

Appendix 4: Non-examination Assessment Authentication Sheet

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 Advanced GCE in English Language and Literature 9EL0/03		
Have you received advice on the assignment from the Assignment Advisory Service?		<input checked="" type="radio"/> Y <input type="radio"/> N
Centre name: [REDACTED]		Centre number: [REDACTED]
Candidate name: [REDACTED]		Candidate number: [REDACTED]
Assignment	Marks awarded	Comments
Please list stimulus texts used	[REDACTED]	
Fiction writing Title: <i>Raphio</i>	16 /18	OPENING CHAPTER
Creative non-fiction writing Title: <i>Student or summer</i>	16 /18	ARTICLE
Commentary	22 /24	
TOTAL	54 /60	

Teacher declaration

I declare that the work submitted for assessment has been carried out without assistance other than that which is acceptable according to the rules of the specification. I can confirm that the same texts have not been studied for both non-examination assessment and examination.

Assessor name:	[REDACTED]
Assessor signed:	Date: 18/4/22

Candidate declaration

I certify that the work submitted for this assessment is my own. I have clearly referenced any sources used in the work. I understand that to meet the requirements of the qualification, I must not use texts which I have studied for non-examination assessment in my answers to examination questions.

Candidate signed:	[REDACTED]	Date:	30-3-23
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Additional candidate declaration

By signing this additional declaration you agree to your work being used to support Professional Development, Online Support and Training of both Centre-Assessors and Pearson Moderators. If you have any concerns regarding this please email: ePortfolio@edexcel.com

Candidate signed:	[REDACTED]	Date:	30-3-23
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Texts coverage check

You are reminded that the text choices for the non-examination assessment must be different to the texts studied in Components 1 and 2.

Please tick all texts that have been studied in the other components.

Component 1	Drama Texts			
	<i>All My Sons</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Elmina's Kitchen</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<i>A Streetcar Named Desire</i>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>The History Boys</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<i>Equus</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Translations</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<i>Top Girls</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>		

Component 2	Prose Fiction and other Genres – Remember to tick TWO per selected theme			
	Society and the Individual			
	<i>The Great Gatsby</i>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<i>Great Expectations</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<i>The Bone People</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Othello</i>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
	<i>A Raisin in the Sun</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<i>The Whitsun Weddings</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
	Love and Loss			
	<i>A Single Man</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Tess of the D'Urbervilles</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<i>Enduring Love</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Much Ado About Nothing</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<i>Betrayal</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Metaphysical Poetry</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<i>Sylvia Plath Selected Poems</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
	Encounters			
	<i>A Room with a View</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Wuthering Heights</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<i>The Bloody Chamber</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Hamlet</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<i>Rock 'N' Roll</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>The Waste Land and Other Poems</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<i>The New Penguin Book of Romantic Poetry</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>		
	Crossing Boundaries			
	<i>Wide Sargasso Sea</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Dracula</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<i>The Lowland</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Twelfth Night</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<i>Oleanna</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<i>Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and Other Poems</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>
	<i>North</i>	<input type="checkbox"/>		

RAPTIO

The night was chilly and dark- I had been insomnolent from early eve into the hours of the morn, kept up by the continual, deafening banging of the gate outside of my abode and an anemic feeling from within. I looked into the night from my alcove to see my cockerel as he crowed drowsily into the blackness. The night appeared lifeless, yet there was brightness that unsettled me: the stars glowed against the dark evening and the gibbous moon glimmered ever brighter. Rain pattered intermittently, hammering dreariness into the dismal dark-time. Remaining in the window, I watched the night grow darker and life cover with clouds. Despite the apparent security of the oblivion surrounding me, a sense of claustrophobia filled my lungs with every breath. Feeling a trembling weakness forth come, I reached for the window in hopes of aerating my dormitory, yet it was ceasing to release. I hauled and jerked but the handled remained still with complete endurance. I felt a piercing pain and looked down to my hand to see I had become wounded by the handle. A deep gash excreting a deep, red river of blood trailed onto the sill. Glancing up momentarily to the window, I saw a shadow in the reflection.

