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Advanced PAPER 2: Varieties in			

Instructions

- Use **black** ink or ball-point pen.
- **Fill in the boxes** at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer one question in Section A on your chosen theme and one question in Section B on your chosen texts. You must choose the same theme in both sections.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
 - there may be more space than you need.
- In your answers to Section B, you must **not** use texts that you have studied for coursework.

Information

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

Advice

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

Turn over ▶



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SECTION A: Unseen Prose Non-fiction Texts

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

EITHER

Theme: Society and the Individual

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

1 Critically evaluate how Nicky Bandini announces her new name to her readers.

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

(Total for Question 1 = 20 marks)

OR

Theme: Love and Loss

Read Text B on pages 6–7 of the source booklet.

2 Critically evaluate how Nora McInerny introduces her lessons on how to survive loss.

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

(Total for Question 2 = 20 marks)

OR

Theme: Encounters

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

3 Critically evaluate how Kim McLarin presents the lasting significance of the writing of Toni Morrison, whose work she first encountered in her teenage years.

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

(Total for Question 3 = 20 marks)

OR

Theme: Crossing Boundaries

Read Text D on pages 10–11 of the source booklet.

4 Critically evaluate how this extract from 'Going to Britain?' attempts to be helpful for immigrants from the Caribbean.

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

(Total for Question 4 = 20 marks)



nosen question number:	Question 1	×	Question 2	
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SECTION B: Prose Fiction and other Genres

Answer ONE question on your chosen theme.

Theme: Society and the Individual

Answer this question with reference to the TWO texts that you have studied from the list below. Begin your answer on page 14.

Anchor texts

The Great Gatsby, F Scott Fitzgerald Great Expectations, Charles Dickens

Other texts

The Bone People, Keri Hulme
Othello, William Shakespeare
A Raisin in the Sun, Lorraine Hansberry
The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale, Geoffrey Chaucer
The Whitsun Weddings, Philip Larkin

5 Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your two studied texts to present the journeys (literal and/or metaphorical) taken by individuals.

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

(Total for Question 5 = 30 marks)



Theme: Love and Loss

Answer this question with reference to the TWO texts that you have studied from the list below. Begin your answer on page 14.

Anchor texts

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

Other texts

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

6 Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your two studied texts to present relationships between people whose outlook on life is either very different, or remarkably similar.

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

(Total for Question 6 = 30 marks)



Theme: Encounters

Answer this question with reference to the TWO texts that you have studied from the list below. Begin your answer on page 14.

Anchor texts

A Room with a View, E M Forster Wuthering Heights, Emily Brontë

Other texts

The Bloody Chamber, Angela Carter
Hamlet, William Shakespeare
Rock 'N' Roll, Tom Stoppard
The Waste Land and Other Poems, T S Eliot
The New Penguin Book of Romantic Poetry, editor J Wordsworth

7 Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your two studied texts to present encounters with people or phenomena that are either very familiar, or entirely strange.

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

(Total for Question 7 = 30 marks)



Theme: Crossing Boundaries

Answer this question with reference to the TWO texts that you have studied from the list below. Begin your answer on page 14.

Anchor texts

Wide Sargasso Sea, Jean Rhys Dracula, Bram Stoker

Other texts

The Lowland, Jhumpa Lahiri
Twelfth Night, William Shakespeare
Oleanna, David Mamet
Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and Other Poems, Christina Rossetti
North, Seamus Heaney

8 Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your two studied texts to show how the crossing of a boundary can have a profound effect on relationships.

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

(Total for Question 8 = 30 marks)



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Text 2:				







