

Please check the examination details below before entering your candidate information

Candidate surname					Other names				
Centre Number					Candidate Number				

Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

Wednesday 4 June 2025

Afternoon (Time: 2 hours 30 minutes) **Paper reference** **9EL0/02**

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

You must have:
 Prescribed texts (clean copies)
 Source Booklet (enclosed)

Total Marks

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.

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SECTION A**Unseen Prose Non-fiction Texts**

Answer ONE question on your chosen theme. Begin your answer on page 4.

EITHER

Theme: Society and the Individual

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

- 1** Critically evaluate the ways in which Margo Price explains her decision to stop drinking alcohol.

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 the ways in which Kate Lyons introduces the upcoming series of essays linked to the UN Climate Summit.

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 the ways in which Laura Coleman recounts her first encounter with Wayra.

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 the ways in which Jenny Radcliffe explains her work as a 'burglar for hire'.

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

(Total for Question 4 = 20 marks)

Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number:

Question 1 ☐

Question 2 ☐

Question 3 ☐

Question 4 ☐

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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 20 MARKS



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 15.****Anchor texts***The Great Gatsby*, F Scott Fitzgerald*Great Expectations*, Charles Dickens**Other texts***The Bone People*, Keri Hulme*Othello*, William Shakespeare*A Raisin in the Sun*, Lorraine Hansberry*The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale*, Geoffrey Chaucer*The Whitsun Weddings*, Philip Larkin

- 5** Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your two studied texts to present individuals who either conform to, or defy, their society's expectations of them.

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 15.

Anchor texts

A Single Man, Christopher Isherwood

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Thomas Hardy

Other texts

Enduring Love, Ian McEwan

Much Ado About Nothing, William Shakespeare

Betrayal, Harold Pinter

Metaphysical Poetry, editor Colin Burrow

Sylvia Plath Selected Poems, Sylvia Plath

- 6** Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your two studied texts to present experiences of love and loss that occur in significant settings in time and/or place.

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)

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Theme: Encounters

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

Anchor texts

A Room with a View, E M Forster

Wuthering Heights, Emily Brontë

Other texts

The Bloody Chamber, Angela Carter

Hamlet, William Shakespeare

Rock 'N' Roll, Tom Stoppard

The Waste Land and Other Poems, T S Eliot

The New Penguin Book of Romantic Poetry, editor J Wordsworth

- 7** Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your two studied texts to present the surprise or shock felt during an unanticipated encounter.

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 15.

Anchor texts

Wide Sargasso Sea, Jean Rhys

Dracula, Bram Stoker

Other texts

The Lowland, Jhumpa Lahiri

Twelfth Night, William Shakespeare

Oleanna, David Mamet

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

North, Seamus Heaney

- 8** Evaluate the effectiveness of the methods used by the writers of your two studied texts to present individuals who are strongly affected, physically and/or emotionally, by the crossing of a boundary.

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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Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross in the box ☒. If you change your mind, put a line through the box ☒ and then indicate your new question with a cross ☒.

Chosen question number: **Question 5** ☒ **Question 6** ☒

Question 7 ☒ **Question 8** ☒

Please write the name of your two studied texts below:

Text 1:

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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

Wednesday 4 June 2025

Afternoon (Time: 2 hours 30 minutes)

**Paper
reference**

9EL0/02

English Language and Literature

Advanced

PAPER 2: Varieties in Language and Literature

Source Booklet

Do not return this Booklet with the question paper.

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SECTION A

Unseen Prose Non-fiction Texts

Society and the Individual

Text A

In this March 2021 article for GQ [Gentleman's Quarterly] magazine, Margo Price, an American musician, explains her decision to stop drinking alcohol.

The longer you live, the more time you have to sit with death. I've been a witness to more loss than I should have seen in my early years. But I'm not afraid to die anymore. And I'm not afraid to live without the comfort of self-medicating. And so, during this tumultuous past year, I did the most rebellious thing I've ever done in my life: I quit drinking alcohol.

When I tell people this, a lot of them look at me like I have two heads. Who would quit drinking if they didn't have to? And why did I have to, anyway? From the outside, I had it all together: a foot in the door of the elusive music business, a loving partner, a beautiful family. And I do have all of that. But after almost a year in lockdown, I started having heavy dreams. One began recurring nightly: a scene where both masked and unmasked faces stood around me in silence as I sank into heavy quicksand. No one reached out their hand to save me. They didn't move. They just stood there frozen, cold and emotionless as they watched me go under. After months of having this night terror, I realized what the vision was trying to tell me: I had to save my damn self.