Overcome by fear, I turned to face this figure in upmost speed. I became breathlessly nervous in its presence. My eyes darted up and down, inspecting the figure: he was slender and high-shouldered to a degree little short of malformation. He was completely covered; colour was in absence. His face was overspread by an ashen hue. It was un-naturally hideous. His head was large and misshapen. His eyes were so dark they could be pencil drawn, yet fiercely commanding. He was holding a torch above his head in his gaunt fingers, penetrating the room with a deafening light. The flame glowed by his head, yet this did not startle him as it did me. A cold trembling seized control of my body.

He exploded in a purgative sense of rage, towards me. I let out a piercing shriek as he limbered closer and closer, before I stumbled, falling to the floor. He continued to advance towards me, confining me to the tiny mantle beside the fire. He began muttering, murmuring above me. I turned to him. Our faces inches apart.

"Witch!" said he, antagonisingly.

"No... no... please...I have never..." I uttered, my pitch rising in protest, glaring into his motionless eyes, "I have never dared indulge in such activities!" I was shocked at the absurdity of his accusation, for I myself protested such activities.

Demanding consternation, he uttered in total disarray. "You know who you are and what you have done," condescending a sense of shame and disgust onto me.

Abruptly, the room fell quiet aside from the precarious roar of the flames beside. My eyes darted to the fire and I became entranced by the flames- they consumed me. They reached up like a hot hand, suffocating the room with a riotous sense of claustrophobia and panic... I became hypnotised and flustered. I collapsed back onto my knees. Ferocious reds and fierce ambers elegantly danced, occupied all my interests and I became blissfully unaware of all else... I couldn't help but feel as if my soul had been sacrificed by this chill intimacy and imposition of this mysterious man. Then, I could think of no else: my vision blurred, my thoughts slowed and my knees weakened -I fell to the floor with great impact.

There forth, I recall awaking suddenly, startled by a single slam of a door. It echoed through a long labyrinth of darkness that was before me. Cadaverous and frail, I attempted to stand, and yet was refrained from doing so by a mauled rope that grasped at my spindly wrists. Beside me was a low fire, flickering, flaring. Despite my hesitation, I removed the restraint of the rope by ripping it senselessly. I approached the door that was behind. Upon opening the door, I was welcomed by this awful silence that reigned throughout the subterraneous regions I had yet to explore.

I ran to the door- it was locked. Despite my trembling, I ferociously pounded on the door, screaming to whoever could hear me. Silence responded.

Retreating gloomily, I met the only arched window on the opposing side of the room, through which I saw a tower patched unevenly with black ivy. It arose to a sharp point, piercing the gloom of the grey sky, like a mutilated finger agitating heaven. The clouds abruptly opened to reveal a hallowed moon that appeared to be conducting a merciless downpour. A tyrannous wind moved throughout my stone chamber, mimicking a war of elements. It cut into my weary forlorn bones. I shuddered. An owl flew past the window simultaneously pronouncing an echoing throat, as if alerting another of my presence. I frantically rushed to the door, and, with an uncontrollable sense of rage and fear, I repeatedly thrust on the door, praying to escape such dismal manners.

839 words

Effective understanding of genre creating an individual voice within engaging range of technique - skilful at time
Archaic lang establishes a sense of time & place - although 2 there are minor errors.
less secure structurally

12 FRW

STUDENT OR SUMMER: WHAT TO DO WITHOUT A MAP...

It's approaching that time of year when we are looking for vibrant new ventures on our journeys to 'grown up' life - our first taste of 'real' freedom. However, instead of seeing the usual bustle of 18-year-olds tunneling into the strict regime of Uni life, we are witness to a new, emerging breed of 'gap-yar' goers. You know the type - the ones DESPERATE to live-out their Mamma Mia fantasy after screaming 'Voulez-Vouz' in their living room every Saturday night from the age of eight.