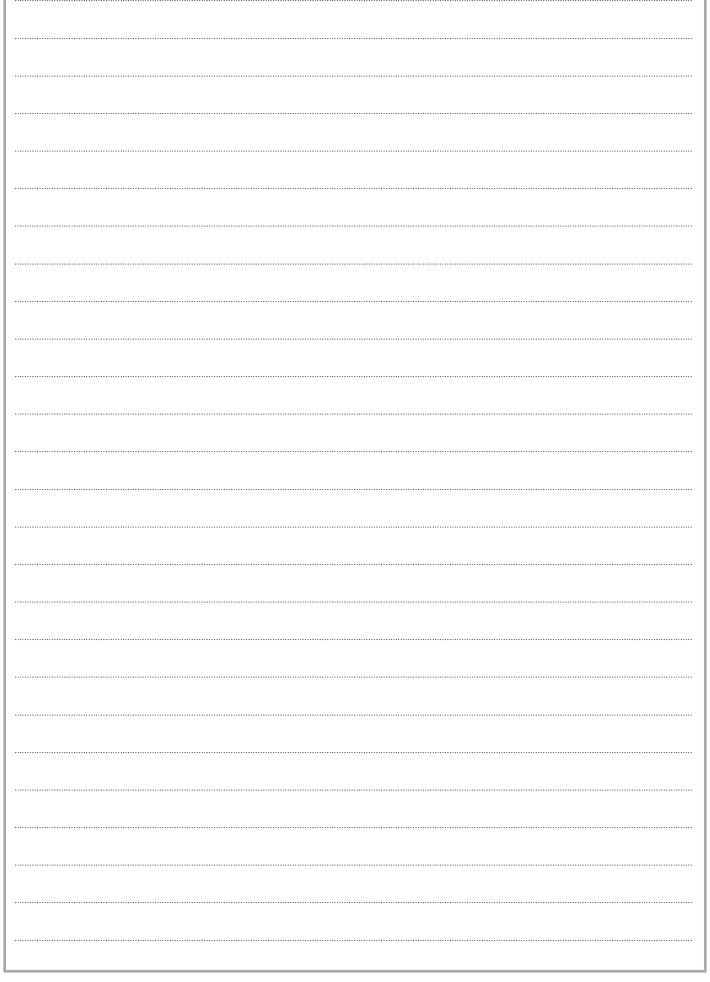


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TOTAL FOR SECTION $B = 30 MARKS$



TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS

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Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Time 2 hours 30 minutes

Paper reference

9EL0/02

English Language and Literature

Advanced

PAPER 2: Varieties in Language and Literature

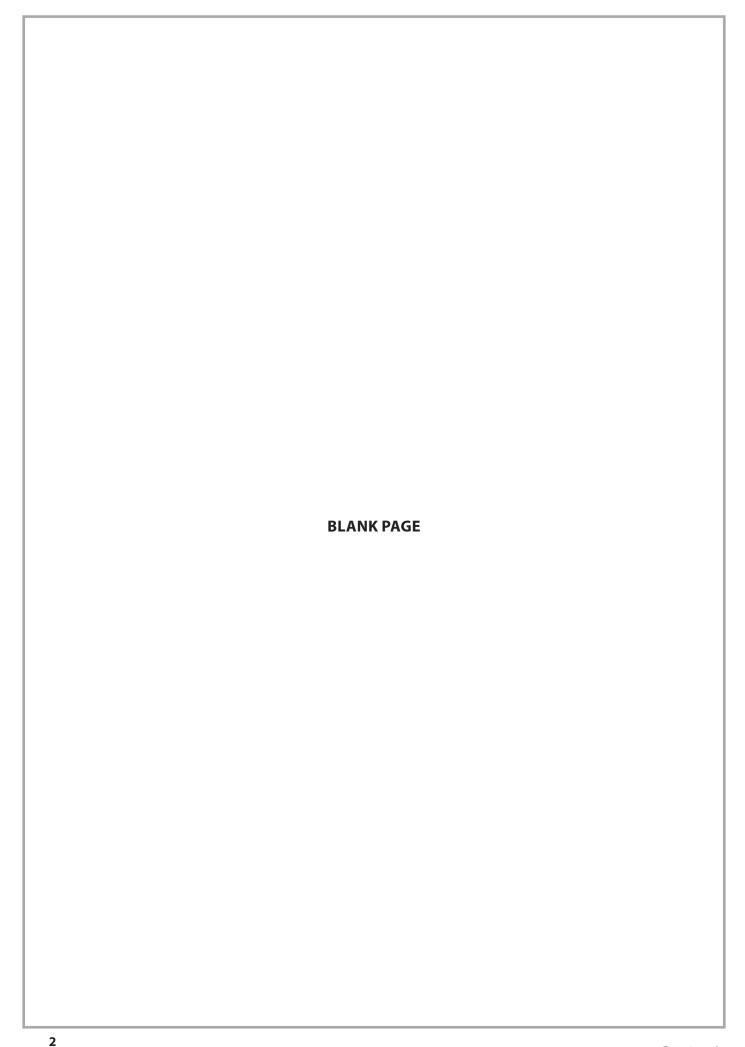
Source Booklet

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SECTION A: Unseen Prose Non-fiction Texts

