, published in 1878

Please turn the page over to see the sources

Source A

Source A is an extract from *The Tent, The Bucket and Me* in which Emma Kennedy describes her camping holidays in France in the 1970s.

'You know,' said my mother who, as far as I could tell, was the only person delighted to be back in France, 'we should treat this holiday as the occasion it is. There's no point in being miserable. Holidays are what you make them.'

Holidays were not what you made them. Holidays were in the hands of malevolent forces hell-bent on wreaking chaos at every turn. Holidays were assault courses of the mind and body, endurance tests designed to break spirits and shatter spleens. In my nine years on the planet I had learnt one thing: going on holiday was awful. As we sat, chugging along through the French countryside, sunflowers in the fields on either side of us, I thought, 'Yes, it IS nice to look at. But in the same way that cheese looks nice in a mousetrap.'

Eventually we arrived at the campsite where we had stayed the previous year. As is often the way when you revisit somewhere you've been before, the allure was not quite as sparkling. The table tennis hut, once such an astonishment of riches, was now a bit battered around the edges, the pool a little more dull. Even my mother was forced to concede that the place had lost its gloss. 'This isn't quite as nice as I remember it,' she said, hands on hips. 'Still, at least it's a bit cooler. What a relief!'

'Storm clouds gathering over there,' said Dad, looking up to the west. 'That'll explain the drop in temperature. Still, I'll get the tent up.'

Our pitch backed on to a line of trees that acted as a windbreaker between us and the river. I wandered off, tiptoeing through the branches to stand at the water's edge. The low evening sun was casting a pink tinge across the water and dragonflies were hovering. Picking up a round, flat stone I skimmed it across the surface of the lake and watched with satisfaction as it bounced away. Sometimes, it was the simplest things that provided the greatest pleasure and as I stood, throwing stone after stone, I felt real contentment as if I were actually enjoying myself.

I returned to our pitch, having been called to supper by my mother. Dad was staring skywards. 'Those clouds are shifting,' he said, 'we might get some rain after all.'

'I can't remember the last time I saw rain,' answered my mother, 'must be well over a month. It'll be nice. Clear the air.'

Suddenly, there was a squall of activity all over the campsite as the sky darkened and the rain began to fall in thick, steady drops. Caravan awnings were being winched in, windows slammed shut, towels were being hastily gathered and everywhere, families were retreating to the inside of their tents. Because the ground was so dry, the patter of rain on the hard earth sounded almost metallic and each raindrop sparked up a plume of dust so fine it looked like steam, making the soil look as if it were boiling. In the distance, a low rumble of thunder began rolling towards us, the starter flag for any decent storm, and the rain which had an individual and random quality became more pack-like, shifting shapes like a flock of starlings. The storm was circling the area before clattering in to do its worst. Soon, the rain was slashing down, the relentless battering against the tent canvas loud and frightening.

Despite all my father's best efforts to waterproof the tent and lay the ground sheet properly, water was starting to seep in. The ground, dry from so many weeks without moisture, couldn't cope with the sudden onslaught and the campsite was rapidly turned into a series of streaming rivers. Not wanting to get our bedding wet, we bundled our sleeping bags together, placing them on top of the camping table just outside the sleeping compartment. With nothing to sleep in, and the water ever rising, Dad placed my air bed on top of their air bed and we sat, huddled together, knees against our chests. As the storm fractured the skies, we clung together, terrified.

Despite a small but intense gnawing in my chest, there was something deliciously spine-tingling about being trapped inside the tent while hell rained itself down on me.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract from *In The Wilderness*, written in 1878 by the American writer Charles Dudley Warner. At this time, some Americans were looking for adventure by camping in the wild.

The real enjoyment of camping in the woods lies in a return to primitive conditions of living, dress and food and an escape from civilization. It is wonderful to see how easily the limits of society fall off.

When our campers come to the bank of a lovely lake where they hope to enter the primitive life, everything is beautiful and unspoilt. There is a point of land jutting into the lake, sloping down to a sandy beach, on which the waters idly lap. The forest is untouched by the axe; ranks of slender fir trees are marshalled by the shore. The discoverers of this paradise, which they have entered to destroy, note the babbling of the stream that flows close at hand; they hear the splash of the leaping fish. They listen to the sweet song of the evening birds, and the chatter of the red squirrel, who angrily challenges their right to be there.

The site for a shelter is selected. The whole group is busy with the foundation of a new home. The axes resound in the echoing spaces; great trunks fall with a crash; views are opened towards the lake and the mountains. The spot for the shelter is cleared of underbrush; forked stakes are driven into the ground, cross-pieces are laid on them, and poles sloping back to the ground. In an incredible space of time there is the skeleton of a house, which is entirely open in front. The roof and sides must be covered. For this purpose, the trunks of great spruce trees are skinned. It needs but a few of these skins to cover the roof; and they make a perfectly water-tight roof, except when it rains.

Later, whilst we eat supper, a drop or two of rain falls. The sky darkens; the wind rises; there is a kind of shiver in the woods. We scud away into the shelter, taking the remains of our supper, eating it as best we can. The rain increases. The fire sputters and fumes. All the trees are dripping, dripping, and the ground is wet. We cannot step outdoors without getting a drenching. Like sheep, we are penned in the little hut, where no one can stand upright. The rain swirls into the open front and wets the bottom of the blankets. We curl up in our sleeping rows and try to enjoy ourselves. How much better off we are than many a shelter-less wretch!

However, as we are dropping off to sleep, somebody unfortunately notes a drop of water on his face. He moves his head to a dry place. Then he feels a dampness in his back and he finds a puddle of water soaking through his blanket. By this time, somebody inquires if it is possible that the roof leaks. One man has a stream of water under him; another says it is coming into his ear. The roof appears to be a discriminating sieve. Those who are dry see no need of such a fuss. The man in the corner spreads his umbrella, and the protective measure is resented by his neighbour. In the darkness there is recrimination. The rain continues to soak down. The fire is only half alive. The bedding is damp. Some sit up, if they can find a dry spot to sit on, and smoke. A few sleep. And the night wears on.

The morning opens cheerless. The sky is still leaking and so is the shelter. The roof is patched up. Even if the storm clears, the woods are soaked. There is no chance of going out. The world is only ten feet square.

This life, without responsibility or clean clothes, may continue as long as the camper desires. Some would be happy to live in this free fashion forever, in rain or sun, but there are others who cannot exist more than three days without their worldly baggage. These campers will soon leave and the abandoned camp is a melancholy sight.

The woods have been despoiled; the stumps are ugly; the bushes are scorched; the pine-leaf-strewn earth is trodden into mud; the ground is littered with all the unsightly debris of a hand-to-hand life. The dismantled shelter is a shabby object; the charred and blackened logs, where the fire blazed, suggest the extinction of life. Man has wrought his usual wrong upon Nature.

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Do not write outside the box

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different thoughts and feelings about camping experiences.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different thoughts and feelings about camping experiences
- compare the methods they use to convey their thoughts and feelings
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

Do not write outside the box

11

Do not write outside the box

Turn over ►

Do not write outside the box

16

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century non-fiction

How I beat my insomnia

An extract from an article written in 2016 by journalist Arifa Akbar

Source B: 19th Century literary non-fiction

A sleepless night

An extract from an article written in 1872 by journalist Fanny Fern

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Nov22/E3

8700/2

Source A

Source A is an extract from a newspaper article written in 2016 by journalist Arifa Akbar about her experience of insomnia, which is when a person has difficulty sleeping.

Now, I am about to say something that I never thought I would: I had a good night's sleep last night. And the night before that. All week in fact, I have tipped into bed, my mind restless for one shuddering moment before I turn to lie flat on my back and repeat a well–rehearsed script, at which point my thoughts drop off into dark velvety sleep.

A full night's sleep could never have happened a few years ago. I am 44 now but, until my late 30s, I had insomnia that clung on from childhood and progressively beat me down.

It began when I was ten — I would deliberately keep myself awake to pick over the day. It would take me five or six hours to get to sleep and, even then, it would be interrupted. My immune system was shot. I lived on the edge of my nerves. I fought it with remedies from the herbal to the hard stuff, but it just seemed to get worse.

Two decades into the insomnia, at the age of 30, I was waking up — if I had fallen asleep at all — with sore eyes, itchy skin and a high-pitched sense of mental hysteria, which, at its worst, made me feel as though my life was unravelling.

I felt as if I had tried every known cure going — and there are plenty, given almost a third of us admit to being sleep deprived. I tried giving up coffee, sugar and heavy dinners. Still awake. Baking at 3am. Still awake and getting fatter. Hypnosis, which did nothing at all. In desperation I bought a therapeutic electromagnetic mattress to 'recalibrate my energy field'. It just gave me a stiff back. Sleeping pills knocked me out for a few days, then the insomnia crept back.

So when I came across a magazine article mentioning AT (Autogenic Training – a form of self-hypnosis and an apparent fix for insomnia, formulated by a German psychiatrist in the 1930s), scepticism kicked in. I took the article to my doctor anyway — what harm was there in running it past him?

That is how I found myself sitting with 11 strangers, memorising a script to focus on our bodies from limb to limb, and then our organs, like a strange, verbal body scan. I was told to repeat the exercise three times a day, for 15 minutes each time — ideally in a quiet spot, sitting back on a chair or lying down.

It looked like I was merely resting with my eyes closed, but in my head I was repeating sentences: 'My right arm is heavy and warm', 'my heartbeat is calm and regular' and 'my neck and shoulders are heavy and warm'.

The script had to be followed in a certain order, and repeated three times. There was nothing more to it than that. And so I started chanting. To myself, that is, silently, three times a day.

A few weeks into my course, I began to feel something. My insomnia hadn't disappeared but I began to feel calmer, brighter, and less wired all the time. I felt my memory get sharper. I didn't have to write constant reminders to myself or search for the right words while speaking as I'd become used to doing.

My insomnia, at my most tormented, was excruciatingly noisy. I could feel my brain rev up in the night and start to chatter, sorting out things I hadn't given it time to reflect on. Self–hypnosis began to turn down the noise.

Then it happened. Around Week Four, sleep came like a welcome black tide, knocking me out suddenly. It felt miraculous. I was overjoyed, but suspicious. This had happened before and insomnia had always returned with a vengeance.

But the insomnia hasn't come back. I still think of self–hypnosis as some form of magic, despite the science. I fear the spell will break and the insomnia will creep back one day.

And so I carry on repeating the script — and, so far, it carries on working its magic.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract taken from a magazine article written in 1872 by American journalist Fanny Fern. Here, she writes about her experience of being unable to sleep.

You know what it is to lie awake at night, I suppose, while every human creature in the house is sleeping, with perspiration standing in drops on your forehead; with twitching fingers, and kicking toes, and glaring eyes; with disgust at the distant tap, tap, tap, of feet on the sidewalk; planning your revenge tomorrow (should you survive to see it) upon the owner of that blind across the street, which has been flapping to and fro all night, and yet never dropped on somebody's head, as you hoped it might, so that you were saved from the noisy nuisance.

In vain have you tried saying the Multiplication Table; in vain have you repeated poetry by the yard, or counted to one hundred; in vain have you done any of the foolish things recommended in such cases. Two o'clock has just struck, and no sleep has followed. Well—if you can't sleep, you won't sleep, that's all. You'll just get up, and strike a light and read. You do it; but the fire is low, and cold shivers run up and down your back-bone. Three o'clock! You're hungry! Yes—that must be it. You'll go to the cupboard and get a bit of cold chicken. Good heavens! It's gone! Those lumpish, snoring wretches have devoured it before going to bed!

You walk to the window. It is some comfort that the stars have to wink all night as well as you. Good! You're glad of it. Four o'clock! Gracious! How will you feel to-morrow? Suppose you should run from the top of the stairs to the bottom, as fast and as loud as you could, and wake up the whole family. And as the vision of terrified night-gowns appears in your mind, you start grinning like a maniac; then laughing hysterically; then crying outright; and the next thing you know it is eight o'clock in the morning, and coffee and rolls are awaiting your arrival.

And as to mosquitoes. Ah! You too must have suffered. You have lain, hour after hour, listening to that never-ceasing war-song, till you were as nervous as a cat. You have turned over; you have lain on your side, lain on your back, lain on your face. You have doubled your fists up under your arm-pits, and twisted your feet into hard knots under your night-clothes, to no avail. You have then fallen back on your dignity and the pygmy-ness of your tormentors, and folded your arms resolutely over your chest, and looked fiercely up to the ceiling… And yet, at that very moment, an "owdacious" bite has sent you flying, with a smothered exclamation, into the middle of the floor, bewailing the day you were born.

Next day you get a mosquito net. What a fool not to think of it before. You drape it round your bed. It looks safe. You explore it carefully that night before getting in, that there is no treacherous hole left for the enemy. You put out the light, and oh! blissful happiness, listen to their howl of rage outside, and fall asleep. Next morning you wake with a splitting headache. Can it be the confined air of the net? Horrible! You spend that day nursing your head and your anger.

That night you refuse to gasp under a net, for all the mosquitoes that ever swarmed. You even light your gaslight defiantly, open the windows, and sneer at the black demons as they buzz in for their nocturnal raid. You sit and read—occasionally boxing your own ears—till the small hours, and then—to bed; only to dash frantically against the wall, throw your pillows at the enemy, laugh hysterically, and rise at daylight a bleary-eyed, spotted, dismal wretch!

END OF SOURCES

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IB/G/Nov22/8700/2

2 2 B G 8 7 0 0 / 2

Do not write outside the box

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different feelings and perspectives on their experiences of sleep and sleeplessness.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different feelings and perspectives on their experiences of sleep and sleeplessness
- compare the methods they use to convey their feelings and perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

Do not write outside the box

11

Do not write outside the box

Turn over ►

Do not write outside the box

16

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

One's Company by Peter Fleming

An extract from a travel book, published in 1933

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

Records of a Girlhood by Fanny Kemble

An extract from a letter, published in 1878

Please turn the page over to see the sources

Source A

Source A is an extract from a travel book in which Peter Fleming describes his train journey on the Trans-Siberian Railway in 1933. The journey is over nine thousand kilometres and takes more than a week to complete.

And now the journey was almost over. There is no more luxurious sensation than what may be described as the 'end of term' feeling. I felt very content. After tomorrow there would be no more trips to the dining-car; no more of that black bread, in consistency and flavour suggesting rancid peat; no more of that equally earthy tea; no more of a monk's existence; no more days entirely blank of action. It was true that I did not know what I was going to do, that I had nothing very specific to look forward to. But I knew what I was going to stop doing, and that, for the moment, was enough.



I wandered along the train to my compartment, undressed and got into my bed. As I did so, I noticed for the first time that the number on my berth was thirteen. For a long time, I could not sleep but eventually I drifted off.

All of a sudden there was a frightful jarring, followed by a crash. I sat up in my berth. From the rack above me my heaviest suitcase was cannonaded down, catching me with fearful force on either knee-cap. This is the end of the world, I thought, and in addition they have broken both my legs. My little world was tilted drunkenly. The window showed me nothing except a few fields. It was six o'clock. I began to dress. I felt very much annoyed. But I climbed out of the carriage into a refreshingly spectacular world and the annoyance passed. The Trans-Siberian Express train sprawled foolishly down the embankment. The mail van and the dining-car, which had been in front, lay on their sides at the bottom. Behind them the five sleeping cars, headed by my own, were disposed in attitudes which became less and less grotesque until you got to the last, which had remained, primly, on the rails. Fifty yards down the line, the engine, which had parted company with the train, was dug in, snorting steam, on top of the embankment. It had a defiant and naughty look; it was definitely conscious of indiscretion.

It would be difficult to imagine a nicer sort of railway accident. No one was hurt. The weather was ideal. And the whole thing was done in just the right sort of theatrical manner, with lots of twisted steel and splintered woodwork and turf scarred deeply with demoniac force.

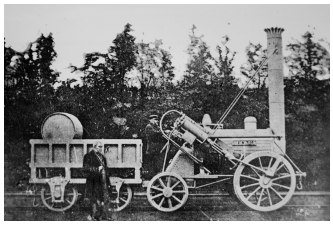
This was great fun: a comical and violent climax to an interlude in which comedy and violence had been altogether too lacking for my tastes. It was good to lie back in the long grass on a little hill and meditate upon that sprawling scrap-heap. There she lay, in the middle of the wide green plain; the fastest train, the Trans-Siberian Luxury Express. For more than a week she had bullied us. She had knocked us about when we went to clean our teeth in the little bathroom, she had jogged our elbows when we wrote, and when we read, she made the print dance tiresomely before our eyes. Her windows we might not open on account of the dust, and when closed they had proved a perpetual attraction to small, sabotaging boys with stones. She had annoyed us in a hundred little ways: by spilling tea in our laps, by running out of butter, by regulating our life. She had been our prison. We had not liked her. Now she was down and out. We left her lying there, a broken, buckled toy, a thick black worm without a head, awkwardly twisted: a thing of no use.

Source B

Source B is an extract from a letter written by Fanny Kemble to a friend about her first ride on a steam train in 1830, when she was 21. The steam engine had recently been invented by George Stephenson and he was also on this ride.

A normal sheet of writing paper is enough for love, but only a large sheet can contain my raptures about my railroad journey. And now I will give you an account of my excursion yesterday…

A party of sixteen persons was ushered into a courtyard where there stood a carriage of a peculiar construction, prepared for our reception. It was a long-bodied vehicle with seats placed across it, back-to-back; the one we were in had six of these benches and was a sort of uncovered carriage. The carriage was set in motion by only a push and rolled with us down a slope into a tunnel which forms the entrance to the railroad.



Here, we were introduced to the little train engine which was to drag us along the rails. She (for they make these curious little fire-horses all mares*) consisted of a boiler, a stove, a small platform, a bench, and behind the bench a barrel containing enough water to prevent her being thirsty on our journey. She goes upon wheels which are her feet and are moved by bright steel legs called pistons which are propelled by steam. The reins of this wonderful beast are a small steel handle, which applies or withdraws the steam from its legs or pistons, so that a child might manage it. The coals, which are its oats, were under the bench. This snorting little animal, which I felt rather inclined to pat, was then harnessed to our carriage. Mr Stephenson and I took our seats on the bench of the train engine and we set off at about ten miles an hour.

As the steam-horse was unable to go up and down hill, the railroad was kept at a certain level, and appeared sometimes to sink below the surface of the earth, and sometimes to rise above it. It was most incredible. Almost from the start the track was cut through the solid rock which formed a wall on either side of it, about sixty feet high.

You can't imagine how strange it seemed to be journeying on thus, without any visible cause of progress other than the magical machine, with its flying white breath and rhythmical, unvarying pace, between these rocky walls. Then, when I reflected that these great masses of stone had been cut asunder to allow our passage far below the surface of the earth, I felt as if no fairy tale was ever half so wonderful as what I saw. Bridges were thrown from side to side across the top of these cliffs, and the people looking down upon us from them seemed like dolls standing in the sky. You cannot conceive what that sensation of cutting the air was; the motion is as smooth as possible. I could either have read or written; and as it was, I stood up, and with my bonnet off, drank the air before me. When I closed my eyes this sensation of flying was quite delightful, and strange beyond description. Yet, strange as it was, I had a perfect sense of security and not the slightest fear, as this brave little she-dragon of ours flew on.

We had now come fifteen miles and stopped where the railroad traversed a wide and deep valley. Mr. Stephenson escorted me from the train down to the bottom of this ravine, over which, to keep the track level, he has thrown a magnificent viaduct of nine arches, the middle one of which is seventy feet high, through which we saw the whole of this beautiful little valley. It was lovely and wonderful beyond all words.

We then re-joined the rest of the passengers and the carriage set off at its utmost speed, thirty-five miles an hour, swifter than a bird flies, on our return journey.

When I add that this pretty little creature can run either backward or forward, I believe I have given you an account of all the train's abilities.

Glossary

* female horses

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Do not write outside the box

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different feelings and perspectives about their experiences of travelling on a train.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different feelings and perspectives
- compare the methods the writers use to convey their different feelings and perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

Do not write outside the box

11

Do not write outside the box

Turn over ►

Do not write outside the box

16

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century non-fiction

This is Going to Hurt: Secret Diaries of a Junior Doctor by Adam Kay

An extract from a diary, published in 2017

Source B: 19th Century literary non-fiction

The Wonderful Adventures of Mrs Seacole in Many Lands by Mary Seacole

An extract from a memoir, published in 1857

Please turn the page over to see the sources

Source A

This extract is from a diary written by a young doctor, Adam Kay, published in 2017. Here, he writes about training to be a doctor at medical school and then his first experiences of working in a hospital as a 'house officer', the lowest rank of junior doctor.