Strong sense of voice & effective meets requirements of audience

Twenty percent of students chose a gap year in 2021 compared to just three percent in 2018. So why are our youngsters now trading a year's combination of drunk memories and hungover lectures for months and months of slumming it in hostel rooms, surrounded by a collection of strangers?

data informs and

As an independent and prosperous young woman, I have definitely considered the gap-year option to escape my reality, forfeiting the strict, regimented, educational route for something more exciting. But the odds of me experiencing the radical, life-changing dream we all anticipate is less than me winning the EuroMillions (and I'm not even old enough to buy a lottery ticket!).

effective postman bear

We all dream of living like a 'Bali-Babe': waking up, visiting, seeing, eating, posing, planning, laughing, swimming, roaming and dancing. At home, we see and admire them and the extravagance of their travels: tans and beaming smiles, cultures, foods, golden sands, crystal blue waters and rich green palm trees. Meanwhile, we are stressed, sweating over a 15,000 word essay due in three days-time.

Eager travellers describe their gap year as an 'incredible, enlightening experience', an emotional journey that left them 'worlds away'. How on earth can becoming disenfranchised from reality, be positive? Clouded with a romanticized perspective they have, in reality, paid to traipse around going from city to city: legs aching, feet hurting, back in agony, bathing in factor 50 to prevent developing skin cancer, in the hope of finding a sense of fulfilment in between the very few bright spots of a place you actually enjoy.

assured, accurate & highly effective voice used to build

Yes, you will come back with a tan and tons of experience shoved in a suitcase but you will also come back financially lighter, with most solo-travelers forking out £1200 per month (on average) to 'find themselves'. If they wanted to find themselves, they could do some quizzes on BuzzFeed. That would give them similar results- for free.

humorous voice

The dreaded 'single supplement' is enough to make any solo-traveler shaky. Prices climb when you are on your own, from food to flights to taxis to venues to hotels to clubs to drinks to snacks, next, you're swimming, not in the sea as intended, but drowning in debts. And then, you're sat on your bunk bed in a hostel in Milan, with girls who don't speak your language, boys who look as if they haven't showered in weeks and an empty wallet, wishing you had listened to the finance section of your Maths GCSE course. *awareness of and*

We know only the really privileged have the gap year we all dream of. We have been influenced by celebrities from Beyonce to Bella Hadid, expecting to see the 'wonders of the world', when in reality the only wonder we will see is the fat man's mountainous belly on a beach that doesn't even remotely resemble the Egyptian Pyramids you'd hoped to see. They have the money to afford the 'flawless facilities' of a 5-star exclusive Airbnb with its Michelin dining opportunities and cosmopolitan neighborhood all at a destination where you can 'switch off, cool off and enjoy the year-round sunshine'. However, most of us are confined to the outskirts of a city, in the cheapest 'social lodging' filled with 'artisan' décor, which truthfully means it's a collection of mis-matched items that nobody wants. You feel more uncomfortable, more alone, more isolated than ever.

More worryingly, we are overwhelmed with cases of women being assaulted, trafficked, abused, molested, kidnapped and followed- the risks are endless. Solo travel is unsafe and filled with unthinkable risk. Grace Milane, the British backpacker travelling solo in Auckland, was brutally strangled by a man she thought she was safely lodging with. There are many more: Maria Coni, Marina Menegazzo, Sarai Sierra and Carla Stefaniak, and even more we don't hear about! There's a reason they say safety in numbers. *research shows assumed control of genre*

Chances are, at university, the risks are much less. You may suffer a ruined liver, but this 'risk' is incomparable to solo travel. There is a stigma around the 'gap-yar' girl for a reason- no one wants to hear about your tattle around Thailand and your journey to 'find yourself'. The theory behind going abroad is beautiful: learning the culture, languages, new ways of life and meeting people. But a gap year is nothing but an excuse to go and travel as a tourist, flushing money away in exchange for months of solo hardship and loneliness. Instead of coming home an enlightened, humble human you endeavor to tell everyone and their mother down the pub about your four months of volunteering in a country no one has every head of!

University enables youngsters to seek excitement from the parties, clubbing, societies, and they are simultaneously exposed to routine and skills from their lectures that equip them to succeed

in their degree, with the fundamentals for the working world. Why would a gap year appear more appealing than the prospect of academic success?