I started singing and writing because I wanted a way to convey love and pain and honesty. Somewhere along the way, I found myself caught in the myth—the thought that artists need grief, sadness, or conflict to create. And Lord knows we've all had enough of that lately.

I started drinking more frequently again during the late summer and early fall of 2020. The election and the political climate and the cyber bullying and threats were wearing on me. I thought about wiping my social media accounts off the face of the earth and retreating to the Mt. Baldy Zen Center in Los Angeles, the place Leonard Cohen had studied with the Buddhists and became a monk for a brief time. But I had a family to raise—a full-time job with overtime and no sick days. I loved it, but I also missed my career and the way things used to be. My life was a balancing act, and lots of days I fell very far off the tightrope.

I was worried that my career, which had finally taken off after a decade of work, would become a casualty of the pandemic. Cancelled work and the thought of missing years in my prime turned regular days into one long, lost weekend. My drinking ebbed and flowed throughout quarantine, as it always has through my life. I drank because I was worried about the state of the world, I drank because I was bored, I drank because I missed tour, I drank because I was unemployed, I drank because everyone else drinks. And I drank even though I didn't really want to.

I took many long breaks, as I've always done, sometimes even months at a time. I told myself I was in control, because many times I was. But as my 30s rolled on, I felt run down, and I knew my drinking was fuelling my depression. It was always there, below the surface, trying to say hello. I drowned the voice and continued to ignore it, just like the bystanders in my dream had ignored me as I sank in the banks of the mud and the clay.



So, on January 8th, 2021, I had my last drink.

I've figured out a version of not drinking that works for me. I'm not attending Alcoholics Anonymous meetings, and I haven't apologized to the people in my life. As women, we are always saying we are sorry. The only one I feel the need to beg forgiveness from is myself.

Glossary

Leonard Cohen – a Canadian singer and songwriter, best known for his work in the 1960s and 1970s

Love and Loss

Text B

In this extract from an essay, published in October 2022, Kate Lyons, the Pacific Islands correspondent for The Guardian, a daily newspaper, introduces a week-long series of essays by writers from the Pacific Islands, to coincide with the United Nations Climate Summit.

I own a basket I can never throw away.

It is deeply impractical, with a wide base that means it takes up the entire surface area of any coffee table it sits on and a tall, rigid handle that makes storing it on any sort of shelf impossible.

The woven basket comes from Tuvalu, an atoll nation in the South Pacific 4,000km north-east of Sydney. The fourth-smallest country in the world by land size, and, at 11,000, the third smallest by population, Tuvalu also has the cruel distinction of being one of the countries most under threat due to rising sea levels.

Three years ago when I visited Tuvalu, buying the basket from a small market full of sarongs and flower headpieces, taking it home to Australia, felt like an act of salvage. The privilege of having a tangible piece of an island that is so terribly threatened. A reminder of the culture and craft of a country I am lucky to have seen, that we might lose.

This week, as the world prepares for the next UN climate summit, COP27, we'll bring you a series of essays from Pacific writers about the things on their islands that are threatened by the climate crisis, the things they are fighting to save.

We all have a lot at stake in the climate crisis, but none more than the Pacific. The climate story in the Pacific is a story of deep loss and injustice. As a region it has contributed negligible amounts in greenhouse emissions but disproportionately suffers its effects.

Surface temperatures and ocean heat in parts of the south-west Pacific are increasing at more than three times the global average rate. In the last 30 years, the mean sea level has risen approximately 10cm–15cm in much of the western tropical Pacific, according to the Pacific Islands Climate Change Monitor report 2021, compared to the global mean of 9.7cm.

The losses that have already been endured: of entire islands, of safety, of lives, of species, are enormous. The losses that could come are unthinkable.

I visited Tuvalu in 2019 to cover the Pacific Islands Forum. At the forum, then prime minister Enele Sopoaga used Tuvalu's culture and natural beauty as shameless weapons to try to win over the visiting politicians, policy wonks, NGO bosses and the media to his country's fight.