Because medical schools are oversubscribed ten-fold, all candidates must be interviewed, with only those who perform best under a grilling being awarded a place. It's assumed all applicants are on course for straight A grades at A-level, so universities base their decisions on non-academic criteria.

Imperial College in London were satisfied that my distinctions in grade eight piano and saxophone, alongside some half-hearted theatre reviews for the school magazine, qualified me perfectly for life on the hospital wards, and so in 1998 I packed my bags and embarked upon the treacherous six-mile journey from Dulwich to South Kensington.

As you might imagine, learning every single aspect of the human body's anatomy and physiology, plus each possible way it can malfunction, is a fairly gargantuan undertaking. But the buzz of knowing I was going to become a doctor one day – such a big deal you get to literally change your name, like a superhero or an international criminal – propelled me towards my goal through those six long years.

Then there I was, a junior doctor. I could have gone on a quiz show with the specialist subject 'the human body'. Everyone at home would be yelling at their TVs that the subject I'd chosen was too vast and wide-ranging, that I should have gone for something like 'atherosclerosis' or 'bunions', but they'd have been wrong. I'd have nailed it.

It was finally time to step out onto the ward armed with all this exhaustive knowledge and turn theory into practice. My spring couldn't have been coiled any tighter. So it came as quite the blow to discover that I'd spent a quarter of my life at medical school and it hadn't remotely prepared me for the unpredictable existence of a house officer.

During the day, the job was manageable, if mind-numbing and insanely time-consuming. You turn up every morning for the 'ward round', where your whole team of doctors pootles past each of their patients. You trail behind like a hypnotized duckling, your head cocked to one side in a caring manner, noting down every pronouncement from your seniors – book an MRI scan, refer to rheumatology, arrange an ECG test. Then you spend the rest of your working day (plus generally a further unpaid four hours) completing these dozens, sometimes hundreds, of tasks – filling in forms, making phone calls. Essentially, you're a glorified personal assistant. Not really what I'd trained so hard for, but whatever.

The night shifts, on the other hand, made Hell look like Disneyland – an unrelenting nightmare that made me regret ever thinking my education was being wasted. At night, the house officer is given a little paging device affectionately called a 'bleep', and responsibility for every patient in the hospital. Your senior colleagues are seeing patients in A&E with a specific problem, like pneumonia or a broken leg, while you're up on the wards, sailing the ship alone. A ship that's enormous, and on fire, and that no one has really taught you how to sail. You're bleeped by ward after ward, nurse after nurse, with emergency after emergency – it never stops, all night long. You're a one-man, mobile, essentially untrained A&E department, getting drenched in bodily fluids, reviewing an endless stream of worryingly sick patients who, twelve hours earlier, had an entire team of doctors caring for them.

You've been trained how to examine a patient's cardiovascular system, but, even when you can recognize every sign and symptom of a heart attack, it's very different to actually managing one for the first time. You suddenly long for the sixteen-hour admin sessions. (Or, ideally, some kind of compromise job, that's neither massively beyond nor beneath your abilities.)

It's sink or swim, and you have to learn how to swim because otherwise a ton of patients sink with you. I actually found it all perversely exhilarating. Sure it was hard work, sure the hours were bordering on inhumane and sure I saw things that have scarred my retinas to this day, but I was a doctor now.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

This extract, written in 1857, is from the autobiography of Mary Seacole, a British-Jamaican nurse who travelled the world as a volunteer. Here, she has arrived to work on a wharf, an area of land next to the sea where boats are loaded and unloaded, to help look after men wounded at war.

I have never met such a busy scene as that small harbour presented. Crowded with shipping, of every size and variety, from the noble English steamer to the smallest long-shore craft, while between them and the shore passed and repassed innumerable boats. Coming from the quiet, gloomy sea into this little nook of life and bustle, the transition is very sudden and startling.

I remained there six weeks, spending my days on shore, and my nights on board ship. My chief occupation, and one with which I never allowed any business to interfere, was helping the doctors to transfer the sick and wounded from the horse-drawn ambulances into the boats that had to carry them to the hospitals. I did not forget the main object of my journey, to which I would have devoted myself exclusively had I been allowed; and very familiar did I become before long with the sick wharf. My acquaintance with it began very shortly after I had arrived.

The very first day that I approached the wharf, a party of sick and wounded soldiers had just arrived. Here was work for me, I felt sure. With so many patients, the doctors must be glad of all the hands they could get. Indeed, so strong was the old impulse within me, that I waited for no permission, but seeing a poor artilleryman stretched upon a wooden pallet, groaning heavily, I ran up to him at once, and eased his dressings. I was rewarded when the poor fellow's groans subsided into a restless uneasy mutter. God help him! He had been hit in the forehead, and I think his sight was gone. I stooped down, and raised some tea to his baked lips (here and there upon the wharf were rows of little metal cups containing this beverage). Then his hand touched mine, and rested there, and I heard him mutter indistinctly, as though the discovery of my hand had arrested his wandering senses –

"Ha! this is surely a woman's hand."

I couldn't say much, but I tried to whisper something about hope and trust in God; but all the while I think his thoughts were running on this strange discovery. Perhaps I had brought to his poor mind memories of his home, and the loving ones there, who would ask no greater favour than the privilege of helping him thus; for he continued to hold my hand in his feeble grasp, and whisper "God bless you, *woman* – whoever you are, God bless you!" – over and over again.

I do not think that the surgeons noticed me at first, although I had not neglected my personal appearance, and wore my favourite yellow dress, and blue bonnet, with the red ribbons. I noticed one coming to me, who, I think, would have laughed very merrily had it not been for the poor fellow at my feet. As it was, he came forward, and shook hands very kindly, saying, "How do you do, ma'am? Much obliged to you for looking after my poor fellow; very glad to see you here." And glad they always were, the kind-hearted doctors, to let me help them look after the sick and wounded sufferers brought to that fearful wharf.

I wonder if I can ever forget the scenes I witnessed there? Oh! They were heartrending. I declare that I saw rough-bearded men stand by and cry like the softest-hearted women at the sights of suffering they saw. I have often heard men talk and preach very learnedly and conclusively about the great wickedness and selfishness of the human heart. I wonder whether they would have modified those opinions if they had been my companions for one day of the six weeks I spent upon that wharf, and seen but one day's experience of the sympathy and brotherly love shown by the strong to the weak. The task was a trying one, and familiarity, you might think, would have worn down their keener feelings of pity and sympathy; but it was not so.

END OF SOURCES

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Do not write outside the box

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different feelings and perspectives on providing medical care.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different feelings and perspectives on providing medical care
- compare the methods they use to convey their feelings and perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

Do not write outside the box

11

Do not write outside the box

Turn over ►

Do not write outside the box

16

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 20th Century literary non-fiction

The Tomb of Tutankhamun Volume 1 by Howard Carter

An extract from a memoir, published in 1923

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

The Englishwoman in Egypt by Sophia Lane Poole

An extract from a letter, published in 1844

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/M/Nov24/G4013/V4

8700/2

Source A

Source A is an extract from a book written in 1923 by the British archaeologist, Howard Carter. Here, he describes his discovery of the tomb of the ancient Egyptian Pharoah, Tutankhamun.

This was to be our final season looking for tombs in The Valley of the Kings. At last, we made a discovery that far exceeded our wildest dreams. When I arrived on site, I was told that a step had been discovered, and a short amount of extra clearing revealed the entrance of a stairway cut into the rock. We all worked feverishly throughout the day to finish clearing away masses of rubbish on the stairway until it was beyond any question that, at last, we had before us the entrance to a tomb – but worries persisted in creeping in. There was always the horrible possibility that it had been completely plundered in ancient or recent times.

Just such a robbery had happened in the previous year. News had come in that a party of tomb-robbers had armed themselves and made their way to a lonely region on the other side of the mountain. The local village leaders came to me and asked me to take action. I hastily collected a few of my workmen and set out. It was midnight when we arrived, and the guide pointed out to me the end of a rope which dangled sheer down the face of a cliff. Listening, we could hear the robbers at work, so I first severed their rope, cutting off their means of escape, and then, making secure a good stout rope of my own, I lowered myself down the cliff. Climbing down a rope at midnight into a nestful of industrious tomb-robbers is a pastime which does not lack excitement. There were eight at work, and when I reached the bottom there was an awkward moment or two. I gave them the alternative of clearing out by means of my rope, or else of staying where they were without a rope at all, and eventually they saw reason and departed.

It was, therefore, with nervousness that I now watched the steps of the staircase we had discovered as one by one they came to light – then there was disclosed a sealed doorway! The decisive moment had arrived.

I found myself, with excitement burning like the heat of a fever, on the threshold of what might prove to be a magnificent discovery. With trembling hands, I made a tiny breach in the door, lit a candle and peered in. At first I could see nothing, but presently, as my eyes grew accustomed to the light, details of the room within emerged slowly from the mist, strange animals, statues, and gold – everywhere the glint of gold. For the moment – an eternity – I was struck dumb with amazement, then widening the hole a little further, I inserted a torch. Surely never in the whole history of excavation had such an amazing sight been seen as the light of the torch revealed to us. Let the reader imagine how it appeared from our spy-hole, casting the beam of light from our torch – the first light that had pierced the darkness of the chamber for three thousand years – as we looked down on one group of objects then another, in a vain attempt to interpret the treasure that lay before us. The effect was bewildering, overwhelming. We had never dreamed of anything like this, a roomful – a whole museumful – of objects piled one upon another in seemingly endless profusion.

I suppose most archaeologists would confess to a feeling of awe when they break into a chamber closed and sealed by pious hands so many centuries ago. For the moment, time has lost its meaning. Three thousand years have passed since human feet last trod the floor on which you stand, although you feel it might have been but yesterday. The very air you breathe, unchanged throughout the centuries, you share with those who laid the mummy to its rest. Time is annihilated and you feel like an intruder. That is the first and dominant sensation, but others follow thick and fast – the exhilaration of discovery, the fever of suspense, the thought – pure joy to the investigator – that you are about to add a page to history, the strained

expectancy – why not confess it? – of the treasure-seeker.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract from a letter written in 1844 by Sophia Lane Poole. Here she describes a visit to the pyramids of Egypt with her brother, Edward Lane, a famous British archaeologist.

My Dear Friend

So many have written of the pyramids, the great tombs of Egyptian Pharaohs. I find much that I must say respecting these stupendous monuments. The pleasure which is felt by the modern traveller in seeing the pyramids is increased by the consideration of their antiquity, and the reflection that many philosophers and heroes of ancient times have in like manner stood before them in admiration and amazement. Although, from the brightness of their colour, apparently little changed by the thousands of years that have passed since they were built, the pyramids do not appear ancient: there is an appearance of freshness about them which amazed me.

With regard to their wonderful magnitude, when I was within a few yards of the base of the Great Pyramid, I was enabled to the full to comprehend their vastness. The perpendicular height of the Great Pyramid is four hundred and fifty-six feet, according to my brother Edward's measurement. I had fully determined to attempt an ascent; but the wind was so high during the period of our visit, that I dared not do so. Edward did climb to the top; he had done so many times before.

This time, he ascended the Great Pyramid alone, but not unarmed as he knew that robbers were active in the area. While on the summit, he saw a suspicious figure, making towards the pyramid, from the west. The man began to ascend; when he arrived about halfway up, little thinking that Edward's telescope was directed towards him, he stopped, and took out a pistol from a case which was slung by his side, looked at it, and then continued the ascent. As it was evident that the fellow had no good intentions and intended robbery, Edward called to him, and asked him to descend; but he either did not hear him, or would not obey. My brother then fired a pistol, to show him that he was not without the means of defence. Upon this, the man immediately began to climb down, and, having reached the base, walked slowly away into the desert.

Although I did not climb to the summit, I did go inside the Great Pyramid. It is no trifle, I assure you, for a woman to explore its interior. My mind continued so impressed with the difficulties of this undertaking that I could not forget them, even in my dreams. The heat of the interior is oppressive and the passage by which we entered the pyramid is only four feet high and we were consequently obliged to descend in a crouching position.

The size of the Great Chamber is especially worthy of remark: the length is thirty-four feet four inches and a half. It is entirely constructed of red granite. Near the western end is the sarcophagus*. No hieroglyphics nor sculptures of any kind adorn it; its sides are perfectly plain and polished, and its form is simply that of an oblong chest, in every way rectangular. Its lid has been carried away, as well as its original contents; and we find in it nothing but dust and small fragments of stone. This enormous pyramid seems to have been raised merely to contain one single mummy, not a particle of which now remains in the place in which it was deposited with so much precaution. Historians assert that the building of the Great Pyramid occupied about twenty years, and three hundred and sixty thousand men were employed in its construction.

40 I did not think to have written to you so much on the pyramids; but having entered upon the subject, I have found it difficult to stop. So wonderful in themselves are the principal pyramids, and so impressive by reason of their remote antiquity, that all other existing works of man must, I think, in comparison with them, sink into insignificance.

END OF SOURCES

Glossary

*sarcophagus – a stone coffin

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2 4 B G 8 7 0 0 / 2

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Do not write outside the box

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A** together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their similar attitudes and feelings about their experiences in Egypt.

In your answer, you could:

- compare the writers' similar attitudes and feelings about their experiences in Egypt
- compare the methods they use to convey their attitudes and feelings
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

Do not write outside the box

11

Do not write outside the box

Turn over ►

Do not write outside the box

16

AQA

GCSE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Paper 2 Writers' viewpoints and perspectives

Insert

The two sources that follow are:

Source A: 21st Century literary non-fiction

The Accidental Countryside by wildlife writer, Stephen Moss

An extract from a book, published in 2020

Source B: 19th Century non-fiction

The Life of the Fields by Richard Jefferies

An extract from a book, published in 1884

Please turn the page over to see the sources

IB/G/Jun25/G4010/V5

8700/2

Source A

Source A is an extract from *The Accidental Countryside*, by wildlife writer, Stephen Moss, published in 2020. Here, he writes about the peregrine falcon, a bird of prey.

The peregrine falcon sits far above the ground like an emperor gazing down upon his kingdom. He is, without question, the top predator in this neck of the woods. Or perhaps I should say, in this corner of the city. For on a fine spring day, this particular peregrine is perched on the roof of Tate Modern, the contemporary art gallery in the very heart of London. He sits perfectly upright, occasionally turning his head from side to side as his piercing black eyes, fringed with custard-yellow, search for any movement below. Down there, the humans go about their business unaware of the drama about to unfold above their heads. A moment later, and a movement in the far distance – three or four hundred metres away – catches the peregrine's eye. A flock of pigeons, and one bird at the back seems to be struggling to keep up with its companions. With a flick of his wings the falcon is gone.

He powers through the air, the breeze passing over his feathers with hardly a ruffle. He rises higher and higher until almost out of view. Then he stops, turns and folds his wings before plummeting. Like a guided missile, he homes in on the straggler, eyes fixed on the target, diving at almost 180 miles an hour, yet still the pigeon is unaware of its fate. At the last possible moment, the peregrine changes his body shape once again. Pulling back on his wings, he brakes momentarily, at the same time extending his feet towards his victim and, just before impact, extrudes talons sharp as switchblades. With an explosive crack like a rodeo whip, he grabs the pigeon. Upwards into the sea-blue sky he swoops, his plunder hanging beneath him: more food to carry back to his hungry chicks waiting in their nest, high on the topmost ledge of a skyscraper.

You wouldn't, perhaps, expect to find the fastest living creature on the planet in the centre of one of the world's busiest cities. The peregrine falcon's decline had begun during the Second World War, when shooting them was officially permitted to stop them killing pigeons carrying vital messages. After the war, things went from bad to worse because of the indiscriminate use of pesticides. The UK peregrine population plunged to fewer than 400 pairs. These retreated to prime sites in the north and west: rocky crags in the uplands, and high cliffs along remote coasts. The peregrine was very much a bird of wild places, not the urban jungle.

How things have changed. Today there are more than thirty breeding pairs of peregrines in London alone. Passers-by rarely look up, so seldom notice them; but they are there. On and around Tate Modern, the Houses of Parliament, Battersea Power Station and many other famous London landmarks, you can see peregrines: roosting, nesting and occasionally hunting for their favourite food, often guarded by volunteers with telescopes happy to point out this incredible bird. It's a great way to introduce city-dwellers to the wonders of the wild.

Peregrines have moved into our cities in such numbers for a simple reason: we have created the perfect conditions for them. Peregrines need high cliffs or crags, where they can build their nests and survey their territory; we have erected tall buildings that serve just as well. They need food; our cities provide it in a whole suite of different birds of different sizes, a buffet of birds laid out beneath them. And they need to be safe. They can find this safety in cities because our relationship with these birds has changed beyond recognition. Instead of persecuting them, we provide protection, with teams of dedicated watchers scrutinising their nests twenty-four hours a day.

What an extraordinary journey the peregrine has taken: from a symbol of all things wild and remote, to a resident of our largest and busiest city, and many others up and down the UK. Its story symbolises the resilience, adaptability and ability of wild creatures to take advantage of new and unexpected circumstances. As we enter the most critical period for Britain's wildlife in our long history, they will need those qualities in abundance.

Turn over for Source B

Source B

Source B is an extract from *The Life of the Fields* by Richard Jefferies, published in 1884. Here, Jefferies writes about life in the countryside and a brook, which is a small stream.

The brook has forgotten me, but I have not forgotten the brook. Many faces have been mirrored since in the flowing water, many feet have waded in the sandy shallow. I wonder if any one else can see it in a picture before the eyes as I can, bright, and vivid as trees suddenly shown at night by a great flash of lightning. All the leaves and branches and the birds at roost are visible during the flash. It is barely a second; it seems much longer. Memory, like the lightning, reveals the pictures in the mind. Every curve, and shore, and shallow is as familiar now as when I followed the winding stream so often.

The life of the meadows seemed to crowd down towards the brook in summer, to reach out and stretch towards the life-giving water. There, the buttercups were taller and closer together, nails of gold driven so thickly that the true surface was not visible. Countless small roots drew up the richness of earth like miners in the darkness, throwing their petals of yellow ore above them.

Hidden in those bushes and tall grasses, high in the trees and low on the ground, there were the nests of happy birds. In the hawthorns blackbirds and thrushes built, and the fledglings* fluttered out into the flowery grass. Down among the stalks of the flowering plants, where the grasses were knotted together, the nettle-creeper concealed her treasured eggs. Up in the ash trees and willows, here and there, wood-pigeons built. If there was a hollow in the oak a pair of starlings chose it, for there was no advantageous nook that was not seized on. Like the flowers and grass, the birds were drawn towards the brook. They built by it; they came to it to drink; in the evening a lark trilled in a hawthorn bush.

Morning and evening, the country girls came down to fetch water; their path was worn through the mowing-grass, and there was a flat stone set into the bank as a step to stand on. Always the little children came with them; they too loved the brook like the grass and birds. They wanted to see the fishes dart away and hide in the green reeds, and float again and pass away out of sight. Where there was pasture, cattle came to drink, and horses, restless horses, stood for hours by the edge under the shade of the ash trees. With what joy the spaniel plunged in, straight from the bank out among the reeds – you could mark his course by seeing their tips bend as he brushed them swimming. All life loved the brook.

Far down away from roads and villages, there was a small orchard on the very bank of the stream, and just before the grass grew too high to walk through, I looked in to speak to its owner. He was busy with his spade at a strip of garden, and grumbled that the hares would not let it alone, with all that stretch of grass to feed on. Nor would the rooks; and the moorhens ran over it, and the water-rats burrowed; the wood-pigeons took the peas, and there was no rest from them all. While he talked and talked, I thought how little the apple tree in blossom before us cared who saw its glory. The branches were in bloom everywhere, at the top as well as at the side; at the top where no one could see them but the swallows. They did not grow for human admiration; that was not their purpose; that is our affair only – we bring the thought to the tree.

Glossary

*fledglings – baby birds

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0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their similar thoughts and feelings about nature.

In your answer, you could:

- compare the writers' similar thoughts and feelings about nature
- compare the methods they use to convey their thoughts and feelings
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

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QUESTION 5

Transactional Writing

Viewpoint / transactional writing

[40 marks] · 8 series included in this section

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Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 ‘People have become obsessed with travelling ever further and faster. However, travel is expensive, dangerous, damaging and a foolish waste of time!’