Finding friendship is so much fulfilling than the stresses and loneliness of solo travel. Aside from the fun and independence, you achieve a degree and become equipped with miscellaneous life skills, from financial responsibility and budgeting to time management and perseverance. It to exposes you to creativity, independence, culture and learning. In 2018, (on average) working-age graduates earned £10,000 more than non-graduates and had higher employment rates- university puts you at an advantage for the future. The thrills and the freedom don't just start when you're thousands of miles away. You can still experience travel while at uni. Instead of riding waves, you're riding the M4 back home to mummy and daddy, with all your washing in a bin liner on the back seat. Instead of travelling Asia, you can travel the Bristol Bus route, surf in Newquay, attend the everso English Reading Festival and just about made it back from your week in Ibiza - something that can only really be seen by young people. Travel is for everyone of all ages, it does not have to be done in a gap year.

data / research develops argument
meets demands of and
effective contrast - developing argument

The age for retirement in the UK is 68, with the average life expectancy being 80 years. We see now, more than ever, the older generations taking opportunities they never had to travel and see the world- from cruises to first class travel; a gap-decade in retirement is certainly an option...

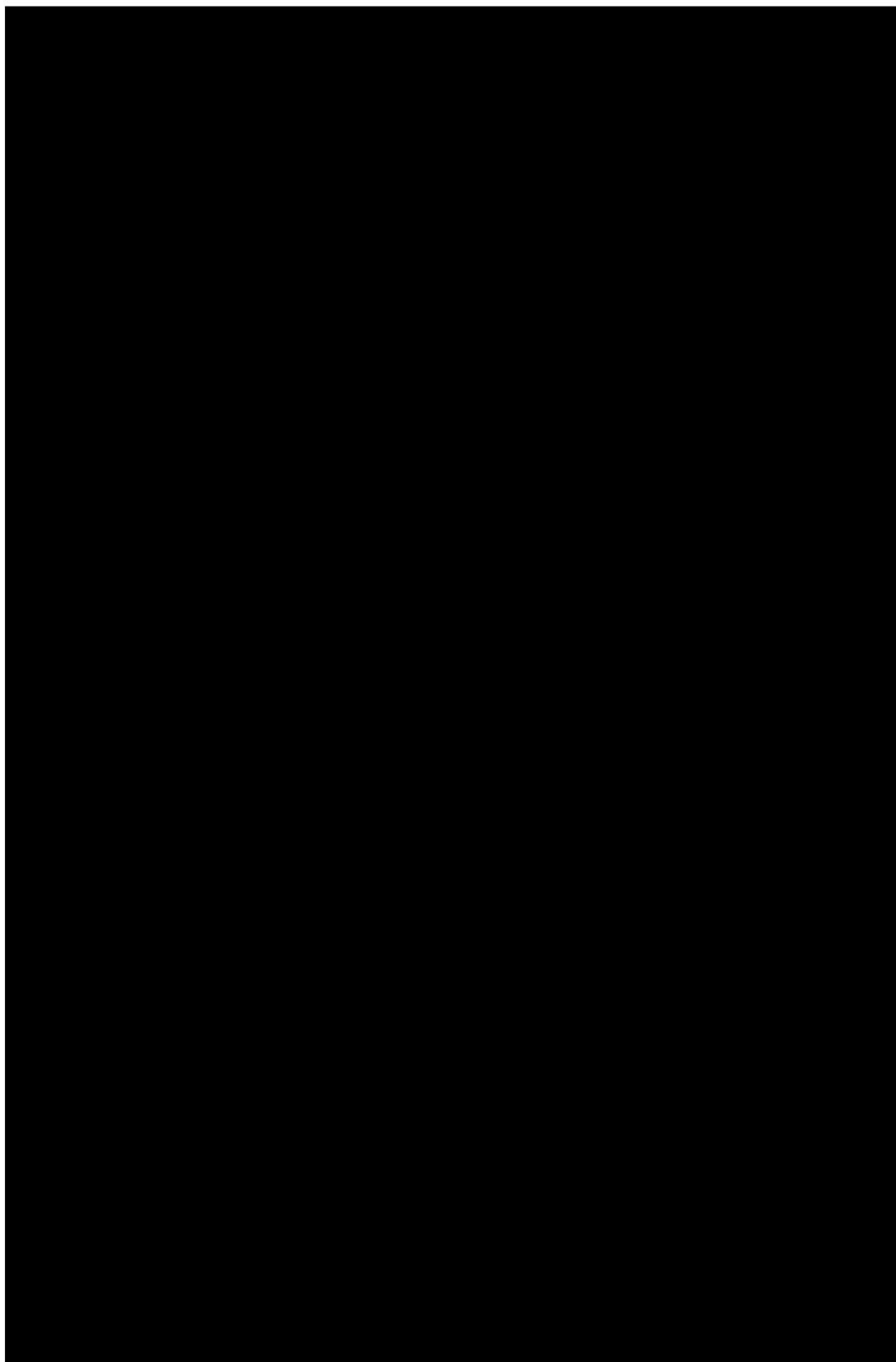
selection links to wider and -

1135 words

Highly engaging response with linguistic structure used with some sophistication displaying an assured control of genre + awareness of and

Agreed
ISP

16 FRW



The theme of 'female vulnerability' runs throughout both my opening chapter and news article, as inspired by my main stimulus texts: *Malleus Maleficarum* and *Dracula*. The *Maleficrum*, written in 1486 by Heinrich Kramer, is a theological document, essentially a manual for inquisitors; it has detailed methods of interrogation suitable for witchcraft cases, including the use of torture. *Dracula*, written in 1897 by Stoker, follows Harker's discovery of Dracula, revealed through letters, diary entries and newspaper articles. Both texts portray women's stereotypical roles and places in society, as well as their vulnerable positions in both the 15th and 19th century which inspired my fiction story of female capture and non-fiction solo travel article. *clear rationale linked to stim texts*