Society and the Individual

Text A

In this article for The Guardian, Nicky Bandini, the writer and presenter of its Football Weekly podcast, announces her change of name.

I'm Nicky Bandini – and I'm still a Sports Writer

I have always loved to write. When I was little, I remember thinking that English exams were a treat: an opportunity to sit down and play with words, to tip my imagination on to paper.

As an adult, I have had the privilege to write for some of the biggest media outlets in the world, starting with this one. I was 23 years old and fresh from a 20-week journalism course when the Guardian's online sports desk took a chance on me in 2006. I like to tell myself they never regretted it.

Anyone who has written for a living, though, knows that some days the words come easier than others. Finding the right ones for this piece has felt like hunting for moths in thick fog. So I shall fall back, three paragraphs too late, on the advice tutors gave me on that journalism course. When in doubt, begin with the version of the story you would tell a friend if you ran to meet them at the top of a hill and only had one breath.

I am transgender.

I know that sentence will come as a shock to many people. Even after struggling with gender dysphoria – a sense of discomfort with and dissociation from the body that life dealt me and the expectations that go with it – for almost my whole life, it took me the best part of three-and-a-half decades to be able to say it out loud.

There it is, though, in black and white. I have written my last article under the name Paolo Bandini. From now on, it will be Nicky.

I came out to the most important people in my life three years ago, not with any declaration of intent but with buckets of tears and a panic attack. A part of me hoped that talking about dysphoria might finally chase it away. Another part expected the world to stop.

But the world did not stop, not even on the many days when I wished it would. Nor did my dysphoria. The choice felt stark – give up on life or find a new way forward. Eventually, I chose the second path, moving to a new city where I had space to start over. I experimented with the ways I present myself and spoke to psychiatrists. It took a million tiny baby steps to start to get comfortable with myself.

Coming out at work, though, has required something more like a leap of faith. Sports journalism is not always a welcoming place for people who are not straight men. Nor, indeed, are the sports with the greatest audiences and corresponding media attention.

As listeners to the Football Weekly podcast already know, I'm a laugher not a fighter. I would much prefer not to be writing this and to exist in a world where my transition did not require any comment. But since we do not yet live in that world, here I am. All I ask is for respect and kindness – for me and for transgender people in general – at a time when those commodities seem to be in ever-shorter supply.

If you are reading this as someone fond of my work, then please rest assured that in most ways I remain the same person as before. Being trans has no impact on my capacity to analyse a football match, nor my commitment to the work that I do.

One way or another, I will be writing and talking on other forms of media. After all, if there was one thing better than English exams as a kid, it was making "radio shows" on my friend's fancy tape deck, which could record voice clips as well as copying songs on to a blank cassette.

Times have changed, technology has changed and I have changed. But storytelling remains my great passion. I look forward to continuing to share them with you as Nicky.

Glossary

Transgender – Transgender people have a gender identity that differs from their sex assigned at birth

Love and Loss

Text B

This passage is extracted from the opening chapter of American writer Nora McInerny's book, The Hot Young Widows Club: Lessons on Survival from the Front Lines of Grief (2019).

What this book is not:

- A collection of bummer stories.
- A definitive guide to sadness.
- A competition between you and me and everyone else to see who has the Saddest, Worst, Most Tragic Story of All Time.

That last one is important.