Write an article for a news website in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

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Section B: Writing

You are advised to spend about 45 minutes on this section.
Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 ‘Our addiction to cheap clothes and fast fashion means young people in poorer countries have to work in terrible conditions to make them. We must change our attitude to buying clothes now.’

Write an article for a magazine or website in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

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Section B: Writing

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Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 'Holidays don't need to be faraway and expensive. They just need to give people a break from everyday life and the chance to relax.'

Write an article for a magazine in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

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Section B: Writing

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Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 'Scientists say that teenagers are not like adults; they learn and socialise differently and need sleep at different times. Education needs a radical re-think to meet the needs of students.'

Write a letter to the Minister for Education explaining your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

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Section B: Writing

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Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 'Cars are convenient, comfortable and save time. However, we need to use them less by making public transport such as trains, trams and buses cheaper, more reliable and easier to access.'

Write a speech to be given at a meeting of your local council in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

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Section B: Writing

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Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 'Choosing a future career should be based on helping others and making a positive contribution to society, not achieving status or making lots of money.'

Write an article for your school or college magazine in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

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Section B: Writing

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Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 'The past is irrelevant to our generation and learning about it is a waste of time and effort. The future is in innovation, so that's where all our efforts should be directed.'

Write an article for your school or college website in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

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Section B: Writing

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Write in full sentences.
You are reminded of the need to plan your answer.
You should leave enough time to check your work at the end.

0 5 'Being in touch with plants, animals and birds is good for our health and wellbeing. Schools and colleges should provide outdoor spaces where students and staff can connect with the natural world.'

Write an article for your school or college website in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

You are advised to plan your answer to Question 5 before you start to write.

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MARK SCHEMES

official AQA mark schemes, in the same order as the questions

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 4**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

A The climbers were sheltered from the wind.
B The glacier was higher up the mountain.
C They had been on the mountain for at least five days.
D Base camp was more than 3000 feet below them.
E Joe thought they would make it back to base camp quickly.
F There were no more uphill sections to climb.
G The climbers were feeling more positive now than they were before.
H On the ice cliff, the climbers had felt overwhelmed by despair.

[4 marks]

AO1	• Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas. • Select and synthesise evidence from different texts.
This question assesses the first bullet point identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.	

A The climbers were sheltered from the wind. [F]

B The glacier was higher up the mountain. [F]

C They had been on the mountain for at least five days. [T]

D Base camp was more than 3000 feet below them. [F]

E Joe thought they would make it back to base camp quickly. [F]

F There were no more uphill sections to climb. [T]

G The climbers were feeling more positive now than they were before. [T]

H On the ice cliff, the climbers had felt overwhelmed by despair. [T]

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 10**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A The cinema programme was every Saturday morning.
B The cinema programme was short.
C The children all came from the same street.
D The children formed a large group as they moved through the streets.
E The Odeon was in Rockdale.
F The children wore shoes.
G The children went to the cinema on foot.
H The children had really tough feet.

AO1	• Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas. • Select and synthesise evidence from different texts.
This question assesses the first bullet point identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.	

A The cinema programme was every Saturday morning. [F]

B The cinema programme was short. [F]

C The children all came from the same street. [F]

D The children formed a large group as they moved through the streets. [T]

E The Odeon was in Rockdale. [T]

F The children wore shoes. [F]

G The children went to the cinema on foot. [T]

H The children had really tough feet. [T]

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 9**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A The writer's mother was happy to be going on holiday.
B This is the first time the writer has been to France.
C The writer thinks evil powers ruin holidays.
D The writer thinks holidays are mental and physical challenges.
E The writer is a teenager at the time of the holiday.
F The family are travelling through a city.
G The fields on either side of the road are full of wheat.
H The writer admits that holidays can look attractive but she thinks this is a trick.

AO1	• Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas • Select and synthesise evidence from different texts

This assesses the first bullet point identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.

A The writer's mother was happy to be going on holiday. [T]

B This is the first time the writer has been to France. [F]

C The writer thinks evil powers ruin holidays. [T]

D The writer thinks holidays are mental and physical challenges. [T]

E The writer is a teenager at the time of the holiday. [F]

F The family are travelling through a city. [F]

G The fields on either side of the road are full of wheat. [F]

H The writer admits that holidays can look attractive but she thinks this is a trick. [T]

0 1 Read again the part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 6**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

A The writer was confident from the start that she would beat her insomnia.
B The writer is surprised that she has a good night's sleep.
C It is the first time that the writer has slept well for weeks.
D The writer's mind is very active when she first gets into bed.
E The writer sleeps lying on her side.
F The writer has used the script before.
G The writer has black velvet sheets on her bed.
H The writer has suffered from insomnia since she was a child.

[4 marks]

AO1 • Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas. • Select and synthesise evidence from different texts.
This question assesses the first bullet point identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.
A The writer was confident from the start that she would beat her insomnia. [F] B The writer is surprised that she has a good night's sleep. [T] C It is the first time that the writer has slept well for weeks. [F] D The writer's mind is very active when she first gets into bed. [T] E The writer sleeps lying on her side. [F] F The writer has used the script before. [T] G The writer has black velvet sheets on her bed. [F] H The writer has suffered from insomnia since she was a child. [T]

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 7**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A The writer is at the start of his train journey.
B The writer is looking forward to leaving the train.
C The writer will be on the train for three more days.
D The train has a carriage where meals are served.
E The writer thinks the bread has been delicious.
F The writer feels that he has been cut off from society while on the train.
G The writer has had many activities to keep him busy on the train.
H The writer does not have any plans for when he leaves the train.

AO1	• Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas • Select and synthesise evidence from different texts
This assesses the first bullet point identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.	
A The writer is at the start of his train journey.	[F]
B The writer is looking forward to leaving the train.	[T]
C The writer will be on the train for three more days.	[F]
D The train has a carriage where meals are served.	[T]
E The writer thinks the bread has been delicious.	[F]
F The writer feels that he has been cut off from society while on the train.	[T]
G The writer has had many activities to keep him busy on the train.	[F]
H The writer does not have any plans for when he leaves the train.	[T]

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 13**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A Lots of people try to get into medical school.
B Universities decide who to accept based only on their A-level grades.
C Adam Kay's musical qualifications helped to get him a place at medical school.
D Adam Kay finished medical school in 1998.
E Adam Kay thought learning about the human body was a straightforward task.
F Adam Kay was excited by the thought of becoming a doctor.
G Adam Kay thought changing his name would make him a criminal.
H The time it took for Adam Kay to become a doctor went slowly.

AO1	• Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas • Select and synthesise evidence from different texts

This question assesses the first bullet point identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.

A	Lots of people try to get into medical school.	[T]
B	Universities decide who to accept based only on their A-level grades.	[F]
C	Adam Kay's musical qualifications helped to get him a place at medical school.	[T]
D	Adam Kay finished medical school in 1998.	[F]
E	Adam Kay thought learning about the human body was a straightforward task.	[F]
F	Adam Kay was excited by the thought of becoming a doctor.	[T]
G	Adam Kay thought changing his name would make him a criminal.	[F]
H	The time it took for Adam Kay to become a doctor went slowly.	[T]

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 7**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A The team planned to leave the Valley of the Kings.
B The discovery they made was disappointing.
C Howard Carter was the first to arrive on site.
D A wooden stairway was discovered.
E The team became ill as they worked.
F There was a huge amount of rubble to clear away.
G There was no doubt that the stairway was the entrance to a tomb.
H Howard Carter was concerned that the tomb might have been robbed.

AO1	• Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas • Select and synthesise evidence from different texts

This question assesses the first bullet point identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.

A	The team planned to leave the Valley of the Kings.	[T]
B	The discovery they made was disappointing.	[F]
C	Howard Carter was the first to arrive on site.	[F]
D	A wooden stairway was discovered.	[F]
E	The team became ill as they worked.	[F]
F	There was a huge amount of rubble to clear away.	[T]
G	There was no doubt that the stairway was the entrance to a tomb.	[T]
H	Howard Carter was concerned that the tomb might have been robbed.	[T]

0 1 Read again the first part of **Source A** from **lines 1 to 10**.

Choose **four** statements below which are **true**.

- Shade the **circles** in the boxes of the ones that you think are **true**.
- Choose a maximum of **four** statements.
- If you make an error cross out the **whole box**.
- If you change your mind and require a statement that has been crossed out then draw a circle around the box.

[4 marks]

A The peregrine falcon looks like the ruler of his lands.
B It is uncertain whether the peregrine falcon is the best predator in its area.
C All peregrine falcons live in the woods.
D Tate Modern is on the edge of London.
E The people on the ground do not realise that the peregrine falcon is there.
F The pigeons are more than 500 metres away from the peregrine falcon.
G One of the pigeons is vulnerable to attack.
H The peregrine falcon rises quickly and easily from its perch.

AO1	• Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas. • Select and synthesise evidence from different texts.

This question assesses the first bullet point: identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.

A	The peregrine falcon looks like the ruler of his lands.	[T]
B	It is uncertain whether the peregrine falcon is the best predator in its area.	[F]
C	All peregrine falcons live in the woods.	[F]
D	Tate Modern is on the edge of London.	[F]
E	The people on the ground do not realise that the peregrine falcon is there.	[T]
F	The pigeons are more than 500 metres away from the peregrine falcon.	[F]
G	One of the pigeons is vulnerable to attack.	[T]
H	The peregrine falcon rises quickly and easily from its perch.	[T]

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

Both writers are accompanied by another person on their adventure: Simon in Source A, and Marius in Source B.

Use details from both sources to write a summary of what you understand about the differences between the two companions, Simon and Marius.

[8 marks]

AO1
- Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas
- Select and synthesise evidence from different texts

This question assesses both bullets

Level	Skills Descriptors	Indicative Standard This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed summary 7–8 marks	Shows perceptive or detailed synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • Makes perceptive inferences from both texts • Makes judicious references/use of textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • Shows perceptive differences between texts	In Source B, 'local guide' Marius is 'hired' and therefore paid to ensure the safety and success of the writer. She buys his experience and knowledge of the mountains to achieve her ambition. On the other hand, in Source A, Joe's companion, Simon, is involved in a 'partnership' which suggests that mutual respect, skill and collaboration are essential to ensuring their safety and survival. However, although one relationship is based on an equal friendship and the other is based on two strangers entering a business transaction, both companions take responsibility for the life or death of the person they are climbing with, which shows that both relationships can be just as effective.
Level 3 Clear, relevant summary 5–6 marks	Shows clear synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • Makes clear inferences from both texts • Selects clear references/ textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • Shows clear differences between texts	In Source B, Marius has been 'hired' as a 'local guide' to help the writer because of his knowledge of the mountain, but although he has never met her before, he is very loyal and supportive. Simon, the companion in Source A, is also loyal but he is climbing with Joe as an equal partner rather than a paid guide. Joe says 'the partnership had worked … effectively' showing that the close relationship between the two companions was really important as they were working together to survive after the accident.

Level 2 Some, attempts at summary 3–4 marks	Shows some interpretation from one/both texts: • Attempts some inference(s) from one/both texts • Selects some appropriate references /textual detail from one/both texts • Shows some differences between texts	The companion in Source B is a 'local guide' who has been 'hired' to help the writer climb the mountain which means she has paid him to help because without his help she wouldn't manage it. This is different to Source A because Joe and Simon know each other already and are climbing together, so Simon is not being paid to help like Marius is. In Source A, Joe says that it is a 'partnership' which means they work together well.
Level 1 Simple, limited summary 1–2 marks	Shows simple awareness from one/both texts: • Offers paraphrase rather than inference • Selects simple reference(s)/textual detail(s) from one/both texts • Shows simple difference between texts	In Source B the companion is called Marius and he is a guide who shows her where to go. It says 'hired a local guide'. This is different to Source A because the writer and the companion are both climbers not guides. The writer says they are a 'partnership' which shows they are like partners.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward	

Note:
- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 1 not 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 3 not 4.
- A candidate has to deal with both texts and address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

The focus of this question is the difference between the two companions.

AO1 content may include ideas such as:

- their relationship to the writer
- their actions
- their experience
- their knowledge
- their confidence
- their skills
- their decision-making

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The children at the cinema in **Source A** and the children at the factory in **Source B** have different experiences of childhood.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the different experiences of the children.

[8 marks]

AO1
- Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.
- Select and synthesise evidence from different texts.

This question assesses both bullets.

Level	Skills Descriptors	Indicative Standard This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed summary 7–8 marks	Shows perceptive or detailed synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • makes perceptive inferences from both texts • selects judicious references/use of textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • statements show perceptive differences between texts.	The children in Source A have a wild, carefree experience of childhood. They are naturally and physically active as they 'race[d] up and down…or all three' with no real direction or purpose, enjoying the freedom of a complete lack of parental control and no obvious adult supervision. This carefree and irresponsible experience is in complete contrast to Source B where the child factory workers do not have the same freedom or rights. Their childhood consists of being forced to earn money and being responsible for supporting themselves and their families. Their enforced stillness as they work 'sitting silently' shows that they are physically and verbally restrained by the more powerful adult supervisor, conveying a depressing and subdued experience.
Level 3 Clear, relevant summary 5–6 marks	Shows clear synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • makes clear inferences from both texts • selects clear references/ textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • statements show clear differences between texts.	In Source A the children's experience of eating sweets at the cinema is enjoyable as they 'ate steadily or raced up and down…or all three'. They seem to be able to eat and move as much as they like so there is a sense of freedom about their experience as they do not appear to be supervised. This is very different to the factory girls whose experience is controlled so that they complete their work. In Source B, the girls 'sitting silently' have no freedom because they are monitored so closely.

Level 2 Some, attempts at summary 3–4 marks	Shows some interpretation from one/both texts: • attempts some inference(s) from one/both texts • selects some appropriate references /textual detail from one/both texts • statements show some difference(s) between texts.	In Source A the children are eating lots of sweets and running around, 'Everyone either ate steadily or raced up and down the aisles or to and from the toilet or all three' which shows that they are having fun. This happy childhood experience is different to the other children who have to do a job. In Source B their experience is hard because it says 'sitting silently' which shows they are quiet and still, not allowed to speak or move as they work.
Level 1 Simple, limited summary 1–2 marks	Shows simple awareness from one/both texts: • offers paraphrase rather than inference • selects simple reference(s)/textual detail(s) from one/both texts • statements show simple difference between texts.	In Source A the children are having a good time playing because it says, 'Everyone either ate steadily or raced up and down' which shows they are eating and running around. This is different to the children in Source B who are having a bad time. They are working in a factory because it says, 'sitting silently' which shows they are quiet.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note
- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 1 not 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 3 not 4.
- A candidate has to deal with both texts and address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

The focus of this question is the difference between their experiences of childhood.

AO1 content may include ideas such as:

- their surroundings
- their enjoyment
- their level of freedom
- their finances
- their level of supervision
- their physical experience
- their gender
- students may also mention the other children in Source B who may have been poisoned by toxic sweets.

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The writers in **Source A** and **Source B** stay in very different camping sites.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the differences between the two camping sites.

[8 marks]

AO1 • Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas • Select and synthesise evidence from different texts		
This question assesses both bullets		
Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed summary 7–8 marks	Shows perceptive or detailed synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • makes perceptive inferences from both texts • selects judicious references/use of textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • statements show perceptive differences between texts.	In Source A, the camping site is an established holiday destination that provides facilities such as 'a table tennis hut' and a 'pool', suggesting that these have been developed to provide on-site entertainment for campers to enjoy. This meets the demand from campers for commercial camping sites to provide pleasure and relaxation. This is a huge contrast to Source B, where the camping site is created from the natural surroundings and has no purpose-made facilities, where the campers embrace the task of constructing their own shelter, 'The site for a shelter is selected'. However, this return to the wilderness is precisely what appeals to these pioneering American campers, who seek challenge rather than comfort.
Level 3 Clear, relevant summary 5–6 marks	Shows clear synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • makes clear inferences from both texts • selects clear references/ textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • statements show clear differences between texts.	In Source A, the camp site has already been set up and it provides facilities such as a 'table tennis hut' and a 'pool' which suggests that this is a proper site, built for campers to come and enjoy themselves on their holidays. However, the camping site in Source B does not exist until it is made by the campers who arrive in the woods to make their own shelter from the trees around them, 'The site for a shelter is selected'. This suggests that the camping site is much more basic and has no facilities because the American campers are looking for an experience rather than a holiday.

Level 2 Some, attempts at summary 3–4 marks	Shows some interpretation from one/both texts: • attempts some inference(s) from one/both texts • selects some appropriate references/textual detail from one/both texts • statements show some difference(s) between texts.	In Source A, the camping site has activities as it has a 'table tennis hut' and a 'pool' which means there are fun things for the campers to do. In Source B, it is very different as they are not staying in a camp site that someone else has made for them so they have to make it themselves, 'A site for a shelter is selected.' This is not very good as they have to work hard.
Level 1 Simple, limited summary 1–2 marks	Shows simple awareness from one/both texts: • offers paraphrase rather than inference • selects simple reference(s)/textual detail(s) from one/both texts • statements show simple difference between texts.	In Source A the camping site has a 'table tennis hut' and a 'pool' which shows there are things there. In Source B it is different because there is nowhere to stay, 'A site for a shelter is selected'. The camping site is in the woods and there is nothing there, except trees.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward	

Note
- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 1 not 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 3 not 4.
- A candidate has to deal with both texts and address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

The focus for this question is the differences between the camping sites.

AO1 content may include the effect of ideas such as:

- construction
- facilities
- condition
- surroundings/locations
- environments
- size
- shelter
- other people.

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

In both sources, the writers try various ways to get to sleep, most of which fail.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the different ways the writers try, but **fail**, to get to sleep.

[8 marks]

AO1
- Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas.
- Select and synthesise evidence from different texts.

This question assesses both bullets.

Level	Skills Descriptors	Indicative Standard This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed summary 7–8 marks	Shows perceptive or detailed synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • Makes perceptive inferences from both texts • Makes judicious references/use of textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • Shows perceptive differences between texts	The writer in the modern text Source A says she tried lots of 'known cures' like giving up 'coffee, sugar and heavy dinners' to help her sleep. This shows that she had more information about diet which helped her to make the right choices for her health. Scientists know that caffeine and sugar are stimulants and are therefore likely to keep someone awake. Whereas in Source B they didn't have as much scientific knowledge to understand about nutrition. Instead, the writer in Source B is following her instinct that food will help her to sleep without any real knowledge of the science. She says 'You're hungry! Yes—that must be it'. She is responding to an instinctive impulse to eat which shows she is being guided by her own nature rather than science. However, despite using science and nature, these methods were unsuccessful which shows that insomnia is a very complex problem.
Level 3 Clear, relevant summary 5–6 marks	Shows clear synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • Makes clear inferences from both texts • Selects clear references/ textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • Shows clear differences between texts	The writer in Source A says she tried lots of 'known cures' like giving up 'coffee, sugar and heavy dinners' to help her sleep. This shows that she had more information about diets which helped her to make choices about her health. Whereas in Source B they didn't have as much scientific knowledge to understand about nutrition. She says 'You're hungry! Yes—that must be it. You'll go to the cupboard and get a bit of cold chicken.' This shows that the writer is following her instinct that food will help her to sleep.

Level 2 Some, attempts at summary 3–4 marks	Shows some interpretation from one/both texts: • Attempts some inference(s) from one/both texts • Selects some appropriate references /textual detail from one/both texts • Shows some differences between texts	In Source A, the writer says that she 'tried giving up coffee, sugar and heavy dinners' because she thought they were keeping her awake, but that didn't work. On the other hand, the writer in Source B thought that eating food was good for her and would help her to sleep. She says 'You'll go to the cupboard and get a bit of cold chicken.' She thought it would be better if she wasn't hungry but there was no chicken left so that didn't work either.
Level 1 Simple, limited summary 1–2 marks	Shows simple awareness from one/both texts: • Offers paraphrase rather than inference • Selects simple reference(s)/textual detail(s) from one/both texts • Shows simple difference between texts	In Source A, the writer gives up coffee and sugar because they are bad for her. She says "I tried giving up coffee, sugar and heavy dinners." The other writer tries to get to sleep by eating food. In Source B she is hungry so she tries to find some chicken to eat but it has all gone. "You'll go to the cupboard and get a bit of cold chicken."
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note:
- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 1 not 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 3 not 4.
- A candidate has to deal with both texts and address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

The focus of this question is the difference between the ways the writers try but fail to get to sleep.