The title for my fiction piece is 'Rapture', the Latin term for the large-scale abduction of women - pre-empting a sense of mystery and anticipation onto the reader foreshadowing the abduction of the witch. In the gothic genre, the vulnerability of women and male control is a customary theme seen in the texts: *The Crucible* and *The Salem Witch Trials*. The witch in my chapter is described through present progressive verbs "trembling" and "confining". The verb "trembling" shows her physical anxiety in the presence of a violent man. More interestingly, the verb "confining" links to witch's "claustrophobia", symbolically representing the restrictive environment for women, more particularly in the Christian belief system, which rejects the magical world view, projected in the *Malleus*. The gothic genre allowed me to create a heightened disposition, using elements of terror and the supernatural to create an eerie atmosphere. To recreate this gothic sense of place, I used pathetic fallacy to heighten tensions between the man and witch. The juxtaposition created with the cockerel between usual behaviours and as it "crewd drowsily" intensifies an uneasy atmosphere as a cockerel symbolises protection in many cultures, yet here the verb "drowsily" shows a lack of awareness and passivity, suggesting a looming danger and weakness, foreshadowing to the reader the events to come, as the growing moon is a symbol of growing power. The archaic, premodified noun phrase "gibbous moon" is a symbol in gothic literature of feminine power, which alludes to the idea of witchcraft and mystery, and reveals the society and time of setting to the audience. The plosive alliteration to describe the rain "hammering dreariness into the dismal dark-time" creates an eminent feeling of danger, as storms are seen as harbourers of evil re-enforced by the plosive alliteration that creates an ominous sound effect. The opposition between the "blackness" of the night time maintains evil, in contrast, "brightness" of the moon unsettles this, and creates a sense of conflict between the witch and the man. The verbs "glimmer" and "glow" represent the increasing power of the witch. *critical evaluation of linguistic choices - explain some subtleties & nuances.*