One morning, before sunrise, Sopoaga invited visitors to come to the beach and learn a traditional Tuvaluan fishing method that involves swimming into the lagoon in a line, banging the water with palm branches, herding the fish, before forming a circle around them in the shallows and catching them with nets.

I have not experienced many things more beautiful than swimming at sunrise in that perfect warm water, along that white-sand beach, surrounded by people singing and calling out from the shore as they built fires on the sand to cook our catch.

It was diplomacy by cultural sledgehammer. The prime minister was trying to get us to see what might be lost to the climate crisis, to see the specificity of Tuvalu.

I only spent a week in Tuvalu, but if it is lost in my lifetime, my heart will break for it. This is why I bought that basket, it's why it has occupied far more space than I can spare in a tiny apartment; it is a physical piece of the island that the world must not be allowed to fail.

The writers you will hear from this week, from across the Pacific, have those islands, those beautiful threatened lands, in their bones, in their blood.

While Pacific peoples are undoubtedly victims of the climate crisis, they are also, without question, heroes of the climate fight. It is a fight they have been leading – fiercely, creatively, intelligently – for decades. It is a fight they need the world to join, before it is lost.

Glossary

policy wonks – people who work for elected officials or for independent political research organisations whose job is to research and devise policies

NGO – acronym for 'non-governmental organisation', such as a charity or pressure group

Encounters

Text C

In this extract from The Puma Years: A Memoir (2021), Laura Coleman tells of her first encounter with Wayra, a recently rescued puma, at the wildlife sanctuary in the Bolivian jungle where Laura's new friends, Oscar and Jane, work as volunteers.

Whiffs of scent slam into me, choking me, before they fade, replaced by others, sweeter, thicker, heavier. It hurts to breathe. To think. The greens grow darker, the smells more sickly, rotten, the trail more overgrown, the sky nothing more than a memory.

Abruptly my fear of everything around me is supplanted with something deeper. Another fear, sharper, more concentrated. And yet, something else too. Curiosity. Anticipation. It tingles up my spine.

Jane's voice is high and clear. "¡Hola, Wayra!"

I stare at her. She seems to have grown five inches.

"You say hello too," Jane tells me. "So you don't scare her."

I nod, gulping.

She's hard to see at first, so similar in colour to the shadows. But then her long tail whips.

"Hola, Wayra," I whisper.

The only parts of her that stand out are her eyes, which are as green as the tops of those paddle-shaped plants, and her nose, pink as the tip of a sunset. She looks at us for a long, silent moment. So long that I start to think she might not move at all, and when she does finally leap from the top of a platform, landing so gracefully it's almost like she's not moved, I step back with respect.

She prowls towards us and I'm staring, so overwhelmed, that when Jane slides both her arms carefully through the fence, I almost yelp. I take another quick step backwards. What is she *thinking*? There's no doctor for fifty miles! I'll have to carry her back through the jungle and watch a vet stitch her skin back together. I think all this in the second it takes for Wayra to cross the cage. Then she's licking. Actually licking Jane. And Jane's face is transcendent. She's rolled up her sleeves and the puma is pressed up against her hands.

I know what she is, now. I've always called it a mountain lion. Other terminologies surface too, from the hidden spaces of my brain. Cougar, panther . . . I don't know. I didn't realise these were all the same thing. I think about saying this out loud but decide not to. I can hear the licks, a sound harsh as rough sandpaper.

"How was your night?" Jane murmurs, reaching under Wayra's chin to scratch her neck.

The puma raises her throat, angling her face—all sharp-edged bones and soft colours—to the sky, squeezing up her eyes. She seems . . . calm. She's skinny, lithe. Maybe I'm not going to get mauled by her after all. The edges of her spine are defined. The muscles along her back, shoulders, thighs too. She's the colour of a lead-grey sky. Then I blink and she's not, she's the colour of tawny ochre. She's smaller than I imagined. Perhaps the size of a large dog, only slightly bigger than my mum's German Shepherd. I take an involuntary step forwards. But as I do, she whirls. Then she opens her jaws and hisses. I feel a rush of fear and bile so sharp it's like I've been kicked in the face. It's physical. So violent, so savage, so utterly unquestionable that I almost, horrifyingly, burst into tears.