AO1 content may include ideas such as:

- counting
- reciting
- listing
- reading
- baking
- eating/drinking
- hypnosis
- moving about/changing position
- taking medication/drugs
- using gadgets/equipment.

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The writers in **Source A** and **Source B** are travelling on different types of trains.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the differences between the two trains.

[8 marks]

AO1	• Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas • Select and synthesise evidence from different texts

This question assesses both bullets

Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed summary 7–8 marks	Shows perceptive or detailed synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • makes perceptive inferences from both texts • selects judicious references/use of textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • statements show perceptive differences between texts.	The train in Source A is being used to transport mail and people and so has a 'mail van', 'a dining car' and 'five sleeping cars', showing both the advances in train manufacture and the commercialisation of rail travel to enable long journeys by providing eating and sleeping facilities. This sophistication reflects significant progress in train travel and is a complete contrast to Source B where the steam engine is an earlier model and is, therefore, much simpler in its design. In Source B, the train is just a functional 'uncovered carriage' with 'benches' as the purpose at this earlier stage of invention is to develop the mechanics of the engine, not to provide more elaborate passenger facilities.
Level 3 Clear, relevant summary 5–6 marks	Shows clear synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • makes clear inferences from both texts • selects clear references/ textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • statements show clear differences between texts.	The train in Source A has an engine and several carriages which include a 'mail van', 'a dining car' and 'five sleeping cars' showing that it is used to transport letters and that people can eat and sleep on it, which suggests how the train has been developed to have a range of purposes. This is very different to Source B, where the steam engine has just been invented and has a much more basic purpose which is to provide a new and quicker form of transport. In Source B, the train is simply an engine and an 'uncovered carriage' with 'benches', so the lack of shelter and comfortable facilities suggests it is in a much earlier stage of its development.

Level 2 Some attempts at summary 3–4 marks	Shows some interpretation from one/both texts: • attempts some inference(s) from one/both texts • selects some appropriate references/textual detail from one/both texts • statements show some difference(s) between texts.	The train in Source A is long and has an engine and several carriages including a 'mail van', 'a dining car' and 'five sleeping cars' which shows that the train is used for many reasons. This is different from the train in Source B, which is much shorter and more basic. The train in Source B has just a 'little engine' and an 'uncovered carriage' which shows it is not very comfortable.
Level 1 Simple, limited summary 1–2 marks	Shows simple awareness from one/both texts: • offers paraphrase rather than inference • selects simple reference(s)/textual detail(s) from one/both texts • statements show simple difference between texts.	The train in Source A is big as it has lots of carriages because it says, 'five sleeping cars'. This is different to the train in Source B, which is smaller. The train in Source B is not big as it is described as a 'little engine' and it has one carriage.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note

- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 1 not 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 3 not 4.
- A candidate has to deal with both texts and address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

The focus of this question is the difference between the trains.

AO1 content may include ideas such as:

- size
- number of carriages
- facilities/comfort
- performance/ability
- stage in development
- number of passengers
- purpose/design
- duration of journey
- materials
- safety.

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The doctor in **Source A** and the nurse in **Source B** are working in different places.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the different places in which the doctor and the nurse are working.

[8 marks]

AO1	• Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas • Select and synthesise evidence from different texts

This question assesses both bullets

Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed summary 7–8 marks	Shows perceptive or detailed synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • makes perceptive inferences from both texts • selects judicious references/use of textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • statements show perceptive differences between texts.	The doctor in Source A is working in a modern hospital with advanced facilities for treating a range of patients. The variety of options to 'book an MRI scan, refer to rheumatology, arrange an ECG test' emphasises both the technical equipment and professional expertise that is available to support him in doing his job. However, the nurse in Source B is in the open air by a harbour rather than an established hospital. Both places show chaotic conditions, but the doctor is in a safe, dedicated, hospital in peacetime whereas the nurse has to cope with huge inconvenience and a complete lack of facilities, working in a potentially dangerous warzone. Her patient is 'a poor artilleryman stretched upon a wooden pallet'. This incredibly makeshift form of medical equipment reflects that the nurse is having to care for patients without even meeting basic human needs like shelter or beds, because of the demands of war.
Level 3 Clear, relevant summary 5–6 marks	Shows clear synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • makes clear inferences from both texts • selects clear references/ textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • statements show clear differences between texts.	In Source A the doctor works in a hospital that has a range of modern facilities. It says 'book an MRI scan, refer to rheumatology, arrange an ECG test', which shows that he has several options at his disposal to help treat the patients there. This hospital seems much more permanent than the wharf. Instead of a modern ward with technical equipment, the wharf is a temporary place for treating wounded soldiers. In Source B, the nurse is treating 'a poor artilleryman stretched upon a wooden pallet'. This means the place where she works only has limited equipment for the nurse to try to do her job and make the patients comfortable as best she can.

Level 2 Some attempts at summary 3–4 marks	Shows some interpretation from one/both texts: • attempts some inference(s) from one/both texts • selects some appropriate references/textual detail from one/both texts • statements show some difference(s) between texts.	In Source A the doctor is part of a busy hospital. It says 'book an MRI scan, refer to rheumatology, arrange an ECG test', showing there are lots of options for helping people. However, the wharf in Source B is very different as there are not so many options because it says 'a poor artilleryman stretched upon a wooden pallet'. This suggests a much more basic place without as much equipment.
Level 1 Simple, limited summary 1–2 marks	Shows simple awareness from one/both texts: • offers paraphrase rather than inference • selects simple reference(s)/textual detail(s) from one/both texts • statements show simple difference between texts.	In Source A the doctor is in a hospital because it says 'book an MRI scan, refer to rheumatology, arrange an ECG test', which shows there is a lot of things. This is different to Source B because she is on a wharf where there is 'a poor artilleryman stretched upon a wooden pallet', which shows there isn't very much there.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note

- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 1 not 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 3 not 4.
- A candidate has to deal with both texts and address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

The focus of this question is the difference between the places in which the doctor and the nurse are working.

AO1 content may include ideas such as:

- their surroundings
- their purpose
- their level of permanence
- the working conditions
- their equipment
- their facilities
- their atmosphere
- other staff/level of supervision.

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The robbers in **Source A** and the robber in **Source B** are different.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the differences between the robbers in Source A and the robber in Source B.

[8 marks]

AO1	• Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas • Select and synthesise evidence from different texts

This question assesses both bullets

Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed summary 7–8 marks	Shows perceptive or detailed synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • makes perceptive inferences from both texts • selects judicious references/use of textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • statements show perceptive differences between texts.	The gang of robbers in Source A are very confident when they are discovered by Carter and are not immediately submissive. However, after some negotiations, they respond to the ultimatum he gives and 'Eventually they saw reason and departed.' This shows that they only required a verbal warning to deter them from their criminal activity. The robber in Source B, on the other hand, appears to have complete confidence as he climbs the pyramid and ignores the verbal warning. It is only when he hears the pistol fired that he leaves – he responds to a violent physical threat instead of rational argument. 'the man immediately began to climb down.' His initial confidence makes him resistant to the verbal warning that Lane gives but the fact he disappears when Lane fires the pistol shows that he values his life more than the potential treasure he might steal.
Level 3 Clear, relevant summary 5–6 marks	Shows clear synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • makes clear inferences from both texts • selects clear references/ textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • statements show clear differences between texts.	The robbers in Source A don't leave immediately, when they are found but 'Eventually they saw reason and departed' This is because they are confident at first, perhaps because there are eight of them and Carter is alone. The robber in Source B, on the other hand, is less confident and knows he is beaten because he is alone and has no back up: 'the man immediately began to climb down.' He loses his confidence when he realises that Lane also has a gun and he might lose his life.

Level 2 Some attempts at summary 3–4 marks	Shows some interpretation from one/both texts: • attempts some inference(s) from one/both texts • selects some appropriate references/textual detail from one/both texts • statements show some difference(s) between texts.	The robbers in Source A want to stay. 'Eventually they saw reason and departed.' This shows that they have to be persuaded to leave. However, the robber in Source B leaves straight away because the pistol is fired. 'the man immediately began to climb down.' This shows that the robber in Source B is frightened and wants to get away.
Level 1 Simple, limited summary 1–2 marks	Shows simple awareness from one/both texts: • offers paraphrase rather than inference • selects simple reference(s)/textual detail(s) from one/both texts • statements show simple difference between texts.	The robbers in Source A do not leave straight away. 'Eventually they saw reason and departed.' This is different from the robber in Source B where he does leave. 'the man immediately began to climb down.' The robber in Source B walks away quickly.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note

- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 1 not 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 3 not 4.
- A candidate has to deal with both texts and address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

The focus of this question is the differences between the robbers in Source A and the robber in Source B.

AO1 content may include ideas such as:

- the number of robbers
- how they are discovered
- their timing/frequency
- their equipment
- their planning
- their intentions
- their actions/reactions
- their proximity
- their experience
- their confidence
- their organisation

Award candidates up to top of Level 2 if they identify Carter and Lane as the 'robbers' as this is not a clear interpretation.

0 2 You need to refer to **Source A** and **Source B** for this question.

The birds in **Source A** and **Source B** live in different habitats.

Use details from **both** sources to write a summary of what you understand about the different places where the birds live.

[8 marks]

AO1	• Identify and interpret explicit and implicit information and ideas. • Select and synthesise evidence from different texts.

This question assesses both bullets

Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed summary 7–8 marks	Shows perceptive or detailed synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • makes perceptive inferences from both texts • selects judicious references/use of textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • statements show perceptive differences between texts.	In Source A, the "tall buildings" offer the falcons a habitat that ironically suits them as predators and "serve[s]" their needs. The height of the buildings gives the birds an advantage, to monitor their environment, spot their prey, and launch their attack - despite the fact that these buildings are designed by humans for human use. The falcon in Source A has been affected by human interference but adapted effectively to a changing habitat, whereas in Source B their habitat has remained natural and almost untouched by humans for hundreds of years, allowing a greater diversity of species to thrive than just the falcon. "If there was a hollow in the oak, a pair of starlings chose it." The different types of birds in Source B are aware of their vulnerability and take advantage of different natural features such as long grass, hedges or hollows in trees as safe places to hide their nests, each instinctively protecting their young from any danger.
Level 3 Clear, relevant summary 5–6 marks	Shows clear synthesis and interpretation of both texts: • makes clear inferences from both texts • selects clear references/ textual detail relevant to the focus of the question • statements show clear differences between texts.	The birds in Source A are birds of prey and they take advantage of the height of buildings in their habitat, "we have erected tall buildings that serve just as well." The height of the buildings allows the birds to look down on their environment as they search for prey. However, unlike the falcons, the birds in Source B need a habitat where they can be protected from predators and keep their eggs safe. "If there was a hollow in the oak, a pair of starlings chose it." The tree is an ideal environment for them because its natural shape, the hollow, offers them somewhere safe above ground to hide their nests and protect their fledglings.

Level 2 Some attempts at summary 3–4 marks	Shows some interpretation from one/both texts: • attempts some inference(s) from one/both texts • selects some appropriate references/textual detail from one/both texts • statements show some difference(s) between texts.	In Source A, the birds live high up on buildings. "We have erected tall buildings that serve just as well." This shows that the birds use the buildings as their homes because they have got a good view. However, the birds in Source B live in trees, not buildings because trees are more natural. "If there was a hollow in the oak a pair of starlings chose it." The tree has a hollow in it which means the birds have somewhere to hide.
Level 1 Simple, limited summary 1–2 marks	Shows simple awareness from one/both texts: • offers paraphrase rather than inference • selects simple reference(s)/textual detail(s) from one/both texts • statements show simple difference between texts.	In Source A it says "we have erected tall buildings that serve just as well" which shows that the birds live on buildings. This is different from where the birds live in Source B because it says, "If there was a hollow in the oak a pair of starlings chose it." This shows that the birds live in trees.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note

- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 1 not 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the mark must be 3 not 4.
- A candidate has to deal with both texts and address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

The focus of this question is the differences between the habitats of the birds.

AO1 content may include ideas such as:

- human-made or natural
- sustained by other natural features
- useful features
- open or concealed
- specific to one species or shared with others
- location – city or countryside
- adaptability or continuity.

0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 23 to 31**.

How does the writer use language to describe how he feels?

[12 marks]

AO2 Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers, using relevant subject terminology to support their views
This question assesses Language ie: Words/Phrases/Language Features/Language Techniques/Sentence Forms

Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Detailed, perceptive analysis 10–12 marks	Shows detailed and perceptive understanding of language: • Analyses the effects of the writer's choices of language • Selects a range of judicious textual detail • Makes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology	The writer uses the metaphor 'flare of agony' to help the reader visualise the pain he feels as something physical, even violent. The word 'flare' conjures up an explosive image of leaping flames, as if his leg is literally on fire, suggesting the intense, sudden pain he feels each time his leg is jolted.
Level 3 Clear, relevant explanation 7–9 marks	Shows clear understanding of language: • Explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of language • Selects a range of relevant textual detail • Makes clear and accurate use of subject terminology	The writer uses the metaphor 'flare of agony' to compare the pain in his leg to the way a match flares or lights up. It suggests that the pain comes suddenly and sharply, like being burned by a flame, and hurts every time that his boot catches in the snow.
Level 2 Some understanding and comment 4–6 marks	Shows some understanding of language: • Attempts to comment on the effect of language • Selects some appropriate textual detail • Makes some use of subject terminology, mainly appropriately	The writer uses lots of different language features to describe how he feels. He uses a metaphor which is 'flare of agony' to show how he is in pain. A match flares up when you light it and that's how it feels when he slides down the mountain.

Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–3 marks	Shows simple awareness of language: • Offers simple comment on the effect of language • Selects simple reference(s) or textual detail(s) • Makes simple use of subject terminology, not always appropriately	The writer describes how he feels by saying 'flare of agony' which means his leg really hurts and he's in total agony because he's broken his leg.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward	

Note:
- If a student writes about language outside of the given lines or from about the wrong source (but with the correct focus), the response should be placed in the appropriate level according to the quality of what is written, but placed at the bottom of the level.
- A student has to address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

AO2 content may include the effect of language features such as:

- Metaphor: 'a wave of nausea'; 'flare of agony'
- Personification: 'freezing blasts of snow biting into my face'
- Violent verbs: 'snagged… kinked… gritted… shear… twist'
- Onomatopoeia: 'sickening gristly crunch'
- Repetition: 'shook… shaking… shook'
- Rule of three: 'pressed my face into the snow, gritted my teeth, and waited.'
- Adverbs: 'silently… uncontrollably'

and the effect of any other use of language from the given lines.

0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 20 to 28**.

How does the writer use language to describe eating Fantail sweets?

[12 marks]

AO2
Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers, using relevant subject terminology to support their views.

This question assesses Language ie: Words/Phrases/Language Features/Language Techniques/Sentence Forms.

Level	Skills Descriptors	Indicative Standard This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Detailed, perceptive analysis 10–12 marks	Shows detailed and perceptive understanding of language: • analyses the effects of the writer's choices of language • selects a range of judicious textual detail • makes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology.	The writer uses the exaggeration of the adjective 'strangled' to create a vivid image of children so determined to eat this sweet that they are allowing its glue-like texture to constrict their airways. The ironic use of 'strangled', with connotations of torture and death, to describe the innocent act of sweet-eating creates a darkly comic image to exaggerate the Fantail's chewiness.
Level 3 Clear, relevant explanation 7–9 marks	Shows clear understanding of language: • explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of language • selects a range of relevant textual detail • makes clear and accurate use of subject terminology.	The writer uses the exaggeration of 'strangled crying' to create an image of how much physical effort is needed to eat the Fantail. The adjective 'strangled' suggests that eating it involves suffering rather than the usual enjoyment as the sweet is so sticky and chewy that the effort of chewing it is like being choked and killed but the children keep going.
Level 2 Some understanding and comment 4–6 marks	Shows some understanding of language: • attempts to comment on the effect of language • selects some appropriate textual detail • makes some use of subject terminology, mainly appropriately.	The writer uses exaggeration to describe eating the Fantail as difficult. He says that eating these sweets 'involved a lot of strangled crying in the dark' which suggests that eating the sweet was like being choked because it made it difficult to breathe.

Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–3 marks	Shows simple awareness of language: • offers simple comment on the effect of language • selects simple reference(s) or textual detail(s) • makes simple use of subject terminology, not always appropriately.	The writer uses the words 'strangled crying' because it felt like you were being strangled. This is an example of exaggeration because the children were not really hurt.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note

- If a student writes about language outside of the given lines or from the wrong source (but with the correct focus), the response should be placed in the appropriate level according to the quality of what is written, but placed at the bottom of the level.
- A student has to address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

AO2 content may include the effect of language features such as:

- visual details – 'blue packet…one corner missing'
- alliteration – 'chipped open with a cold chisel'
- assonance – 'chocolate coated toffee', 'chipped open with a cold chisel'
- exaggeration/hyperbole/metaphors – 'people had to have their mouths chipped open with a cold chisel', 'last an average human being forever', 'involved a lot of strangled crying in the dark'
- irony/humour – 'induce lockjaw in a donkey'
- juxtaposition – 'average human being forever'/'six small boys…single afternoon'
- interesting word choices – 'weird', 'glutinous', 'instantly'
- harsh vocabulary – 'chipped', 'chisel', 'strangled', 'lockjaw'.

0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 29 to 38**.

How does the writer use language to describe the rain and the storm?

[12 marks]

AO2 Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers, using relevant subject terminology to support their views.		
This question assesses Language ie: Words/Phrases/Language Features/Language Techniques/Sentence Forms.		
Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Detailed, perceptive analysis 10–12 marks	Shows detailed and perceptive understanding of language: • analyses the effects of the writer's choices of language • selects a judicious range of textual detail • makes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology.	The writer uses the simile 'shifting shapes like a flock of starlings' to describe how the rain is building up its power and working collectively to create a sinister, dense, dark mass in the sky. The image of 'shifting shapes' suggests the rain's sudden changes of direction, conveying the threatening and unpredictable power of nature.
Level 3 Clear, relevant explanation 7–9 marks	Shows clear understanding of language: • explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of language • selects a range of relevant textual detail • makes clear and accurate use of subject terminology.	The writer uses the simile 'shifting shapes like a flock of starlings' to describe how the rain has come together like a group of birds to create one united movement. The image of 'shifting shapes' suggests the rain is constantly changing and moving which creates a sense of uncertainty.
Level 2 Some understanding and comment 4–6 marks	Shows some understanding of language: • attempts to comment on the effect of language • selects some appropriate textual detail • makes some use of subject terminology, mainly appropriately.	The writer uses lots of different language to describe the rain. She uses the simile 'shifting shapes like a flock of starlings' to show how the storm looks like a large, dark group of birds moving about together in the sky.

Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–3 marks	Shows simple awareness of language: • offers simple comment on the effect of language • selects simple references or textual details • makes simple use of subject terminology, not always appropriately.	The writer describes the storm as 'shifting shapes like a flock of starlings'. This is a simile which the writer uses to describe that the rain looks like birds in the sky.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward	

Note

- If a student writes about language outside of the given lines or from about the wrong source (but with the correct focus), the response should be placed in the appropriate level according to the quality of what is written, but placed at the bottom of the level.
- A student has to address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

AO2 content may include the effect of language features such as:

- onomatopoeia – 'squall', 'slammed', 'patter', 'rumble', 'clattering', 'slashing'
- similes – 'so fine it looked like steam, making the soil look as if it were boiling', 'more pack-like, shifting shapes like a flock of starlings'
- listing – 'Caravan awnings were….retreating to the inside of their tents.'
- sibilance – 'shifting shapes'
- personification – 'The storm was circling…to do its worst.'
- metaphors – 'squall of activity', 'starter flag for any decent storm'
- adjectives – 'thick, steady', 'metallic', 'relentless'
- adverbs – 'suddenly', 'hastily'
- verbs – 'darkened', 'sparked up', 'winched', 'slammed', 'gathered', 'retreating'.

0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source B** from **lines 23 to 30**.

How does the writer use language to describe the mosquitoes and their impact?