If we all took our personal tragedies and lined them up for comparison, we would find that someone always has it worse, and someone always has it better than us. We'd quickly find ourselves ranking our losses against one another, deciding who deserves more sympathy, more compassion. I've heard a million times that comparison is the thief of joy. But it's the thief of grief, too. And of empathy. Comparison is a dirty scoundrel who will snatch anything you leave hanging out of your pocket, so protect yourself with one of those little travel wallets that tucks up under your shirt and requires you to partially disrobe in order to pay for your lunch. OR, we can all just agree to suspend our reflex to compare, at least for the coming pages. Deal? Deal.

In my regular life, I host a podcast where I talk about people's hardest life experiences. I've spoken with rape survivors, people dying of cancer, people who have lost their hands and feet, people whose entire families have died. And I've gotten thousands of emails from people who have survived or are currently *trying* to survive the death of their children, the trauma of abuse, or the loneliness and heartbreak of infertility.

When people reach out to me to share their stories, they often say, "Now, this doesn't compare to ..." As a pre-emptive strike against my judgment, or the judgment of others, they take the biggest thing that has happened in their life and shrink its significance.

Why?

What does the size of someone else's loss have to do with the size of my own? What is this macabre contest, and who could possibly win?

At thirty-one, I was a widowed mother of one. I'd just lost a parent (RIP, Dad), a husband (RIP, Aaron), and a pregnancy (RIP, Baby Deuce).

As many internet commenters have reminded me, there is nothing special about what happened to me, or what happened to Aaron. They are right, because people die all day, every day. And they are wrong, because it is all very special. Because it is ours, and it happened just to us.

I am the only woman who lost Aaron as a husband (I hope). And you are the only person who went through exactly what you went through, exactly how you went through it.

I will confess right now that I do not love when people compare them losing their pet bird to me losing my husband, but then . . . I've never lost a bird.

There is no conversion chart that would help us quantify and weigh these losses, no yardstick we can use to measure them against one another. It's tempting, isn't it? To hold our losses up to the light like some kind of jeweller would, looking at all the things that make them so very unique? I knew for a fact that when Aaron died I didn't need anybody to help me through it. I scoffed at grief support groups. This book is a club of its own. Not just for those who have survived the death of a spouse, but for anyone who has loved someone who died, or who has loved someone who loved someone who died. It's for anyone who currently loves someone who will die, or who knows a person who loves someone who will die. For those whose grief is a hot fire burning through their lives, and those whose grief is a pile of ashes, embers glowing calmly. Read it all. Because you'll need it all.

Encounters

Text C

This passage is an edited extract from a letter of tribute to Toni Morrison. It was published in the online magazine American Prospect following the announcement of Morrison's death in August 2019.

Letter to Toni Morrison

Writer Kim McLarin celebrates the life and meaning of the acclaimed novelist.

Dear Ms. Morrison,

It's so strange. I never cry for famous people. When Whitney went, when Michael died, I shook my head and said a prayer and then continued. When Prince died I stopped a little longer; that one really hurt my heart. But still I did not cry. These were great and complicated artists, gone before their times and for the sake of their families, and for the world, I felt the loss but not for me, not really. For one thing—and I see this only now, with your passing—as much as I loved them, they were musicians, not writers. This made them a kind of distant cousin, one who lived, say, in Montreal and therefore never made the cookout. I knew their names, knew our connection, knew we were related, but really they were strangers. They didn't know me. I didn't know them.

For you I sobbed all morning. Or, let's be honest, because you, like any great writer, were relentlessly honest: I sobbed all morning but not for you. The woman born Chloe Wofford in Lorain, Ohio, was 88 years upon this planet: a good and seasoned age. The passing was peaceful, according to your family. It came only after a life so well lived, it tilted the Earth on its axis: the Nobel Prize, the Pulitzer Prize, the Medal of Freedom, a body of work which did not so much expand the canon as explode it.

No such death can be truly shocking and yet shocked I truly was. We truly were: my phone rang all morning and would not stop. The word went out in Black America, and especially Black female America, and especially that part of Black female America that loves writing, loves stories, knows the fearsome and necessary power of the written word: Toni Morrison has left us. Toni Morrison has left us at this terrible and frightening moment. Who will help us now?