"It means 'wind,'" Jane says with a luminous smile, pulling her arms out of the cage and standing up. "Isn't she gorgeous?" When I look at Jane, uncomprehending, she cocks her head to one side. "Her name."

"Don't worry," Oscar says, patting me on the back, jaunty grin still in place. "She just takes time to warm up. She's a puma."

I watch a red ant carrying a dead ant over my boot. I've been a receptionist, an envelope stuffer, a barmaid, a philosophy student, an English student, an art student, a cleaner, a cold caller, a fuel-pump operator, a marketing specialist . . . and none of these things have prepared me for this.

Glossary

¡Hola, Wayra! – in Spanish (the most spoken language in Bolivia), exclamatives are preceded by an inverted exclamation mark. 'Hola' means hello in Spanish

Crossing Boundaries

Text D

In this extract from the prologue to her book *People Hacker: Confessions of a Burglar for Hire* (2022), Jenny Radcliffe relates an example of an occasion when she put her working methods into practice.

A mixture of amusement, fear and incomprehension flashed across the faces of the nine suits sitting in front of me. Although they had asked me to break their security systems, like many before them, they hadn't really expected me to do it so well.

Be careful what you wish for.

I'd taken them through the report, accompanied by a slide deck that had outlined, with pictures, how we had bypassed their expensive systems, got around the locks, fences and guards and had wandered around their premises. I'd gone into their offices, planted twenty-five business cards in and around their site, made myself a coffee in their kitchen and photographed key information about their company.

I'd just taken an hour outlining the process. How I'd spent a couple of weeks outside and around their premises watching the routines and patterns of their staff. How I'd got to know their security guards online, watched them at a distance and singled out the ones who were easily distracted or just not very vigilant.

I'd selected a good time to tailgate past the dopiest guard, gained access to the site then hidden in a janitor's cupboard for the rest of the working day, until almost everyone had gone home, and I could wander about freely.

I told them how I'd had various calls with cleaners, secretaries, middle management, and even the suits themselves, under different pretexts and guises over the last month so that I knew which offices to target, those most likely to yield the best information. Information that, depending on who took it, could be used variously to sell, copy, coerce or bribe.

The young managing director looked very uncomfortable. He had seen me speak at an industry conference a couple of months earlier and had been both impressed and amused by my talk. I mean, a professional burglar from Liverpool, who can break into high-security sites? Generally talking her way in, using that working-class humour and charm, and bobbing around nicking stuff? How funny is that? I guess it's funny until it happens to you.

He had enjoyed my anecdotes from the job, tales of running around on rooftops and foiling security measures, and had approached me later, at the networking dinner, and asked me to do a test on one of his company sites. They'd invested a ton of money in their security, and he doubted I could get through, he said, but he wanted me to try. Just me, and on my own; he wanted 'the best'.

I've two specialisms: one is physical infiltration, aka burglary, and the other is (broadly speaking) psychological 'persuasion' techniques. As he spoke to me, I watched him turn on the charm. I was sure it usually worked very well. It's not often someone tries to manipulate me so blatantly; attempts at smooth talk and flattery tend to fall flat. Game recognises game, and I had a lifetime of persuading people to do what I wanted. Most people were more direct with me, instinctively recognising that you should never play a player.

He handed me a glass of champagne, but I wasn't impressed, and gave him my stock answer for when I am turning down this type of enquiry, an answer that is, at least partially, true. I'd told him that I had more or less retired. That these days I did far less of the actual 'job', and focused more on education.

He looked at me and smiled. 'I've connected on LinkedIn. Look at our site and get back to me. It will be fun.'

The next day when I read his message, curiosity got the better of me and I looked at the office site he was talking about and did a little digging. It was about as secure as a children's playhouse, and he was offering me a very decent pay cheque to do it. Sigh.



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Source information:

Text A: taken from <https://www.gq.com/story/margo-price-on-sobriety>

Text B: taken from <https://www.theguardian.com/world/2022/oct/30/in-my-house-is-a-tuvaluan-basket-a-tiny-piece-of-an-island-the-world-cannot-fail>

Text C: taken from Laura Coleman, *The Puma Years: A Memoir* (Little a, 2021)

Text D: taken from Jenny Radcliffe, *People Hacker: Confessions of a Burglar for Hire* (Simon and Schuster, 2022)