[12 marks]

AO2 Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers, using relevant subject terminology to support their views.		
This question assesses Language ie: Words/Phrases/Language Features/Language Techniques/Sentence Forms.		
Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Detailed, perceptive analysis 10–12 marks	Shows detailed and perceptive understanding of language: • Analyses the effects of the writer's choices of language • Selects a range of judicious textual detail • Makes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology	The writer metaphorically portrays the mosquitoes as soldiers at war as she describes their 'never-ceasing war-song.' This suggests that there is an ongoing battle between her and the mosquitoes, and they are continuously taunting her with their tribal cry. In the same phrase she uses sibilance and long vowel sounds to echo the endless, irritating sound of the mosquitoes. The writer exaggerates the impact of the mosquitoes by personifying them as soldiers, creating a sense of irony that something so tiny could be so terrifying.
Level 3 Clear, relevant explanation 7–9 marks	Shows clear understanding of language: • Explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of language • Selects a range of relevant textual detail • Makes clear and accurate use of subject terminology	The writer uses alliteration in the phrase 'never-ceasing war-song' to emphasise the repeated 's' sound of the mosquitoes as they buzz noisily around her. It is also a metaphor comparing the mosquitoes to soldiers at war. This suggests that the writer feels there is a battle going on between her and the mosquitoes. 'Never-ceasing' suggests the battle is ongoing and the mosquitoes will never give up their attack.
Level 2 Some understanding and comment 4–6 marks	Shows some understanding of language: • Attempts to comment on the effect of language • Selects some appropriate textual detail • Makes some use of subject terminology, mainly appropriately	The phrase 'never-ceasing war-song' is used to describe the noise the mosquitoes make as they buzz around. The writer uses the word 'war-song' to show that the buzzing is a very annoying sound and it feels as if the mosquitoes are attacking her.

Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–3 marks	Shows simple awareness of language: • Offers simple comment on the effect of language • Selects simple reference(s) or textual detail(s) • Makes simple use of subject terminology, not always appropriately	The writer describes the mosquitoes as if they are making a noise like singing. She says 'never-ceasing war-song' which is a noun and shows how it never stops.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note:
- If a student writes about language outside of the given lines or from about the wrong source (but with the correct focus), the response should be placed in the appropriate level according to the quality of what is written, but placed at the bottom of the level.
- A student has to address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

AO2 content may include the effect of language features such as:

- metaphor: 'never-ceasing war-song
- personification: 'the pygmy-ness of your tormentors'
- made-up words/pun: 'an "owdacious" bite'
- simile: 'as nervous as a cat'
- repetition: 'lain…'
- pattern of three: 'lain on your side…'
- active verbs: 'twisted' 'doubled' 'folded' 'flying'
- emotive language: 'fiercely' 'dignity' 'resolutely' 'bewailing'
- metaphor: 'twisted your feet into hard knots'
- battle or conflict vocabulary: 'fists' 'suffered' 'war-song' 'fiercely'
- hyperbole: 'bewailing the day you were born'.

And the effect of any other use of language from the given lines.

0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 12 to 23**.

How does the writer use language to describe the train crash?

[12 marks]

AO2	Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers, using relevant subject terminology to support their views.

This question assesses Language ie: Words/Phrases/Language Features/Language Techniques/Sentence Forms.

Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Detailed, perceptive analysis 10–12 marks	Shows detailed and perceptive understanding of language: • analyses the effects of the writer's choices of language • selects a range of judicious textual detail • makes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology.	The writer uses the hyperbole 'my heaviest suitcase was cannonaded down' to describe how the impact of the train crash was like a deliberate act of warfare. The use of the military verb 'cannonaded' conveys the writer's sense of being victimised as he describes the simple dislodging of his suitcase by physical force as a metaphorical attack by the train, as it has turned his own possession into a weapon to be used against him.
Level 3 Clear, relevant explanation 7–9 marks	Shows clear understanding of language: • explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of language • selects a range of relevant textual detail • makes clear and accurate use of subject terminology.	The writer uses the hyperbole 'my heaviest suitcase was cannonaded down' to describe how the train crash was so forceful that it felt like he was being bombarded. The metaphor of 'cannonaded' suggests that the impact of the train crash turns the suitcase into a weapon being fired which creates the idea of the writer being under attack.
Level 2 Some understanding and comment 4–6 marks	Shows some understanding of language: • attempts to comment on the effect of language • selects some appropriate textual detail • makes some use of subject terminology, mainly appropriately.	The writer uses lots of different language to describe the train crash. He uses the hyperbole 'my heaviest suitcase was cannonaded down' to show how the crash was powerful enough to move a heavy object so that it smashed into his knees.

Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–3 marks	Shows simple awareness of language: • offers simple comment on the effect of language • selects simple reference(s) or textual detail(s) • makes simple use of subject terminology, not always appropriately.	The writer describes the train crash as 'From the rack above me my heaviest suitcase was cannonaded down'. This is hyperbole as it is just a suitcase hitting his legs, but he uses this to emphasise how heavy it was.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note

- If a student writes about language outside of the given lines or from the wrong source (but with the correct focus), the response should be placed in the appropriate level according to the quality of what is written, but placed at the bottom of the level.
- A student has to address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

AO2 content may include the effect of language features such as:

- onomatopoeia – 'crash'
- adjectives – 'frightful', 'heaviest', 'spectacular'
- verbs – 'cannonaded', 'tilted', 'dug in', 'disposed'
- alliteration – 'fearful force'
- short sentences – 'I sat up in my bed', 'It was six o'clock. I began to dress. I felt very much annoyed.'
- adverbs – 'drunkenly', 'refreshingly', 'primly', 'definitely'
- zoomorphism – 'snorting steam'
- personification – 'sprawled foolishly', 'defiant and naughty look', 'definitely conscious of indiscretion'
- metaphors – 'cannonaded', 'dug in', 'little world'
- juxtaposition of 'grotesque' and 'primly'
- hyperbole – 'end of the world', 'broken both my legs'.

0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 30 to 39**.

How does the writer use language to describe working night shifts at the hospital?

[12 marks]

AO2	Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers, using relevant subject terminology to support their views.

This question assesses Language ie: Words/Phrases/Language Features/Language Techniques/Sentence Forms.

Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Detailed, perceptive 10–12 marks	Shows detailed and perceptive understanding of language: • analyses the effects of the writer's choices of language • selects a range of judicious textual detail • makes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology.	The writer develops an extended metaphor to compare working a night shift to a nightmarish voyage at sea. He begins the metaphor with 'sailing the ship alone', juxtaposing the huge scale of a 'ship', in this case representing his overwhelming responsibility, with the isolated sense of being 'alone', with no support to lean on. This is further developed when he describes this metaphorical ship as 'enormous, and on fire'. The destructive image of being 'on fire' suggests the huge danger and urgency of his helpless situation as fire on board a ship is a horrific and inescapable fate.
Level 3 Clear, relevant 7–9 marks	Shows clear understanding of language: • explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of language • selects a range of relevant textual detail • makes clear and accurate use of subject terminology.	The writer uses a metaphor to emphasise the scale of the task of working the night shift in the hospital. By comparing his role to 'sailing the ship alone', it suggests a huge responsibility for the treatment of all of his patients, just like a ship's captain is responsible for the safety of their passengers.
Level 2 Some, attempts 4–6 marks	Shows some understanding of language: • attempts to comment on the effect of language • selects some appropriate textual detail • makes some use of subject terminology, mainly appropriately.	The writer uses a metaphor to compare the difficulty of working on the night shift to 'sailing the ship alone'. The use of 'ship' suggests that he has a big job to do and there is nobody there to help him with it.

Level 1 Simple, limited 1–3 marks	Shows simple awareness of language: • offers simple comment on the effect of language • selects simple reference(s) or textual detail(s) • makes simple use of subject terminology, not always appropriately.	The writer describes working night shifts when he says 'sailing the ship alone'. This is a metaphor that he uses to compare working on the night shift in a hospital to sailing a ship by himself.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note

- If a student writes about language outside of the given lines or from the wrong source (but with the correct focus), the response should be placed in the appropriate level according to the quality of what is written, but placed at the bottom of the level.
- A student has to address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

AO2 content may include the effect of language features such as:

- juxtaposition/comparison – 'made Hell look like Disneyland'
- extended metaphor – 'sailing the ship alone... enormous and on fire'
- adjectives – 'unrelenting', 'endless'
- repetition – 'ward after ward, nurse after nurse, with emergency after emergency'
- listing/triplet – 'one-man, mobile, essentially untrained A&E department'
- metaphor – 'stream of… patients'; 'unrelenting nightmare'
- direct address – 'Your senior colleagues…'
- onomatopoeia – 'bleep'

0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 23 to 35**.

How does the writer use language to describe his discovery?

[12 marks]

AO2	Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers, using relevant subject terminology to support their views.	
This question assesses Language ie: Words/Phrases/Language Features/Language Techniques/Sentence Forms.		
Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Detailed, perceptive analysis 10–12 marks	Shows detailed and perceptive understanding of language: • analyses the effects of the writer's choices of language • selects a range of judicious textual detail • makes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology.	The writer uses a metaphor to describe how the first sight of his discovery denies him the ability to think or speak: 'I was struck dumb with amazement.' The hyperbole 'amazement' suggests an overwhelming human emotion but there is also a physical effect. The verb 'struck' suggests the power of the discovery feels as shocking, as breathtaking and as violent as an assault or a lightning strike, enough to take away the power of speech.
Level 3 Clear, relevant explanation 7–9 marks	Shows clear understanding of language: • explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of language • selects a range of relevant textual detail • makes clear and accurate use of subject terminology.	The writer uses a metaphor: 'I was struck dumb with amazement.' The verb 'struck' suggests the same powerful and sudden impact as a physical blow, as if he is instantly made speechless by the dazzling effect of his discovery.
Level 2 Some understanding and comment 4–6 marks	Shows some understanding of language: • attempts to comment on the effect of language • selects some appropriate textual detail • makes some use of subject terminology, mainly appropriately.	The writer uses different kinds of language. 'I was struck dumb with amazement.' He uses a metaphor to show that he was suddenly unable to speak. The word 'struck' shows that it was like he was hit really hard.

Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–3 marks	Shows simple awareness of language: • offers simple comment on the effect of language • selects simple reference(s) or textual detail(s) • makes simple use of subject terminology, not always appropriately.	The writer says, 'I was struck dumb with amazement.' This is a metaphor to say how he was completely surprised.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note

- If a student writes about language outside of the given lines or from the wrong source (but with the correct focus), the response should be placed in the appropriate level according to the quality of what is written, but placed at the bottom of the level.
- A student has to address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

AO2 content may include the effect of language features such as:

- metaphors – 'threshold of a magnificent discovery', 'struck dumb', 'pierced the darkness'
- simile – 'excitement burning like the heat of a fever'
- light imagery – 'glint of gold', 'beam of light'
- hyperbole – 'amazing', 'bewildering', 'overwhelming', 'surely never', 'amazement', 'museumful'
- juxtaposition – 'for the moment – an eternity'
- alliteration – 'glint of gold'

0 3 You now need to refer only to **Source A** from **lines 11 to 20**.

How does the writer use language to describe the peregrine falcon?

[12 marks]

AO2	Explain, comment on and analyse how writers use language and structure to achieve effects and influence readers, using relevant subject terminology to support their views.

This question assesses Language ie: Words/Phrases/Language Features/Language Techniques/Sentence Forms.

Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Detailed, perceptive analysis 10–12 marks	Shows detailed and perceptive understanding of language: • analyses the effects of the writer's choices of language • selects a range of judicious textual detail • makes sophisticated and accurate use of subject terminology.	The writer uses a simile to describe the peregrine's attack: "Like a guided missile". The comparison with a destructive weapon suggests the aggression and violence of this aerodynamic bird. The adjective "guided" further creates the effect that the falcon, like a missile, has purpose and control, hitting its target with accuracy and precision.
Level 3 Clear, relevant explanation 7–9 marks	Shows clear understanding of language: • explains clearly the effects of the writer's choices of language • selects a range of relevant textual detail • makes clear and accurate use of subject terminology.	The writer uses a simile to describe the peregrine's movement: "Like a guided missile." Missiles are weapons which are designed to be streamlined like the falcon with his wings folded back, so the comparison suggests that the falcon can move through the air at extreme speed.
Level 2 Some understanding and comment 4–6 marks	Shows some understanding of language: • attempts to comment on the effect of language • selects some appropriate textual detail • makes some use of subject terminology, mainly appropriately.	The writer uses different kinds of language to describe the peregrine. He uses a simile, "Like a guided missile" which suggests that the peregrine looked like a rocket zooming towards the pigeon.

Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–3 marks	Shows simple awareness of language: • offers simple comment on the effect of language • selects simple reference(s) or textual detail(s) • makes simple use of subject terminology, not always appropriately.	The writer says that the peregrine is "Like a guided missile". This is a simile which the writer uses to describe how the peregrine flies towards the pigeon.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note

- If a student writes about language outside of the given lines or from the wrong source (but with the correct focus), the response should be placed in the appropriate level according to the quality of what is written, but placed at the bottom of the level.
- A student has to address the correct focus of the question to achieve L3 or above.

AO2 content may include the effect of language features such as:

- similes – like a guided missile, sharp as switchblades, like a rodeo whip
- action verbs in the present tense – powers, rises, brakes, extrudes, grabs, swoops
- listing – stops, turns, folds
- language of war and violence – guided missile, homes in, impact, explosive
- nouns relating to the falcon's prey – straggler, target, fate, victim
- juxtaposition between predator and parent – plunder, hungry chicks
- statistics – 180 miles an hour
- onomatopoeia – ruffle, crack, whip, swoop
- sibilance – sharp as switchblades, into the sea-blue sky he swoops.

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different feelings and perspectives on their adventures in the mountains.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different feelings and perspectives on their adventures
- compare the methods the writers use to convey their feelings and perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

AO3
Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts

Level	Skills Descriptors	Indicative Standard This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed comparison 13–16 marks	Compares ideas and perspectives in a perceptive way • Analyses how writers' methods are used • Selects a range of judicious supporting detail from both texts • Shows a detailed and perceptive understanding of the different ideas and perspectives in both texts	The writer in Source A is tortured by alternating hope and despair as the reader is led on a rollercoaster journey, sharing the highs and lows of his emotions. The writer opens with a glimpse of hope after feeling a 'sense of hopelessness', only for this hope to be dashed in the final devastating short sentence, 'My optimism evaporated', leaving the reader literally and metaphorically on a cliff-hanger. Although both are mostly chronological accounts, the two sources could not be structured more differently because, whilst the purpose in Source A is to terrify and shock, the writer's purpose in the letter in Source B is to reassure and calm. So the reader knows from the start that she has 'descended safely', and the potential drama is reduced in the narrative flashback which follows. However, this loss of emotional engagement leaves us able to judge for ourselves whether the writer feels smug and complacent in stating her 'complete satisfaction' or whether she is justifiably proud of her outstanding death-defying achievement.
Level 3 Clear, relevant comparison 9–12 marks	Compares ideas and perspectives in a clear and relevant way • Explains clearly how writers' methods are used • Selects relevant detail to support from both texts • Shows a clear understanding of the different ideas and perspectives in both texts	The writer in Source A is uncertain how he feels as his emotions switch from feeling hopeful at times to feeling hopeless. This is shown by starting the extract with 'We had lost that sense of hopelessness,' but ending the extract with 'My optimism evaporated' so the reader can share his feelings of hope and despair. This is different to Source B where the writer opens her letter stating that she has 'descended safely'. This means the reader knows how it ends so doesn't get as involved in the writer's emotions as they do in Source A. The rest of the letter describing the climb is like a flashback but there is less suspense because the reader already knows that she gets back safely. She feels 'complete satisfaction' about her adventure, demonstrating how delighted she is that she has returned successfully with only a few bruises, even though she knew she was risking her life.

Level 2 Some, attempts at comparison 5–8 marks	Attempts to compare ideas and perspectives • Makes some comment on how writers' methods are used • Selects some appropriate textual detail/references, not always supporting, from one or both texts • Shows some understanding of different ideas and perspectives	The writer in Source A is not very happy about his adventure but he still hopes that they are going to get down the mountain safely. In the first paragraph he says 'we had lost that sense of hopelessness' which makes the reader think that they might make it back to base camp. This is different to the way the other source starts because in Source A we don't know what will happen but in Source B we know what happens as the writer tells us straight away. She says 'descended safely' in the first paragraph so the reader knows before they read the rest of the letter that she will be safe and to show that she is really pleased that she got back down the mountain safely and her adventure ended well.
Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–4 marks	Makes simple cross reference of ideas and perspectives • Makes simple identification of writers' methods • Selects simple reference(s)/ textual detail(s) from one or both texts • Shows simple awareness of ideas and/or perspectives	The writer in Source A is not very happy because he has broken his leg and he is not enjoying his adventure. He uses the word 'torture' which shows that it really hurts. This is different to Source B because the writer is very happy about her adventure. She says 'descended safely' in the first paragraph so we know that she is happy about climbing the mountain.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note:
- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 6.
- A student has to deal with both texts to achieve L3 or above.
- References to the writers' methods may be implicit without specific mention of the writer.

AO3 content may include the comparison of ideas such as:

- Their previous experience
- Their enjoyment
- Their suffering
- Their success
- Their gender
- Their expectations
- Their purpose in writing

and comment on methods such as:
- Structural shifts – highly detailed focus in Source A; episodic shifts in Source B
- Structural viewpoint – first person narratives; descriptive in Source A, reflective in Source B
- Whole text structure – mostly chronological in both sources but openings very different
- Tone – dramatic and distressed in Source A; cheerful and ironic in Source B
- Language features – figurative language in Source A; understatement and hyperbole in Source B
- Word choice.

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different attitudes to sweets.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different attitudes to sweets
- compare the methods they use to convey their attitudes
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

AO3
Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts.

Level	Skills Descriptors	Indicative Standard This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed comparison 13–16 marks	Compares ideas and perspectives in a perceptive way: • analyses how writers' methods are used • selects a range of judicious supporting detail from both texts • shows a detailed and perceptive understanding of the different ideas and perspectives in both texts.	In Source A, the writer is unashamedly enthusiastic about sweets in his nostalgic return to childhood. He has structured his detailed description of sweets to climax with 'The star lolly' to reinforce the superiority of the Jaffa. The metaphor of 'star' with its connotations of fame and celebrity links with the cinema setting, outshining whatever is showing on the screen. James' sensual celebration of the sweets of his childhood contrasts with the more rational and scientific investigation of Source B in its account of how sweet-eating in the past was potentially fatal for children due to the immoral practices of some manufacturers. The use of the superlative 'most virulent poison' conveys the writer's horror about the poisonous nature of sweets created in a 'villainous manner' by manufacturers in the past. This melodramatic description of sweet makers as criminals who have intentionally harmed children gives Source B a moral, crusading attitude to sweets as a product that children need protection from.
Level 3 Clear, relevant comparison 9–12 marks	Compares ideas and perspectives in a clear and relevant way: • explains clearly how writers' methods are used • selects relevant detail to support from both texts • shows a clear understanding of the different ideas and perspectives in both texts.	The writer of Source A is nostalgic as he recalls the sweets of his childhood cinema trips. Sweets are the most important part of the cinema experience because most of his account is about them and not what he watched. He shows this by describing all the sweets in great detail, building up to what he regards as the 'star lolly' of the Jaffa. By using the adjective 'star' he makes clear that it is the main attraction of the sweet-eating experience, the biggest name in the show. On the other hand, the writer in Source B does not share this nostalgic attitude to past sweets as in the past they were potentially life-threatening. He describes how these sweets 'contained the most virulent poison'. His choice of the adjective 'virulent' suggests how severe, even deadly, the effects of this poison may have been on

		children. He clearly disapproves of this old manufacturing process that resulted in children's deaths and hopes that sweets can now be enjoyed safely.
Level 2 Some, attempts at comparison 5–8 marks	Attempts to compare ideas and perspectives: • makes some comment on how writers' methods are used • selects some appropriate textual detail/references, not always supporting, from one or both texts • shows some understanding of different ideas and perspectives.	The writer of Source A is excited about eating sweets at the cinema. He even describes the Jaffa as the 'star lolly' to show that this was his favourite. The adjective 'star' suggests that it stood out from the others. On the other hand, the writer in Source B is worried that some sweets may be dangerous for children. He uses repetition of 'poison' and 'poisonous' to show that sweets can make children poorly. This shows that he thinks sweets can be very dangerous to children's health.
Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–4 marks	Makes simple cross reference of ideas and perspectives: • makes simple identification of writers' methods • selects simple reference(s)/ textual detail(s) from one or both texts • shows simple awareness of ideas and/or perspectives.	The writer of Source A thinks that sweets are good and he likes eating them. He describes the Jaffa as the 'star lolly'. The writer uses the word 'star' to show that it is the best of all the sweets. This is different to Source B where the writer thinks that sweets are sometimes bad for children. He uses the word 'poison' to show that sweets can kill. He doesn't want children to eat these sweets.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note

- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 6.
- A student has to deal with both texts to achieve L3 or above.
- References to the writers' methods may be implicit without specific mention of the writer.