'Female vulnerability' is also a theme within my non-fiction article, as inspired by my stimulus texts. It is titled 'Student or Summer?' which evaluates travelling alone as a woman, inspired by recent events in the media surrounding assaults on women when travelling, in particular, the Australian backpacker raped and murdered- a warning for travellers. My article reinforces the idea that women are still vulnerable when alone and that not much has changed in the ways of female safety. The prospect of university or a taking a gap year, is a current task for many students internationally and the article attracts audiences that have an interest in travelling or discovering alternatives to university, as it evaluates both prospects. The article gives more depth into solo travel, assessing the benefits and risks (as suggested by an article's informative purpose), encouraging students to consider the risks, evidenced by the asyndetic listing "assaulted, trafficked, abused, molested, kidnapped and followed". The verbs not only highlight the dangers for females but to reveal the extent and wide range of issues facing women when alone, and also criticise the commonplace of these crimes through the absence of the conjunctions. I directly reference the murder of British backpacker, Grace Milane, to contextualise the real dangers among the 'fantasy' of solo travel. The use of the idiomatic phrase "safety in numbers" deposits a more implicit warning of the realities of solo travel, in a light-hearted piece that addresses the fantasies.

Within 'Student or Summer' I maintained a humorous sense of voice inspired by Charlie Brooker's satirical and mocking approach to his writing, while highlighting and addressing serious problems. It allowed me to be critical of the prospect of a gap year. I used the alliterative compound word "Bali-Babe" to build this juxtaposition based on varying audience contexts. Some younger female readers would be aware the colloquialism the fondness attached to Eastern travellers, as a place of exploration and beauty. However, it also acts to set a gender stereotype that diminishes infantilises and trivializes and sexualising women as a "babe". This noun shows the pointlessness of a gap year, as it holds no real relevance to later life. Whilst the proper noun "Bali" evokes ideas around tropical beaches for the iconic gap year, but could remind readers of a more sinister allusion to crimes, such as: rape, murder and pickpocketing, and the 2002 bombings, which suggests the unsafe nature of travelling especially solo.

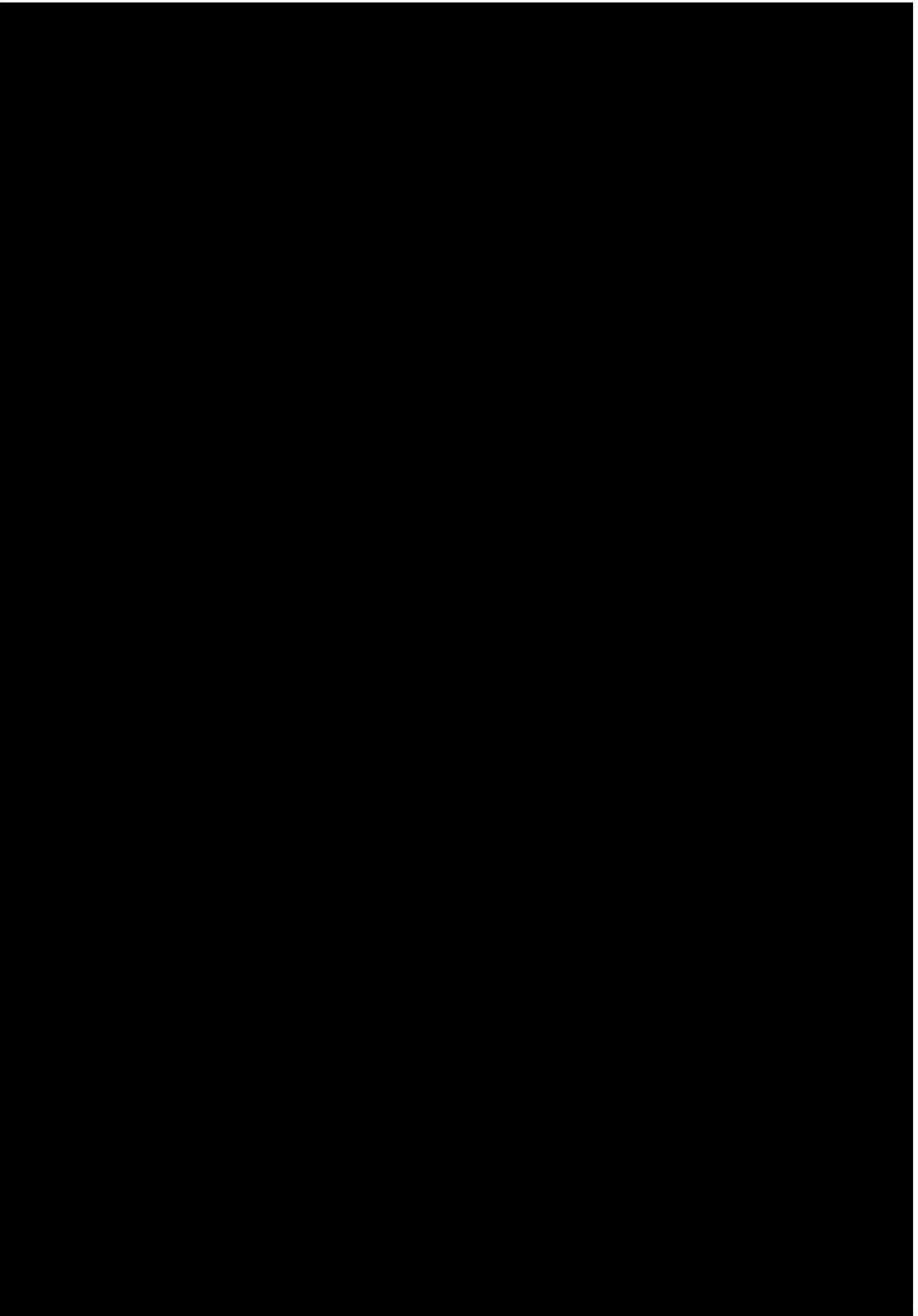
Facts and statistics develop an informative sense of voice, customary in many articles. By using comparative statistics such as "twenty percent of students chose a gap year in 2021 compared to just three percent in 2018", "earned £10,000 more"- I was able to develop a critical sense of voice for the general rise in popularity, and inform the reader of the . I later reference cost; "£1200 per month", both literally and metaphorically "you're swimming, not in the sea as