To steal your words from the stirring eulogy you wrote for my other hero, James Baldwin: about you there is too much to know and too much to feel. Your life defies summation; to do you justice is impossible. Forgive me if I take the easy way out and instead focus on my oversized sorrow at your going. It's so strange.

Perhaps it is, simply, that your importance to me lay not only in your work but also in your being: your very way of being in the world. As a friend said that evening, as we gathered to toast your memory: "She was fully and completely herself, always."

How radical that was. Many of us have never been so. Some few of us have gotten there, but only after you showed the way home.

A confession: I came late to your work, after much damage had already been rendered. This made reading you like trying to learn a new language after 50: It's possible but man, is it challenging. I was 18 or 19, in college or on the way, and, after three years at one of the nation's premier boarding schools, so deeply immersed in whiteness that despite my best efforts I couldn't see my way out. To my memory, I had encountered not a single Black author in my high school classrooms, let alone a Black female one. (Nor would I do so at Duke, despite being an English major. To my memory. I may be wrong, which itself would be telling. But that's for another time.)

I had no framework for *The Bluest Eye* when I stumbled across it on my sister's bookshelf.

Glossary

Whitney / Michael – Whitney Houston and Michael Jackson who, like Prince, were Black pop singers who died relatively young

cookout – a long-standing tradition in the African-American community in which food is cooked and served outdoors

canon – a body of literary works widely considered to be great

Duke – a prestigious university in the United States

The Bluest Eye – a novel by Toni Morrison about a young Black girl who dreams of having blue eyes

Crossing Boundaries

Text D

This passage is extracted from a pamphlet titled 'Going to Britain?', published by the BBC Caribbean Service in 1959, when migration to Britain from the Caribbean peaked. Originally a series of radio broadcasts, it was primarily written by West Indians who were already living in London, offering advice on travelling to the UK, and settling into English society. The passage below is from a section of the pamphlet headed 'Parties and Dancing'.

I SUPPOSE a lot of you know the joke about a ballroom called Saltfish Hall in the West Indies, where there was supposed to be a bucket of water near the doorway, and when you wanted to go in and dance you just 'washed your foot and jump in'.

Keeping out of Trouble

Well, joking aside, while the dance-halls in England are the places to have fun and enjoy yourself, at the same time they are the places you will most likely get into trouble if you don't behave properly.

You know how, in the West Indies, you go to a dance and you just look around and pick up a partner with a quick 'May I?' or 'Let's-have-this-one' and start jiving or jumping. Over here there is nothing like that at all. Usually, if a girl goes to a dance with a boy she will dance with him alone all night long, unless they meet friends. A wise man will take a partner along, he won't just go and hope he'll meet somebody there.

If you ever go alone, and have to stand up like a 'moke' leaning against the wall while others dance, don't blame the girls if they don't want to dance with you. Firstly, they may be just exercising the right of any human being to choose whom they should dance with. Secondly, they may have a boy-friend around who is jealous. Whatever reasons they give you for declining a set, don't start to carry a chip on your shoulder. The easiest thing for a West Indian is to feel that he is being discriminated against, but if you look about you, you will find that whatever rules and regulations there are, also hold good for every person, regardless of their race. Ask for a set in a decent, gentlemanly way, and if she says 'no', just thank her and move away.

If there is a rule which says no jiving, don't start to make any fancy West Indian steps. You may feel you are quite hep, but it will be in bad taste. Furthermore, if you break any rules or misbehave in any way they may put you out, as they would anybody who does not conduct himself properly.

The best way to enjoy yourself is to go with friends, or at least take a dancing partner along.

West Indian Parties

If you want to have a little 'breakaway', there are sometimes dances organized by West Indians and here you can let yourself go as much as you like.

If you are ever giving a party in your own room, try and make as little noise as possible because of the other tenants in the house. Start early and finish early, so that your guests can catch the last bus or train to go home. Usually, parties and dances end around eleven o'clock at night.

Inform your landlord, so that he can let the other tenants know. If you know the people
in the room below you, it would be diplomatic to give them an invitation. Even if they don't come, later they will be more understanding with the music and singing. Warn your
merry guests not to stamp up or down the stairs if they are going to use the toilet.
Glossary
moke – a derogatory term