AO3 content may include the comparison of ideas such as their attitudes to:

- the appearance and appeal of sweets
- the consumption of sweets
- the acquisition and cost of sweets
- the amount of sweets
- the nutritional value of sweets
- their interest in sweets
- the importance of sweets
- sweets as a source of pride – national or personal.

And comment on methods such as:

- structural shifts to show changes of focus, in both sources
- structural viewpoint – Source A is adult retrospective autobiography, Source B is contemporaneous report
- whole text structure – Source A builds to climax of 'star lolly', Source B explores context of sweet improvements and repeats 'our little ones' at beginning and end
- narrative perspective – both first person accounts but no use of 'I' in Source A just 'we' and second person 'you', first person in Source B more obvious in factory visit section, also direct address to parents in Source B
- tone – Source A is humorous, light-hearted, amoral, Source B is serious, moral, informative, scientific
- language features – metaphor, simile, exaggeration in Source A, metaphor, simile, alliteration, rhetorical question in Source B
- word choices – sensual in Source A, more scientific in Source B, melodramatic language in Source B.

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different thoughts and feelings about camping experiences.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different thoughts and feelings about camping experiences
- compare the methods they use to convey their thoughts and feelings
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

AO3
Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts.

Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed comparison 13–16 marks	Compares ideas and perspectives in a perceptive way: • analyses how writers' methods are used • selects a range of judicious supporting detail from both texts • shows a detailed and perceptive understanding of the different ideas and perspectives in both texts.	The writer in Source A has mixed feelings about camping holidays as she asserts they are horrific but, despite herself, she has moments where she feels an unexpected connection to nature. She starts with the idea of holidays as 'assault courses', 'hell-bent on wreaking chaos', foreshadowing the devastation caused by the storm later in the extract. She then describes finding peace by the river and 'the greatest pleasure,' a moment of calm to contrast with the storm and emphasise its power. At the height of the storm, she juxtaposes the 'deliciously spine-tingling' feelings of exhilaration with 'hell rained itself down on me' returning to the image of hell to reinforce her mixed emotions. However, in Source B there is no ambivalence of feeling as the writer's moral outrage at the environmental consequences of camping holidays is shown throughout the source. The writer begins ironically with the idea of camping as 'an escape from civilization', returning to a simpler way of life. However, his judgemental tone quickly becomes clear with, 'The discoverers of this paradise which they have entered to destroy'. By ending with the short sentence, 'Man has wrought his usual wrong upon Nature', the writer's condemnation is forcefully expressed. His conclusion is that the devastation caused by the desire to return to nature is part of a wider trend of human destruction.

Level 3 Clear, relevant comparison 9–12 marks	Compares ideas and perspectives in a clear and relevant way: • explains clearly how writers' methods are used • selects relevant detail to support from both texts • shows a clear understanding of the different ideas and perspectives in both texts.	The writer in Source A is uncertain how she feels about camping holidays as her emotions switch from feelings of dread to feelings of pleasure. She sets out her feelings from the start, describing camping holidays as 'assault courses', and so leads the reader to expect a terrible experience. There is an unexpected change in her feelings to 'real contentment' and by the end dread has been replaced with excitement as she says the storm is 'deliciously spine-tingling'. On the other hand, the writer in Source B is more certain about what he thinks about camping and is critical of it. Although the source begins with hope by describing camping as 'an escape from civilization', the writer ends by indicating that these holidays cause damage with 'Man has wrought his usual wrong upon Nature'. The writer leaves us in no doubt of his opinion. He is clearly concerned that the campers' actions are destroying the natural environment.
Level 2 Some, attempts at comparison 5–8 marks	Attempts to compare ideas and perspectives: • makes some comment on how writers' methods are used • selects some appropriate textual detail/references, not always supporting, from one or both texts • shows some understanding of different ideas and perspectives.	The writer of Source A feels camping holidays are 'assault courses' which shows that she thinks they are not enjoyable. She makes this clear from the start so we think she hates camping but later she describes throwing stones in the river as 'the greatest pleasure' so she is starting to feel happier about it now. On the other hand, the change of feelings in Source B is the opposite way around as the writer is looking forward to camping. He begins with the positive idea that camping is 'wonderful' and 'an escape'', but at the end he writes, 'the stumps are ugly' and 'Man has wrought his usual wrong upon Nature' which shows he has changed his mind completely. This shows that he feels that when people go camping it causes damage.
Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–4 marks	Makes simple cross reference of ideas and perspectives: • makes simple identification of writers' methods • selects simple reference(s)/ textual detail(s) from one or both texts • shows simple awareness of ideas and/or perspectives.	The writer in Source A thinks that camping holidays are bad as she calls them 'awful' and 'assault courses'. The writer starts like this but later on she seems to like it a bit more, using words like 'pleasure' and 'enjoying'. This is different to Source B where the writer thinks camping is good. At the beginning he uses the word 'wonderful' to describe camping. But at the end he thinks camping is bad because it makes a mess as he says, 'the stumps are ugly'.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note

- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 6.
- A student has to deal with both texts to achieve L3 or above.
- References to the writers' methods may be implicit without specific mention of the writer.

AO3 content may include the comparison of thoughts and feelings such as their attitudes to:

- the philosophy
- the locations/environments
- the accommodation
- the difficulties/challenges
- the attraction/appeal
- the companions
- the weather.

And comment on methods such as:

- first person narratives, although this is less obvious in Source B which has qualities of omniscient third person
- chronological narrative structure, with focus on arrival in Source A and both arrival and departure in Source B
- whole text structure – shifts between action, reflection, description and dialogue
- tense – past in Source A, present in Source B
- tone – dramatic and excited in Source A; ironic and critical in Source B
- language features – sensory and figurative language in Source A; emotive and figurative in Source B
- word choice.

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different feelings and perspectives on their experiences of sleep and sleeplessness.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different feelings and perspectives on their experiences of sleep and sleeplessness
- compare the methods they use to convey their feelings and perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

AO3
Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts.

Level	Skills Descriptors	Indicative Standard This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed comparison 13–16 marks	Compares ideas and perspectives in a perceptive way • Analyses how writers' methods are used • Selects a range of judicious supporting detail from both texts • Shows a detailed and perceptive understanding of the different ideas and perspectives in both texts	In Source A, she experiences a long-lasting distress, affecting all her senses, as well as her mental health. In the phrase "sore eyes, itchy skin and a high-pitched sense of mental hysteria" the listing intensifies the sensory range of her physical and mental reaction to insomnia, whilst the adjective 'itchy' reinforces the scratchy, abrasive quality of her discomfort. Whereas A experiences the long-lasting impact of insomnia, B experiences only a temporary annoyance which is unpleasant but not life-changing; one is a serious medical condition, the other just an entertaining anecdote. In Source B, the writer uses second person to switch the position of reader and writer; her experience becomes our experience. The soothing, reassuring tone she uses in the words 'awaiting your arrival' suggests her relief at a return to normality. The fact that the insomnia has no long-lasting impact means her experience is exaggerated and humorous, rather than a serious health problem which needs treatment.
Level 3 Clear, relevant comparison 9–12 marks	Compares ideas and perspectives in a clear and relevant way • Explains clearly how writers' methods are used • Selects relevant detail to support from both texts • Shows a clear understanding of the different ideas and perspectives in both texts	The writer in Source A's experience of not sleeping is that she is physically unwell with the effect being felt in every part of her body. She uses a list of three in the phrase "sore eyes, itchy skin and a high-pitched sense of mental hysteria" to emphasise how her senses are all affected, like her sense of touch, which reinforces how much she is suffering. The impact is different as the writer in Source A still feels physically unwell the next day whereas in Source B she is less affected by her experience and forgets about what happened the night before. Source B uses second person perspective to address the reader directly. She says "coffee and rolls are awaiting your arrival" to share her experience of how relaxing it is to have breakfast served. Her suffering from the night before was just a temporary thing that she has recovered from quickly.

Level 2 Some, attempts at comparison 5–8 marks	Attempts to compare ideas and perspectives • Makes some comment on how writers' methods are used • Selects some appropriate textual detail/references, not always supporting, from one or both texts • Shows some understanding of different ideas and perspectives	In Source A, she wakes up feeling really uncomfortable because she says she has "sore eyes, itchy skin and a high-pitched sense of mental hysteria" which shows she isn't well. The method she uses is a list of three things which all together makes it sound worse. When the writer in Source A wakes up she feels ill but the writer in Source B is just hungry and ready for her breakfast. She says 'your' in the phrase "coffee and rolls are awaiting your arrival" which means she is talking to you so you know how she feels. When she wakes up, the writer in Source B has forgotten that she was so tired and upset the night before.
Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–4 marks	Makes simple cross reference of ideas and perspectives • Makes simple identification of writers' methods • Selects simple reference(s)/ textual detail(s) from one or both texts • Shows simple awareness of ideas and/or perspectives	In Source A, the writer feels bad when she wakes up. She says she's got "sore eyes, itchy skin and a high-pitched sense of mental hysteria". This is a list of three different things she feels. But in Source B, the writer is okay in the morning. When she wakes up she says "coffee and rolls are awaiting your arrival" which is talking to you and telling you that breakfast is ready. This shows that she is fine and she wants a cup of coffee.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note:
- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 6.
- A student has to deal with both texts to achieve L3 or above.
- References to the writers' methods may be implicit without specific mention of the writer.

AO3 content may include the comparison of ideas such as:

- the time frame
- the impact on their lives
- their response
- their actions
- their thoughts
- their feelings.

And comment on methods such as:

- structure – chronological, with flashbacks in Source A; chronological, diary-like in Source B

- narrative viewpoint – first person, anecdotal in Source A; second person, interior monologue in Source B
- tone – mostly serious and desperate in Source A; exaggerated and comic in Source B
- language features – metaphor, alliteration, facts, repetition in Source A; hyperbole, imagery, list of three in Source B
- word choices.

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different feelings and perspectives about their experiences of travelling on a train.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different feelings and perspectives
- compare the methods the writers use to convey their different feelings and perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

AO3	**Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts.**	
Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed comparison 13–16 marks	Compares ideas and perspectives in a perceptive way: • analyses how writers' methods are used • selects a range of judicious supporting detail from both texts • shows a detailed and perceptive understanding of the different ideas and perspectives in both texts.	The writer of Source A feels that his experience of travelling by train has been something to be endured rather than enjoyed and he cannot wait for his journey to end after over a week of travel. His use of repetition and listing of 'no more' in his first paragraph not only makes clear how many tedious aspects of the journey he disliked but also reflects the intense monotony he has felt on this trip. In complete contrast to these contemptuous and weary feelings of the writer of Source A, the writer of Source B is filled with admiration and awe as she embraces the novelty of train travel. She indicates this from the start of her letter with the idea that ordinary writing paper is not adequate to contain her 'raptures'. Her use of 'raptures' has connotations of euphoria and an almost spiritual experience. Here, the writer of Source B establishes the idea of how fantastical her trip was.

Level 3 Clear, relevant comparison 9–12 marks	Compares ideas and perspectives in a clear and relevant way: • explains clearly how writers' methods are used • selects relevant detail to support from both texts • shows a clear understanding of the different ideas and perspectives in both texts.	The writer of Source A feels that his experience of train travel has been miserable because he has been on this train for so long and become bored, so he is looking forward to the end of his long journey. He uses repetition and listing of 'no more' in his first paragraph to highlight how many aspects of the experience he cannot wait to leave behind. On the other hand, the writer in Source B feels that her train ride has been thrilling, which may link to this being her first time on a train, unlike the more experienced writer of Source A. Her delight in the experience is clear at the start of her letter, where the noun 'raptures' suggests she felt in a state of utter joy. She is amazed by her journey because it is such a new and extraordinary experience.
Level 2 Some attempts at comparison 5–8 marks	Attempts to compare ideas and perspectives: • makes some comment on how writers' methods are used • selects some appropriate textual detail/references, not always supporting, from one or both texts • shows some understanding of different ideas and perspectives.	The writer of Source A feels that his experience of travelling by train has been awful and he is fed up of being on the train. At the start, he uses repetition and listing of 'no more' to emphasise the things he doesn't like about the train. On the other hand, the writer in Source B has really enjoyed her train ride and had a great time. She uses the phrase 'my raptures' to make it clear that her experience was very exciting. This shows that she is more enthusiastic about her experience.
Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–4 marks	Makes simple cross reference of ideas and perspectives: • makes simple identification of writers' methods • selects simple reference(s)/textual detail(s) from one or both texts • shows simple awareness of ideas and/or perspectives.	The writer of Source A feels that his experience of travelling by train is negative and he doesn't like it. At the start he repeats 'no more' to show the bad things about the train journey. This is different from Source B, where the writer feels positive about her train ride. She says 'my raptures' to her friend at the start of her letter. This shows that the writer has liked her experience.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note
- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 6.
- A student has to deal with both texts to achieve L3 or above.
- References to the writers' methods may be implicit without specific mention of the writer.

AO3 content may include the comparison of feelings and perspectives such as:

- boredom/intrigue
- loathing/liking
- familiarity/novelty
- apathy/curiosity
- experience/innocence
- underwhelmed/overwhelmed
- confinement/freedom
- contempt/admiration for the train.

and comment on methods such as:

- first-person accounts – though Source A is travel writing with a general, public and plural audience and Source B is a private letter with a specific, singular audience
- chronological narrative structure of the end of the experience in Source A and the whole experience in Source B
- shifts between action and reflection in both Source A and Source B
- climax of the train crash in Source A and the experience of the journey in Source B
- tone – sardonic/mocking but also dramatic in Source A; dramatic/excited but also explanatory in Source B
- language features – personification in both Source A and B; listing in both Source A and B; repetition in both Source A and Source B; use of full name of train in Source A, various animal synonyms for engine in Source B
- audience – no direct reference to reader in Source A, direct address of letter recipient with second person pronoun in Source B
- word choice.

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their different feelings and perspectives on providing medical care.

In your answer, you could:

- compare their different feelings and perspectives on providing medical care
- compare the methods they use to convey their feelings and perspectives
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

AO3	**Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts.**	
Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed comparison 13–16 marks	Compares ideas and perspectives in a perceptive way: • analyses how writers' methods are used • selects a range of judicious supporting detail from both texts • shows a detailed and perceptive understanding of the different ideas and perspectives in both texts.	The doctor in Source A describes his constantly shifting perspective, switching from the relentless horror of night shifts to the exhilaration of actually surviving the shift. His miserable life as a doctor is hammered home by a list: 'Sure it was hard work, sure the hours were bordering on inhumane and sure I saw things that have scarred my retinas to this day,' with adjectives like 'inhumane' suggesting the brutal cruelty of his work. However, this is undercut by the deliberately casual use of 'Sure...' to indicate his tolerance of such suffering and by the proud assertion 'but I was a doctor now', indicating that he sees it as a badge of honour. This is very different to the perspective of Source B, as the nurse is entirely concerned with the welfare of her patients and embraces her own humble position, whereas the doctor in Source A is primarily concerned with his own professional prestige. The nurse's sense of awe is shown when she describes 'the sympathy and brotherly love shown by the strong to the weak' revealing the camaraderie and devotion of the doctors, with the word 'brotherly' suggesting the unquestioning, self-sacrificial commitment of a family member in caring for their patients. For Seacole, medicine seems like a spiritual vocation rather than a professional career as she feels they are bringing compassion and kindness to patients in a desperate situation of war and conflict.

Level 3 Clear, relevant comparison 9–12 marks	Compares ideas and perspectives in a clear and relevant way: • explains clearly how writers' methods are used • selects relevant detail to support from both texts • shows a clear understanding of the different ideas and perspectives in both texts.	The doctor in Source A has mixed feelings about working in a hospital. He knows it's traumatic but he focuses on the practical issues and realises that they are all part of the job. He uses the list 'Sure it was hard work, sure the hours were bordering on inhumane and sure I saw things that have scarred my retinas to this day,' to illustrate just how demanding his work is, although he finishes with 'but I was a doctor now', putting the previous list into perspective, showing that he accepts that these experiences are necessary. Although the nurse in Source B recognises the practical issues too, she mainly focuses on the emotional experience of providing medical care, using the phrase 'the sympathy and brotherly love shown by the strong to the weak'. The adjective 'brotherly' suggests that the doctors are as caring and committed as if they were treating someone in their own family. This suggests that she has a very optimistic view of the role of medical staff, because they are so caring in coming to the aid of those affected by war.
Level 2 Some attempts at comparison 5–8 marks	Attempts to compare ideas and perspectives: • makes some comment on how writers' methods are used • selects some appropriate textual detail/references, not always supporting, from one or both texts • shows some understanding of different ideas and perspectives.	The doctor in Source A had a tough experience training to be a doctor. He says, 'Sure it was hard work, sure the hours were bordering on inhumane and sure I saw things that have scarred my retinas to this day, but I was a doctor now.' This list shows that he had some difficult experiences on his way to being a doctor. However, in Source B, the nurse is glad to have helped the wounded soldiers. She says 'the sympathy and brotherly love shown by the strong to the weak'. She uses the word 'brotherly' to describe how they treat the patients as if they were as close as brothers. This shows that she was impressed by how caring they were.
Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–4 marks	Makes simple cross reference of ideas and perspectives: • makes simple identification of writers' methods • selects simple reference(s)/textual detail(s) from one or both texts • shows simple awareness of ideas and/or perspectives.	The doctor in Source A finds working in the hospital hard. He uses repetition 'Sure it was hard work, sure the hours were bordering on inhumane and sure I saw things that have scarred my retinas to this day, but I was a doctor now', which shows that it wasn't an easy job to do. However, in Source B the nurse is more positive because she says 'the sympathy and brotherly love shown by the strong to the weak'. The word 'sympathy' shows that she feels sorry for them but she is still having a better time.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note
- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 6.
- A student has to deal with both texts to achieve L3 or above.
- References to the writers' methods may be implicit without specific mention of the writer.

AO3 content may include ideas such as:

- their motivation
- the nature of their work
- their experiences of treating others
- their training
- their purpose

and comments on methods such as:

- tone – Source A as humorous, sarcastic, caustic; Source B as emotive, serious, worthy
- use of first person, but use of direct address in both for different purposes
- use of speech in Source B to bring the scene to life
- structural shifts in both pieces, moving from training/arrival to actual practice
- language features – metaphor, hyperbole, repetition in Source A; emotive language, rhetorical question, exclamations in Source B
- word choices.

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A** together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their similar attitudes and feelings about their experiences in Egypt.

In your answer, you could:

- compare the writers' similar attitudes and feelings about their experiences in Egypt
- compare the methods they use to convey their attitudes and feelings
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

AO3	**Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts.**	
Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed comparison 13–16 marks	Compares ideas and perspectives in a perceptive way: • analyses how writers' methods are used • selects a range of judicious supporting detail from both texts • shows a detailed and perceptive understanding of the similar ideas and perspectives in both texts.	In Source A, Carter recognises the privilege that entering the tomb offers him. 'Time is annihilated and you feel an intruder.' He is humbled by the experience and realises he is trespassing in a world that belongs to people from the past. The metaphor, 'Time is annihilated,' suggests that his experience, sharing the same air as ancient Egyptians, has enabled him to appreciate 'time' in a new way. The progress of time has been destroyed completely and it is like he and the Egyptians exist in the same moment. In Source B, Poole is also awed by witnessing ancient artefacts and, like Carter, the experience has affected her sense of time, reducing thousands of years of history to nothing. The phrase, 'the pyramids do not appear to be ancient: there is an appearance of freshness about them' suggests that time is a paradox as the words 'ancient' and 'freshness' are a contradiction: the pyramids cannot simultaneously be both old and new. For Poole, it is as if time has collapsed and the vivid 'appearance' of the pyramids has changed her perception of time so that thousands of years have simply vanished.