intended, but drowning in debts". The verb "swimming" was important as it maintains the fantasy of solo travel and the expectations of it ("the sea") but also metaphorically highlights the persistent financial struggle that many are not made aware of as it further links to the dangers of travel: drowning in debt, but also literally. The aside helps me to maintain this colloquial sense of voice, and highlights misconceptions around solo travel, breaking the illusion it is cheap and happy, when in reality it is stressful and expensive.

1023 words

A critical evaluative approach to analysis with detailed exploration of linguistic techniques - discriminating connections to WR & audience -

22 FRW Agreed. ISP



BIBLIOGRAPHY

Stimulus texts:

Fiction stimulus texts: *Dracula* by Bram Stoker

Non-fiction stimulus texts: *Malleus Malificarum* by Heinrich Kramer

The Crucible:

The Crucible by Arthur Miller

Salem Witch Trials

On The Salem Witch Trials by Cotton Mather

Gothic genre research:

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<https://guides.library.illinois.edu/c.php?g=347594&p=7003511>

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Solo travel opinions and articles to gain insight and inspiration:

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<https://www.thestudentroom.co.uk/showthread.php?t=5021770>

<https://www.theflashpacker.net/disadvantages-of-travelling-alone/>

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UK retirement age:

https://www.google.com/search?q=acverage+retirement+age&rlz=1C1CHBF_en-GBGB900GB900&oq=acverage+retirement+age&aqs=chrome..69i57j0i13i512i9.3367j1j9&sourceid=chrome&ie=UTF-8

Average cost of solo travel:

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Graduates had higher earnings

<https://www.gov.uk/government/news/graduates-continue-to-benefit-with-higher-earnings>

Average retirement age:

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Average life expectancy:

https://www.google.com/search?q=average+life+expectancy+uk&rlz=1C1CHBF_en-GBGB900GB900&oq=average+life+&aqs=chrome.2.69i57j0i13li433i512j0i20i263i512i2j0i512j0i67j0i512i4.3i49j1j7&sourceid=chrome&ie=UTF-8

Charlie Brooker tone and structure:

<https://www.theguardian.com/profile/charliebrooker>

✓ extensive bibliography.