Level 3 Clear, relevant comparison 9–12 marks	Compares ideas and perspectives in a clear and relevant way: • explains clearly how writers' methods are used • selects relevant detail to support from both texts • shows a clear understanding of the similar ideas and perspectives in both texts.	The writer of Source A is thrilled by his experience in Egypt, which he thinks makes him feel closer to the people of ancient times who built the tomb. 'Time is annihilated and you feel an intruder.' This metaphor suggests that the huge distance in time between him and the ancient Egyptians is completely obliterated or 'annihilated,' because he is breathing the same air as them. In a similar way, the writer of Source B is excited by being able to experience objects made in ancient times, even though they appear to be almost new: 'the pyramids do not appear ancient: there is an appearance of freshness.' The writer uses juxtaposition to show how even though the pyramids are 'ancient', they appear to be 'fresh' which suggests they look so clean and bright that it is as if they have only recently been built. For her, it is like the pyramids were built yesterday and haven't changed at all, even though thousands of years have actually passed.
Level 2 Some attempts at comparison 5–8 marks	Attempts to compare ideas and perspectives: • makes some comment on how writers' methods are used • selects some appropriate textual detail/references, not always supporting, from one or both texts • shows some understanding of similar ideas and perspectives.	The writer of Source A is shocked by his experience in Egypt and by how old the objects are. He says, 'Time is annihilated and you feel an intruder.' The metaphor, 'Time is annihilated' shows that nothing has changed even after a huge amount of time. Similarly, the writer of Source B is impressed by how old the pyramids are: 'the pyramids do not appear ancient: there is an appearance of freshness about them.' The adjective 'ancient' shows that they were built in the very distant past and this is what she finds most interesting about them, that they are really old but they still look fresh.
Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–4 marks	Makes simple cross reference of ideas and perspectives: • makes simple identification of writers' methods • selects simple reference(s)/textual detail(s) from one or both texts • shows simple awareness of ideas and/or perspectives.	The writer of Source A likes finding things from a long time ago. He says, 'Time is annihilated and you feel an intruder.' The word 'intruder' shows that he feels like he is intruding when he goes into the tomb. The writer of Source B also likes how old everything is. She says, 'the pyramids do not appear ancient.' The word 'ancient' means the pyramids are very old. The writer thinks that they don't look old even though they are.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note
- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 6.
- A student has to deal with both texts to achieve L3 or above.
- References to the writers' methods may be implicit without specific mention of the writer.

AO3 content may include the comparison of ideas such as their attitudes and feelings about:

- the age/scale/magnificence of the monuments
- the nature of time/history
- the difficulties and dangers of visiting/working in Egypt
- the exploitation of Egypt by the West/colonial powers

and comments on methods such as:

- first person narrative/ use of second person/direct address
- descriptions in both sources
- whole text structure – apart from the flashback, Source A is linear; Source B is cyclical, beginning and ending with reflection on the pyramids.
- tone – emotive, enthusiastic in both sources
- language features – hyperbole in both sources with more figurative language in Source A and more objective, factual language, including statistics in Source B.

0 4 For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with the **whole of Source B**.

Compare how the writers convey their similar thoughts and feelings about nature.

In your answer, you could:

- compare the writers' similar thoughts and feelings about nature
- compare the methods they use to convey their thoughts and feelings
- support your response with references to both texts.

[16 marks]

AO3	**Compare writers' ideas and perspectives, as well as how these are conveyed, across two or more texts.**	
Level	**Skills Descriptors**	**Indicative Standard** This indicative standard provides an exemplification of the skills descriptors at each level. It is not a model answer, nor a complete response, nor does it seek to exemplify any particular content.
Level 4 Perceptive, detailed comparison 13–16 marks	Compares thoughts and feelings in a perceptive way: • analyses how writers' methods are used • selects a range of judicious supporting detail from both texts • shows a detailed and perceptive understanding of the similar thoughts and feelings in both texts.	The writer in Source A believes that human interference in the natural world can be detrimental or beneficial, depending on changing values. He seems proud of the change in attitude to peregrines which has increased their survival rates: "Instead of persecuting them, we provide protection." The alliteration emphasises the stark contrast between "persecuting" and "protection" reflecting a complete turnaround in attitudes. The writer includes all readers in this transformation, using the inclusive pronoun 'we' as a rhetorical device to convince all of us that we agree protecting wildlife is morally correct. In both sources, the writers explore the relationship between humans and the natural world, but whilst in Source A the writer suggests humans need to manage nature, in Source B the writer conveys the relationship as more equal and harmonious. "All life loved the brook." The writer uses a short, simple, sentence of single syllable words, linked by soft alliteration, and positioned at the end of a paragraph as if to deliberately highlight a fundamental truth. He believes in the essential interconnectedness of all natural things – human, animal, plant, soil and water – and portrays humans co-existing with other creatures, not seeking to dominate or control their natural environment.

Level 3 Clear, relevant comparison 9–12 marks	Compares thoughts and feelings in a clear and relevant way: • explains clearly how writers' methods are used • selects relevant detail to support from both texts • shows a clear understanding of the similar thoughts and feelings in both texts.	The writer in Source A admires the peregrine falcon and takes pleasure and pride in its survival in a new environment, thanks to a change in public attitudes to protect these birds of prey: "Instead of persecuting them, we provide protection" He uses inclusive pronouns such as 'we' to show that together people can make a difference to the survival of some endangered species. Similarly, in Source B, the writer takes great pleasure in nature and he also shows how humans can interact peacefully with the natural world, by focusing on the brook. "All life loved the brook." The alliteration in the phrase "all life loved" creates a soft tranquil sound, including all birds, animals and plants in their love for the water source. The writer is aware that the brook is essential for keeping the creatures alive and that they depend on the brook for their survival, providing water for the country girls too.
Level 2 Some attempts at comparison 5–8 marks	Attempts to compare thoughts and feelings • makes some comment on how writers' methods are used • selects some appropriate textual detail/references, not always supporting, from one or both texts • shows some understanding of similar thoughts and feelings.	The writer in Source A thinks nature is important and is pleased that peregrine falcons are doing well in the city and that they are not being killed. He says, "Instead of persecuting them, we provide protection." He uses the word 'we' to show that lots of people are protecting them, not just him. The writer in Source B also thinks nature is important but he focuses on the brook. "All life loved the brook." He uses the word "all" to show that everyone thinks the brook is important. He seems to enjoy being near the brook because he has lots of memories there.
Level 1 Simple, limited comment 1–4 marks	Makes simple cross reference of thoughts and feelings: • makes simple identification of writers' methods • selects simple reference(s)/textual detail(s) from one or both texts • shows simple awareness of thoughts and/or feelings.	The writer of Source A thinks it is good that the peregrine falcon lives in the city. He says, "Instead of persecuting them, we provide protection." This is an example of alliteration to show that they are being protected. The writer in Source B also likes nature and he thinks the brook is nice. "All life loved the brook" which is also alliteration to show how people felt about it. The writer thinks all the animals and birds love the brook.
Level 0 No marks	Nothing to reward.	

Note
- If the quality of the response is L1 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 2.
- If the quality of the response is L2 but only deals with one text, the maximum mark is 6.
- A student has to deal with both texts to achieve L3 or above.
- References to the writers' methods may be implicit without specific mention of the writer.

AO3 content may include the comparison of ideas such as their thoughts and feelings about:

- Appreciation and admiration for the natural world
- Positive relationship between natural world and humanity
- Troubling relationship between natural world and humanity

and comments on methods such as:

- first person narratives/observation of nature
- descriptive approach – literary style
- whole text structure – shifts between observation and description
- use of verb tenses – switching between past and present
- tone – objective also but with personal enthusiasm
- language features – sensory and figurative language
- word choices.

0 5 ‘People have become obsessed with travelling ever further and faster. However, travel is expensive, dangerous, damaging and a foolish waste of time!’

Write an article for a news website in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation and 16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

AO5 Content and Organisation
Communicate clearly, effectively and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences.
Organise information and ideas, using structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion of texts.

Level		**Skills descriptors**
Level 4 19–24 marks **Compelling, Convincing Communication**	Upper Level 4 22–24 marks	**Content** • Communication is convincing and compelling • Tone, style and register are assuredly matched to purpose and audience • Extensive and ambitious vocabulary with sustained crafting of linguistic devices **Organisation** • Varied and inventive use of structural features • Writing is compelling, incorporating a range of convincing and complex ideas • Fluently linked paragraphs with seamlessly integrated discourse markers
	Lower Level 4 19–21 marks	**Content** • Communication is convincing • Tone, style and register are convincingly matched to purpose and audience • Extensive vocabulary with conscious crafting of linguistic devices **Organisation** • Varied and effective structural features • Writing is highly engaging with a range of developed complex ideas • Consistently coherent use of paragraphs with integrated discourse markers

Level 3 13–18 marks **Consistent, Clear Communication**	Upper Level 3 16–18 marks	**Content** • Communication is consistently clear • Tone, style and register are consistently matched to purpose and audience • Increasingly sophisticated vocabulary and phrasing, chosen for effect, with a range of successful linguistic devices **Organisation** • Effective use of structural features • Writing is engaging, using a range of clear, connected ideas • Coherent paragraphs with integrated discourse markers
	Lower Level 3 13–15 marks	**Content** • Communication is generally clear • Tone, style and register are generally matched to purpose and audience • Vocabulary clearly chosen for effect and appropriate use of linguistic devices **Organisation** • Usually effective use of structural features • Writing is engaging, with a range of connected ideas • Usually coherent paragraphs with range of discourse markers
Level 2 7-12 marks **Some successful Communication**	Upper Level 2 10–12 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some sustained success • Some sustained attempt to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience • Conscious use of vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices **Organisation** • Some use of structural features • Increasing variety of linked and relevant ideas • Some use of paragraphs and some use of discourse markers
	Lower Level 2 7–9 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some success • Attempts to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience • Begins to vary vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices **Organisation** • Attempts to use structural features • Some linked and relevant ideas • Attempt to write in paragraphs with some discourse markers, not always appropriate

Level 1 1-6 marks **Simple, Limited Communication**	Upper Level 1 4–6 marks	**Content** • Communicates simply • Simple awareness of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience • Simple vocabulary; simple linguistic devices **Organisation** • Evidence of simple structural features • One or two relevant ideas, simply linked • Random paragraph structure
	Lower Level 1 1–3 marks	**Content** • Limited communication • Occasional sense of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience • Simple vocabulary **Organisation** • Limited or no evidence of structural features • One or two unlinked ideas • No paragraphs
Level 0 No marks	Students will not have offered any meaningful writing to assess. Nothing to reward.	

AO6 Technical Accuracy
Students must use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation. (This requirement must constitute 20% of the marks for each specification as a whole.)

Level	Skills descriptors
Level 4 13–16 marks	• Sentence demarcation is consistently secure and consistently accurate • Wide range of punctuation is used with a high level of accuracy • Uses a full range of appropriate sentence forms for effect • Uses Standard English consistently and appropriately with secure control of complex grammatical structures • High level of accuracy in spelling, including ambitious vocabulary • Extensive and ambitious use of vocabulary
Level 3 9–12 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and mostly accurate • Range of punctuation is used, mostly with success • Uses a variety of sentence forms for effect • Mostly uses Standard English appropriately with mostly controlled grammatical structures • Generally accurate spelling, including complex and irregular words • Increasingly sophisticated use of vocabulary
Level 2 5–8 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and sometimes accurate • Some control of a range of punctuation • Attempts a variety of sentence forms • Some use of Standard English with some control of agreement • Some accurate spelling of more complex words • Varied use of vocabulary
Level 1 1–4 marks	• Occasional use of sentence demarcation • Some evidence of conscious punctuation • Simple range of sentence forms • Occasional use of Standard English with limited control of agreement • Accurate basic spelling • Simple use of vocabulary
Level 0 No marks	Students' spelling, punctuation etc. is sufficiently poor to prevent understanding or meaning.

0 5 ‘Our addiction to cheap clothes and fast fashion means young people in poorer countries have to work in terrible conditions to make them. We must change our attitude to buying clothes now.’

Write an article for a magazine or website in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation and 16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

AO5 Content and Organisation
Communicate clearly, effectively and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences.
Organise information and ideas, using structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion of texts.

Level		**Skills descriptors**
Level 4 19–24 marks **Compelling, convincing communication**	Upper Level 4 22–24 marks	**Content** • Communication is convincing and compelling. • Tone, style and register are assuredly matched to purpose and audience. • Extensive and ambitious vocabulary with sustained crafting of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Varied and inventive use of structural features. • Writing is compelling, incorporating a range of convincing and complex ideas. • Fluently linked paragraphs with seamlessly integrated discourse markers.
	Lower Level 4 19–21 marks	**Content** • Communication is convincing. • Tone, style and register are convincingly matched to purpose and audience. • Extensive vocabulary with conscious crafting of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Varied and effective structural features. • Writing is highly engaging with a range of developed complex ideas. • Consistently coherent use of paragraphs with integrated discourse markers.
Level 3 13–18 marks **Consistent, clear communication**	Upper Level 3 16–18 marks	**Content** • Communication is consistently clear. • Tone, style and register are consistently matched to purpose and audience. • Increasingly sophisticated vocabulary and phrasing, chosen for effect with a range of successful linguistic devices.

		Organisation • Effective use of structural features. • Writing is engaging, using a range of clear, connected ideas. • Coherent paragraphs with integrated discourse markers.
	Lower Level 3 13–15 marks	**Content** • Communication is generally clear. • Tone, style and register are generally matched to purpose and audience. • Vocabulary clearly chosen for effect and appropriate use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Usually effective use of structural features. • Writing is engaging, with a range of connected ideas. • Usually coherent paragraphs with range of discourse markers.
Level 2 7–12 marks **Some successful communication**	Upper Level 2 10–12 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some sustained success. • Some sustained attempt to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Conscious use of vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Some use of structural features. • Increasing variety of linked and relevant ideas. • Some use of paragraphs and some use of discourse markers.
	Lower Level 2 7–9 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some success. • Attempts to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Begins to vary vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Attempts to use structural features. • Some linked and relevant ideas. • Attempt to write in paragraphs with some discourse markers, not always appropriate.
Level 1 1–6 marks **Simple, limited communication**	Upper Level 1 4–6 marks	**Content** • Communicates simply. • Simple awareness of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Simple vocabulary; simple linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Evidence of simple structural features. • One or two relevant ideas, simply linked. • Random paragraph structure.

	Lower Level 1 1–3 marks	**Content** • Limited communication. • Occasional sense of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Simple vocabulary. **Organisation** • Limited or no evidence of structural features. • One or two unlinked ideas. • No paragraphs.
Level 0 No marks	Students will not have offered any meaningful writing to assess. Nothing to reward.	

AO6 Technical Accuracy Students must use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation. (This requirement must constitute 20% of the marks for each specification as a whole.)	
Level	**Skills descriptors**
Level 4 13–16 marks	• Sentence demarcation is consistently secure and consistently accurate. • Wide range of punctuation is used with a high level of accuracy. • Uses a full range of appropriate sentence forms for effect. • Uses Standard English consistently and appropriately with secure control of complex grammatical structures. • High level of accuracy in spelling, including ambitious vocabulary. • Extensive and ambitious use of vocabulary.
Level 3 9–12 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and mostly accurate. • Range of punctuation is used, mostly with success. • Uses a variety of sentence forms for effect. • Mostly uses Standard English appropriately with mostly controlled grammatical structures. • Generally accurate spelling, including complex and irregular words. • Increasingly sophisticated use of vocabulary.
Level 2 5–8 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and sometimes accurate. • Some control of a range of punctuation. • Attempts a variety of sentence forms. • Some use of Standard English with some control of agreement. • Some accurate spelling of more complex words. • Varied use of vocabulary.
Level 1 1–4 marks	• Occasional use of sentence demarcation. • Some evidence of conscious punctuation. • Simple range of sentence forms. • Occasional use of Standard English with limited control of agreement. • Accurate basic spelling. • Simple use of vocabulary.
Level 0 No marks	Students' spelling, punctuation etc is sufficiently poor to prevent understanding or meaning.

0 5 'Holidays don't need to be faraway and expensive. They just need to give people a break from everyday life and the chance to relax.'

Write an article for a magazine in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation and
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

AO5 Content and Organisation
Communicate clearly, effectively and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences.
Organise information and ideas, using structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion of texts.

Level		**Skills descriptors**
Level 4 19–24 marks **Compelling, convincing communication**	Upper Level 4 22–24 marks	**Content** • Communication is convincing and compelling. • Tone, style and register are assuredly matched to purpose and audience. • Extensive and ambitious vocabulary with sustained crafting of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Varied and inventive use of structural features. • Writing is compelling, incorporating a range of convincing and complex ideas. • Fluently linked paragraphs with seamlessly integrated discourse markers.
	Lower Level 4 19–21 marks	**Content** • Communication is convincing. • Tone, style and register are convincingly matched to purpose and audience. • Extensive vocabulary with conscious crafting of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Varied and effective structural features. • Writing is highly engaging with a range of developed complex ideas. • Consistently coherent use of paragraphs with integrated discourse markers.
Level 3 13–18 marks **Consistent, clear communication**	Upper Level 3 16–18 marks	**Content** • Communication is consistently clear. • Tone, style and register are consistently matched to purpose and audience. • Increasingly sophisticated vocabulary and phrasing, chosen for effect with a range of successful linguistic devices. **Organisation**

		• Effective use of structural features. • Writing is engaging, using a range of clear, connected ideas. • Coherent paragraphs with integrated discourse markers.
	Lower Level 3 13–15 marks	**Content** • Communication is generally clear. • Tone, style and register are generally matched to purpose and audience. • Vocabulary clearly chosen for effect and appropriate use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Usually effective use of structural features. • Writing is engaging, with a range of connected ideas. • Usually coherent paragraphs with range of discourse markers.
Level 2 7–12 marks **Some successful communication**	Upper Level 2 10–12 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some sustained success. • Some sustained attempt to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Conscious use of vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Some use of structural features. • Increasing variety of linked and relevant ideas. • Some use of paragraphs and some use of discourse markers.
	Lower Level 2 7–9 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some success. • Attempts to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Begins to vary vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Attempts to use structural features. • Some linked and relevant ideas. • Attempt to write in paragraphs with some discourse markers, not always appropriate.
Level 1 1–6 marks **Simple, limited communication**	Upper Level 1 4–6 marks	**Content** • Communicates simply. • Simple awareness of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Simple vocabulary; simple linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Evidence of simple structural features. • One or two relevant ideas, simply linked. • Random paragraph structure.

	Lower Level 1 1–3 marks	**Content** • Limited communication. • Occasional sense of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Simple vocabulary. **Organisation** • Limited or no evidence of structural features. • One or two unlinked ideas. • No paragraphs.
Level 0 No marks	Students will not have offered any meaningful writing to assess. Nothing to reward.	

AO6 Technical Accuracy Students must use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation. (This requirement must constitute 20% of the marks for each specification as a whole.)	
Level	**Skills descriptors**
Level 4 13–16 marks	• Sentence demarcation is consistently secure and consistently accurate. • Wide range of punctuation is used with a high level of accuracy. • Uses a full range of appropriate sentence forms for effect. • Uses Standard English consistently and appropriately with secure control of complex grammatical structures. • High level of accuracy in spelling, including ambitious vocabulary. • Extensive and ambitious use of vocabulary.
Level 3 9–12 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and mostly accurate. • Range of punctuation is used, mostly with success. • Uses a variety of sentence forms for effect. • Mostly uses Standard English appropriately with mostly controlled grammatical structures. • Generally accurate spelling, including complex and irregular words. • Increasingly sophisticated use of vocabulary.
Level 2 5–8 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and sometimes accurate. • Some control of a range of punctuation. • Attempts a variety of sentence forms. • Some use of Standard English with some control of agreement. • Some accurate spelling of more complex words. • Varied use of vocabulary.
Level 1 1–4 marks	• Occasional use of sentence demarcation. • Some evidence of conscious punctuation. • Simple range of sentence forms. • Occasional use of Standard English with limited control of agreement. • Accurate basic spelling. • Simple use of vocabulary.
Level 0 No marks	Students' spelling, punctuation etc is sufficiently poor to prevent understanding or meaning.

0 5 ‘Scientists say that teenagers are not like adults: they learn and socialise differently and need sleep at different times. Education needs a radical re-think to meet the needs of students.’

Write a letter to the Minister for Education explaining your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

AO5 Content and Organisation
Communicate clearly, effectively and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences.
Organise information and ideas, using structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion of texts.

Level		Skills descriptors
Level 4 19–24 marks **Compelling, Convincing Communication**	Upper Level 4 22–24 marks	**Content** • Communication is convincing and compelling • Tone, style and register are assuredly matched to purpose and audience • Extensive and ambitious vocabulary with sustained crafting of linguistic devices **Organisation** • Varied and inventive use of structural features • Writing is compelling, incorporating a range of convincing and complex ideas • Fluently linked paragraphs with seamlessly integrated discourse markers
	Lower Level 4 19–21 marks	**Content** • Communication is convincing • Tone, style and register are convincingly matched to purpose and audience • Extensive vocabulary with conscious crafting of linguistic devices **Organisation** • Varied and effective structural features • Writing is highly engaging with a range of developed complex ideas • Consistently coherent use of paragraphs with integrated discourse markers

Level 3 13–18 marks **Consistent, Clear Communication**	Upper Level 3 16–18 marks	**Content** • Communication is consistently clear • Tone, style and register are consistently matched to purpose and audience • Increasingly sophisticated vocabulary and phrasing, chosen for effect with a range of successful linguistic devices **Organisation** • Effective use of structural features • Writing is engaging, using a range of, clear connected ideas • Coherent paragraphs with integrated discourse markers
	Lower Level 3 13–15 marks	**Content** • Communication is generally clear • Tone, style and register are generally matched to purpose and audience • Vocabulary clearly chosen for effect and appropriate use of linguistic devices **Organisation** • Usually effective use of structural features • Writing is engaging, with a range of connected ideas • Usually coherent paragraphs with range of discourse markers
Level 2 7–12 marks **Some successful Communication**	Upper Level 2 10–12 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some sustained success • Some sustained attempt to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience • Conscious use of vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices **Organisation** • Some use of structural features • Increasing variety of linked and relevant ideas • Some use of paragraphs and some use of discourse markers
	Lower Level 2 7–9 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some success • Attempts to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience • Begins to vary vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices **Organisation** • Attempts to use structural features • Some linked and relevant ideas • Attempt to write in paragraphs with some discourse markers, not always appropriate

Level 1 1–6 marks **Simple, Limited Communication**	Upper Level 1 4–6 marks	**Content** • Communicates simply • Simple awareness of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience • Simple vocabulary; simple linguistic devices **Organisation** • Evidence of simple structural features • One or two relevant ideas, simply linked • Random paragraph structure
	Lower Level 1 1–3 marks	**Content** • Limited communication • Occasional sense of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience • Simple vocabulary **Organisation** • Limited or no evidence of structural features • One or two unlinked ideas • No paragraphs
Level 0 No marks	Students will not have offered any meaningful writing to assess. Nothing to reward	

AO6 Technical Accuracy Students must use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation. (This requirement must constitute 20% of the marks for each specification as a whole.)	
Level	**Skills descriptors**
Level 4 13–16 marks	• Sentence demarcation is consistently secure and consistently accurate • Wide range of punctuation is used with a high level of accuracy • Uses a full range of appropriate sentence forms for effect • Uses Standard English consistently and appropriately with secure control of complex grammatical structures • High level of accuracy in spelling, including ambitious vocabulary • Extensive and ambitious use of vocabulary
Level 3 9–12 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and mostly accurate • Range of punctuation is used, mostly with success • Uses a variety of sentence forms for effect • Mostly uses Standard English appropriately with mostly controlled grammatical structures • Generally accurate spelling, including complex and irregular words • Increasingly sophisticated use of vocabulary
Level 2 5–8 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and sometimes accurate • Some control of a range of punctuation • Attempts a variety of sentence forms • Some use of Standard English with some control of agreement • Some accurate spelling of more complex words • Varied use of vocabulary
Level 1 1–4 marks	• Occasional use of sentence demarcation • Some evidence of conscious punctuation • Simple range of sentence forms • Occasional use of Standard English with limited control of agreement • Accurate basic spelling • Simple use of vocabulary
Level 0 No marks	Students' spelling, punctuation etc. is sufficiently poor to prevent understanding or meaning.

0 5 'Cars are convenient, comfortable and save time. However, we need to use them less by making public transport such as trains, trams and buses cheaper, more reliable and easier to access.'

Write a speech to be given at a meeting of your local council in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

AO5	• Communicate clearly, effectively and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences. • Organise information and ideas, using structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion of texts.

Content and Organisation		
Level		**Skills Descriptors**
Level 4 **Compelling, convincing communication** 19–24 marks	Upper Level 4 22–24 marks	**Content** • Communication is convincing and compelling. • Tone, style and register are assuredly matched to purpose and audience. • Extensive and ambitious vocabulary with sustained crafting of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Varied and inventive use of structural features. • Writing is compelling, incorporating a range of convincing and complex ideas. • Fluently linked paragraphs with seamlessly integrated discourse markers.
	Lower Level 4 19–21 marks	**Content** • Communication is convincing. • Tone, style and register are convincingly matched to purpose and audience. • Extensive vocabulary with conscious crafting of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Varied and effective structural features. • Writing is highly engaging with a range of developed complex ideas. • Consistently coherent use of paragraphs with integrated discourse markers.

Level 3 **Consistent, clear communication** 13–18 marks	Upper Level 3 16–18 marks	**Content** • Communication is consistently clear. • Tone, style and register are consistently matched to purpose and audience. • Increasingly sophisticated vocabulary and phrasing, chosen for effect with a range of successful linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Effective use of structural features. • Writing is engaging, using a range of clear, connected ideas. • Coherent paragraphs with integrated discourse markers
	Lower Level 3 13–15 marks	**Content** • Communication is generally clear. • Tone, style and register are generally matched to purpose and audience. • Vocabulary clearly chosen for effect and appropriate use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Usually effective use of structural features. • Writing is engaging, with a range of connected ideas. • Usually coherent paragraphs with range of discourse markers.
Level 2 **Some successful communication** 7–12 marks	Upper Level 2 10–12 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some sustained success. • Some sustained attempt to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Conscious use of vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Some use of structural features. • Increasing variety of linked and relevant ideas. • Some use of paragraphs and some use of discourse markers.
	Lower Level 2 7–9 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some success. • Attempts to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Begins to vary vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices.
		Organisation • Attempts to use structural features. • Some linked and relevant ideas. • Attempt to write in paragraphs with some discourse markers, not always appropriate.

<table>
<tr><td rowspan="2">Level 1
Simple, limited communication

1–6 marks</td><td>Upper Level 1
4–6 marks</td><td>Content
• Communicates simply.
• Simple awareness of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience.
• Simple vocabulary; simple linguistic devices.

Organisation
• Evidence of simple structural features.
• One or two relevant ideas, simply linked.
• Random paragraph structure.</td></tr>
<tr><td>Lower Level 1
1–3 marks</td><td>Content
• Limited communication.
• Occasional sense of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience.
• Simple vocabulary.

Organisation
• Limited or no evidence of structural features.
• One or two unlinked ideas.
• No paragraphs.</td></tr>
<tr><td>Level 0
No marks</td><td colspan="2">Students will not have offered any meaningful writing to assess.
Nothing to reward.</td></tr>
</table>

AO6	Students must use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation. (This requirement must constitute 20% of the marks for each specification as a whole.)
Technical Accuracy	
Level	**Skills Descriptors**
Level 4 13–16 marks	• Sentence demarcation is consistently secure and consistently accurate. • Wide range of punctuation is used with a high level of accuracy. • Uses a full range of appropriate sentence forms for effect. • Uses Standard English consistently and appropriately with secure control of complex grammatical structures. • High level of accuracy in spelling, including ambitious vocabulary. • Extensive and ambitious use of vocabulary.
Level 3 9–12 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and mostly accurate. • Range of punctuation is used, mostly with success. • Uses a variety of sentence forms for effect. • Mostly uses Standard English appropriately with mostly controlled grammatical structures. • Generally accurate spelling, including complex and irregular words. • Increasingly sophisticated use of vocabulary.
Level 2 5–8 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and sometimes accurate. • Some control of a range of punctuation. • Attempts a variety of sentence forms. • Some use of Standard English with some control of agreement. • Some accurate spelling of more complex words. • Varied use of vocabulary.
Level 1 1–4 marks	• Occasional use of sentence demarcation. • Some evidence of conscious punctuation. • Simple range of sentence forms. • Occasional use of Standard English with limited control of agreement. • Accurate basic spelling. • Simple use of vocabulary.
Level 0 No marks	Students' spelling, punctuation etc is sufficiently poor to prevent understanding or meaning.

0 5 'Choosing a future career should be based on helping others and making a positive contribution to society, not achieving status or making lots of money.'

Write an article for your school or college magazine in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

AO5	• Communicate clearly, effectively and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences. • Organise information and ideas, using structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion of texts.

Content and Organisation

Level		**Skills Descriptors**
Level 4 **Compelling, convincing communication** 19–24 marks	Upper Level 4 22–24 marks	**Content** • Communication is convincing and compelling. • Tone, style and register are assuredly matched to purpose and audience. • Extensive and ambitious vocabulary with sustained crafting of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Varied and inventive use of structural features. • Writing is compelling, incorporating a range of convincing and complex ideas. • Fluently linked paragraphs with seamlessly integrated discourse markers.
	Lower Level 4 19–21 marks	**Content** • Communication is convincing. • Tone, style and register are convincingly matched to purpose and audience. • Extensive vocabulary with conscious crafting of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Varied and effective structural features. • Writing is highly engaging with a range of developed complex ideas. • Consistently coherent use of paragraphs with integrated discourse markers.

Level 3 **Consistent, clear communication** 13–18 marks	Upper Level 3 16–18 marks	**Content** • Communication is consistently clear. • Tone, style and register are consistently matched to purpose and audience. • Increasingly sophisticated vocabulary and phrasing, chosen for effect with a range of successful linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Effective use of structural features. • Writing is engaging, using a range of clear, connected ideas. • Coherent paragraphs with integrated discourse markers.
	Lower Level 3 13–15 marks	**Content** • Communication is generally clear. • Tone, style and register are generally matched to purpose and audience. • Vocabulary clearly chosen for effect and appropriate use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Usually effective use of structural features. • Writing is engaging, with a range of connected ideas. • Usually coherent paragraphs with range of discourse markers.

Level 2 **Some successful communication** 7–12 marks	Upper Level 2 10–12 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some sustained success. • Some sustained attempt to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Conscious use of vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Some use of structural features. • Increasing variety of linked and relevant ideas. • Some use of paragraphs and some use of discourse markers.
	Lower Level 2 7–9 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some success. • Attempts to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Begins to vary vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Attempts to use structural features. • Some linked and relevant ideas. • Attempt to write in paragraphs with some discourse markers, not always appropriate.
Level 1 **Simple, limited communication** 1–6 marks	Upper Level 1 4–6 marks	**Content** • Communicates simply. • Simple awareness of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Simple vocabulary; simple linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Evidence of simple structural features. • One or two relevant ideas, simply linked. • Random paragraph structure.
	Lower Level 1 1–3 marks	**Content** • Limited communication. • Occasional sense of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Simple vocabulary. **Organisation** • Limited or no evidence of structural features. • One or two unlinked ideas. • No paragraphs.
Level 0 No marks	Students will not have offered any meaningful writing to assess. Nothing to reward.	

AO6	Students must use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation. (This requirement must constitute 20% of the marks for each specification as a whole.)
Technical Accuracy	
Level	**Skills Descriptors**
Level 4 13–16 marks	• Sentence demarcation is consistently secure and consistently accurate. • Wide range of punctuation is used with a high level of accuracy. • Uses a full range of appropriate sentence forms for effect. • Uses Standard English consistently and appropriately with secure control of complex grammatical structures. • High level of accuracy in spelling, including ambitious vocabulary. • Extensive and ambitious use of vocabulary.
Level 3 9–12 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and mostly accurate. • Range of punctuation is used, mostly with success. • Uses a variety of sentence forms for effect. • Mostly uses Standard English appropriately with mostly controlled grammatical structures. • Generally accurate spelling, including complex and irregular words. • Increasingly sophisticated use of vocabulary.
Level 2 5–8 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and sometimes accurate. • Some control of a range of punctuation. • Attempts a variety of sentence forms. • Some use of Standard English with some control of agreement. • Some accurate spelling of more complex words. • Varied use of vocabulary.
Level 1 1–4 marks	• Occasional use of sentence demarcation. • Some evidence of conscious punctuation. • Simple range of sentence forms. • Occasional use of Standard English with limited control of agreement. • Accurate basic spelling. • Simple use of vocabulary.
Level 0 No marks	Students' spelling, punctuation etc is sufficiently poor to prevent understanding or meaning.

0 5 'The past is irrelevant to our generation and learning about it is a waste of time and effort. The future is in innovation, so that's where all our efforts should be directed.'

Write an article for your school or college website in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

AO5	• Communicate clearly, effectively and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences. • Organise information and ideas, using structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion of texts.

Content and Organisation

Level		**Skills Descriptors**
Level 4 **Compelling, convincing communication** 19–24 marks	Upper Level 4 22–24 marks	**Content** • Communication is convincing and compelling. • Tone, style and register are assuredly matched to purpose and audience. • Extensive and ambitious vocabulary with sustained crafting of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Varied and inventive use of structural features. • Writing is compelling, incorporating a range of convincing and complex ideas. • Fluently linked paragraphs with seamlessly integrated discourse markers.
	Lower Level 4 19–21 marks	**Content** • Communication is convincing. • Tone, style and register are convincingly matched to purpose and audience. • Extensive vocabulary with conscious crafting of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Varied and effective structural features. • Writing is highly engaging with a range of developed complex ideas. • Consistently coherent use of paragraphs with integrated discourse markers.

Level 3 **Consistent, clear communication** 13–18 marks	Upper Level 3 16–18 marks	**Content** • Communication is consistently clear. • Tone, style and register are consistently matched to purpose and audience. • Increasingly sophisticated vocabulary and phrasing, chosen for effect with a range of successful linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Effective use of structural features. • Writing is engaging, using a range of clear, connected ideas. • Coherent paragraphs with integrated discourse markers.
	Lower Level 3 13–15 marks	**Content** • Communication is generally clear. • Tone, style and register are generally matched to purpose and audience. • Vocabulary clearly chosen for effect and appropriate use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Usually effective use of structural features. • Writing is engaging, with a range of connected ideas. • Usually coherent paragraphs with range of discourse markers.

Level 2 **Some successful communication** 7–12 marks	Upper Level 2 10–12 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some sustained success. • Some sustained attempt to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Conscious use of vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Some use of structural features. • Increasing variety of linked and relevant ideas. • Some use of paragraphs and some use of discourse markers.
	Lower Level 2 7–9 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some success. • Attempts to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Begins to vary vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Attempts to use structural features. • Some linked and relevant ideas. • Attempt to write in paragraphs with some discourse markers, not always appropriate.
Level 1 **Simple, limited communication** 1–6 marks	Upper Level 1 4–6 marks	**Content** • Communicates simply. • Simple awareness of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Simple vocabulary; simple linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Evidence of simple structural features. • One or two relevant ideas, simply linked. • Random paragraph structure.
	Lower Level 1 1–3 marks	**Content** • Limited communication. • Occasional sense of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Simple vocabulary. **Organisation** • Limited or no evidence of structural features. • One or two unlinked ideas. • No paragraphs.
Level 0 No marks	Students will not have offered any meaningful writing to assess. Nothing to reward.	

AO6	Students must use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation. (This requirement must constitute 20% of the marks for each specification as a whole.)
Technical Accuracy	
Level	**Skills Descriptors**
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Level 3 9–12 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and mostly accurate. • Range of punctuation is used, mostly with success. • Uses a variety of sentence forms for effect. • Mostly uses Standard English appropriately with mostly controlled grammatical structures. • Generally accurate spelling, including complex and irregular words. • Increasingly sophisticated use of vocabulary.
Level 2 5–8 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and sometimes accurate. • Some control of a range of punctuation. • Attempts a variety of sentence forms. • Some use of Standard English with some control of agreement. • Some accurate spelling of more complex words. • Varied use of vocabulary.
Level 1 1–4 marks	• Occasional use of sentence demarcation. • Some evidence of conscious punctuation. • Simple range of sentence forms. • Occasional use of Standard English with limited control of agreement. • Accurate basic spelling. • Simple use of vocabulary.
Level 0 No marks	Students' spelling, punctuation etc is sufficiently poor to prevent understanding or meaning.

0 5 'Being in touch with plants, animals and birds is good for our health and wellbeing. Schools and colleges should provide outdoor spaces where students and staff can connect with the natural world.'

Write an article for your school or college website in which you argue your point of view on this statement.

(24 marks for content and organisation
16 marks for technical accuracy)
[40 marks]

AO5	• Communicate clearly, effectively and imaginatively, selecting and adapting tone, style and register for different forms, purposes and audiences. • Organise information and ideas, using structural and grammatical features to support coherence and cohesion of texts.

Content and Organisation		
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Level 3 **Consistent, clear communication** 13–18 marks	Upper Level 3 16–18 marks	**Content** • Communication is consistently clear. • Tone, style and register are consistently matched to purpose and audience. • Increasingly sophisticated vocabulary and phrasing, chosen for effect with a range of successful linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Effective use of structural features. • Writing is engaging, using a range of clear, connected ideas. • Coherent paragraphs with integrated discourse markers.
	Lower Level 3 13–15 marks	**Content** • Communication is generally clear. • Tone, style and register are generally matched to purpose and audience. • Vocabulary clearly chosen for effect and appropriate use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Usually effective use of structural features. • Writing is engaging, with clear, connected ideas. • Usually coherent paragraphs with range of discourse markers.

Level 2 **Some successful communication** 7–12 marks	Upper Level 2 10–12 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some sustained success. • Some sustained attempt to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Conscious use of vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Some use of structural features. • Increasing variety of linked and relevant ideas. • Some use of paragraphs and some use of discourse markers.
	Lower Level 2 7–9 marks	**Content** • Communicates with some success. • Attempts to match tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Begins to vary vocabulary with some use of linguistic devices.

		Organisation • Attempts to use structural features. • Some linked and relevant ideas. • Attempt to write in paragraphs with some discourse markers, not always appropriate.
Level 1 **Simple, limited communication** 1–6 marks	Upper Level 1 4–6 marks	**Content** • Communicates simply. • Simple awareness of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Simple vocabulary; simple linguistic devices. **Organisation** • Evidence of simple structural features. • One or two relevant ideas, simply linked. • Random paragraph structure.
	Lower Level 1 1–3 marks	**Content** • Limited communication. • Occasional sense of matching tone, style and register to purpose and audience. • Simple vocabulary. **Organisation** • Limited or no evidence of structural features. • One or two unlinked ideas. • No paragraphs.
Level 0 No marks	Students will not have offered any meaningful writing to assess. Nothing to reward.	

AO6	Students must use a range of vocabulary and sentence structures for clarity, purpose and effect, with accurate spelling and punctuation. (This requirement must constitute 20% of the marks for each specification as a whole.)

Technical Accuracy	
Level	**Skills Descriptors**
Level 4 13–16 marks	• Sentence demarcation is consistently secure and consistently accurate. • Wide range of punctuation is used with a high level of accuracy. • Uses a full range of appropriate sentence forms for effect. • Uses Standard English consistently and appropriately with secure control of complex grammatical structures. • High level of accuracy in spelling, including ambitious vocabulary. • Extensive and ambitious use of vocabulary.
Level 3 9–12 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and mostly accurate. • Range of punctuation is used, mostly with success. • Uses a variety of sentence forms for effect. • Mostly uses Standard English appropriately with mostly controlled grammatical structures. • Generally accurate spelling, including complex and irregular words. • Increasingly sophisticated use of vocabulary.
Level 2 5–8 marks	• Sentence demarcation is mostly secure and sometimes accurate. • Some control of a range of punctuation. • Attempts a variety of sentence forms. • Some use of Standard English with some control of agreement. • Some accurate spelling of more complex words. • Varied use of vocabulary.
Level 1 1–4 marks	• Occasional use of sentence demarcation. • Some evidence of conscious punctuation. • Simple range of sentence forms. • Occasional use of Standard English with limited control of agreement. • Accurate basic spelling. • Simple use of vocabulary.
Level 0 No marks	Students' spelling, punctuation etc is sufficiently poor to prevent understanding or meaning.